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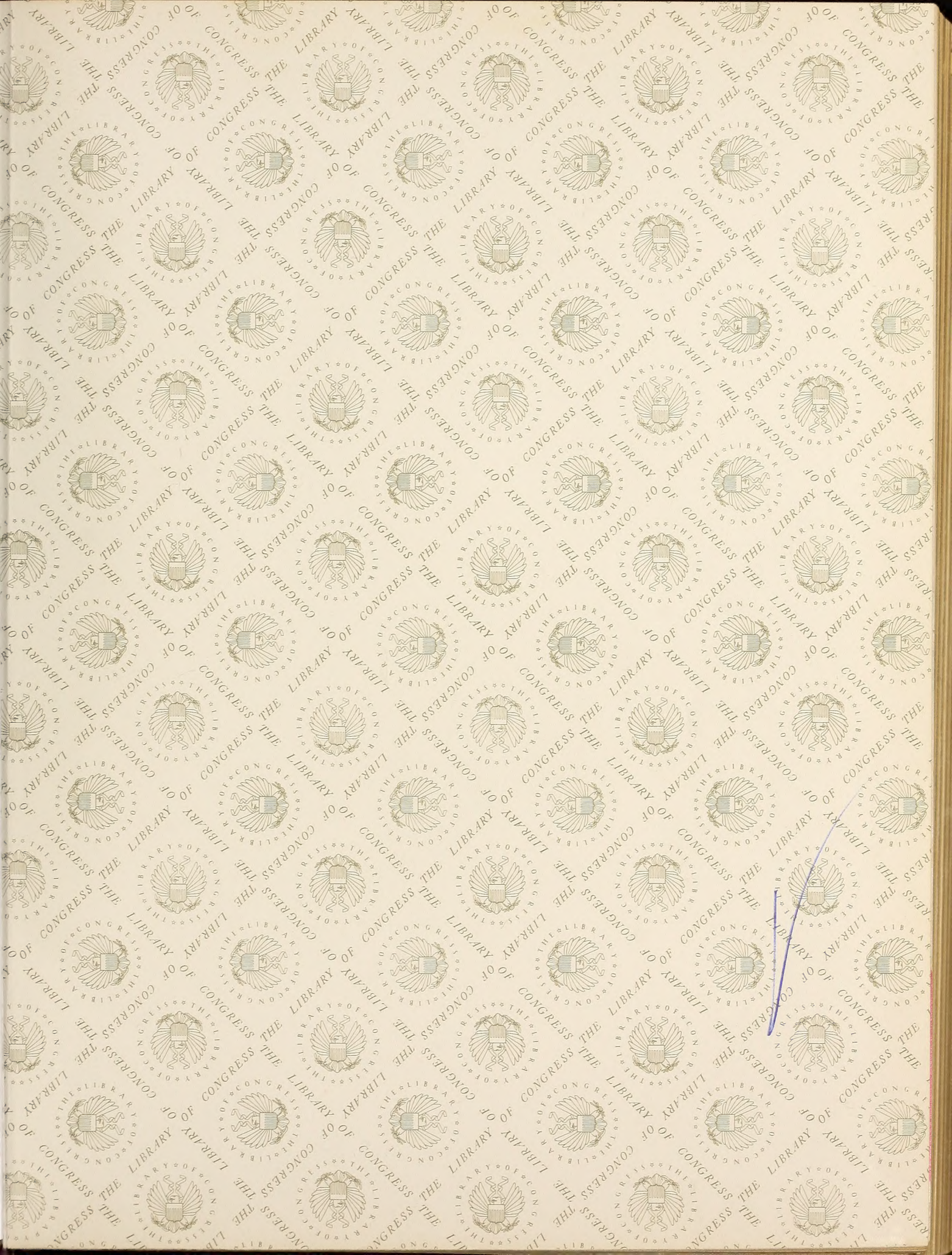
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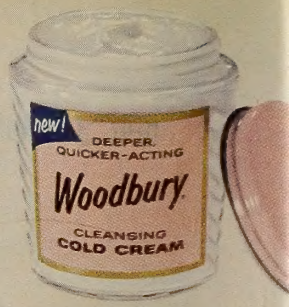
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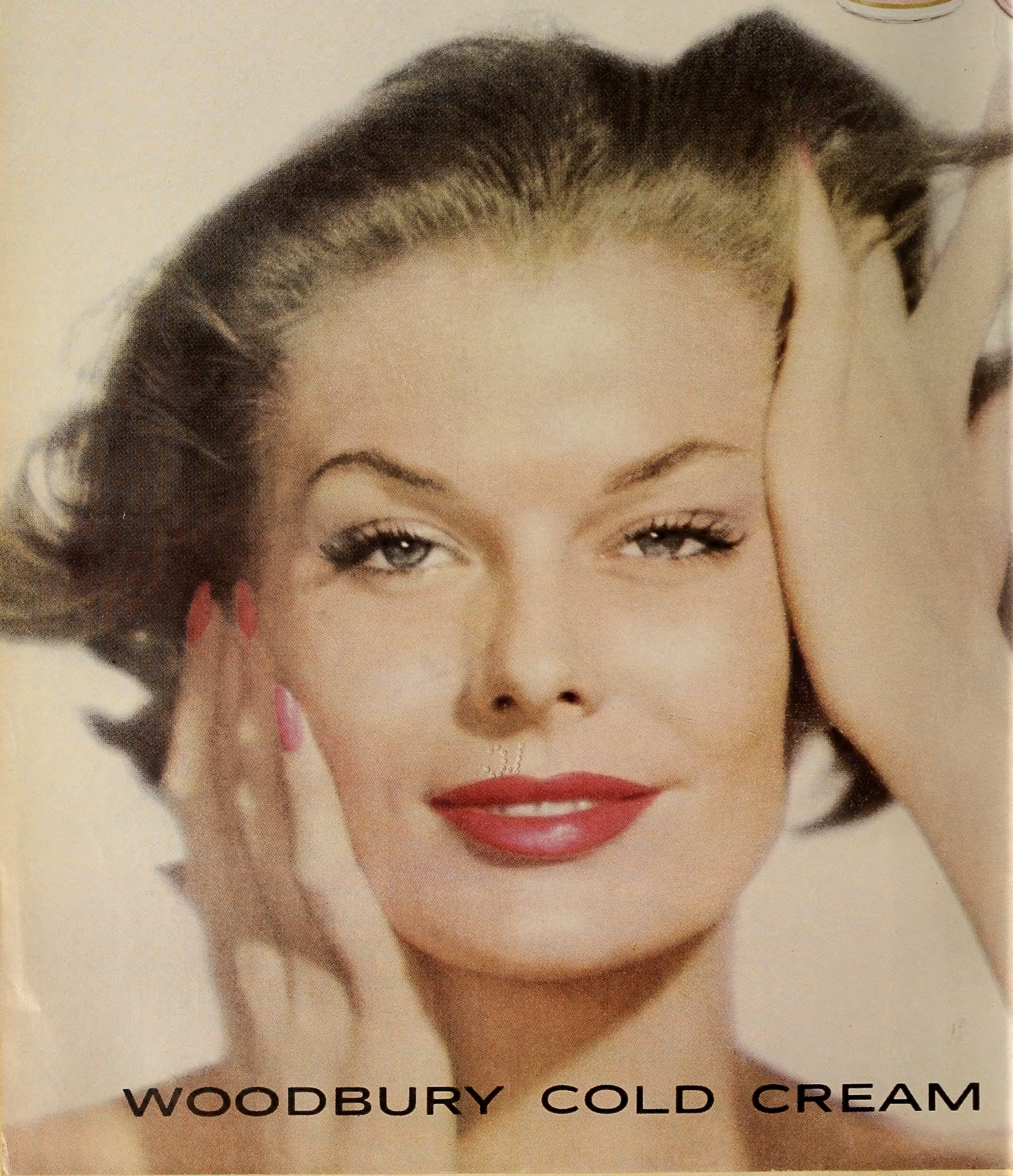
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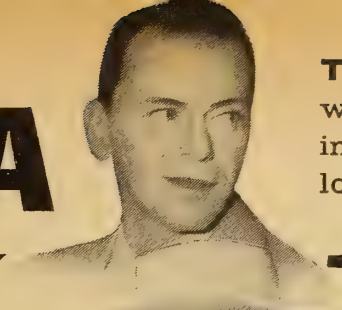
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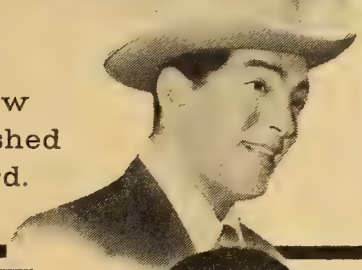
MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 1, February 1959. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years, $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

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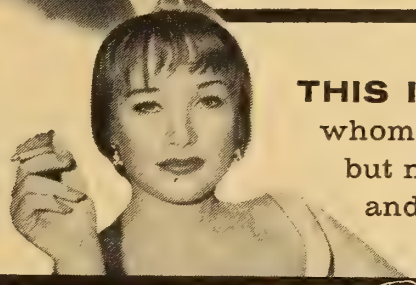
THIS IS DAVE
who met life with his hands in his pockets and an angry look in his eyes.

THIS IS BAMA
who knew the game and knew the odds but sometimes pushed his luck too hard.



DEAN MARTIN

SHIRLEY MacLAINE



THIS IS GINNY
whom men always liked but never in the right way and never enough.

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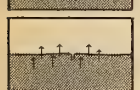
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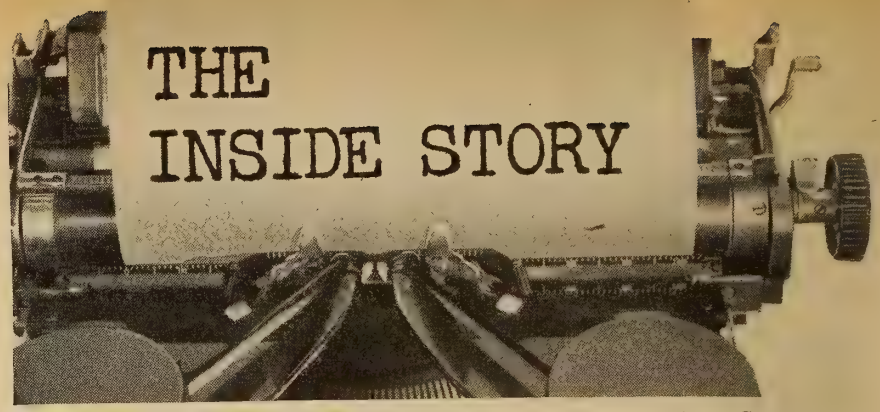
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THE INSIDE STORY

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Q Does **Elvis Presley** really prefer German *frauleins* to American girls?
—L.D., SAN JOSE, CALIF.

A *Only so long as he is stationed in Germany.*

Q Are **Nick Adams** and **Kathy Nolan** *on* or *off*? I keep reading different versions.
—J.M., CRISTAL, S.D.

A *On* and *off—daily.*

Q Are **Venetia Stevenson** and her mother **Anna Lee** still not talking to each other?
—J.G., BROOKLINE, MASS.

A *No. They have made up.*

Q Is it true that **Barrie Chase** divorced her husband when **Fred Astaire** first showed interest in her; and weren't Fred and Barrie going steady long before he decided she'd make a suitable TV dance partner? Will they wed?
—B.F., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A *Barrie received her divorce before she met Fred. But the twenty-four-year-old former chorus girl and the fifty-eight-year-old star did do a lot of stepping out before he trained her for his show. Their age difference has Fred wary of making it a permanent act.*

Q Who was **Pier Angeli**'s first love? **Natalie Wood**'s?
—N.A., BOSTON, MASS.

A ***Kirk Douglas****—for both.*

Q Anything behind those rumors that **Liz** turned to **Eddie** when she found out about Arthur Loew's torrid romance with singer **Eartha Kitt**?
—F.M., BALDWIN, L.I.

A *Liz knew Arthur and Eartha had broken up long before she started dating him.*

Q Can you tell me what kind of formula most movie stars use when they pose for pictures in a bath full of bubbles?
—K.C., MICHIGAMME, MICH.

A *Tide.*

Q Why does **Montgomery Clift** go for older women like **Libby Holman** and **Myrna Loy**?
—S.S., NEWARK, N.J.

A *A noted psychiatrist says Monty is looking for a mother.*

Q What are the chances of **Guy Madison** and **James Arness** going back to their wives?
—B.L., BROOKLYN, N.Y.

A *Good for Guy, bad for Jim.*

Q From all that I have read, it appears to me that **Ozzie Nelson** is violently jealous of **Ricky**'s success and for that reason is holding him back from appearing for loads of money on such shows as Ed Sullivan's, Perry Como's, etc. Am I right?
—P.F., KERRVILLE, TEXAS

A *Although Ozzie Nelson never enjoyed either the idolatry or fame his youngest son does, he's as proud of him as a father can be. But he feels that with movies, recordings, and their weekly filmed show, Ricky is working hard enough. However, Ozzie is not preventing him from accepting any assignments—just advising.*

Q Why doesn't MODERN SCREEN do a story about Ex-Wives Anonymous—that club formed by the first **Mrs. Kirk Douglas**, the first **Mrs. Gregory Peck**, the first **Mrs. Ernest Borgnine** and **Nancy Sinatra**?
—R.T.M., NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A *No such club exists.*

Q Is there a chance of a reconciliation between **Diane Varsi** and **Dennis Hopper**, now that Diane finally divorced her husband?
—S.M., LEWISTON, IDAHO

A *A very slim one.*

Q Has **Debbie Reynolds** got her next husband already picked out? Is that why she didn't fight a divorce?
—B.R., ATLANTA, GEORGIA

A *No.*

Q Is **Liberace** married or is he still living at home with his mother?
—N.H., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A *"Lee (as his mother calls him) lives in Palm Springs most of the time," said Mrs. Liberace recently. But they both denied reports that they are not speaking. He visits her occasionally at her large home in Los Angeles.*

Q Has **Kim Novak** got a private pact with her secret love never to marry so long as it is impossible for them to marry each other?
—F.K., ATLANTA, GA.

A *No. But both prefer being single for the time being.*

Q You wrote that **Tony Perkins** went to professional school for acting. Well, I heard that he also attended Rollins College in Florida.
—S.K., ORLANDO, FLA.

A *Thanks to all the Rollins people who wrote to us, we discovered that Tony did attend Rollins College for a while.*

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WHEN a provocative, dark-eyed café girl named Titine offered herself to him for a pair of golden slippers, Prosper Villac was no man to refuse — even if he was in love with beautiful, sophisticated Victorine La-Branche. And when Titine was found murdered — wearing the telltale slippers — it looked as though Victorine's well-ordered world had come to an end. For the crime unloosed passions and suspicions that raced like wildfire through the Louisiana town and threatened not only the life of her inconstant lover but also her own! *Victorine* is Frances Parkinson Keyes' newest and most exciting novel. It is one of the best-sellers you may choose in this unprecedented 4-for-99¢ offer to new members of the Dollar Book Club!

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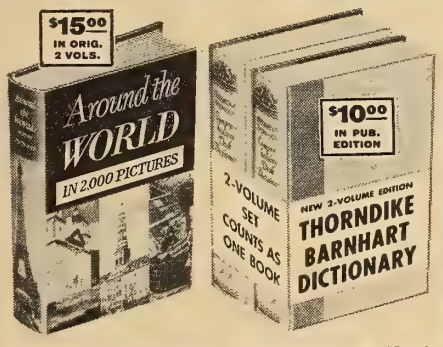
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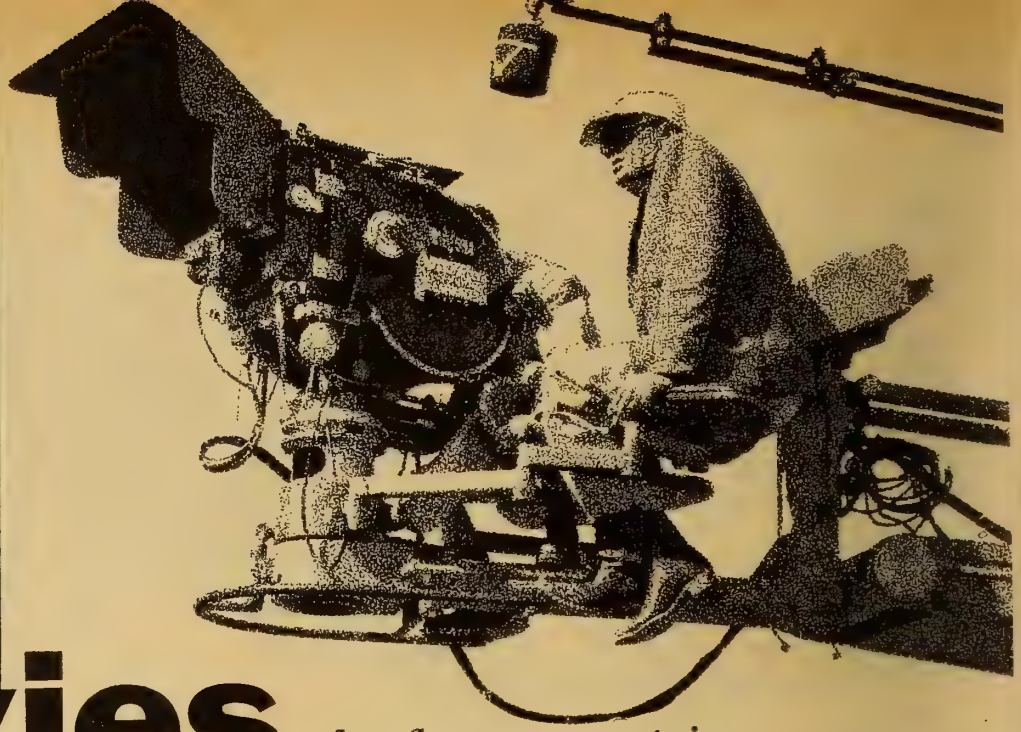
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new movies

by florence epstein

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE

James Stewart
Kim Novak
Jack Lemmon
Ernie Kovacs
Hermione Gingold

a witch's tale

▪ When you fall in love with a witch you're in trouble. Witches can't love back; they can't even cry. But who believes in witches? Not the sophisticated publisher, James Stewart, who's engaged to sophisticated Janice Rule. Here it is Christmas and Kim Novak tells her Siamese cat she wants something different. Next thing you know, James pokes his head in her door (she owns a shop full of eerie primitive art) to use the phone. He lives upstairs but *his* phone was hexed by another witch—Kim's aunt, Elsa Lanchester. A few hours later James drags Janice over to a club called the Zodiac. It's a favorite witch's hangout where male witch Jack Lemmon (Kim's brother) plays the drums. In short order James jilts Janice and, loving the trance he's in, proposes to Kim. On the scene is a bewildered best-selling author, Ernie Kovacs, who'd been in Mexico until he'd gotten a sudden, peculiar urge to be in New York. Kim had summoned him just as a little favor to Stewart. Now that he's here he gets the urge to collaborate with Lemmon on a book about witches. Kim doesn't want to be exposed as a witch and says she'll put a hex on the book. You do, says Lemmon, and I'll put a hex on your romance. So Kim confesses all to James who, once he believes her, is furious. He's not about to marry a witch! Still—Kim's no ordinary witch; and the movie itself has a delightfully magical air.—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA.

THE PERFECT FURLOUGH

Tony Curtis
Janet Leigh
Keenan Wynn
Linda Crystal
Elaine Stritch

fun in Paris

▪ Corporal Tony Curtis wins the draw for a 'perfect furlough' contest. The idea is for him to make merry with movie star Linda Crystal for three weeks in Paris while an army photographer takes pictures to pep up the falling morale of the boys stationed in the Arctic. The trouble with Tony is he makes merry too fast; also, he's too fast—even for Linda Crystal. WAC psychologist Janet Leigh who's chaperoning him on the tour—along with Linda's wise-cracking secretary, Elaine Stritch, and Major King Donovan—decides the only thing to do is to put an MP guard on Tony except when he's posing for official pictures. The MPs can't stop him. Before the three weeks are over Tony's accused of being the father of two future children (Janet's and Linda's). The Army and Linda's boss, Keenan Wynn, are quite shook up. So's Tony. For that matter—so are the girls. It's funny.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THE HORSE'S MOUTH

Alec Guinness
Kay Walsh
Renee Houston
Mike Morgan
Robert Coote

genius at work

▪ The memory of a genius is usually easier to take than the actual living presence; the actual living presence of Alec Guinness who lives to paint—and will live in your flat if you let him get a foot in the door, and will even paint the door if it is big enough and white enough—is impossible! When Guinness is not in jail or working in his leaky houseboat he is on the phone badgering millionaire Ernest Thesiger for money. Thesiger, with the help of Guinness' ex-wife, Renee Houston, possesses most of Guinness' work. One lucky day Guinness is admitted to the elegant flat of Lord and Lady Beeder who dabble in art. Their interest in Guinness quickly turns to panic at his hilarious and wild behavior. They make the mistake of taking a six-week holiday and leaving an empty white wall behind them. In no time their priceless furniture and *objets d'art* have been hauled off to the pawnshop to pay for oil paints and the wall becomes a giant mural, covered with brilliantly colored feet. Guinness has an old acquaintance who is a sculptor. He moves in, also. (*Continued on page 10*)



Kim conjures up some spirits; where there's a witch...there's always a way.

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HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN JUST **14** DAYS

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100 PRIZES Altogether!

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HERE IT IS—the NEW Molle Quickie Contest—it's FAST, it's FAIR, it's FUN, and it costs you nothing to enter. No wonder the Quickie Contest has, almost overnight, become America's favorite puzzle game for the entire family! Study the Sample Puzzle at right—there are NO Tricks, NO Catches—this is a contest based on SKILL ALONE with winners selected on the basis of their point scores...not on the whim of judges. Send in your Free Entry Coupon today and within 14 days we will mail to you personally the High Score for this puzzle! QUICK enough? FAIR enough? FUN enough? Don't delay—Act today! Think of the CASH that might be yours!

HOW TO SOLVE THIS OFFICIAL PUZZLE

1. First identify the object shown below.
2. Enter the name of this object somewhere in the puzzle frame.
3. Then select other words from the Official Word list to complete a solution to this puzzle. Three words must read **across** and three words must read **down.** Each of the letters used is worth a certain number of points as determined from the Table of Official Letter Values. Add up the Letter Values for the **nine** letters used and you've got a Total Score for this Official Puzzle. The idea is to get the highest score possible.



TOTAL SCORE

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

ABB	BEG	DUN	NET
ACE	BIS	DUO	ORA
ADD	BOO	EAT	ORE
ADZ	DEN	EGO	PUP
AGE	DID	ERA	SEA
ALA	DIE	GET	TEA
ALB	DIG	HUM	TON
ATE	DOE	ICE	TOO
BAT	DOG	JUS	ZOO
BED	DUG	LOO	

OFFICIAL LETTER VALUES

A — 10		N — 10	
B — 10		O — 10	
C — 5		P — 5	
D — 10		Q — 0	
E — 10		R — 10	
F — 7		S — 2	
G — 10		T — 10	
H — 9		U — 8	
I — 3		V — 7	
J — 1		W — 5	
K — 8		X — 4	
L — 10		Y — 2	
M — 6		Z — 10	

BONUS PRIZE! GET SOMEONE ELSE TO ENTER THIS CONTEST AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BONUS PRIZE OF AN EXTRA $500 CASH IF YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE!

To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print your name on the back of his or her Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupon NOW—have him send in his Free Entry Coupon in a separate letter including his own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

EASY RULES

1. ENTRY COUPON. Send in your solution on one of the Free Entry Coupons below. 3 words must read Across and 3 words must read Down. One of the words used must be the identity of the object illustrated in the Official Puzzle. Each of the 9 letters used is worth a certain number of points—add them up and you've got your score. That's right—add the values for the 9 letters—**but add them only once as shown** in the sample! The 6 words must be from the Word List—the Letter Values are listed beside the Word List. Use no word more than once.

2. PRIZES. The highest scoring contestants, in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER. This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over $500 in a single puzzle contest before entering this contest.

4. TIES. Ties are to be expected, in which event, tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional free puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed nine more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tiebreakers will be more difficult and values may also be given for combinations of letters, and the puzzles may be made up of more than one frame each. Tie-breaker puzzles will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after judging of preceding puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tiebreaking submissions **to compete for the $1,500 1st Prize and the other basic prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize** At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. The right is reserved to make such further rules as deemed necessary for proper functioning of contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants, and all contestants agree to be bound by same.

5. DATES. Entries must be postmarked not later than July 4, 1959. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Original and tie-breaker solutions NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!** You may draw by hand a copy of the Free Entry Coupon and use it to enter. The right is reserved to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. No submissions will be returned and no responsibility is assumed for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Judges' decisions final. Prize money on deposit in bank. Full list of winners available to all contestants as soon as final judging is completed. HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN 14 DAYS OF DATE ENTRY IS RECEIVED.

SAMPLE SOLUTION

Here is a Sample Puzzle which shows you how to get a score of 70. This is not a very good solution as it is easily possible to get a higher score. Now try the Official Puzzle at left.



B 10	A 10	T 10	10
I 3	C 5	E 10	10
S 2	E 10	A 10	10
			3
			5
			10
			2
			10
			10

TOTAL SCORE 70



NOW AVAILABLE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU ENTER ON ONE COUPON—LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)



1. My Name.....
2. My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MY TOTAL SCORE

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST
Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

5

✓ *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!*

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON

(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)



1. My Name.....
2. My Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MY TOTAL SCORE

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST
Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

5

✓ *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!*

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

Once It Was My Betrayer— but NOW—

MY BODY IS MY PROUDEST POSSESSION!



by Margaret Holland

THE door slammed behind Marty, and slowly I crumpled to the floor. The sobs tore forth—deep and convulsive. "Marty . . . Marty . . ." I whispered, brokenly, and then his words came back and I shuddered and I shook my head violently from side to side, trying to fling what he had said away from me—trying not to hear him again. But his words hung in the room—toneless, cold, but searing my heart like dry ice pressed close against flesh. This had been Marty talking, I realized, numbly —*my Marty*—with whom I had planned our tomorrow —who would grin and tousle my hair when I insisted that the very first furniture we'd buy after the wedding would be that big, comfortable man's chair we'd seen at O'Rourke's downtown. The Marty whom I'd suddenly surprise looking at me with the special softness no one else ever saw. The Marty, whose wife I thought I was going to be—until a half-hour ago.

"I'm leaving, Maggie," he'd said. Unbelieving, I'd heard the words, but it was the deadness of his voice that made me understand what he was saying. "I'm leaving, Maggie—for good. I'm not coming around any more. And I'm sorry for you, for both of us."

"Sorry? Sorry for me?" I had flared, wildly. My voice rose in a scream. "Well, why not? Why not you? Everyone else is. The fat girl! Revolting Maggie Holland, once petite, demure Margaret and now offending the esthetic senses of her friends, her family—everybody! So why not *you* Marty?"

His words had been flat, quiet. "You've let yourself go, you've given up on yourself, Maggie. Oh, I know there was a time when you really tried. I know you've taken pills, and gone on diets — even tried reducing salons. But the brutal truth is that you've stopped trying. You were my girl and I fell in love with you and I'd still be in love with the Maggie who could take it and still come back and win. But the Maggie I fell in love with wouldn't feel sorry for herself, wouldn't feel she was the only girl who'd ever been cursed by overweight, wouldn't snap at her friends, quarrel with her family, permit the love affair with the man she was going to marry to deteriorate into irritable days and nasty evenings. In a simple word the Maggie I knew was the one I wanted for my wife, not the girl I'm looking at now."

I couldn't talk. Fury was choking me. At last the words had come in a strangled gasp. "Get out!!" And, then, as I felt the tears beginning to burn my eyes I quickly turned my back. Just before he closed the door behind him, a pale shaft of sunlight came into the room, and then he was gone, and only greyness was left and that was the way it would be forever, I felt.

I didn't hear the door open minutes later, and I turned. startled, when I heard Ray's voice at my side. Ray is Doctor Raymond Holland and my cousin, and, at 32, one of the most respected and best-liked practitioners in town. His sympathetic eyes took in my disheveled hair and tear-stained face but all he said was: "I was on my way over and ran into Marty as he was leaving. We had a talk."

"I hope he was less beastly than when he left here."

Ray grinned. "He was quite civilized." Then he leaned down and lifted my chin with his fingers. "But he was suffering, Maggie. It isn't easy for a guy like Marty to walk out on something so important."

My laugh was as unpleasant as before. "Suffering, indeed. I'll bet he was—worrying whether my fingers have gotten too pudgy for me to get his ring off to return to him. Or wondering how many people have been laughing at him all the time he's been going around with fat Maggie Holland—or suffering over—" Suddenly the bitterness ran out of me, wretchedness thickened my throat, and burying my face in my arms, I cried and Ray let me.

After a while he dried my eyes with his handkerchief. Very quietly, he asked me: "Did you really understand what Marty was trying to say?"

"But, Ray, I have tried. You know I have. I've exercised, gone through reducing routines. Even reducing pills have failed to help me, although I've known some girls who have lost weight using them. I've tried simple dieting and have failed at that. I have tried!"

He took my hand in his, affectionately. "I know you have, honey. Marty knows it, too!" He grinned as he continued. "And while you haven't lost any weight you must admit you've acquired just about the most difficult disposition in the family."

I nodded, ruefully. "That's true enough. And I hated Marty for saying it. But how would you feel—or Marty, for that matter—if day after incessant day you'd stick faithfully to what someone promises will take the ugly fat off you, only to have the scales tell you differently? Wouldn't you feel irritable enough to bite the cat—as I almost have done once or twice?"

Ray's intelligent face broke into a chuckle. "I certainly would. And that's how most overweight people feel. And that's why they stay overweight."

"We stay fat because we're *irritable?*" I asked.

"Uh-huh. Look, Maggie—all these advertisements you see about losing weight—they aren't phony. They just aren't *enough.*"

"Enough?"

"That's right. We doctors know that most of these pills have methyl cellulose in them and that they can do as they promise—fill the stomach so that an overweight person won't feel the rumblings of hunger. That's simple and logical enough. But despite that, these products fail more often than not to do the trick."

I asked: "But why, if what you say is true?"

"It's true, all right. The trouble is that most reducing products don't take into account the most important element of all—the *unbearable* tension, the irritability, the feeling of all's wrong with the world that a girl like you has hanging over her all the time she's faithfully following instructions—or thinks she is. Maggie, my darling, tell Doc Holland—isn't it true that for the two months you were taking the pills that you bought in Marshall's drugstore you continued to overeat even though you weren't hungry?"

Understanding broke over me. "Why, of course. I remember asking myself why in the world I kept going to the refrigerator when I wasn't hungry in the least. And yet I had to eat. I simply had to!"

"You see?" Ray said quickly. "You had to eat when you were taking the pills and *weren't* hungry for the same reason you got fat in the first place—by overeating when you *were* hungry. In both cases tension, nervousness, irritability drove you as they drive most people for whom weight becomes a problem."

"Now see here, Doctor Holland, are you telling me that somebody—some firm—that understands this has come up with an answer to *my* problem?"

"That's just what I'm telling you, Maggie. A short time ago an important pharmaceutical house sent me several packages of their new product, *SLIMTOWN.* Doctors continually receive samples of things that are new. What these people had to say about *SLIMTOWN* made sense. They had combined 3 important ingredients into their capsule. One was *Antipatin* that lets you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods but the craving for them diminishes. . . . The second was *Gastrofilin*—tried and true—the ingredient that fools your stomach—makes it feel half-full to begin with even before you sit down to eat. . . . And the third—wonder of wonders—made the job complete and sold me immediately. That was the sensational new ingredient called *Pacifin* and its function is to remove completely the *tension,* the *high-voltage irritability* you and I have been talking about. They guaranteed that *SLIMTOWN* would melt off the pounds because the user would not only *not* feel like overeating—he would feel calm, easy-going, at peace with himself while the pounds dropped off. Clara Jenkins came into my office later in the day. You remember Clara—she weighs 200 pounds—or at least she did. I told Clara to take the *SLIMTOWN* I had received—told her to eat all she really *wanted* to eat and to take *SLIMTOWN* as directed. Clara pooh-poohed it. But finally she took the capsules. That was four weeks ago. Yesterday Clara was in my office. She had lost 23 pounds and had come to my office to kiss me and almost did right there in front of my patients."

I confess that if it had been anyone other than Ray Holland telling me this I simply wouldn't have believed it. But Ray is the most confidence-inspiring doctor I know—young enough to have been in recent contact with the newest in the medical world and old enough to tell the gilt from the gold. My hopes began to rise like a rocket.

I said: "Let me get this straight. The pills I've been taking haven't helped because I was wound up like a clock and couldn't keep from nervous eating?"

"Correct," said Ray.

"And *SLIMTOWN* will have the calming and soothing effect on me that will let me eat what I want to eat and not go hog-wild?"

"That's right."

"And I'll be able to eat the things I love—steaks, desserts? All I *really* want?"

Ray nodded vigorously. "Absolutely."

"And the pounds will drop off in bunches?"

"As much as 7 to 10 pounds per week," Ray said.

"And Marty?" I asked, smiling for the first time.

Ray grinned back, "*SLIMTOWN* guarantees Marty, too, I'll bet."

"Well, what are we waiting for, Dr. Holland? Let's get over to your office and get those *SLIMTOWNS* before they're gone."

"They *are* gone," Ray said sheepishly. "My enthusiasm ran away with me and there's Jane Morgan and Mrs. Orikoff and several others who were simply made for *SLIMTOWN.* But you can buy *SLIMTOWN.* They cost only $2.98 for a full 10-day supply. And $4.98 for a big 20-day treatment. $6.98 for 30-day supply.

Here's the address: ***SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-48***
11 E. 47 Street, New York 17, N.Y.

"They're sold with an absolute money back guarantee if they don't do exactly as they say they'll do: take the fat off you quickly and agreeably. They really don't guarantee you'll get Marty back. That's up to you." And with a light kiss on my forehead, Ray left.

How can I tell you what Ray did for me? When I thought of the courage it had taken for Marty to talk to me the way he did, and of how I had screamed in return, my face burned with shame.

My impulse was to rush to the phone and call him, but I decided to wait, to surprise him. However, I hadn't reckoned on the meddling Dr. Holland. Because when 3 weeks later and 18 pounds lighter, with an elegant dress that showed off my figure and a sunny, smiling face to match I led Marty into the living room, he didn't look surprised one bit.

He said, right off: "I've arranged for my vacation in June. We can be married then. Okay?"

Just like that. I couldn't find words. I nodded.

He said: "I've found an apartment. You'll love it."

Ecstatic, I nodded again.

"We'll be able to get all the furniture except the couch. That'll take three or four months more."

I finally found my voice. I said demurely: "Not every girl gets two proposals from the same man. Isn't this one rather abrupt?"

The creases around Marty's eyes highlighted their twinkle. "I love you," he said.

Mischievously, I waved my hand at myself. "My dress too?"

"Love you," he repeated. "Know all about your figure. Knew about it first day you started. Doc Holland told me. *SLIMTOWN,* great stuff."

We've been married 3 years now. A wonderful marriage. Marty, me, little Martin. *SLIMTOWN's* there too, any time I need it.

To the reader of this story: As the creators of *SLIMTOWN,* we have been pleased to present Margaret Holland's story. Miss Holland's experience is duplicated by thousands of women who have found new happiness through *SLIMTOWN*—whose lives have been changed by the greatest discovery for overweight people ever developed by medical science! We guarantee that you will lose up to 7 to 10 pounds the very first week without dieting, without exercise, without nervous tension. Never has there been any reducer like *SLIMTOWN.* You may order by sending $2.98 for the 10-day supply. $4.98 for 20-day supply. $6.98 for 30-day supply.

SLIMTOWN, Dept. H-48
11 E. 47 Street, New York 17, N. Y.

If *SLIMTOWN* does not live up to your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded without question or hesitation.



BECAUSE PERSONAL DAINTINESS IS SO IMPORTANT...

Choose mild "Lysol." Millions of women know that douching with "Lysol" *assures* feminine cleanliness. So why settle for less?

It's far more effective than home-style douches, including vinegar. For "Lysol" brand disinfectant stops *odor at its source*—actually kills odor-causing germs!

And "Lysol" cleanses gently. Won't harm your delicate insides. Leaves you wonderfully fresh and sweet—*sure* of your personal cleanliness! Why not try "Lysol" soon. Use it regularly!

Now available—
Pine-Scented "Lysol"
as well as Regular.



For free booklet (mailed in plain envelope) on doctor-approved methods of douching, write to: "Lysol," Bloomfield, N.J., Dept. DM-259

Lysol®
BRAND DISINFECTANT
A Lehn & Fink Product *Also available in Canada*

new movies *(Continued from page 6)*

When they come home, Lord and Lady Beeder fall through the floor (literally). With the timely death of the Millionaire Thesiger, Guinness becomes famous, but that's only secondary to him. He still remains a dirty old scoundrel who has remarkable dignity because his one desire is to capture truth in paint.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

MARDI GRAS

Pat Boone
Christine Carere
Tommy Sands
Sheree North
Gary Crosby

love for all in New Orleans

■ What do cadets dream about? Graduation and girls. Gary Crosby dreams about dating famous French movie star Christine Carere when the school band is sent to New Orleans during Mardi Gras. Nine hundred classmates finance the date (a buck each) on the theory that they'll live vicariously and will get to dance with her at the graduation ball. This means a lot of things are taken for granted. Namely: Pat Boone, not Gary, is picked (via raffle) to date Christine; Christine's publicity manager, Fred Clark, won't let her see anyone; and Christine herself decides to take a day off as a star and mix with the gay masses in the Mardi Gras. Gary teams up with Sheree North; Tommy Sands with Phi Beta Kappa stripper Barrie Chase; Pat with a little French blonde he meets by accident. Guess who *she* is! Lots of songs and sweet romance.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

ANNA LUCASTA

Eartha Kitt
Sammy Davis, Jr.
Rex Ingram
Frederick O'Neal
Henry Scott

when a girl marries . . .

■ This *Anna* doesn't lose any punch—Eartha Kitt's her name and her game is to find happiness. It isn't easy. When her Pop (Rex Ingram) kicked her out of the house for no good reason, she went to San Diego and became a prostitute. Sailor Sammy Davis, Jr., who was a cab-driver in civilian life, loves her but doesn't want to marry her. Suddenly, back in Anna's home, the family is quite put out with Pop for having been so mean to Anna. His husky, bossy son-in-law Frederick O'Neal practically forces Pop to go find Anna and bring her home. Frederick has just learned that one of Pop's old friends is sending a hayseed son up north with $4,000 and the need of a wife. Anna comes home where she meets Henry Scott who, along with the four grand, is a handsome college graduate. He further astonishes the family by proposing to her. She's afraid to marry him because of her past—and because of her past, Pop feels compelled to ruin Henry's future. Worst of all, Sammy Davis, Jr., shows up on the wedding day. There's humor, sadness and plenty of good acting here.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE SILENT ENEMY

Dawn Addams
Laurence Harvey
John Clements
Michael Craig
Sidney James

adventure underwater

■ Submarines have their purpose but frogmen are cheaper. All they have to do is put on their fins and their oxygen masks and dive underwater where they can easily attach explosives to a ship's hull. This is what was happening in 1941 to British ships in the port of Gibraltar. In order to save their fleet, the British sent courageous Lieutenant Crabb (Lawrence Harvey) to discover where the frogmen kept themselves hidden—and then to destroy their operations. Harvey and his small crew of frogmen pull mines off the bottoms of ships, fight underwater with a flotilla of Italian frogmen and finally—in the nick of time—prevent an all-out attack on a large British convoy destined for the invasion of North Africa. The fact that Lieutenant Crabb was an actual person—and that this movie is based on a book about him—lends even more excitement to a film that would be full of it anyway.—U-I.

THE REMARKABLE MR. PENNYPACKER

Clifton Webb
Dorothy McGuire
Charles Coburn
Judith Evelyn
Jill St. John

one man's family

■ A man who believes in Darwin's theory of evolution, horseless carriages, female secretaries, face rouge, and children-that-can-be-heard-as-well-as-seen is not a man to be swayed by public opinion. Such a man is Clifton Webb. The most remarkable thing about him is that not only is he father of seventeen children, but also he has been for many years husband to two wives. He's kept up his households. And he remembers the names and mannerisms *(Continued on page 12)*



Eartha Kitt and Sammy Davis, Jr., have lots of laughs together in ANNA LUCASTA. *That is, until Eartha reconsiders and decides to marry another man.*

#1 Hilarity Best-Seller for 52 Weeks!
#1 Howl on the Screen with the #1 Cast of the year!

PAUL NEWMAN
JOANNE WOODWARD
JOAN COLLINS
JACK CARSON





20th Century-Fox presents

LEO McCAREY'S

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!

CINEMASCOPE
COLOR by DE LUXE

Produced and Directed by
LEO McCAREY

Screenplay by
CLAUDE BINYON
LEO McCAREY

FROM THE NOVEL BY MAX SHULMAN

New medicated acne stick nips pimples in the "bud"





Acts fast to stop pimples from "blooming" and spreading...conceals and helps heal pimples in all stages

Never again need you watch helplessly while a small blemish grows into a big, ugly pimple. For now there's a new kind of medication that acts *fast* to heal and dry blemishes in their *bud* stage—or *any* stage. It's Sentor—the new, skin-toned acne stick that soothes and helps *heal* as it conceals.

Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—*so fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No tell-tale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Sentor *Medicated* Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

HOW SENTOR ACTS FOUR WAYS TO HELP HEAL PIMPLES... TO PREVENT BLOOMING, SPREADING...*EVEN SCARRING*

1. **Melts blemishes away**—penetrates to dissolve "sick" pimple tissue.
2. **Dries up pustules**—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. **Helps prevent scarring**—helps heal tissue *a safe new way*—before permanent scarring or pitting begins.
4. **Combats re-infection**—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.

SKIN-TONED—CONCEALS WHILE IT HELPS HEAL!



ONLY $1.50 NO FED. TAX

Also available in Canada

Dunbar Laboratories, Wayne, N. J.

(*Continued from page* 10) of all seventeen children, and shuttles monthly from house to house. Then his oldest daughter, Jill St. John, becomes engaged, and Webb, who is in Philadelphia, is needed in Harrisburg. One of those nine other children follows him right into Dorothy McGuire's parlor. But even that embarrassing moment doesn't take the wind out of Webb's natty sails!—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

A QUESTION OF ADULTERY

Julie London
Anthony Steel
Basil Sydney
Anton Diffring
Andrew Cruickshank

is this baby legal?

Is artificial insemination immoral? That's the question this movie raises. Julie London, ex-singer, is married to British heir Anthony Steel who races cars and is insanely jealous. Julie thinks a baby will solve everything. When she has a miscarriage because of a nasty auto accident (Steel was driving when she slapped his face) she thinks artificial insemination will solve everything. Pouty as usual, Steel goes along to a clinic in Switzerland to lend moral support. Out skiing one day, Julie's caught in a blizzard and rescued by a handsome hermit (Anton Diffring). That's enough for Steel, who sues for divorce. *What do you mean—artificial insemination?* his lawyer asks, pointing a finger at Anton Diffring. Well, there you have it—almost.—NATIONAL TELEFILM ASSOCIATES.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW PLAYING:

THE INN OF THE SIXTH HAPPINESS (20th-Fox): Ingrid Bergman, a poor servant girl, saves her pennies and buys a one-way ticket to China where she wants to work as a missionary. Ingrid becomes indispensable to two men—Robert Donat, the Mandarin, and Curt Jurgens, a Eurasian officer in the Chinese army. Ingrid loves her work as completely as she loves the people of China. A beautiful setting and a tender story.

THE TUNNEL OF LOVE (MGM): Doris Day and Richard Widmark want to have a child very badly but they can't. So they appeal to an adoption agency. Lovely Gia Scala turns up to investigate them and finds Widmark with a bottle—not a baby bottle—in his hand. Gia's not impressed. And Doris is angry. So Widmark escapes into a mad romantic fling. And lo and behold! A baby does come into their home. How?? That's the $64 question!

DAMN YANKEES (Warners): When an avid baseball fan (Robert Shafer) sells his soul to the Devil to help his favorite team win the pennant, that's true sportsmanship! The Devil transforms him into Tab Hunter, the greatest baseball player ever. But when he wants to return to his old self, the Devil sends Gwen Verdon to tempt Tab. Her song and dance numbers are enough to tempt anyone to sell his soul!

IN LOVE AND WAR (20th-Fox): In time of love and war everyone is equal. So that when a group of marines comes to a Japanese-held island we find people like Jeffrey Hunter—of Greek parentage—who's mad about a sweet little girl back home, Hope Lange; then there's scholarly Bradford Dillman, whose rich fiancé, Dana Wynter, is drunk half the time; and lastly, cowardly Bob Wagner, of poor Irish parents. There's a good deal of beauty on that island to keep the boys happy—France Nuyen and Sheree North, for instance.

THE BARBARIAN AND THE GEISHA (20th-Fox): Nothing was more beautiful or romantic than Japan in 1856. John Wayne as Townsend Harris and his interpreter Sam Jaffe aren't given a very friendly greeting though when they sail into Japan. Foreigners aren't received too well by the superstitious population. Eiko Ando, a beautiful Geisha, is sent to spy on Wayne—but falls for him instead. When he stops a cholera epidemic, Wayne becomes a sort of hero to the townspeople. Nothing beats this film for exotic color and beauty.

SEPARATE TABLES (U.A.): Wendy Hiller is the hotelkeeper of one of the most exciting little hotels in England. At least, its occupants are exciting. There's a phony major, David Niven, and his timid secret admirer, Deborah Kerr; and there's a wild American, Burt Lancaster, whose ex-wife, Rita Hayworth, turns up in order to win him back.

It's a dog's life.

And sometimes a pretty swell life, too—especially when the dog has anything to do with Rosalind Russell.

The dog in question was a poodle, in residence temporarily in a pet shop in New York. He was a very special poodle; he had acting experience—but he was between engagements now.

And at that moment Rosalind Russell was looking for a dog for a scene in her TV spectacular *Wonderful Town*. She had looked all over town for just the right pooch, and at last she found him. Or so she thought.

Her producer had the deal almost closed. Then he mentioned to the pet-shop owner that the studio truck would come around to pick up the dog to test it for the role. The man immediately lost interest.

ROZ



goes to the dog

"No sir," he said. "This dog doesn't need any test. He's been in eight plays already. He's got more experience than lots of actors I could name."

The producer pleaded.

Roz pleaded. But no go.

"This dog's valuable property," the man insisted. "I don't want to let it out of my shop too long. You know, he's pretty popular. He's in demand. Some other producer might come along and want him—and without a test, I might add—then where'd I be?"

It looked as if Rosalind Russell was going to have to get herself another dog. Then she hit on a solution.

"Will you let him come for a test if he goes in my Cadillac?" she asked the man. "My chauffeur will be ever so careful of him—and so will I."

The dog picked up his ears at this and barked approval. After that the pet-shop man had to give in. . . .

P.S. The poodle got the part!

You can see Roz in Warners' AUNTIE MAME.

LADIES — Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement below. We hope that you, too, will take advantage of it. Just fill out the convenient coupon, paste it on a postcard, and mail it today. Hurry!

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$23 WEEKLY for wearing lovely dresses received as extra rewards. Just show Fashion Frocks to friends in spare time. No investment, canvassing or experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Cincinnati 2, O.



PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD — MAIL TODAY!

FASHION FROCKS, INC., Dept. B-20541
Cincinnati 2, Ohio

Yes, I want the opportunity of earning $23.00 weekly for wearing lovely dresses supplied to me by you. Without cost or obligation, please RUSH everything I need to start at once.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____

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If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 3425 Industrial Blvd., Montreal 12, P.Q.

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The Perfect Furlough

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman COLOR

co-starring KEENAN WYNN · ELAINE STRITCH with LES TREMAYNE MARCEL DALIO and LINDA CRISTAL

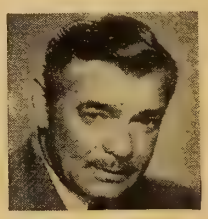
Directed by BLAKE EDWARDS · Written by STANLEY SHAPIRO · Produced by ROBERT ARTHUR

Universal International

FEBRUARY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in February your birthstone is an amethyst, your flower is a violet and here are some of the stars who share it with you:

February 3—**Peggy Ann Garner**
February 4—**Red Buttons**, **James Craig**, **Ida Lupino**
February 6—**Zsa Zsa Gabor**, **Gigi Perreau**, **Ronald Reagan**, **Mamie Van Doren**
February 7—**Keefe Braselle**
February 8—**Jack Lemmon**, **Lana Turner**
February 9—**Kathryn Grayson**
February 10—**Jimmy Durante**, **Robert Keith**, **Robert Wagner**
February 11—**Leslie Nielson**
February 12—**Forest Tucker**
February 13—**Kim Novak**
February 14—**Thelma Ritter**
February 15—**Kevin McCarthy**, **Cesar Romero**
February 16—**Vera Ellen**, **Peggy King**
February 17—**Arthur Kennedy**, **Wayne Morris**
February 18—**Adolphe Menjou**, **Jack Palance**, **Dane Clark**
February 20—**Patricia Smith**
February 21—**Zachary Scott**, **Ann Sheridan**, **Guy Mitchell**
February 22—**Robert Young**
February 23—**Race Gentry**
February 24—**Barbara Lawrence**, **Marjorie Main**
February 26—**Betty Hutton**, **Peter Lorre**, **Tony Randall**
February 27—**Reginald Gardiner**, **Elizabeth Taylor**
February 29—**Arthur Franz**



Clark Gable
February 1



John Lund
February 6



Lyle Bettger
February 13



Joan Bennett
February 27

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS



In This Issue:

Louella gets interviewed

Debbie talks about Liz

Tony and Janet throw a party

LOUELLA PARSONS



Louella and her daughter Harriet pointed out for the TV *camera the private elevator that goes up to Louella's office on the next floor.*

Pardon us, Louella, if we take over the first two pages of your column, but we had to congratulate you—

on how wonderful you looked on Person to Person . . .

We think Ed Murrow summed it up wonderfully on his Person to Person program when he said, "For something like thirty-five years Louella Parsons has been reporting the doings of Hollywood and its movie stars in what is probably the best-known syndicated column of its type in the world. It not only has an impact on newspaper readers here and abroad, but on the industry as well; so much so, that Sam Goldwyn recently remarked, 'Louella is stronger than Sampson. He needed two columns to bring the house down. Louella can do it with one.' "

Louella's column was the very first of its kind. We at MODERN SCREEN take great pride in this fact, and we'd like to add that since Louella is unique and inimitable, her column is now, and always will be, the *only one* of its kind.





Louella showed her impressive collection (above) of signed autographs of Cardinal Spellman, Grace Kelly's family and an etching of John Barrymore . . . And she introduced Major Domo Collins (right). He's been with her 25 years.



Sam Goldwyn, Vivian Willits and Irene Dunne (left to right) admired Louella's plaque and agreed with her that "it means an awful lot to be there in person to see and smell the flowers."

on winning the 'outstanding journalist of 1958' trophy...

We are so proud of our Louella. Proud that she was chosen by the women of her own profession—the California Association of Press Women—as the 'outstanding journalist of 1958.' Proud of the touching, humble appreciation with which she received her award, the Golden Flame Trophy. It was surely a great honor, and we (and in this we include our readers who sent us thousands of letters to this effect) believe it was richly and fully deserved.

Six hundred friends and colleagues came to honor Louella at the luncheon given in the Embassy Room of the Los Angeles Ambassador Hotel. The flower be-decked tables were beautiful and the food was delicious—but Louella was so nervous and excited she hardly touched her plate!

On the dais with the guest of honor were Sam Goldwyn, Irene Dunne, Kim Novak, Louella's *Los Angeles Examiner* newspaper bosses and associates—and Master of Ceremonies Jack Benny. Jack, who had apologized that he could stay only an hour on his TV rehearsal day—stayed *three* . . . and was never funnier in his life!

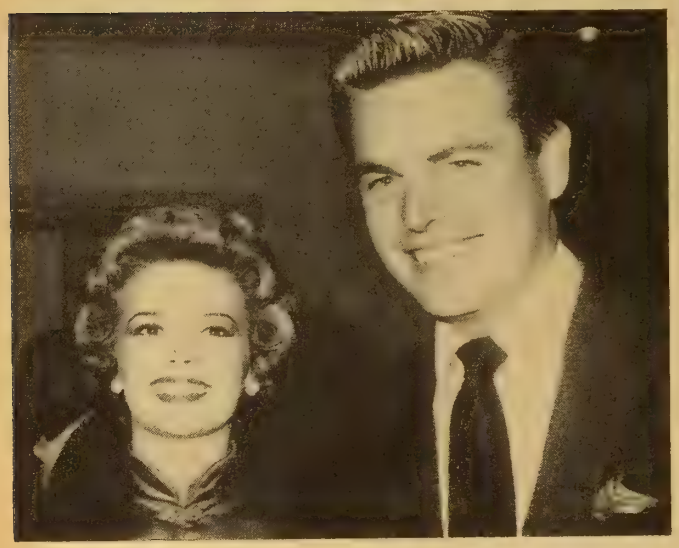
The speeches made by Irene Dunne and Sam Goldwyn summed up the high regard Hollywood feels for its first lady. After all the wonderful things that were said, we can add nothing but *Amen!*



Jack Benny, bless his heart, promised an hour of M-C-ing, but stayed three hours!



RIGHT: Janet Leigh's bag was packed, ready for a hurried trip to the hospital with Tony. BELOW: Nat and Bob were among the married romancers.

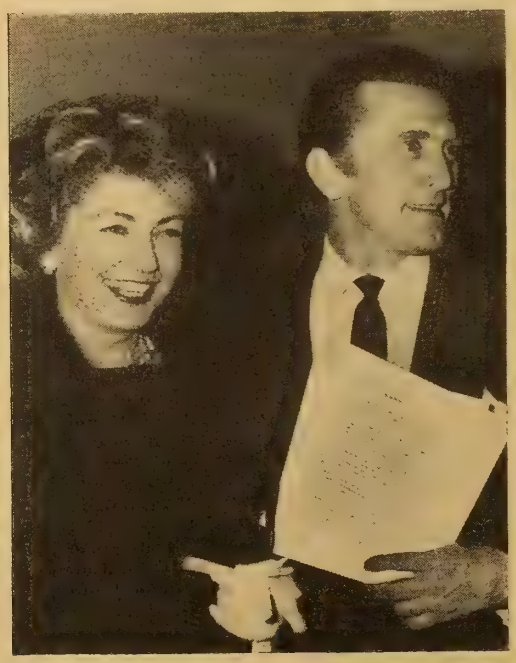


PARTY *of the month*



RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Douglas had a special topic of conversation at supper. Their children.

LEFT: Esther Williams and Jeff Chandler were an attractive couple that starry night.



Never was a hostess more prepared to have a baby than **Janet Leigh** was at the preview supper party of Janet and **Tony**'s hilarious comedy *The Perfect Furlough*.

Not only was Janet's bag packed and in the back of Tony's car in case she had to make a hurried trip to the hospital for the arrival of the Curtis' second baby, but her doctor, Dr. Leon Krohn, was a guest at both the picture and the party! However, the baby didn't *première* this night.

Janet looked as cute as a button in a maternity gown with a harem skirt! She and Tony had taken over La Rue for their supper party and the swank Sunset Strip cafe looked very festive with roses on every table and an assortment of French wines in tall, flower bedecked bottles.

All of Tony and Janet's pals turned out so it was a 'starry' night.

Sitting at one table were such romancers as **Jack Lemmon** and **Felicia Farr**, **Esther Williams** and **Jeff Chandler**, and the married, but equally in love, **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner.**

Joan Collins, with a scooped-up hairdo and a low-cut black dress, with Joey Foreman. **Doris Day** looked like a fashion plate in a brocaded cocktail suit. Doris is really dressing up these days.

Barbara Rush, twenty pounds thinner (I've been scolding her for carrying too much poundage, but no more) was one of the most beautiful girls present.

The **Gregory Pecks** and the **Kirk Douglases** had supper together and talked mostly about their children. It was a *très* gay evening, very Frenchy.

Marilyn—in Dread

Ever since tests made by Dr. Leon Krohn, famed Beverly Hills gynecologist, proved conclusively that **Marilyn Monroe** is pregnant, she has lived in dread of a repetition of her first pregnancy when she and Arthur Miller lost an expected baby in 1957.

Marilyn still had three more weeks' shooting on her movie *Some Like It Hot* when she received the wonderful news. She told producer Harold Mirisch that she would do no more strenuous scenes. Fortunately all the rough-housing with **Tony Curtis** and **Jack Lemmon** had been completed. And, all the rest of the time away from the studio, Marilyn stayed in bed at her hotel suite. She really wants this baby!



Marilyn Monroe had three more weeks of shooting for Some Like It Hot *when she received the wonderful news, that a baby is on the way. So she outlawed any more strenuous scenes.*

Rome in Hollywood

It was a pleasure for me to give a party honoring those charming visitors from Rome, Michael and Marajen Chinigo, because the famous Hearst newspaperman and his wife are Mr. and Mrs. Rome themselves, entertaining Hollywood people at their villa when they come to Italy.

In planning the party I tried to include all the film people who have been entertained by the Chinigos—and found that's just about everybody in the industry. So I took over the Sun Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel for my cocktail party—and I needed all that space for the guests who turned out to welcome the visitors.

Rock Hudson came stag. He isn't doing much public dating since the divorce.

Another popular stag was **Maurice Chevalier** who always adds so much gaiety to any gathering. **Dick Powell** was out of town so **June Allyson** came 'stag,' too—if you can apply the term to a gal.

Among the guests I was delighted to greet in addition to the above were **Irene Dunne**, **Greer Garson**, **Norma Shearer**—as beautiful as ever with her husband Marty Arrouge—the **Rossano Brazzis**, **Marie Wilson** and Bob Fallon, Rosemary and **Danny Thomas**, Mrs. **Louis Jourdan,** Mr. and Mrs. Randy Hearst, the David Hearsts and cute 'young' **Charlie Coburn** (the Chinigos were his houseguests).

* * *



Hard-working Jerry Lewis was sent to the hospital with bleeding ulcers. It's hard for this human dynamo, but he's letting the doctor be the boss!

OPEN LETTER

TO JERRY LEWIS:

Dear Jerry—*please take it easy!*

I know that you—our zany, crazy, explosive, hard-working Pied Piper of comedy—are the last star in the business who should have been felled by serious illness (bleeding ulcers creating pressure against the heart).

But try to remember that some people can be ill temporarily and even take a fair degree of comfort from the rest and curtailment of activities. For you—it's hard. You are the proverbial human dynamo, on or off stage.

When you called me from the hospital the other morning, after receiving the 'bad news' that you'll have to rest for weeks and weeks, you sounded depressed and unhappy. But I was proud of you for saying you had told your doctor that you were going to do just as he told you!

You even made a little joke of it telling Dr. Marvin Levy, "I've always taken *direction* well. You're the boss."

And, I liked what you said about the rest giving you more time to spend with your devoted, pretty Patti and the children.

But that was a depressed sigh I heard when you said your new Paramount comedy has been postponed.

Just give yourself the chance to build up your physical reserves—and you're going to be all right and back in full-swing again.

Remember you have a lot going for you—youth, stamina and *heart*—plus all the good wishes of fans and family who love you. Take care, Young Clown.

LOUELLA PARSONS *Continued*





LEFT: "I'm tired of loafing around waiting for the telephone to ring." These days Kim Novak is bored. RIGHT: Even now, it's hard for Debbie Reynolds to believe she has lost Eddie Fisher . . . Here, she smiles bravely with Jacques Bergerac at a benefit.

Kim? Bored??

I bet there are a million lonely girls in the USA who can echo **Kim Novak**'s plaint, "There's no excitement in my life." But hardly a single one among those million can understand how such a remark could come from the beautiful and famous Kim.

I can hear the girls saying "Surely she has *everything*—youth, beauty, money, clothes and fame. What about that General who was giving her furs and automobiles? And Mac Krim? And all the stars who are supposed to fall for her in their love scenes?"

Let Kim answer that—"That was six months ago."

It's amusing that just six months ago I was scolding Kim for having too much 'excitement' in her life—most of it with the wrong men. Yet I must back her up in her claim that her life these days seems calm almost to the point of 'boredom' as she said recently.

I had to laugh when Kim said that she was going to the Film Festival in Mexico City, "Not particularly that I want to make the trip—but there's nothing else on hand, so I might as well do *something*."

Plenty of excitement developed south of the border—but not of the type the beautiful blonde was hankering for. For three days she was mauled by fans, had her clothes ripped off her back and was surrounded by men, all right—*policemen* trying to protect her. She cut her visit short by three days and returned to Hollywood.

The always faithful Mac Krim, who always comes running when Kim beckons, dropped other dates to take her out now and then. But both Mac and Kim now seem to realize the old flame is dead.

"Thank heavens I've made up with Columbia and will be back at work soon keeping busy. I'm tired loafing around waiting for the telephone to ring," is the honest admission of this famed Hollywood beauty. What do you think of *this*, gals?

* * *

The Polite Separation

The most polite separation ever chalked up in Hollywood and one I sincerely regret, is that of **Cary Grant** and **Betsy Drake.** After nearly nine years of marriage they surprised everyone by issuing the joint and genteel statement:

"We have had, and shall always have, a deep love and respect for each other. But, alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we fully expected and mutually desired."

It's a shame such nice people have to part. But better this way than with the mud-slinging in some divorces.

* * *



. . . to give a first hand report that some trouble (perhaps a lot of it) charged against young people is not their fault.

In one glaring proof of this out of Hollywood this month, **Gary Crosby**, **Bing's** boy, was far more sinned against than sinning. Yet I have received beefing letters saying in effect, "How dare a big, brawny ex-GI like Gary Crosby so disgrace his dad and his hosts that he stages a wrestling bout with a forty-seven-year-old man at a party?" And so on, and on.

I was a guest at this party hosted by **Milton Berle** in honor of the great American poet Carl Sandburg. Gary, throughout the evening, had been conducting himself with dignity and decorum despite the fact that the wife of a cheese company executive continually heckled him.

She came up to the table where Gary was sitting with Ruth Berle and out of the blue raved: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You are a *big, fat slob!*"

Even then Gary tried to avoid disaster by replying quietly, "Look lady, I don't want to get in any trouble with you. Please go away."

It was at this heated point that the woman's husband charged up, yelling that Gary had insulted his wife, grabbing him by the lapels, and both fell wrestling to the floor—Gary trying to extricate himself from the man's clutches.

Although he was not in the least to blame, many of the stories made it sound as though Bing's eldest had indulged in a drunken brawl at a distinguished affair. The boy was so unhappy he sent flowers to his hostess the following day and a sweet note of apology for his part in the unfortunate fracas. Poor Gary. Poor sons of all celebrities. They take a beating even when they don't deserve it.

What Debbie Believes

How do you like **Debbie Reynolds**, of *all* people, having this to say about **Elizabeth Taylor**'s chances for winning an Academy Award for *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*?

After Liz was quoted in a New York newspaper as saying the bad publicity she has received in the Debbie-**Eddie Fisher** split will hurt her chances for an Oscar, I talked with Debbie and asked if she had read the article.

"No," said Little Miss Honesty, "but as far as the Academy Award is concerned—I think if Elizabeth gives the best performance of the year she should win the Oscar no *matter what else has happened.*

"I don't believe the personal life of an actress should influence the Academy vote. It would not be fair otherwise. If she deserves the Oscar for *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof* she should win it."

This came out during the conversation—which had been ordered by my Hearst newspaper syndicate—I had with Debbie about divorcing Eddie. She had just learned from Eddie for the first time, a few days previous, that he wanted a divorce to marry Liz.

"Eddie told me that he loves Elizabeth and wants to marry her as soon as possible," Debbie said. "I don't suppose he can help it if he's in love with her—but I just wish I had known the truth sooner."

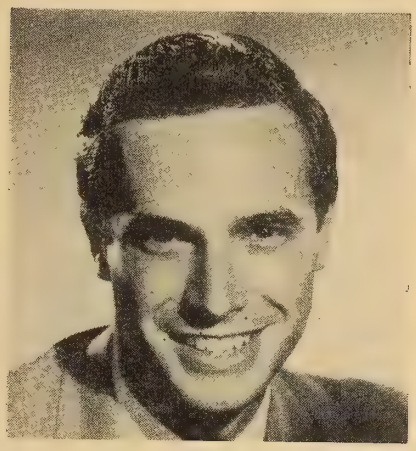
She still insists that she believes their marriage was a happy one before Eddie took off for New York on that fatal trip when he met and dated Liz all over the town.

"We had consulted a marriage counselor about our problems," Debbie told me, "and for a year we had known real happiness. Before Eddie left he had been so sweet and affectionate with me and told me how much he would miss me."

Even now, with all that's happened, I think it's hard for Debbie to believe she has lost Eddie.

I nominate for STARDOM

BRAD DILLMAN



Brad Dillman:—Or if you prefer his full name, Bradford Dillman. He's being touted as 'the young **Bill Holden**' since he came from the Broadway stage to conquer Hollywood, and 20th Century-Fox, in *In Love and War* and *Compulsion*.

Like Holden, he is a direct, well-spoken, mannerly and conservative young man who, also like Holden, registers a terrific amount of sex appeal on the screen.

Brad laughingly told me, "This sex appeal bit is a surprise. On Broadway in such plays as Eugene O'Neill's *Long Day's Journey Into Night* none of the critics or fans noticed anything sexy about me. In fact when Eugene O'Neill's widow okayed me for the play she said to director Jose Quintero:

" 'I think this young man will be good. He has Eugene's shy smile, he doesn't talk very much—and when he does you can hardly understand him.' "

But it was Brad's click in this hit which landed him in Hollywood with his pretty wife, the former Frieda Harding. Their romance started when both were appearing in *Happy Birthday* on Broadway with **Helen Hayes**. They have one child, Jeffrey Crawford, born in March of this year.

Brad admits that he's 'just crazy' about his wife. "She has green eyes and dark hair and is about five-feet-three. I thought when I first saw her, and still think she's the loveliest girl I've ever seen."

He proposed to her in a beanery on 49th street in New York and she accepted. To celebrate, they ordered another plate of beans. "We kissed later," Brad laughs.

They rent a modest home in the Pacific Palisades and save their movie money. "Who knows how long this good thing will last?" he says. The fans and I say a long time, Brad.

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

Didn't **France Nuyen** give **Marlon Brando** the bounce romantically before she left for Broadway and her stage hit, *The World of Suzie Wong*? That's what I hear. Must have been a shock to Brando who is usually the one to take the walk. . . .

Considering that **Princess Grace (Kelly)** and her Prince have been accused of being very cold to some of the Hollywood press, I was pleased and flattered the other day to find in my mail a beautiful family group picture of Grace, Prince Rainier and their two adorable children affectionately autographed to me in the Princess' own handwriting. It has a place of honor in a new silver frame on my piano. . . .

Tony Bartley would give anything and everything to make up with **Deborah Kerr,** or so I hear. But she's too bitter—about his taking the children away from her and his 'stolen affection' charges against writer Peter Viertel—to listen. . . .

Funny the way **Brigitte Bardot** and **Frank Sinatra** are practically in a feud without ever meeting. The French belle says that if Frank comes to Paris to make *A Night In Paris* with her, it's all right—and if he doesn't come, that's all right too! But she *won't* come to Hollywood to work with him. Frank says either way is okay with him too—whether they do or don't make the picture! . . .

Trying to beat the rap of 'living in two separate worlds' was too much for **Terry Moore** and Eugene McGrath. They ended their marriage with the explanation that Terry's 'world' is Hollywood and 'Gene's his business interests in Panama.' It looks as if this second rift will be final.

Liz' True Love

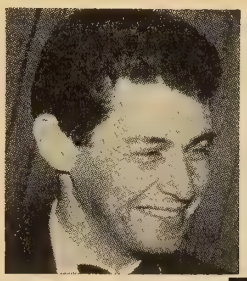
Elizabeth Taylor relayed to me a denial of something she was *supposed* to have said—that **Eddie Fisher** is the true love of her life.

It was short and to the point: "I deeply loved **Mike Todd** and will always cherish his memory as one of the most beautiful things in my life. I don't want anything to destroy that memory."

After issuing this communique to my desk, Liz went back into the silence that has enveloped her for the past five months. The few friends she now trusts are beginning to worry about her present mode of living as a recluse.



Didn't France Nuyen bounce Brando?



Liz denied that Eddie is the true love of her life. Her statement to Louella Parsons was short and to the point: "I deeply loved Mike Todd and will always cherish his memory as one of the beautiful things in my life."





LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

She's had a bad cold she can't shake and spends most of her time in bed. Emotional upsets have always made Liz physically ill—and believe me, she's had an emotional upset!

She won't even go to the beauty parlor, having her hairdresser and manicurist come to her home, **Tyrone Power**'s former house. She hasn't even been in the shops preferring to have clothes sent to her bedroom for selection. And since that very public dating with **Eddie** in the East which set off the firecrackers, she hasn't appeared in public with him on the West Coast. Not at this writing anyway.

As the irony of fate would have it—**Debbie** also landed in the hospital this month. Her mother told me: "Debbie has kept her troubles locked up within herself. This plus the fact that she has been working hard in *The Mating Game* and that she is giving so much of herself to the children, finally broke her down."

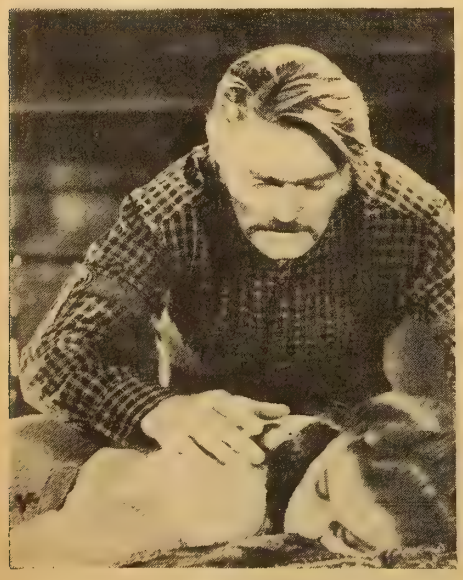
She's also lost twelve pounds since the separation.

But Debbie's still got her fightin' spirit. She stayed in the hospital just three days and then kept a date to dance at a charity affair and take the children for a weekend in Palm Springs.

* *



A fan raves about the wonderful performance John Kerr gives . . .



Another reader praises two very fine character actors—J. Carrol Naish (right) who carries every picture, and Chuck Connors, a standout in The Big Country.



LETTER BOX

I get such a kick out of the young fans from foreign countries who write me in English about their Hollywood favorites. I have the greatest admiration for their efforts and certainly do not intend to poke fun over such cute letters as the one from MAGALY CRUZ, SAO PAOLO, BRAZIL: *Hi, Lovely Female Friend Louella: How are you? Thanks to God I am in good health and full of interest about Mr. Tommy Sands. Has he very success in Hollywood? Has he the girl friends or is he on look out? How many car has he? Can he write me in Portuguese?* I doubt it, Magaly, but I'm sure Tommy will enjoy reading your letter here, my nice female friend. . . .

MOLLY HOSTATTER, SYRACUSE, pops off: *Are you and* MODERN SCREEN *crazy that you haven't gotten on the wagon for that wonderful* **John Kerr**? *He just stole* SOUTH PACIFIC *that's all. Why hasn't he been on the cover, had a dozen interviews and lots of attention from you, L.O.P.?* I wasn't conscious of ignoring John—but your enthusiasm is catching—I'll do more on him. . . .

I am seventy-six years old and a real **Elvis Presley** *fan,* postcards MRS. VERONICA HENDERSON, OROVILLE, CALIFORNIA. *He's a fine entertainer—but most of all I appreciate his sweetness to his father and taking him to Germany after the sad death of Mrs. Presley. . . .*

C. A. BROWN, LONG BEACH, thinks it is a mistake to ignore the very fine character actors in favor of the 'pretty boys:' **J. Carrol Naish**, *for instance, carries almost every picture he's in.* **Chuck Connors** *was a standout in* THE BIG COUNTRY. *Instead, we read about* **Cathy Crosby** *and her 'problems'—pretty slim reading if you ask me.* Are you listening, David Myers. . . .

I'd like movie stars like **Pier Angeli** *and* **Vic Damone** *to know that the public isn't interested in their mother-in-law troubles,* snaps MRS. VIOLA BIERS, herself a mother-in-law, of HARTFORD, CONN. *Blaming mother-in-law for their own faults went out with the horse and carriage and vaudeville jokes. The mother-in-law has a dignified and respected place in the average American home today.* So there—Vic. . . .

A male voice, BILLY MCSHANE'S, is heard asking: *Marilyn Monroe remains the Queen of the screen. But for heavens sake let's have our favorite 'dish' with younger leading men than* **Tom Ewell** *and* **Sir Laurence Olivier**. You'll get her with **Tony Curtis** and **Jack Lemmon** in *Some Like It Hot,* Billy. They're young enough. . . .

Good heavens, CHRIS R. LAHABRA, is starting a scrapbook on **Sandra Dee** and **Ricky Nelson** now to pass on to *my grandchildren. Just as I now love the old pictures of* **Mickey Rooney**, **Judy Garland** *and* **Shirley Temple**, *I'm sure my grandchildren will be interested in today's young people like Sandra and Ricky. . . .*

We're just waiting for Jerry Wald to make his promise good and star our dream girl **Patti Page** *in a movie* writes ROSEMARY CAHILL, enthusiastic president of Patti's Partners fan club. *She's beautiful, sings like a lark and can act.* Guess you better get go-going, Mr. Wald.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

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WHO IS THIS GIRL?



Her name is Connie Stevens.

She could have become a juvenile delinquent. She became, instead, a promising young actress.

She very nearly made her entrance into this world in the auditorium of a local movie theater in Brooklyn. Her mother barely made it to the hospital before she was born.

Her parents separated when she was two and she was turned over by the court to aging Italian-speaking grandparents.

When her grandmother died she was placed in boarding school.

She grew up without parental love, guidance or security. She found in the movies a perfect escape from the loneliness of a home without a mommy or daddy. She would go to three movie theaters in a row—each showing two pictures.

The next morning she always had a headache.

At fourteen, in addition to being an avid movie fan, she was an autograph collector and read every film magazine she could get her hands on. Once she waited two hours in the rain outside the stage entrance of New York's Paramount Theater to get Jerry Lewis' autograph. But when Jerry came out, she was shoved aside by more aggressive collectors—and couldn't even catch a glimpse of him.

In high school, she was a tomboy, a champ pool player and baseball fan. She was the first class president ever to be impeached. She was also voted the most popular girl—and the one Most Likely to Succeed.

At fifteen, she was taken to Los Angeles by her father—who then remarried, hoping to give her the home life he had never been able to provide. But she and her step-mother clashed immediately.

At sixteen, after taking a violent beating, she moved out of the house and into a room with a girlfriend.

She got jobs singing in a night club, in cocktail lounges, but couldn't stand that kind of life and settled for becoming a salesgirl in a dress shop.

Then slowly her luck changed.

An agent became interested. She did her first straight acting job for a TV bakery commercial, landed roles in three grade C short teen-age movies.

Jerry Lewis discovered her and she became his leading lady in *Rockabye Baby*. Now she's under contract to Warner Brothers for two films a year—plus records.

Slowly and surely her life is straightening out.

Jerry Lewis thinks she's going to be an awfully big star. After *Rockabye Baby* was finished he gave her a diamond and sapphire bracelet with a medallion reading: TO A GREAT NEW STAR: I'M PROUD OF YOU.

We think Connie has all it takes to become an awfully big star too. That's why next month we are presenting one of the most complete photographic essays ever published on a young girl on her way *up*. . . .

We spent three days with this girl. We captured her joys, her sorrows, her genuine attempts to have the love and family life and companionship that escaped her in the past, while still fulfilling the obligations of a demanding profession.

We think you'll take this girl to your heart, who after all that has happened to her, can still cheerfully say: "Although I've always wanted mother to guide me, I guess it wasn't meant to be. But the Lord in His infinite wisdom has kept me out of real trouble. I feel I'm a very lucky girl."

We believe that you'll want to meet this girl in MODERN SCREEN next month. We think that once you know her—you'll make her a star.

END



One sure way to find out is to be a blonde . . . and the wonderfully sure, *new* way to becoming blonde is with Instant Whip Lady Clairol! It's the great new creme-conditioning hair lightener that turns each treatment into a treat! Feels deliciously cool and gentle going on, works fast as magic, transforms mousey brown or dullest blonde into lively, silky irresistible blonde—*in minutes!* So if you're a blonde at heart, be a blonde in fact! Act! Get Lady Clairol, new Instant Whip* or regular Whipped Creme. It's the happy new way to brighten your locks, your looks, your life!



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is **Lady Clairol®** NEW INSTANT WHIP Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn.

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich, Rich Liquid! Lanolin-Blessed!

Tina Louise

co-starring in
"THE TRAP"
A Paramount Picture
Color by Technicolor



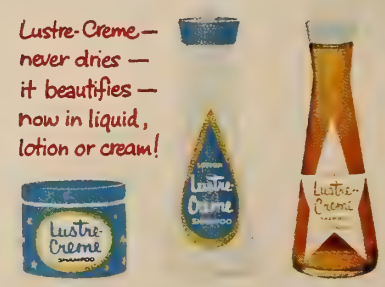
TINA LOUISE, one of Hollywood's most glamorous new stars, keeps her hair soft, shining and easy-to-manage with Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Why don't YOU try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme.
Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water!
An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



after a year and a half of silence...

On the next page begins an interview with Lana Turner.

It was not easy to obtain this interview. When we asked to speak to Lana, we, like other magazines, were turned down. We were told frankly and flatly that there were things she could not and would not discuss: her daughter Cheryl, trying to find herself in the anonymous world of a big public high school; the Stompanato tragedy; the love letters. Our reply was simple. We did not want to talk about those things at all. They had been discussed enough—too much. What we wanted to know, what our readers wanted to know was: what was Lana now? What becomes of a woman who lives through such terror? How does she pick up the threads of her life again? Where does she go to live, who gives her help, who does she see? What is it like to learn to live alone, what changes does it make? Is she moody now, is she sad, has the tragedy left its mark on her face as well as in her heart? And where does she go from here? They listened carefully, the people in charge of protecting Lana from the morbid, the unfriendly, the too-curious. And they said: in that case, Lana feels she has something to say. . . .

This is the story, then, of the first interview Lana Turner has given to a fan magazine in almost a year and a half. . . .

continued ⟶

LANA'S
FIRST
INTERVIEW

The



way I live now





"Circumstances," Lana Turner said slowly, "have made me more alone than I have ever been in my life. Yes, now I am *really* alone."

She didn't look unhappy, saying that. She looked, in fact, ravishingly beautiful. I had been in Hollywood for two weeks and I had seen and interviewed a lot of movie stars. Of them all, only Lana *looked* the part.

She was sitting in the corner of a dark green sofa when I walked in; she was wearing a pair of beautifully tailored white slacks, white thong sandals and a blouse in brilliant shades of blue, green, fuchsia. She was glamorous. It was 104 degrees outside and at least that inside, but there wasn't a blonde hair out of place on Lana's head or a smudge on her perfect make-up. I had expected her to be a little tired, a little drawn perhaps. Instead, she glowed, she sparkled, she seemed, above all—young and beautiful. And there was the air of a movie star about her—she (*Continued on page 58*)





DIANE JERGENS AND PETER BROWN

We had such beautiful dreams...

Bridesmaids in ballerina-length gowns,

A church ceremony and a dance afterwards,

But fate had other plans for

Our crazy UPSIDE-DOWN* WEDDING

Five hundred engraved wedding invitations were addressed in neat longhand, stamped and bundled for mailing.

Bridesmaids Joanne Dupuis, Patty Coleman, Ruda Lee and Mrs. Jackie Coogan had ordered ballerina-length gowns of pale violet silk with matching Juliet caps bordered with seed pearls from Bullock's Department Store.

At the All Saints Episcopal Church, the young clergyman reserved Sunday afternoon, October 11th, for the Diane Jergens-Peter Brown nuptials. Three other couples had asked for the same date after that and were turned down.

Columnists and reporters predicted this would be the most lavish Hollywood wedding of the year!

You know what happened.

They eloped!

No, they didn't plan it that way. Both Diane and Peter dreamed of a picturebook wedding with a beautiful church ceremony followed by a gala country club reception and dance.

But Peter explained later, "Things just don't always happen your way. The day before the invitations were to be mailed, I got a call from my studio bosses, and they told me I was to begin a personal (*Continued on page 69*)

by Tony Stevens





Oh what have I done? Oh what should I do? I should only love one but I fear I love two...

a young girl suffering and distraught, breaking her own heart, wrote a letter to Kim . . . a strange letter that only Kim could understand . . . only Kim could answer . . .

Dear Kim,

I'm beside myself, and I don't know what to do. Some people write to Dear Abby in the newspapers, but I want a personal reply, and that's why I've decided to write to you. I don't know why but I think you can sympathize with my problem. Kim, I've got troubles, real troubles. I'm in love with two boys at one time. I said two, and I know I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I can't help it. I love them both, and I feel terrible about it because I'm being unfair to both of them.

I'm eighteen years old, and my girlfriends—the ones I confide in—tell me I'll get over it, but I just know I won't. What should I do? When I'm with one guy, I'm thinking about my next date with the other guy. I know it's all wrong and it's terrible but I can't help it. My heart, it's split in two and it's driving me crazy and I wish someone would tell me how to handle this.

That's why I'm writing to you.

Your fan,
Jeannie L.

Dear Jeannie:

You do have a problem. I don't know where to begin. Dealing with the mysteries of love is something all of us have to face all through life—and it's never easy, but just the same, we have to come to some understanding about ourselves and what it is we want. I'm not saying I have the answer to your problem, but I read your letter three times before I sat down to write to you, and I keep thinking of something that happened to me when I was your age, something that kept my heart whirling at a dizzy pace, and maybe if I tell you about it, we can both learn from it. Exactly what the moral is, I don't know, but somehow I believe it hits home with your worries.

I was seventeen going on eighteen, and I had enrolled at Wright Junior College. At a Make Friends school dance I met a guy from Northwestern University whose name was Chuckie, and I flipped. I was a dewy-eyed freshman, all innocence and light, and he was *(Continued on page 78)*


DEBBIE
REBUILDS
HER
SHATTERED



Debbie watched Eddie rush down the stairs. An hour earlier, he'd come back from New York and his fling with Liz Taylor. For the past hour, he and Debbie had argued. A few minutes ago, he cut the argument short and went up to their bedroom to get some of his things. And now he was on his way down the stairs, carrying a suitcase, ready to leave—for good, he said.

Debbie watched him.

"Eddie," she called out, as he passed stonily by her.

He didn't answer.

He walked on, to the front door, opened it and slammed it behind him.

And he was gone.

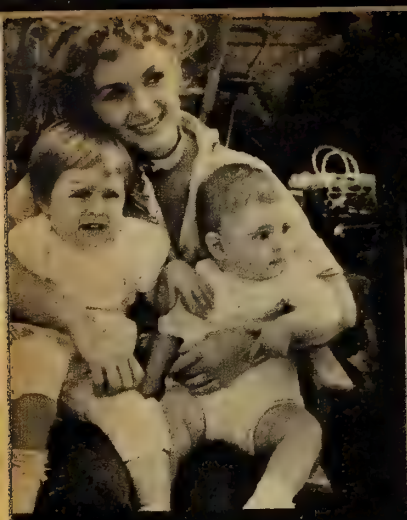
"Eddie," Debbie called again.

There was no answer.

"Oh Lord," Debbie said, bringing her hands to her head, ". . . oh dear Lord, what's happened to us?"

She looked toward the stairs, and up to the second floor. She wanted to run up those stairs (*Continued on next page*)

LIFE . . .







"Was I so sick I almost forgot that they were waiting for me... that they needed me...now, today, my babies...."















continued

now, desperately, to the rooms where her little children, Todd and Carrie Frances, lay sleeping. She wanted to pick them up and hold them close to her breast and cry, and have them comfort her—small as they were, unknowing as they were—as she cried.

But it was late. It was after midnight, way after. And Debbie knew that she couldn't wake the children. And that she couldn't cry now, either; that she mustn't cry.

She walked into the living room.

She threw herself onto a couch.

For a few minutes she sat there, just sitting and staring, thinking of that terrible hour with Eddie, remembering how he shrugged when she asked him: "Why did you do it? Why?" . . . and how he'd turned away from her when she'd said: "We were so happy. I *thought* we were happy. And then you . . . and Liz . . . together like that in New York . . . You . . . and Liz—Mike Todd's widow, your best friend's wife, your dead friend's wife . . . Why, Eddie? . . . Why?"

Then, still sitting there, she heard the noise, just outside the big window over near the piano.

She was afraid.

She had been in the house alone (*Continued on page 71*)

I'm Lonely

Two people were the world to 17-year-old Phil Everly—his brother Don, and the girl Phil thought he would marry. Now Don is married and the girl. . . ? Well, that's our story.

WOULDN'T you say a church is the last place anyone expects to fall in love?

Well, I would.

But that's where the lovebug bit me, right in the middle of a Sunday morning service at the Methodist Church in Nashville. Nobody believes me when I tell them about it; but it's true, so help me God.

It was April, a couple of years ago, and I was seventeen. I was dizzy with spring fever, daydreaming about girls all the time, wondering what I was going to do with myself all summer long to make life interesting.

And there I was in church one Sunday, singing away with the old Methodist hymn book in front of me, and I don't know why but my thoughts began to wander and I looked across the aisle, to the oak pews on the other side, and there in the slanting ray of spring sunshine that streamed through the tall stained glass window I saw a glimmer of gold and my eyes feasted on it for a while.

The hymn singing ended, and I snapped out of my spring daze. I looked over toward my golden discovery, and, of course, it was a girl, young and blonde, her soft, feather-cut hair framing her face, and after the church services I followed her—just like a hound dog—right out into the sunshine.

I tried, but I couldn't get up enough nerve to talk with her. When I saw she was with her family, I ducked. I got scared.

Next Sunday I went to church very early, looking for her. And, sure enough, there she was. As soon as I saw her I was all shook up.

Still, I didn't have enough courage that second Sunday to talk to her. But I stared and stared, and after church I mustered up my nerve and smiled.

I couldn't get her off my mind all day. That night, a warm, breezy April night, I borrowed my (*Continued on page 66*)



"I came to life because I was loved"

Here is the never-before-told true-life story of Patti Page—a girl who lived in pain and fear until she found her man...

When Clara Anne Fowler was a kid in Claremont and Tulsa, Oklahoma, she wore hand-me-downs and slept with two sisters in the same bed. But she was happy.

She was next-to-last of eleven children, and she was a tomboy who feared nothing . . . except policemen and the devil.

All that, of course, was before she became Patti Page the singer. She feared policemen because she had been brought up to respect law and order. And she feared the devil because her father, a railroad section foreman, and her mother took the kids to the Church of Christ Wednesday nights and twice on Sundays . . . and the minister thrashed at the devil in such spine-tingling, colorful language that little Clara Anne never forgot.

Her parents and her church frowned on dancing, going to the movies, instrumental music in church, and other 'modern evils.' So Clara Anne sang with the rest of the family in church and—when her parents weren't watching—listened to Dinah Shore singing on the radio. When she was older, she saved her pennies for months so she could sneak over to the vaudeville theater and see a show.

When a singer dropped out of a local radio show sponsored by the Page Milk Company, Clara Anne was called in as a substitute. She became, on that show, Patti Page, starting a fantastic climb to stardom . . . and fear. (*Continued on page 67*)

by Paul Denis




My
Brigitte

by Sacha Distel



My love affair with Brigitte?

No, it wasn't love at first sight.



When we first met at a recording session, Brigitte and I couldn't see each other for love or money. I figured her golden-haired head was swollen from fabulous acclaim the world over. Why, she'd be a nightmare for any man to put up with. Oddly, Brigitte later confessed she, too, was distrustful. She took me for a fly-by-night hotshot who wooed the girls as the sun went down—only to ditch them by midnight.



Early last June we saw each other again in the south of France—at St. Tropez where the two of us were spending a summer holiday. St. Tropez is a beautiful French resort with white beaches and blue skies, and we ran into each other one day by accident on an empty stretch of beach near a rock pile.



Brigitte was chasing her puppy dog, Froufrou, around in circles in a silly ring-around-the-rosy game. The poor little pup stepped on a piece of broken glass, and his foot began bleeding.

Brigitte let out a yell. "Help! Help!" she cried.

I'd been staring at her from my car—at her pink Bikini, at her long, lion-like blonde tresses, at her God-created-woman form; but I was afraid to go over and talk with her. She seemed formidable to me—the famous Brigitte Bardot. But, then, I didn't know her true nature. All I knew was the façade, the mask she wears for the public.

Soon as she cried out, I ran over to her. Froufrou was whimpering and there was a trail of blood on the sand as he hobbled on his right foreleg. I picked him up and looked at the wound. It wasn't serious but I suggested, for safety's sake, that Brigitte take the puppy to a vet.





"Ah," she sighed, distress in her voice, "where can I go? I'm only a visitor here. I don't know any animal doctors in St. Tropez." She spoke a soft, fluid French. Reaching out, she took (*Continued on page 75*)



THIS WAS TYRONE'S GREATEST LEGACY
TO HIS UNBORN CHILD... HIS FINAL PORTRAIT...
A PORTRAIT OF A MAN IN LOVE...



FAREWELL TO A GREAT STAR

In the cold Spanish morning, he died. Gasping for breath, his face red-splotched, still dressed in the bright robes of a Biblical king, he fought his final battle, and lost, surprised.

He was not used to losing. From the time a frail child, doomed by doctors— "He doesn't assimilate his food, he's starving to death—" proved the spirit could outwit the flesh, Tyrone Power had struggled for life.

Deeply rooted in the wonders of this earth, he'd lived a love affair. The sun had nourished him, and the skies, the seas, the hills. Pretty women had pleased him. He'd enjoyed his work, and many books, and children and music and food and drink.

At forty-five, he was not ready to go. At eighty-five, he wouldn't have been ready either. There were too many places he'd never seen, too many tastes he'd never experienced.

He was a middle-aged man with the hungers of a boy. The year he was forty, he retackled the stage, because his Hollywood career left him unsatisfied. "Out of forty movies, I'm proud of four. You can kid everyone but the person you shave." Only this year, he'd found the woman who would give him, he felt sure, the son he longed for. (*Continued on next page*)

(Continued from previous page)

Once Linda Christian, his second wife, had asked him where he wanted to be buried. He'd turned on her, eyes blazing. "Never speak to me of death!"

He was a man who had clung to the warm voices of friends, and left it to others to speculate on the cool tones of angels, yet

These are the things he did...





Above, five-year-old Indian Ty gave promise of the actor to come. Strip at right is a film from early screen test. He was considered stiff, but so handsome that it didn't matter.



Lloyds of London, *Ty's first starring role, with George Sanders, Madeleine Carroll.*



At left, Ty and Alice Faye in In Old Chicago. *Below, Ty and Marlene Dietrich in* Witness For the Prosecution. *Out of forty movies he'd made in Hollywood, Ty was proud of four.*





John Brown's Body, *tackled on the stage when Ty was forty, brought him Broadway's respect, made him happier than his Hollywood millions.*

he was dead, in Madrid, with so much left undone.

Ted Richmond, Ty's producer, cried as he tried to tell the cast of *Solomon and Sheba* the news.

George Sanders, his co-star, cried as he choked out, "He was such a sweet person—"

Gina Lollobrigida, his leading lady, cried as she sent for her husband to come and comfort her.

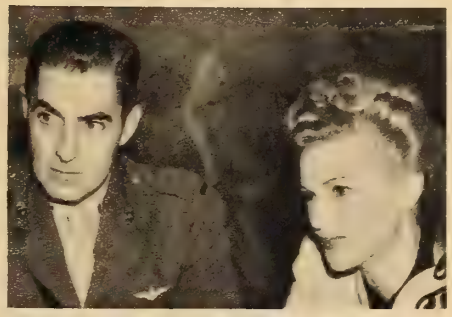
But Deborah Ann Smith Minardos Power, carrying a child who would never know its father, did not cry. And for her there was no comfort.

She sat in a chair in her hotel, arms crossed against her chest; she rocked back and forth, eyes blind with shock.

(*Continued on next page*)

These are the ones he loved...





At left, the four Powers. Tyrone Sr. died in 1931 while making a film. Above, Ty and first wife, French actress Annabella. When Ty came back from Marines, the marriage collapsed, but they remained friends until Ty's death.



Ty married Linda Christian in Rome, as crowds rioted outside, and photographers invaded church.



Although the marriage ended in 1955, Ty and Linda saw each other often for the sake of their daughters Romina and Taryn (right). When Ty and Debbie (left) sailed for Europe last summer they had high hopes for the future—and for Ty's dream of a son to follow in the family tradition.



He'd complained of a pain in his arm, but had gone on working. Suddenly he sagged, breath short, face red.







Above and at right: Ty, Gina Lollobrigida and crew members in a break between shots. Gina, told of Ty's death, couldn't believe it. "I was talking to him just a few minutes ago," she said. She was almost near collapse when her husband arrived from Rome.

These were his last moments alive...

(*Continued from previous page*)

Later, the first numbness passed, shaken with terrible dry sobs, she moaned into the emptiness. "It isn't true," she said. "I don't believe it—"

From all over the globe came echoes of her cry. Tyrone's first wife, French actress Annabella, who had been his friend for twenty years, told her grief. "It's an unbelievable tragedy for all of us who knew and loved him —but most of all a (*Continued on page 62*)









Rehearsal shots of Ty, Marisa Pavan and King Vidor, the director who was guiding Solomon and Sheba *through production. But all this work was done in vain. For this was the version you will never see. Too many important sequences remained uncompleted for Vidor to finish without Ty, and Yul Brynner was rushed to Spain to take over Ty's role in the picture.*

AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE TO ALL OUR READERS

subject:

DEAR READERS—

It looks like we're getting into the habit of writing to you every time someone's in trouble.

That's your own fault, you know. Because you've been so wonderful, so warm-hearted, so generous with your time and your thoughts and your understanding in the past. And also because sometimes there is no one else to turn to but you, the movie fans, the magazine readers, the ones who know and care.

For all those reasons, we're asking another favor of you now. In a way, it's the hardest one of all. Other times, we've asked you only to put into action what was already in your hearts, to write to someone for whom you could feel only love and sympathy.

Now we're asking you to write a letter in behalf of a woman you probably don't like at all.

Her name is Elizabeth Taylor.

We know you feel betrayed by her, angry at her. We know because your letters to us and to Louella Parsons have been filled with your disappointment and hurt. We know there's very little love in your hearts for her today.

But we aren't making this appeal in behalf of love or sympathy—or even kindness.

We're making it in behalf of justice.

A cold word, justice. We know that. But we know, and you know also, that it is the word on which our country and our way of life is founded. It is at the heart of America—it's the ideal that has made us great.

Justice—the right of every person to be judged only for the facts that count.

Not, say, for his private life.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

What has this got to do with Elizabeth Taylor?

A very great deal.

It has to do with the possibility—no, the *probability*—of her being denied justice—because of something that should not count.

She said it herself only a little while ago, when a reporter visited her and offered congratulations on her performance in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. She had begun the picture, you remember, before Mike Todd's death—and she completed it in the terrible weeks that followed, long before her heart had begun to heal. He supposed, the writer said, that Elizabeth would be getting another Oscar nomination for her role.

And Elizabeth shook her head. "I was very pleased and very proud of the picture," she said. "I was particularly proud that I was able to get through it. I know Mike would have been proud of it and my performance, too.

"But I don't think I'll be nominated for an Academy Award. I haven't seen any of the other performances, so I don't know how I stack up against them, but I do know there's a great deal of sentiment against me now because of the unfavorable publicity."

That was all. Not words to tear your heart to pieces—but perhaps the first words Liz Taylor has spoken in a long time with which we could agree.

She was probably predicting very well.

And your first reaction is no doubt: "And serves her right, too."

But when you stop and think about it—that isn't quite fair. (*Continued on page 76*)

"Yes! Betsy and I may reconcile!"

Cary and Betsy Grant sat quietly together on the patio of their Beverly Hills home. It was an usually warm night and neither wanted to remain indoors. But aside from the discomfort of the oppressive heat, both were more relaxed, more compatible in each other's company, than they had been in months. There was no hostility, no hysterics. Just two intelligent, adult people seriously discussing a piece of paper on the table before them—a press release announcing their decision to separate after nearly ten years of marriage. Betsy re-read it for the third time:

After careful consideration, and long discussion, we have decided to live apart. We have had and will always have a deep love and respect for each other, but, alas, our marriage has not brought us the happiness we fully expected and mutually desired.

So since we have no children needful of our affection, it is consequently best that we separate for a while.

Betsy handed the release to Cary. "This says all—that is anyone's concern—except ours. Don't you agree?"

Cary looked at the paper again. "No—something else should be added." And he wrote:

We have purposely issued this public statement in order to forstall the usual misinformed gossip and conjecture. There are no plans for divorce and we ask only that the press respect our statement as complete and our friends to be patient with and understanding of our decision.

Betsy smiled that sparkling pixyish smile with which Cary had first fallen in love.

"There *will* be misinformed gossip and conjecture, you know."

"Don't I know?" Cary smiled back wryly.

Then suddenly these two began laughing together as though they hadn't a care in the world. And they both realized that this was the first (*Continued on page 64*)



Cary Grant sounded so hopeful when he made that statement,
we became curious why this couple ever broke up...
Perhaps we found the answer five years ago in Hong Kong...

HOW TO A

Here is the story—based on newspaper files and Lynn Bari's personal discussions with Modern Screen's West Coast Editor.



The story of the fight Lynn and her husband Dr. Nathan Rickles have waged to win back her son Johnny from Judy Garland and Sid Luft...



The trial was over.

The judge was ready to hand down his decision.

Standing before his bench, waiting to hear what he would say, were three people:

Sid Luft, the tall, stocky husband of singer Judy Garland.

Lynn Bari, the beautiful, piquant-featured movie star of a decade ago, formerly married to Luft.

And Dr. Nathan Rickles, a distinguished-looking, middle-aged psychiatrist, Lynn's present husband.

The trial had been short.

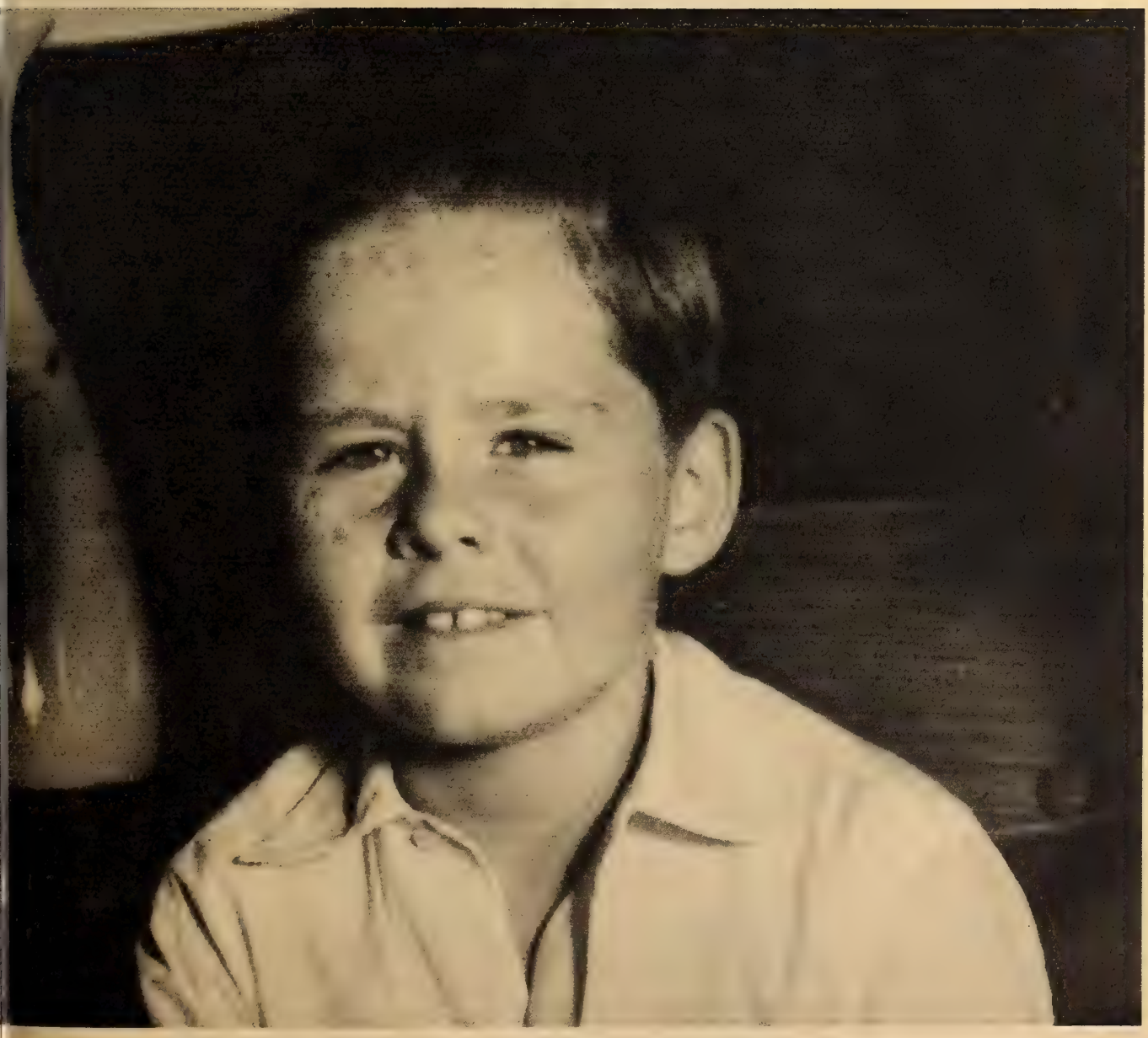
Luft had asked for the custody of his and Lynn's ten-year-old son, Johnny. His grounds were that Lynn didn't love or want the boy, that she had shipped him off to a boarding school, that the boy was unhappy there. Were the boy given over to him and Judy, he said, they would see to it that he attended a fine day school and that he spent the rest of his time with a family—and not among a lot of strangers—in a house, and not in what amounted to an institution.

Lynn had countered with a few strong points of her own.

She loved her son, she said—loved him with all her heart.

She wanted him, she said—just as she had always wanted him. *(Continued on page 79)*

TEAR APART LITTLE BOY



Marlon just never came home



Marlon Brando had laid Hollywood at Anna Kashfi's feet. But he forgot the only thing she wanted: himself.

FROM the room in which she sat, Anna Kashfi could see the winking lights from the great San Fernando Valley on her right hand—and to her left, the dancing, thread-like jewels of Beverly Hills.

Ahead of her through the wide picture windows, lay the silent swimming pool, its floodlights playing softly on the lush flowering shrubbery surrounding it.

It was the night of her twenty-fourth birthday. She had married the crown prince of the American theater and he had, quite literally, laid Hollywood at her feet.

Literally—but not spiritually . . . for on the night of September 30, 1958, she was alone.

In the past year he had given her a pearl ring, a Siamese cat, a car, a joint bank account, a son, even his name: Mrs. Marlon Brando.

He'd rented—with option to buy—the most beautifully located, most authentically decorated, Oriental style home in Hollywood. But he had not given her the only thing she really desired: his undivided attention.

Sitting in the silent living room, absently stroking the cat, Anna Kashfi's enormous brown eyes stared unseeingly at her possessions. Across the Japanese court garden behind her, small Christian Devi Brando slept peacefully while his mother took her first step to full mental maturity.

It cannot continue, she told herself. *He will never take the final step. He'll say he cannot hurt me in that way. But he will never change. What I have now is all I shall ever have . . . and after twelve long months, I know I cannot endure this loneliness. So* I *must be the one to take that final step.*

When Marlon finally came, Anna took that step. Marlon agreed to a (*Continued on page 60*)



(*Continued from page 29*) looked perfectly capable of dragging a sable coat casually across a nightclub floor.

But she didn't talk that way.

For this, her first fan magazine interview in a year and a half, she was speaking slowly and thoughtfully, choosing her words with care. From the very first, they were the words of a woman who has known tragedy and found she could meet it with dignity and courage; who has made great changes in her life and learned to live with them.

"What were these changes?" I asked.

Lana paused to consider. "When I was a girl," she said finally, "just starting out in movies, I was always surrounded by people. Always. I wanted it that way. I used to go out with people I actually detested—just to avoid being alone. Why? Because I was scared—insecure. I'd go to a nightclub with a crowd so that I could melt into the background—or even throw myself into the noise and the shouting—either way I wouldn't be noticed much. If something happened and I was left alone at home, I'd go crazy. I'd call in the laundry woman to talk to me—anybody, just to keep me from being alone.

"I guess it was around four years ago I began to get—bored. Tired of 'floating' all day and coming home exhausted. What for? I began to wonder why I did it. I began to think I didn't need it any more.

"But it isn't possible to change—just like that. You have ties. But recently—now, you might say being alone is my own choice. Maybe circumstances have just made it easier. Even though I've been working awfully hard, I can manage to be alone. . . ."

The house to which Lana Turner comes home these nights is no mansion. The huge home in which she and Cheryl had lived together was sold as quickly as possible. Now when she leaves U-I, where *Imitation of Life* is being filmed, she drives through the quiet tree-lined streets of Beverly Hills, to one of the smaller houses in that area. She lets herself into a rented house with no air conditioning, and no swimming pool—just one bedroom, a small living room, a dining room she never uses, and a music room—probably the most important room in the house. She goes to it even before she kicks off her shoes, flips a switch and then sighs with relief—music is on.

Lana doesn't need the babble of people's voices anymore, the muted roar of a cocktail party—but she does need music—a few favorite records that repeat over and over for hours. If you're thinking of mood music, subdued violins, tear-jerking woodwinds—forget it. The music that fills Lana Turner's house these days is a cheerful blast—some people might call it an unholy racket—of Flamenco singing. The philosophy is simple. If you're feeling low when you come home, why put something on to make you feel worse? Music is for *changing* moods. Unless, of course, you're feeling good. In that case it makes you feel better.

Humming, she wanders through the house.

That, too, is good for mood-changing—provided you have a sense of humor. The house is decorated in what has been fondly called *Early Chaos*. There are the pieces that could hardly get in the door, like the huge silver and gold chest in Lana's white bedroom. There are the pieces that could hardly get into the rooms themselves—like the black and coral dining room furniture, the sofas, the tables—all scaled to Lana's huge, given-up mansion. Then there are the pieces that not even a miracle could have put down in the new house—those went to storage—and all over Hollywood. "Sure," Lana told everyone she knew. "You want some furniture? Go on over to Bekin's Storage; take what you want. Tell them I said you could." One ecstatic friend hired a decorator at twenty-five dollars an hour to go with him and make a selection.

There's nobody home in the Turner house but Lana. The maid, having fixed a dinner Lana won't eat anyway, has left for the night. Outside, the streets of Beverly Hills are silent and dark. A few years ago, a night like this would have sent her scurrying to the phone for companionship. Now—

"First," Lana said, "I take a long bath and scrape my face. Takes hours. Then I collect something to eat from the refrigerator—anything—and then I get into bed. With a script, usually. Or a book—I've got three going at the same time, mostly. And that's it. Oh—except for one thing."

What?

"The phone," she said sadly. "It's always ringing."

That is her life, five days a week. Dull, even for the average girl. In spite of what she said about choosing to be alone, it sounded *impossibly* dull for Lana Turner.

"I suppose the week end is different?" I asked.

"Oh, yes. Very different. Very wonderful. On Sundays I see my family—my mother and my daughter. We go out for dinner and a movie, or a picnic or a drive or we just sit here and talk. It's a very special day. But Saturday—

"Saturday is the day I treasure."

I found out why she feels that way.

On Saturday she sees no one, no one at all.

She wakes up at 5:30 a.m. because she simply can't help it. In robe and slippers she goes down to the refrigerator for juice. Then she climbs back into bed—

"And I come unglued. No make-up. No script. No friends. The maid comes in at 9:00 and her main job is to tell anyone who telephones that I'm not in. But none of my close friends call anyway. They know I want to be left alone. Mostly I stay in and read. I missed so many good books as a girl. I'm going to read them all. I used to paint; I'm going to start again, too. Sometimes I go for a drive or a swim or play golf.

"But always alone. I have to be. I live for that day all week. I don't even think about anything worrisome. Good, happy thoughts on Saturday—or no thoughts at all. I couldn't live any more without that one day when I belong to myself, when I don't have to watch every move, don't have to be 'on' all the time, the way I used to be.

"In a way," she said slowly, "that one day represents the way I'm living now. I know it sounds strange, to hide away like that. I know it isn't what people expect from Lana Turner. But—I think it's an important way to live."

I thought so too.

I had expected to find an unhappy woman, forced into a life for which she had no experience, no inclination—a social butterfly suddenly without society.

Instead, I found a person capable of taking her world into her own hands and molding it to suit her—into something fine and rare.

That was the way she lived. What sort of a woman is she, to be able to live this way?

Moody, perhaps?

"Well, yes. Sometimes I feel generally blue."

"Does everyone in town know about it?"

"Well, they do if they're expecting me somewhere. I don't know what it is with me—when I'm moody, I get late for everything. Everything. I'm already to go wherever it is, you see. Make-up on, all dressed—and then I start to spook around. I pick things up. I put them down. I look for things I don't need. I make up things to keep me from leaving. Just spooking around—I can use up hours that way. It's terrible."

What if she's furious at someone—burning mad? What then?

There was a friend of Lana's, sitting in at the interview. He stared at her blankly for minutes. Then he said, "You know, I can't ever remember seeing you mad. It's ridiculous. Don't you ever burn up?"

Lana shook her head mournfully. "I'm a taker. I can't help it. I take and take and take, but I can't hold a grudge." She brightened. "But I have been mad. Twice in my life," she said proudly, "I have slammed a door."

Did she feel marvelous afterwards?

"No. Embarrassed. Mostly it seems, when I'm mad, I just get quiet. I didn't even know it till recently. A friend told me that he's watched me. I get silent—dead silent—and my eyes disappear into little narrow slits. It must be horrifying. I suppose it's useful, though. It lets the person I'm mad at know about it. But sometimes I wonder—"

"What?"

"What it must be like," Lana said wistfully, "to *throw* something!"

And when she's happy—how do people know about that?

She turns into a clown.

She's capable of roaring with laughter when left stranded at a première by a dis-

ever wondered:

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appearing chauffeur while fans, clustered around her, bellow, "Hey, Lana, can't you afford a car?" She's not only capable of practical jokes, but addicted to them. She has been known to catch friends taking off for Europe with a last-minute phone call to the airport: "You cannot leave, sir. Miss Turner just tripped over a telephone wire, broke her leg and is calling for you." Her conversation at such times is full of laughter, of wide gestures, of mimicry. She will go into sudden, riotous pantomimes. Lana at a luncheon interview with laryngitis, trying to listen intelligently, swallow her food, locate her voice and answer the questions, all at once. She gets back some of the old zest for the big display, a party, a première. As long as it's only once in a while, it can be fun. And then she's completely different. She draws herself up. Every inch the movie star. Everything changes. Even her walk changes. She spends her evenings then with friends, old friends—her hairdresser, others she has known for years. They sit on the floor and play gin rummy. At present she owes make-up man Del Armstrong $4,000.00. It doesn't worry her. By a complicated system of bookkeeping, he simultaneously owes her $6,000.00.

And dates?

"A few. We go out for dinner somewhere quiet, or for a drive up the coast or to a barbecue or just to sit home."

And the future?

"Well, I'm now a free-lance actress. And there's my own company—I'm reading scripts like mad for that. I already own six." With parts for Lana?

"No. Why is everyone writing movies for men? Why doesn't someone write one for a woman? Anyway, they're good scripts. And one for me could come up any time. The most important thing is, I don't have to do anything for a few weeks after *Imitation of Life* is finished. I'm going on vacation, down to Acapulco. I'm building a house down there." She crossed her fingers. "Maybe it'll be ready the first of the year. I'm going to live there, you know, not in Hollywood. It's a wonderful house."

The interview was coming to an end; Lana had to be somewhere for dinner. At the door I thanked her, then turned back.

"That house in Acapulco—is it in the middle of a big colony?"

"No," she said. "It's all by itself on a hill—I own the whole hill. I told you," she said, "I'm not afraid to be alone."

Or anything else, I thought. Why should she be? Anything that can be handed out, she can take and survive—and come out on top. If anyone in the world has proved that, it's Lana Turner. The laughter hasn't turned sour, the beauty hasn't gone pale. She can handle the bad things the world has to offer far better than most.

It's time some of the good ones came her way. She deserves them. **END**

Watch for Lana in IMITATION OF LIFE *for U-I.*

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The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of exclusive Perstop*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

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Marlon just never came home

(*Continued from page 57*) divorce and the Brando marriage was ended, only twelve days before its first anniversary.

Friends, informed the following day, did not wonder ". . . Why?" so much as ". . . What brought it to a head?"

Actually, nothing—and everything!—brought it to a head, because this was a romance that should never have led to marriage in the first place. It was a marriage that began to die two days after the ceremony.

There never were two people less right for each other, yet it seemed that fate always played a role at the crucial moment. Marlon would be intensely difficult to be married to—but (to a writer who knows them both) Anna is no angel, either. And as it turned out, their faults were exactly the right ones to cause the maximum difficulty in their marriage.

"Anna has no roots, no home, no people to turn to," says a friend of both. "As a result she clung to Marlon. She expected him, overnight, to turn into a husband, to come home each evening at the same time, to sit by her side every minute, telling her how beautiful she was."

Because Anna is a woman of very firm likes and dislikes, it was no secret that she didn't enjoy all of Marlon's friends. "But then," Anna told me frankly, "he didn't like a lot of mine. I can't say this was a vital part of our disagreements."

Many friends in both camps of the unhappy young couple, believe that Anna's jealousy *was* the main root of the trouble. "She was resentful of Marlon's men friends, jealous of every woman in his past whether it was a girlfriend or just someone he'd once met casually. Anna rejected his moods, his need for solitude, his desire for work, his independent interests," they say. "She even thought his encouragement of her clay sculpture—she is very talented—had an ulterior motive: if she were sufficiently absorbed in it, she'd stop feeling martyred when he was late coming home."

So, from the very beginning, there were misunderstandings. Anna was sensitive, wounded by anything and everything; Marlon, convinced he was going to be a bad husband, never gave himself a chance. He was harassed by tears and complaints—no matter what he did or didn't do—and eventually lost patience and went back to his old life.

He failed to show up for dinner, failed to telephone, ignored Anna's evident dislike of his friends and shrugged aside her unhappiness. Shortly, Hollywood was whispering that the Brandos had made a pact: if Marlon would come home three nights a week, he could do as he chose the rest of the time. It wasn't true, but Anna was hurt by the implications, nevertheless.

Marlon in a mood

Marlon did begin dropping in at the Club Renaissance fairly often, and in unpredictable moods.

"Sometimes he'd find friends or play chess," says owner Ben Shapiro. "Sometimes he'd sit in with the musicians and work the drums for a while. Other times, he'd go off to the back room, drink coffee and stare into space. If you tried to talk to him, he'd be terse to the point of rudeness. Our waitresses . . . they get to know a lot about people in their business . . . could always tell when he'd had a tiff. But he never brought Mrs. Brando with him—not even on the good nights."

One disastrous consequence of Marlon's apparent indifference to his wife was that she learned how to spend money!

Before and during the first months of their marriage, Anna Kashfi was in love with domesticity. She knitted exquisitely, designed her own clothes and made them with a professional touch. She shopped excitedly in Orbach's or the May Company for bargains.

At first, she cooked Indian curries and spent much of her spare time sculpturing.

Later,with time hanging heavy on her hands due to Marlon's constant absences, she began to listen to friends who taught her the delights of spending money.

With Pier Angeli and Phyllis Hudson, she lunched at Romanoff's, shopped at Saks or Magnins. At Don Loper's in one afternoon she bought half a dozen dresses; one of them cost $995.

Eventually she spent so freely that Marlon, notoriously a generous man, told a friend in a burst of confidence that Anna was getting him in pretty deep.

"Why not put her on a regular monthly allowance?" the friend suggested sensibly, but Marlon was horrified. I *never* would humiliate her that way," he said.

Johnny Desmond tells of the Martian who landed and asked: "Take me to Brigitte Bardot. I'll see your leader later."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

Even after the birth of their son, matters did not straighten out. They named him Christian Devi Brando—but Marlon called him Christian, and Anna called him Devi.

To his friends and to Anna, Marlon has said he'll do anything and everything in his power to assure a safe happy future for his son. He hopes Anna may marry again more happily, is prepared to try for a firm relationship so that Christian Devi will never feel rejected or insecure.

"More than anything, I hope Anna and I can remain friends," he says. "If Anna could only have grown up mentally—if she could only accept life as it is, and my life particularly—perhaps there'd have been a chance for us. As things were, there was never any chance at all. I don't know how to be a husband, and she hasn't yet learned to be a wife—but I know she'll mature, and I think there's a real basis for a fine friendship between us."

What is Anna's reaction to this? "Motherhood is the greatest experience of my life," she told me quietly. "Love—everybody needs it. I do not know that I shall marry again, I have not thought about it—but it's possible, of course."

Despite their love for their son, neither Anna nor Marlon would ever try to revive their marriage. What lies ahead?

Currently Marlon is finishing out the lease of their house. The divorce settlements and details are quietly moving forward in the hands of their lawyers.

Anna and Marlon have the same business manager, who has recently been ill. Said one acquaintance, "Poor guy, of course he's ill at being square in the middle. He'll be cured when the divorce is final!" However, this isn't likely to be a greedy hassle over money. It's unlikely that Anna will demand the earth, and fairly certain that whatever she thinks fair, Marlon will give her.

Anna drives her copper-colored two-door Chevy to her daily ballet lessons, takes the baby with her in a car-cot for visits to friends or when marketing, and has little, if any, social life. Her rented Beverly Hills house has small rooms and an effect of coziness; she runs it with the aid of a cleaning woman every other day and Ruth, the Japanese nurse who also does some of the cooking and cares for the baby when Anna is working in a film. Marlon visits at least every other day to play with the baby.

Newspapers report that Marlon is dating some of his pre-marital girl friends—Rita Moreno, for instance . . . but perhaps some of this is only a rumor.

Both parents sternly refuse to permit pictures to be published of Christian Devi. Marlon says, as always, "My private life is private." Anna says, "Even though we are separated, I shall always respect Marlon's wishes for our son."

But I've seen pictures of Christian Devi—and an enchanting baby he is! He looks like Marlon, with a thatch of the softest, silkiest dark brown hair and the blackest eyes. He's a strong healthy child with a happy grin and a spark of humor. "Can't you issue just one 'official' photograph?" I begged.

Anna smiled at me. "I know it sounds absurd," she said gently, "but it's my husband's wish—and I'm afraid I agree with him. You see . . . when something is *very* close to your heart, you do not want to share it casually."

Perhaps that's one of the basic faults in the marriage. Both Anna and Marlon, emotionally underprivileged, have never learned to be able to give freely, completely, casually. . . .

Marlon met Anna Kashfi on the Paramount lot, immediately fell madly in love with her because she was quiet, gentle, foreign and breathtakingly beautiful.

Always interested in the Orient, he was charmed by Anna's blend of East and West . . . the saris, the great luminous brown eyes, the Oriental deference of woman for conquering male.

But that was all there was; they never actually had anything whatever in common, and the romance would have died quietly and naturally but for the first of the tricks of fate.

Anna developed tuberculosis, was sent to the City of Hope Hospital where she would remain for five and a half weary months—and one of Marlon's better qualities is deep active sympathy for anyone in trouble. There was always a standing order for flowers to be delivered each morning—from the very first day.

At the end of each day's shooting, Marlon drove many miles to see Anna. There were telephone calls last thing at night and first thing in the morning—just to say 'hello' and 'keep cheerful!' and the moment of revelation was put off for both of them.

To Anna, ill, in a foreign country, with few friends, and abandoned by her family (she received not one word from her mother or stepfather O'Callaghan during this time) Marlon naturally became the center of her life. She was sure she was in love with him and, seeing his nicest side, that he was all she could want in a husband.

Dog-in-the manger

To Marlon, Anna was a beautiful girl whom he wanted to help, but when at last she was pronounced cured and released from the hospital, no longer in need of his sympathy, the romance began once more gently to die.

"They had love, but they never had any slightest understanding of each other," says a close actress friend of both the Brandos. "It's perfectly incredible how at every important turning point, fate played on the faults in their basic natures to keep the thing going!"

"Yes," her husband agreed, "If Anna hadn't contracted TB . . . and if, when she was cured, she hadn't met another man who made no secret of his interest in marrying her . . . but Marlon is a dog-in-the-manger type. He can't bear to lose people!"

"They have to be around until *he's* ready to set them free," explained the actress. "So the instant it got about that Anna was in the middle of a serious romance . . . he *had* to get back into the picture, even though he'd already begun to realize their incompatibility."

And to *get* back into the picture, Marlon pleaded with Anna to join him for a week-end during filming on the desert location. Anna told friends, "I won't go. I could be a fool to give up my chance of happiness with X. Marlon is not serious. He's told me repeatedly that he will make a wonderful father but will be a terrible husband. He will never marry me, and I will never marry him."

But the next day . . . "Whoosh! Anna was on the plane," comments a friend sadly. "She thought of all the times he'd tried to cheer her up . . . and she went."

On October 11, 1957, they were married, and for the next twelve months, afraid to interfere and unable to crack the stubbornness of either Anna or Marlon, friends stood by helplessly and watched them destroy their marriage by a hundred wrong moves, wrong reactions, wrong words.

"The first disillusion came at the start of the marriage," a Hollywood columnist told me confidentially, "when Anna was bitterly hurt by the newspaper publicity showing her as a liar, a fraud, a beautiful opportunist who'd cleverly lured a wealthy man into marriage . . . and when her husband, whom she adored, *did nothing to protect her!*"

The truth is not shaming. Anna Kashfi is Eurasian—something much more difficult to surmount socially in England than here. Her mother was English, her father a Hindu. Nor is there any doubt of her mixed parentage when you meet her. From the silky dark brown straight hair, huge brown eyes, lovely brunette skin, to her delicate hands and ankles, the grace of her movements, Anna Kashfi could never be anything but East Indian.

Recently a writer for the *Times of India* was visiting Hollywood and we talked of Anna Kashfi, who is as well known in Calcutta newspapers as in the American press. His statement:

"Anna Kashfi—in more ways than one—is as Indian as a rupee. She's Oriental in philosophy. She's also a Buddhist. She's got that gentle stubbornness that never gives in, the easily-wounded, doe-eyed approach to men. She *clings!* She's completely unreal in her looks, personality, approach to marriage, life, everything!"

John Saxon's definition of his success story: "From a coldwater flat to a Coldwater-Canyon mansion."

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

The whole ugly mess of 'Anna-Joanna-Kashfi-O'Callaghan' was a crushing blow. Marlon's stubborn policy of ignoring the press was never more ill-timed, because the person who paid for it was Anna.

One word from Brando that he knew the true story of his wife's background would have punctured the balloon of sensational stories flying around the world. Without such a word, Hollywood was agog at the thought he had been neatly duped.

For the first time, Anna Kashfi was to discover what it meant to be Mrs. Brando. In future, she, too would be controversial, misrepresented, always the target of rumors from misinformed to malicious, and it was a shocking introduction to any marriage—

The behavior of her mother and stepfather O'Callaghan—in ignoring her when she was ill and breaking their necks to grab all the publicity possible when she 'married well'—was humiliating and unexpected. Anna could persuade herself she might have known they'd act that way, but it didn't lessen the hurt.

Now, married to the man she deeply loved, Anna took it for granted he would speak in her defense. When he failed, it was impossible for her not to wonder: was he angry because of the publicity thrown about his ears—was it really his dislike of publicity—or was he ashamed of the truth? Small wonder that Anna was afraid to press for his support.

The beautiful home he'd rented in an effort to please Anna with an Oriental background became only a house of tragedy, culminating in the accidental death of Anna's Japanese maid in the swimming pool, and haunted by the shadow of their many disputes and misunderstandings.

They never entertained, except for informal evenings with Marlon's old friends; they never gave a party; even such close friends as Ina and Peter Berneis who had been part of their wedding were invited to dinner only two or three times during the year.

The Brandos never went out to a restaurant or nightclub, never went dancing in public—although friends say they apparently enjoyed dancing together. Gradually, Anna put away her lovely Indian saris, brought them out only for special occasions and after much urging.

And always, there were the phone calls —for another result of Marlon's refusal to stand by his wife during the early publicity was that Hollywood was convinced this was a phony marriage. Women have always pestered Brando. Now they con-

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tinued to besiege him with chitchat and suggestive invitations. He could, and did, brush them off; Anna could not.

With her basic insecurity, how could she laugh away the times when feminine voices brazenly took her for a servant, left pressing messages for Marlon to call them, and ignored her existence?

A typical example was the estranged wife of a minor Hollywood actor who bombarded Marlon with calls, suggesting a date on which she would tell him that Anna didn't love him, had only married him because of his prestige.

When he firmly refused, she next called Anna to say, "I think you should know that Marlon has been begging me to date him. He doesn't love you at all, but until you step out of the picture, I don't want to go out with him or contribute to breaking up your home!"

Incredible? Not in Hollywood! Still, such incidents would be hard for any wife to take. To Anna, they were deeply humiliating—yet her protests only caused more disagreements, for if Anna lacked the balance to be able to take the rough spots, Marlon also lacked the patience to deal with this. "He is both stubborn and weak," is the way a friend puts it, "and always at the wrong moment."

Marlon's men friends—acting coach Sam Gilman, writer Carlo Fiore, actor John Saxon and the others—dropped in occasionally, but the talk always became a male evening, with Anna overlooked and silent in a corner. Sam Gilman's talk would be about promising starlets; Carlo Fiore would talk about his work on the script of Paramount's *Guns Up*—which Marlon mainly authored. But Anna was no part of the conversation—because she has no interest in other people's acting techniques, other people's scripts.

"At best, Anna Kashfi is a poor reader," says a clerk at Martindale's book store in Beverly Hills. "She's highly enthusiastic about colorful juvenile pictures for Christian or a romantic novel for herself. Anything that's escape-fiction. When Brando comes in, though, he wants the intellectual, even the somber—always educational or informative. You have the feeling that Anna doesn't wish to be informed on thoughtful subjects, prefers to be a housewife concerned with the latest cookery book or a volume on interior decorating."

Marlon alone

Today in the lonely Oriental house high in the hills on Mulholland Drive above Hollywood strip, Marlon Brando slips into one of his many imported silk kimonos . . . and walks in loneliness. He eats hurriedly, sparsely. His father is still his closest friend, most frequent visitor. Strewn on the floor of his heavy-carpeted den, replete with Far Eastern treasures collected over the years by owner Bob Balzer, are the Los Angeles papers and trade magazines.

To the press, Brando has said nothing; Anna made a short dignified statement that the marriage was over because it had not brought happiness, but no other woman was involved—and in so stating, was more loyal to her husband than he had been to her.

Anna Kashfi knows now—and she is first to admit it—that there's no going back, for either of them. In her case, retreat to the past would be a big mistake because now the future is all important. For herself, for Christian Devi—and for what she wants people to think about her.

Is Anna looking forward to a career of her own? Is she ambitious? "Not at all!" she told me, and added with a naughty glint in her brown eyes, "Of course, I always *say* I am going to become the world's greatest actress! Did you ever notice in these interviews, the people are always so modest? They say 'Of course I know I'm not very good,' and expect everyone to contradict them. Well I say I'm going to be great . . . just to be different!"

Truth of the matter is that Anna is astonishingly good as an actress, that Marlon was enormously proud—though surprised—at her abilities revealed in earlier pictures. In the just-finished forthcoming picture *Night of the Quarter Moon*, Anna is the second lead, playing with Judy Holliday, John Barrymore and Julie London.

"I play the part of a mulatto," she told me. "Julie London is also mulatto and a sort of cousin of mine who runs a night-club, and she helps me with my romantic difficulties." As an afterthought, Anna says, "And I also dance. That was fun!"

But her eyes are lost, and her remarks are tentative and it's all too clear that she is making the best of what life has handed her.

Friends say she is only interested in proving that she can achieve something as herself, and without being Mrs. Marlon Brando, and that this, too, explains why she allows no photographs of the baby to be published.

To her close friend, photographer Ina Berneis who has taken dozens of pictures of Christian Devi Brando, Anna explains, "I don't want it to appear that I am getting publicity because I am the mother of Marlon Brando's son."

Perhaps the real tragedy in the Brando marriage is that with much in their favor, neither was mature enough to know how to handle it.

Convinced he could never be a good husband, Marlon never tried to learn; expecting a knight in shining armor, Anna couldn't settle for reality.

It's a sad story in which neither is more to blame than the other, and Hollywood . . . for once in a softened mood . . . hopes each will find happiness again later. **END**

Look for Marlon in Paramount's ONE-EYED JACKS.

Anna will appear in NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON *for MGM.*

farewell to a great star

(*Continued from page 49*) tragedy for Ty. He was looking forward to what he wanted most in the world—a son."

Henry King, who'd directed Ty's first screen test, uttered his wonder that such a brilliant career could come so abruptly to a close. "It seems incredible because Tyrone Power was a man surcharged with a love of life—"

Linda Christian, mother of Ty's two daughters, trembled, opening a letter Power had written the little girls. "Poor children," she whispered. "Poor children—"

So it was over. Within the week, a white-faced, pregnant girl would bring her husband's body back to his own country, to California. Once the boy had run and laughed and dreamed his dreams in the shining sands beside the Pacific; now the man was coming home to sleep.

A sickly infant, Tyrone Power, born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 5, 1914, puzzled the medical profession by clinging to life. His father, a famous Irish actor fast becoming a famous American actor, moved the family to Los Angeles when Junior was still an infant. "The climate will be better for him—"

Tyrone, Sr. was right. The wilting baby bloomed. He lived in the open air, and grew brown and strong.

At eight, he appeared with his parents (his mother, Patia, was herself an actress) in the Mission play at San Gabriel, and after that, he knew what he wanted to do.

His parents separated. He and his sister Ann went back to Cincinnati with their mother. Tyrone, Sr. went off about his career. But the day Tyrone, Jr. got out of high school, he said, "No college for me, Mother. I want to be an actor."

She wasn't surprised. She wished him well, and sent him to join his father who was making a movie called *The Miracle Man* at Paramount. Tyrone the younger hung around, admiring, learning the ropes.

One night, the two Powers came home from the set, spent a quiet evening, went to bed. A few hours later, the boy was shocked out of sleep by a strangling sound. He rushed to his father's side. The older man died in his son's arms.

After that, Hollywood turned sour. Ty was lonely for his father, and he couldn't beg a job. A man named Arthur Caesar advised him to go to New York. "That's where you'll get experience—"

He got experience all right. He found out you could make a cup of coffee last all afternoon at a cafeteria, on days when the weather was just too cruel to walk around in. He found out that cardboard's nearly as good as leather on the bottom of your shoes, except when it's raining.

Before the contract

And he found out that some big-shots have hearts. Katherine Cornell, remembering the father, took pity on the son, and gave him small parts in her productions of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Joan of Arc*.

He was incredibly handsome, a fact noted by movie magnate Darryl Zanuck, who signed him to a Fox contract. Twenty-one when he made *Girl's Dormitory*, Ty only had a bit, but the fan mail poured in. With *Lloyds of London* he became a full-fledged star. Maybe he was stiff, maybe he was stagey, maybe his diction was too careful, but he was gorgeous to behold, and the public adored him.

He drove himself. With each picture, he grew as an actor. "Work is my passion," he said, "my beloved mistress who takes all I have to give and who's welcome to it."

At twenty-five, Ty discovered work wasn't enough. He met Annabella Carpentier when they were making *Suez*, and they married, even though the fact that she was a divorcée meant they couldn't have a Catholic ceremony. Ty was Catholic, he'd hoped for the blessing of his church, but he needed Annabella.

"This woman's helped me discover in myself more than I've ever been able to find alone," he said. For a time, the Powers were blissful. Then, with World War II, Ty enlisted in the Marines. When he came back, his marriage was over. Nobody knew what had happened, except that the war had changed Ty. He was nervous, restless, confused, no longer satisfied to lead the kind of life which suited his wife. He and Annabella had no children. Fretful and childless, why should they stay together? Regretfully, they parted.

In 1948, freedom was his idea. "Nothing else matters!"

He didn't change his mind until he met Lana Turner, who handed him her whole generous heart. "He's the only man I ever loved," she said, and, in the background, Ty beamed, apparently content.

As a last gesture, a kind of final stretching of wings before he allowed those wings

to be clipped again, Ty took off on a jaunt around the world. In Rome, he met Linda Christian, and that settled that. He surrendered his new-found freedom not to Lana, but to Linda.

In 1949, they were married. Linda'd told a friend she wanted a quiet wedding. "No expensive trousseau. No champagne. No crowds. A simple white dress and the mantilla my mother wore at her wedding."

The actual event was more like a scene from a Cecil De Mille movie. The simple white dress cost a thousand dollars, crowds rioted outside the church screaming, "Ty il Magnifico," and "Viva Linda," and inside the church twenty-five choirboys sang to the music of a specially installed electric organ, while photographers hid among great banks of flowers.

Tyrone wanted a son, but in 1951, Romina was born, and the proud father forgot he'd had a prejudice against girls. Without children, he'd felt incomplete; being a father made him alive in a whole new way. His second daughter, Taryn, was born in 1953; and in 1954, the Power marriage ended. This time, it was the lady who'd got restless. Ty paid her off as generously as he'd paid off Annabella—each ex-Mrs. P. was reported to get $50,000 a year—and declared he was through with wedlock. "Nothing could make me try it again—"

Against the advice of almost everybody, Ty appeared in a stage adaptation of *John Brown's Body*. "They'll ruin you," said know-it-alls. "They always crucify Hollywood people." He couldn't be shaken. "I'm tired of the trappings of success, and none of the enjoyment—"

And he was right. Afterward, he could sit back and read tributes such as Walter Kerr's, in the New York Herald Tribune. "Power reveals an exciting capacity for ferreting out the precise meaning of a fleeting image, and a crisp, graphic talent for communicating his vision to an audience," wrote the often razor-tongued Kerr. "So far from being a motion picture mask, he is an actor of considerable variety."

Ty traveled. He played theatres in Dublin and London. He had a romance with Swedish actress Mai Zetterling, and he bought a yacht named *The Black Swan* (after a picture he'd made fifteen years before) and he wore white shirts embroidered with black swans, and when he said he was having fun, most people would have believed him.

But there was something missing. He had secret fantasies about a woman who wouldn't be an actress, but would only belong to him. Of a son who would bear his name, and be the theater's fourth Tyrone Power.

Then he met Debbie Minardos. She was twenty-six, a divorcee. She came from a small town in the South 'where everybody knows everybody and we don't even have numbers on the houses.' She was content to listen when he talked, to go home when he was tired, to laugh when he was happy.

With their dark hair, their dark eyes, Power and Debbie looked alike, and some people thought they were related. "Thank goodness we're not," sighed Debbie, an honest woman, honestly in love.

They were married on May 8th, 1958, in Tunica, Mississippi. "She's different," he said, wonder in his voice. "She has no ambitions, she doesn't care about expensive clothes or jewelry."

"He's beautiful," she said. "Every way there is, he's beautiful."

The location trip to Spain for *Solomon and Sheba* was to be in the nature of a prolonged honeymoon for Ty and Debbie, who planned side trips to Italy and Switzerland. From Spain, where she first discovered she was pregnant, Debbie wrote her family, *I pray for a boy.*

Read what you will into the line, the fervor was probably more for Ty than for herself. Debbie might have welcomed a child of either gender, but Ty's almost mystical need to sire an heir had moved her.

They chose a name for the boy to come. Tyrone William, he'd be, after Ty's father, and Billy Wilder.

Debbie seldom stirred from her husband's side. As a joke, the producers of *Solomon and Sheba* put her in one scene, playing a concubine. "I don't give a hoot about acting," she said. "You're always underfoot anyway," they said. "May as well get paid for it."

A few weeks before Ty died, he'd had a heart checkup. Studio officials say now that there had been 'some concern about his health,' but that 'no one dreamed his life was in danger.'

Always, he'd been vulnerable to cold, and this winter, the cold in Madrid was bitter. He'd had an attack of dysentery, from which he seemed recovered, but even so, Debbie worried. On the morning of November 15th, when he left for work, she made him promise to come back to the hotel for lunch. There was no premonition of disaster here, only an anxious wife who didn't like her husband's color, who wanted to make sure he wouldn't overdo.

The scene they were shooting that day was a duel between Ty and George Sanders. In bare feet, on an icy stone floor, the two men went to work, while all around them actors in flimsy costumes shivered, their breaths frosting the air.

Earlier, Ty had complained of a pain in his left arm and his abdomen, but he'd gone on working anyway. Suddenly he stopped, waved his hand in a 'cut' signal, sagged against a wall. His make-up man and friend, Ray Sebastian, loosened his breast plate, and held a bottle of brandy to his lips. Power was too sick to his stomach to swallow the drink.

Producer Richmond got him to Gina Lollobrigida's car, and to the hospital. Ty never recovered consciousness.

In Paris, Linda Christian said her astrologer had warned her that Ty would meet sudden death.

In London, Ava Gardner 'collapsed with grief.'

In Madrid, Deborah Power sat by herself, as the afternoon shadows deepened around her. Because she was young, and carrying a child, she would recover, she would go on. Because she had shared that passion for living which was Tyrone Power's greatest strength, she would learn to be happy again. But for a little while, all the lights in her world had gone out; she was alone in that grey place, and afraid.

For all of us, a light has gone out. Tyrone Power was a gentleman and an artist. He was, to use his wife's word, beautiful, with a spirit both fierce and eager. He could be killed, but never beaten. **END**



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yes! Betsy and I may reconcile

(*Continued from page 52*) time in months they were *able* to laugh together. It was as though a burden had been lifted and they had broken out of some invisible prison.

Alas, they had admitted to the world, *our marriage has not brought us the happiness we expected and desired.*

The whole truth was, that for nearly two years, Betsy and Cary had been utterly miserable—together and individually.

It is no longer any secret that while Cary was in Spain making *Pride and the Passion,* he had fallen passionately in love with his co-star, Sophia Loren. Betsy knew about it, understood, but asked him to think it over. Sophia, then single, dissuaded him. He withdrew his request for a divorce, but he also withdrew more and more within himself. He'd stalk into his den and put a figurative DO NOT DISTURB sign on his door, and Betsy didn't dare enter. Instead she retreated into her own hobbies. She began to write and paint and learn to cook. But Cary showed a complete lack of interest in what she was doing. When a newspaperman asked him what Betsy was doing about her writing, he said, "I don't know what her plans are. I haven't discussed them with her." Other times, he became impatient with her hobbies. He grew tired of her attempts to cook a turkey dinner "when she can't decide which is the bow and which is the stern of the bird," and tired of her penchant for lugging home armloads of books and leaving them heaped on tables and beds and chairs. "Do I," Cary protested, "have to bulldoze my way through a hill of books each time I want to sit or lie in bed?" There were other little things which irritated Cary during this strained period. Things that he'd have been amused by ordinarily. There was that time Betsy was on a photography kick and had littered the house with light meters, film hangers and bottles of chemicals. After Cary had tripped over his wife's tripod a few times, he angrily remarked: "I suggest from now on you take up hobbies that don't take up so much space. Why don't you try writing on the head of a pin?"

Marriage on Cary's terms

But still they kept the marriage together. Betsy accepted the marriage on Cary's terms. She tried to put up with her husband's whirlwind moods and tempers and his long absences when he went off to make a picture. She put up with his glowering silences and worse, and used her hobbies for a substitute for the husband she didn't really have. She even returned to acting—although during the early days of her marriage she had said she had hated acting and was delighted to give it up in order to be just a wife and homemaker.

In this manner, two miserable people remained together. Then they finally let go of a marriage that was no marriage at all.

There was, over a period of months, the misinformed gossip and conjecture they had hoped to—but really didn't think they could—avoid. But during these very same months there were also very accurate reports of frequent meetings and dinner dates, and Cary's brief but hopeful reply to a columnist who asked if a reconciliation could be possible, "It could be."

A friend of Cary's and Betsy's recently told us of an incident in Cary's life, the remembrance of which may have possibly resulted in the Grants' decision to separate, and which may conversely result in the salvation of the marriage. . . .

It happened five years ago, soon after Cary decided to retire from the movies. He and Betsy were on a trip around the world on a tramp freighter.

On the last leg of the trip, they stopped off in Hong Kong.

Some friends had asked them to look up the Bainbridges, a widowed American mother and her daughter. The father had been a missionary there.

Mrs. Bainbridge had suffered from a paralysis of sorts. None of the doctors could put their finger on it. Some even suggested it was psychosomatic.

One afternoon Cary telephoned the daughter, Beverly, and asked her to meet him for tea.

Her voice on the phone had sounded old and weary and he was surprised to find she was such a pretty girl.

A young girl trapped

"Tell me," Cary poked around for an opening in their conversation, "How old are you?"

"I'll be twenty next week," she answered.

"And do you like Hong Kong?"

He sensed she was embarrassed—it took so long for her to answer him.

Finally she said, "Oh, I like it enough. It's nice but I don't have a chance to see much of it.

"I'm very busy with Mother. Matter of fact, I'm cheating on her now, being here with you. I should be upstairs in our room, waiting for her to get up from her nap. She likes me to have tea ready and then read aloud to her for a while."

"Is this," Cary asked, "the way you spend your time every day?"

Sighing, Beverly said, "Yes, every day."

"Have you ever thought of getting away, of leaving Hong Kong?"

"I . . . I . . . I guess I have . . . but that's a wild dream," she said sheepishly. "After all, I'm Mother's only flesh and blood, and now that she can't be moved, I've reconciled myself to staying here."

Lowering his voice, Cary asked, "But is this all you want to do with your life?"

She didn't answer him.

"I'm not trying to pry," Cary said. "But I've promised our mutual friends back home I'd bring them your news. They're anxious about you."

Beverly blushed. After another awkward moment of silence, she picked up the small handbag from her lap and said, "Thank you for the tea, Mr. Grant. I'm afraid it's time to leave. Mother will surely be awake, and I must look after her."

He left the hotel and walked along the cobbled Hong Kong streets looking in all the shop windows.

Cary wandered through the stores and bought Christmas gifts for Betsy—a pair of hand-embroidered slippers, a dozen silk chiffon scarves in every color of the rainbow, a red woolen nightcap and a pair of dangling jade earrings for good luck.

But it was in a cheap, secondhand bookstall that Cary found a book he would be reading for years to come. Obviously he had seen the book a hundred times on newsstands or stores in America, but finding it here, in a dusty shop in the land of Confucius and Oriental philosophy intrigued him. That night Betsy stayed up wrapping Cary's presents. Cary went to bed and began reading his book.

When Betsy came into the bedroom, it was past midnight. Cary was still reading. She asked him what was so engrossing, and he lifted up the book for her to see the title—*The Power of Positive Thinking* by Norman Vincent Peale.

Cary read it all night long.

Does a book alter a person's life? Cary says life is a combination of circumstances that build up to different climaxes. In this case, perhaps it was the book that sparked the decision which changed his life.

The book stressed the importance of helping yourself. When Cary gave up his film work in 1953 he was miserable. There was little demand in Hollywood for the elegant, charming, sophisticated gentlemen Cary spent his life portraying.

But, hard as he tried, Cary could never come to terms with being a playboy. He was a worker. All his life he had worked; and now he missed it terribly.

If the book helped him at all, it was for this reason. Cary realized he had been thinking negatively in terms of the movies. He had been thinking negatively in terms of his retirement.

In a sense, he had jailed himself, jailed the happiness his work had given him.

But it was Beverly Bainbridge's confinement with her mother that drummed the lesson home. In trying to understand her, he began to understand himself.

That day, after he finished reading *The Power of Positive Thinking,* Cary called Beverly and asked her again for tea.

She refused.

"Tomorrow, then?"

"I'm afraid I won't be able to make it."

"I hope you didn't think me rude for asking you those personal questions," Cary said, "but I was only trying to help."

"Not at all," Beverly said softly. "It's just that Mother had a miserable night. She was shocked not to find me here yesterday afternoon. She panicked, and we had to have the doctor in to give her sedatives."

"Then," Cary said bravely—he dreaded facing Mrs. Bainbridge—"may I come and have tea with your mother and you?"

"Just a moment," she said, and he could hear Beverly asking her mother about it.

"Yes," Beverly said. "Mother says she'd be delighted to have some company."

That afternoon Cary took a taxi to the Bainbridges' hotel. *Funny,* he thought to himself, *how we become interested in other people. Perhaps they help take our minds away from ourselves.* Maybe it was because he had no children of his own that he was drawn to Beverly. There was a genuineness about her, an honesty which he liked. What mattered was that she free herself from her self-imposed jail sentence. . . .

Beverly's room looked onto a dark brick courtyard. Very little light came into the room. Cary shuddered to think of poor Beverly and her mother living in this



SORRY, NAT AND BOB

This magazine tenders its apologies to you for the item printed on page 82 of our April issue.

The incident described was to the effect that prior to their marriage, Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood had arranged for a date. When Mr. Wagner appeared at Miss Wood's residence, we reported that she had arranged for Jack Dempsey, Georges Carpentier and Senor Luis Angel Firpo to accompany them on their date. We are informed that this incident never occurred and Mrs. Wagner has never even met any of the three individuals above mentioned.

Again let us offer our apologies for any embarrassment or annoyance the article may have caused you.

THE EDITOR

gloomy nighttime atmosphere all day long.

Out of courtesy, Mrs. Bainbridge asked Cary a few questions about himself. But throughout most of their conversation, she nagged and moaned and complained. The world was doomed, she grumbled. The devil had finally taken over because we had all forgotten God. She spoke without any faith in her heart, without any hope.

The mother wasn't really sick. Cary was convinced of this after seeing her rant and rave. It was designed to keep her daughter chained to her bedside for the rest of her life. And with her raging vitality, Cary thought, no doubt Mrs. Bainbridge will live forever. . . .

Sick with depression, Cary left. He had gone there to help Beverly. And instead, Mrs. Bainbridge condemned the world in a vicious, relentless attack, and he had been afraid to answer back.

Poor kid, he thought. If *I'm* afraid to answer back, then *she* must be terrified.

He was more determined than ever to do something for Beverly. "Let's find her a job. If they're living in that awful dungeon of a hotel, then they need help," he told Betsy later that night. She has to look after her invalid mother, Betsy remarked.

"Let's find Beverly a job first, then let's see what Mrs. Bainbridge says. If you ask me, this old woman wants not only sympathy, she wants all she can get. I'm sure she knows jobs are scarce, and the idea of Beverly bringing home a paycheck . . .? It'll be interesting to see what happens. . . ."

So Betsy and Cary checked with all the people they knew in Hong Kong—and came up with a possible opening. There was a great job in a textile house.

But when he phoned, Beverly said, "Oh no, I couldn't. Who'd look after Mother?"

But in the background he heard Mrs. Bainbridge asking about the job: the hours, the money it would pay.

Cary told Beverly he didn't have the details. If she was interested he would tell her whom to contact herself. "And, Beverly," Cary added, "I know I'm a stranger, with little—in fact no right to tell you what to do. But I'm certain you can find a good native nurse to take care of your mother—at a low fee—when you're away. It may be hard for the first week or so—but she'll adjust to it. And once you get out into the world—you'll be a different and much happier person. But nobody can make up your mind for you. You'll have to want your freedom, desperately, deep down inside. If you want it badly enough then maybe you'll begin to unlock all that anguish imprisoned in your heart. For Beverly, dear," he concluded, "we are all our own jailers."

"I think . . . I think I know what you mean," she answered. "Thank you—so much."

Later that day Cary sent a messenger to Beverly's hotel with three brightly wrapped gifts: the gayest and prettiest of all the chiffon scarves he had bought, a package of rare and expensive tea—for Beverly's mother—and his copy of *The Power of Positive Thinking.*

The next day Cary and Betsy sailed from Hong Kong. On board, Cary had time to think about the advice he had given Beverly. He too, had to follow it. He had been jailed himself long enough. No one had told him to retire from the movies. He had done it himself.

He began thinking positively. *Think films,* he told himself, *think work.*

No sooner did the freighter dock in San Francisco than director Alfred Hitchcock called and asked him to star in *To Catch a Thief.* His positive thinking *had* paid off. He wondered about Beverly and how she was faring.

When he returned from location shooting in France, he found a letter from Hong Kong awaiting him. It was from Beverly:



Cream hair away the beautiful way...

with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling Neet—you'll never have a trace of nasty razor stubble! *Always* to neaten underarms, *everytime* to smooth legs to new smoother beauty, and *next time* for that faint downy fuzz on the face, why not consider Neet? Goes down deep where no razor can reach to cream hair away the *beautiful* way.

Neet

Dear Mr. Grant:

I don't know how to begin telling you this but I do know without your help it could never have happened.

Mother insisted I take the job you mentioned since we were in dire financial straits, and once I began working—well just as you said: I became another person. Suddenly I felt wanted by the world and I didn't have the pressure from Mother now that we had a nurse.

One evening Victor Daly—my boss—asked me out. He's a young man who inherited the business from his father and he was lonely here. We had many common interests and we began attending movies, and concerts every Sunday. Suddenly we had fallen in love. He's just given me the most beautiful emerald and we are planning to be married soon.

Mother hasn't taken to the marriage idea but I learned that I can't lose my life looking after her every minute of the day. Fair is fair! After we're married Victor suggests we move her to a lovely invalid home by the sea where she'll have the finest doctors caring for her.

I promise to send you snapshots of the wedding if you can't be here.

Your eternally grateful,
Beverly Bainbridge

Cary read the letter and grew pensive. Life was one round-robin of giving and taking. On her birthday he had extended himself to a young girl who seemed doomed to a drab and miserable existence; now a new life was blossoming for her.

All he had given Beverly was a push, and in doing so he had found the impetus to go back to work, to release himself from a prison of his own making.

Much had happened to Cary in the five years since he had left Hong Kong—including greater success and popularity than he had ever known. The incident with Beverly was almost forgotten. Then at the height of his marital problems, he received a card from her—announcing the birth of her first child. On it she had written:

I never knew there could be such happiness. Again, thank you.

It is possible that as Cary read the card he remembered the lesson he had learned, and his words, *We are our own jailers.*

For, by holding tight to a relationship that could bring neither peace nor happiness, weren't he and Betsy inflicting a sentence of doom upon themselves? . . .

And wasn't separation the only possible answer, because through separation he and Betsy might achieve the emotional freedom with which to apply that second lesson learned in Honk Kong: the power of positive thinking. . . .

While involved with their problems, they could only think negatively. They tried to save their marriage by concentrating on what was *wrong* with it. And matters become worse. Now they may finally have a chance, by clearly remembering all the things that were right.

And we sincerely hope that Cary and Betsy will *take* that chance, and find that things *are* right! **END**

Cary will soon appear in NORTH BY NORTHWEST *for MGM.*

I'm lonely

(*Continued from page 38*) brother Don's '52 Chevy and drove around for a while.

What to do? I was bored with myself. But I had a prayer in my heart, and so I drove back to the church that Sunday night for the Youth Fellowship meeting, and I hoped God would make my prayer-wish come true.

She was there!

"My name is Phil," I told her, and I guess she was a little embarrassed by my boldness. But I couldn't help myself. I said how-do-you-do to her about three times, and I tried to make a stab at some conversation, but I goofed. I kept saying silly things like "It's a nice night, isn't it?" and "Feels like spring's in the air, doesn't it?" over and over again, and she kept looking at me with her searching brown eyes and saying, "Yes," in a sweet southern drawl.

Finally, we walked outside to the tree-lined street where the April winds whispered through the shiny new leaves, and I asked her where she lived.

"Not too far," she said coyly. "I'm taking the bus at the corner."

"I have my car with me," I said, boasting. I figured I had to impress her a little.

"Thanks very much," she said. "But I don't mind the bus, really I don't." She walked off and left me standing there.

After church the next Sunday, I went up to her and said hello. Soon as I saw her I melted, and I started rambling and forgetting my carefully rehearsed speech about asking for a date with her for next Saturday.

Finally I heard myself saying ". . . You coming tonight to the Youth Fellowship ice cream supper?"

"No," she answered in her soft voice. "We're having company, and I promised Mom I'd help."

"Oh," I said. "Well, I guess I won't be seeing you. But how about next Saturday night? I thought maybe we could go out to a movie . . . ?"

She knew it wasn't proper to talk about dating right then and there after the church service. She said, "Why don't you call me after school tomorrow, and we'll see about it, huh?" Smiling, she gave me her telephone number. I didn't even write it down. I memorized it on the spot.

I called and we set the date. I didn't have much money so we went to the movies and saw a rerun of *East of Eden* with Jimmy Dean and Julie Harris, and then we drove to a drive-in for a hunk of pizza pie.

Suddenly, it was time for me to take her home, and I couldn't figure out where the time had gone to. We got along so well, and we found we had so much to talk about—Youth Fellowship, movies (she liked Alec Guinness, but I was crazy for Marlon Brando) and country music (she hated it, but I argued with her) and food (which we agreed we were both nuts about).

"Where's the car?"

I asked her for a date next Saturday night, and she accepted. But I couldn't get the car. Don was courtin' his bride-to-be, Sue, and they wanted the Chevy.

I took the bus to her part of town. She lived eight miles from our house in Nashville. First thing she said was, "Where's the car?"

I explained Don was using it.

"But I thought it was yours," she said.

"Well, sort of," I told her. "But he's my brother," I explained.

"What are we going to do?" she asked.

I became uneasy, and I stammered, "Take . . . take the bus to town and see a good movie and then maybe get some. . . ."

"Oh," she said despondently, "it's such a long ride with the bus, isn't it? You know busses. They take forever to get anywhere."

"You won't mind it," I said apologetically. "Honest. You'll see. We'll talk and crack some jokes and before you know it, we'll be there."

She was unhappy about it all, I could tell. I wished I could have hired a taxi, but it would have cost a fortune for a cab to drive us in to town.

"How about a neighborhood movie?" I asked her.

"No," she said. "I have an idea. Let's stay in and watch TV . . .!"

From then on, she always asked me over the telephone if I was going to pick her up in the car, and I never wanted to let her down. I never dated her unless I knew I could have Don's Chevy.

But we got along wonderfully. We both liked to talk and go to the movies. Both of us flipped for spaghetti with meatballs, and we'd go to a hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant in the heart of Nashville for a meal after the picture show.

A hobby for tramps

One May night we talked about our futures in that rose-lighted restaurant with its stained white tablecloths. She told me she wanted to go to college to become an important lady lawyer. I told her I wanted to sing.

"Sing?" she said. "That's not an occupation. Singing's more like a hobby."

"It's hard," I explained, "to get started, but my brother and I, we like it, and we want to stick at it and see if any good luck'll come our way."

I told her we'd been singing and plucking a guitar since we were kids in short pants when we toured the country with our folks, playing in all kinds of small towns in the South. It was lots of fun meeting all the different people. Most of the time, the people were very kind and would go out of their way to be nice.

"Isn't . . . isn't it like living the life of . . . of a tramp?" she asked. I tried to tell her it wasn't, but she acted as if I didn't know what I was talking about.

After we finished our spumoni dessert, we drove the long way home. The night was gentle with the sweet scent of lilacs. We talked about easy things—the comic strips (Blondie and Dagwood were our favorites) and shutterbugs (she was, I wasn't) and . . . love.

When we parked outside her house, I took her in my arms and kissed her and I told her how much I liked her. She told me she was glad.

All through those long, golden days of summer we dated. One moonlit night I asked her to go steady, and she told me she wanted to think about it. Three days later—and it griped me a little that she took so long—she said okay.

We met for a date that night, but I couldn't get Don's car. There was some carburetor trouble with it, and he wouldn't let me drive it. So she and I had to take the bus and this bothered her, but I gave her my high school ring.

We went to a dance party that night at her girlfriend's house, and all through the evening she avoided me. Maybe she was embarrassed because I was telling everyone we were going steady now. But I couldn't help it. I was so proud.

When I took her home, I asked her what was the matter.

"Nothing," she said.

"But you didn't pay any attention to me all evening. You only danced with me once."

"Just because we're going steady," she said, "doesn't mean we're married, does it . . . ?" I didn't say anything else.

All through the summer we went on swimming parties and picnic gatherings with our Youth Fellowship group and on Saturday night dates which are for kids in love only. We'd play Popeye on Saturday nights when I had the car. If I saw a car with one headlight on, then I rated a kiss. I did everything I could to please her, and she would tell me she liked me. But I never felt I could please her enough.

The birthday

Then, that August, when the dog-day heat was unbearable, I took a job as a part-time helper in a TV store to make some money for her eighteenth birthday. I earned twenty dollars for two weeks' work, and I saved every penny for our celebration. Her birthday fell on a Friday, the last day of the month, and I had made a date with her for eight o'clock that evening. I shaved and got dressed and went to a nearby flower shop and bought her a dozen long-stemmed roses for seven dollars. I was so happy I nearly burst.

I got to her house about an hour early. I rang the bell, holding the white, ribbon-tied box of roses behind me. Her mother came to the door and said, "Good evening," and I apologized for being a little early, but I told her mother I had a little birthday surprise.

Her mother said she wasn't home. She had stepped out for a while.

"Where'd she go?" I asked.

"I don't know," her mother told me. "Someone stopped by and picked her up for a little ride."

Every time a car turned the corner, my heart jumped, hoping it was her. Her mom and dad kept me company on the porch, and her mom kept asking if I wanted something to eat. But I wasn't hungry. I don't think I could have eaten if the best chef in the world had served me the fanciest dinner imaginable. All three of us, her mom and dad and myself, made small talk on the porch, and finally a brand new, two-toned Chrysler pulled up to the curb, and I heard her happy, laughing voice saying, "So long, Dexter. Don't forget now. Drive carefully all the way back to camp. And remember, you promised to write!"

The car sped off with a roar into the darkness. Smoothing her hair with her hands, she ran up the porch steps. When she saw me, she was taken aback.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm late. But I haven't seen Dexter since he was shipped overseas." Then, to her mother she said proudly, "You'll never guess, but Dexter got his commission. He's a second louie now, and I don't blame him for wanting to show off that gold bar. He's so young, only twenty-one, and I just know he's going to have a great future!"

No time for tears

Right there in front of her folks, I asked her for my high school ring back. She made a comment about me not being much of a sport if she couldn't step out with a guy she hadn't seen in years. There was a quaver in my voice, but I asked her again for my ring. She slipped it off her finger, then threw it at me.

I picked up the ring from the porch floor, said good night to her folks and walked away, praying to God not to let me cry in front of them. . . .

On Sunday I played sick, told my folks my stomach was ailing. I couldn't go to church and face her.

The next week when I went to church she was there. When we came face-to-face with each other outside the church, we both took one look at each other and started to cry.

We began dating again. Neither of us

mentioned the Second Lieutenant. School opened, and she began attending debate tournaments, and Don and I cut our first record, *Bye Bye Love*.

When she heard about the record, she gave me a lecture about singing, insisting it was a waste of time. A man could never earn his living from it. Then, one of her friends told me she had met a guy from a military school at a debate session, and that she was a little sweet on him.

"Only your singing"

I decided to find out about the cadet myself. On a cold, drizzly November night, I went over to her house and asked her to go to the neighborhood soda fountain with me. I asked her if she had met someone else that she liked.

"Why?" she wanted to know.

I didn't want to get her friend in trouble, so I said, "Because I have a funny feeling we're drifting apart, that something's come between us."

She confessed about the cadet, even admitted she kissed him.

"Now Phil, I can't help it," she said. "You just can't stop these things from happening. I meet a lot of people through the debate tournaments, and I . . . I can't ignore them. I have to be nice—and, anyway, he was kind of special, so I decided to find out more about him. After all, he's got an officer's career ahead of him, and his father's a big tobacco dealer, and you, you only have your singing." And that's not much.

"But honey," I said. "I'll do anything for you, if you want me. I'll even quit singing."

She didn't answer. I never took her to the soda fountain. I took her home and the November rain lashed at us and at the bare trees and at the black sidewalks. I took her to the front door and left, without saying good night.

When *Bye Bye Love* became the Number one hit across country, she called me up I had made up my mind never to see her again, but—

I drove over to her house in my Vespa motor scooter which I'd bought from my *Bye Bye Love* earnings, and she flipped. She told me I was the talk of the town, and she wanted me to come to a party she was having in my honor next Saturday night. I took her for a quick ride in the scooter, and then we said good-bye.

Maybe it's good that I went to her party because I realized then that she liked me only because I was Somebody now, and I knew, deep in my heart I knew I could never respect her. A girl shouldn't like a guy for what he becomes. She should like him for what he is.

How she catered to me that night! Like nothing I'd ever seen. She brought me a heaping platter of baked ham and potato salad from the buffet spread in the dining room, served me Cokes before I had a chance to empty my glass, put her arm through mine and told everyone she always knew I'd succeed.

At midnight I left. I couldn't stand it any longer. When I said good-bye to her, my heart was saying, "This is it. You've tried—and failed."

It was true. Ours was a messed-up romance, a bye-bye love. Sure we had some wonderful times together, but we were different people, two people who simply weren't meant for each other.

But it's hard to get an image of a girl out of your mind, especially when the image has made such a deep impression.

Don's married now, but I'm alone and I wonder—where is she, the one for me, the gal who's going to like me for being just plain Phil? I've been lonesome long enough, and I'm looking. . . .

END

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I came to life

(*Continued from page 40*) A passing bandleader, Jack Rael, happened to tune in the program and was amazed at Patti's professional style. So he tracked her down later to a small local night club, and when he met her for the first time, he found a shy eighteen-year-old—brown-haired, high-cheekboned, five feet tall, plump as a pumpkin, and dressed in a baggy sweater and an old skirt.

He swallowed his disappointment at her appearance, and offered her a job with his band. She said no.

But two weeks later, after breaking up with her boy friend, she wrote Rael in Texas that she was ready to join him, provided her parents permitted it. Her mother was non-committal, and Patti was frantic until a neighbor said, "I hear you're going to Texas."

Then Patti packed, kissed her family good-bye, and joined Rael's band in Texas —her first trip away from home.

She wrote home regularly, and when she could afford it, she phoned. She was lonesome for her mom and dad and favorite sisters, and her many relatives—but she would not admit it to them. They were interested in her career too, but never enthusiastic. They felt a girl's goal was marriage and children, and they suspected show-people spent more of their time drinking, smoking, playing cards and dancing.

Lonely but determined, Patti worked hard and developed so well that Rael booked her on Don McNeill's big radio show in Chicago, at more than $1,000 a week. This sensational break for a newcomer fell flat later when Patti married a young college student, Jack Skiba. But three months later, Patti's marriage was over and she signed a new contract with Rael. She promised to concentrate on her career, and he promised to do his best to make her a star.

Patti is attacked!

She hadn't really gotten over her busted marriage when she was booked into Toronto. One morning, a man broke into her hotel room, grabbed her, tied her wrists behind her back, and was about to shove a pillow case over her head, when she finally recovered her voice and started to scream. The man, frightened, ran.

Hotel bell-hops, elevator operators and porters came running in, unbound Patti's wrists, and told her they had caught a man running down the stairs.

Patti tried to forget the incident, but she had to re-live it the following month when she returned to testify at the trial.

After that, Patti was scared.

She was afraid of strangers, afraid of the dark, afraid of being alone.

Her expanding group of business associates huddled close to her: her secretary, Dorothy Birdoff; her publicist, Frances Kaye; her record promotion expert, Kappy Jordan. As she got into the big money, she took on more employees: fan club secretary, lawyer, accountant, pianist, drummer, musical arranger, etc. All encircled her like a loving brood of clucking hens.

They worried about her, kept problems away from her, did everything for her except sing. And Patti, frightened and shy, was grateful for their protection.

She never stayed alone in a hotel room. One of the girls from the office was always with her. She never took a plane trip alone. She never went on a train or in a cab alone. When she had to board a plane to make a booking, she not only took along a

companion from her office but she made sure she was wearing her gold neck chain with its religious medallions.

On the plane, her companions kept her busy by playing cards—usually bridge and hearts. And while Patti held the cards in one hand, she held on tightly to the religious medallions with the other.

At the Page-Rael office, Patti was not even encouraged to pick up the phone or transact any business. They laid out her bookings, travel schedules, hotel reservations, wardrobe fittings, beauty parlor appointments. They ordered her food, bought her tickets, called her cabs. When she wanted to do something special, she had to announce it, and then the staff fitted it into her schedule.

Patti, the institution

They regarded her as a kid from Tulsa with a God-given talent, but no maturity or sophistication. Patti became a workhorse. Slowly, through the years, she became a star singer—almost an institution—with a big payroll and a heavy sense of responsibility. Her career overwhelmed what little was left of her personal life.

She was so afraid to move without her close associates that once she stayed in her apartment three whole days because her manager, her publicist and her secretary all were out of town. And she didn't know anyone else well enough to call.

She had grown three inches taller, but even five-foot-three wasn't enough to carry her weight. So she was always fighting a half-hearted battle of the bulge. Frightened, alone, and shy, Patti looked to food to fill her lonely life.

Deep down inside, she knew she didn't diet because she had nobody to diet for. She knew few people outside of the music business and her own staff, and she rarely met an eligible male. She would not go for casual romances. So she kept looking for the *real thing.*

In her low moods, Patti used to recall that her mother teased her that her small ears meant stinginess. So when she was making big money, she became a tremendous spender for clothes. She bought shoes and handbags by the dozens. She rarely had less than 150 pairs of shoes and 150 handbags in her closets. She had three hundred dresses, at one time, and several minks. She was haunted by the memory of a poverty-stricken childhood when she never had more than two pairs of shoes—one for everyday, one for church.

In 1951, she was booked into a big Hollywood night club, despite her protestations that she wasn't ready to face the movie crowd. She was told the booking was 'good for your prestige.' So she yielded.

Just before the première performance, she overheard two men talking.

"Who's the singer?" said one.

"Some country kid that's had a couple of hit records, so they figure she's another Dinah Shore," said the other voice.

Patti cringed and ran to her dressing room, sobbing. But she went on later, as scheduled, even though she was crushed by doubts. She trembled under the shimmering gown she was wearing because she knew she didn't have the figure for it.

She received good notices from the Hollywood critics. They had to admit she was a great singer. But Hollywood didn't take her into its arms. Nobody called her or sent flowers. She felt ignored and hurt. And when she left Hollywood, she swore to herself, "Some day they'll be sorry!"

She did go back to Hollywood once more to test for Warner Brothers. She was told, "Lose twenty pounds, and we'll give you a contract."

She refused. "Let them sign me . . . and then I'll have a reason for dieting," she told her manager. So the deal was off, and Patti went back to munching candy between meals.

Patti's blue period

Then in 1953, she went into a blue period. Despite her huge earnings, she felt she was not worthy. When she finished singing in a night club, she would flee to her dressing room and weep. She couldn't understand why people were paying high prices to see her. "I'm not giving them anything more than they can get by buying my records," she complained. She felt stiff and self-conscious. She knew she wasn't giving fully of herself. She felt she was just standing at the mike, gripping it tensely—her mouth always two inches away, as if afraid to move.

When her record of *Tennessee Waltz* shot her salary skyhigh, she insisted on working for her old salary. She felt she wasn't worth more.

Enter Prince Charming

Life for Patti Page 'the Star' meant money, fame, hard work. But for Patti Page, 'the woman,' life meant also loneliness, diets, fears . . . until Charlie O'Curran came into her life in 1957.

Charlie O'Curran was a fine choreographer, former husband of Betty Hutton, and a man about town, when he was hired to stage Patti's act scheduled to open at the Fountainebleau in Miami Beach. His job was to make Patti 'move' instead of clutching desperately at the mike.

Her first impression of him was that he was dashing, witty, confident, quick, and fantastically charming.

She was awed by the sureness with which he ordered her around during rehearsals. She was a bit jealous noticing that there were always one or two beautiful girls waiting for him to finish work.

He liked to tease her, and his humor was so sly she was never sure whether he was poking fun at her. Once she thought he called her 'Fat' but he explained he was only calling her 'Pat.'

He taught her how to move gracefully, how to use her arms properly, how to project her personality—away from the mike.

One day she told her secretary, "Charlie doesn't know it, but he's falling in love with me." And just before the opening performance, he sent her a lovely bouquet of flowers with the card reading, *I Love You.* She gazed at the card fondly.

Opening night she was a sensation. Later she went to a party in the hotel, and there was Charlie. She went right up to him, "Charlie, did you mean what you wrote on that card?"

Charlie, flustered, explained, "Well . . . not really . . . it's customary in show business to use language like that."

Her feelings for Charlie were beginning to perk, and they gave her a new zest. She saw Charlie at other places, and one day he said, "See you at the party tomorrow."

She startled him when she responded, "If you want to see me, you'll have to ask. I'm accustomed to being asked."

Her directness charmed him; he did ask. Their romance had begun.

When he flew back to Hollywood, she discovered she missed him terribly. They began to correspond and phone, and see each other whenever their work permitted.

Charlie taunted her, but she didn't get mad. He would sigh, "Last night, I was at El Morocco, and had a great time . . . while you sat in your rocking chair!"

He started to take her out, and introduced her to gay restaurants. Then he would tease: "You've been in those closets long enough; I'm taking you out of them."

She began to diet. He suggested losing twenty pounds in one year in a sensible diet, substituting high protein food for high calorie foods.

As she became thinner, she felt better and more beautiful. Charlie complimented her and she glowed.

"It's easy to lose weight," she told him, "because for the first time in my life, I'm doing it to please the man I love."

Little by little, she shed her fears.

For instance, there was the time she flew to Mitchell, South Dakota, to play a fair date, accompanied by her publicist, Frances Kaye. They had a bit of time to spare, so they went to a golf course for nine holes—but when they finished, Patti discovered the gold chain with the religious medallions had broken, and all the medallions were lost.

"Don't be upset, honey," Charlie comforted her. "You ought to see it as a good omen, because those medallions couldn't have helped you, really. . . . Don't you know it's what *inside* of you that counts?"

Patti thought about it, and she realized he was right. So she calmed down, and went and did her show. Then she and Frances boarded a one-engine plane to Sioux City and changed to another one-engine plane for Denver.

They were scarey flights. Just Patti and Frances and the pilot. Patti was nervous, but not panicky. She kept thinking of what Charlie had said, and calmed down. That night in Denver, she was so rested, she overslept.

On Dec. 28, 1957, Patti and Charlie were married in Las Vegas, and a big Hollywood crowd came over to the wedding. Ironically, the Hollywood stars came to Patti in Vegas when they didn't come to her in Hollywood. But Patti had gotten over her resentment against Hollywood. She had time to mellow and realize that revenge was no way out. The hurt was in her own mind. She was blaming strangers for her own inner fears.

Since her marriage, Patti has been emerging from her cocoon of uncertainties and phobias. Like a lovely butterfly, she has become a glamorous girl, with small waistline, chic figure, and fashionable clothes. She has become a versatile entertainer on top of her reknown for $35,000,000 Mercury Record sales and nine gold records (each for a disk that sold more than a million copies), and her own TV show.

More important, she has become articulate. She expresses opinions, asks questions, and knows answers. She talks frankly with her employees and her friends. She has lost her dread of hospitals, and when told she had to have a tonsilectomy, she said, "Okay . . . when?" instead of running away.

She's not compulsive about working any more. When she was sick last year, she missed a performance. "I'm not going to die young," she said.

She's no longer neurotic about cleaning closets. "I've got better things to do."

She goes out alone in the day. "Soon, I hope I'll have enough nerve to go out alone at night, too," she says. "One thing at a time. I can't uproot all my fears in one swoop."

Her blue eyes gleam when she says, "I finally found the greatest weapon against fear. It's love.

"Being loved, and knowing you are loved, and believing beyond doubt you are loved . . . that's how I got rid of my fears!"

She sighs: "Finally, I have a man of my own, taking care of me, loving me, giving me things I might have bought for myself—but which mean so much more to me because they come from him."

A soft wave of contentment settles on her face as she says:

"I remember a Greek legend about a statue, Galatea, that came to life because she was loved. . . . That's what happened to me when Charlie came into *my* life."

END

(*Continued from page 31*) appearance tour the very morning of the wedding. Well, I didn't know what to do. Tell Diane? I had to! After all, getting married concerned her just as much as it did me. So I drove right over to her apartment and tried to break the news gently to her. She was a living doll about it all, all right. Never once made me feel it was my fault or anything like that."

"Honey," Diane had told Peter, "we'll postpone it, that's what. We'll get new invitations and set a new wedding date with the church and. . . ."

"Is that what you want, Honey?"

"You're boss, Petey," she added, "but, you know what? . . ."

Their eyes met and they looked at each other for a minute, and then, with a crazy togetherness-timing, the two of them blurted out all at once, "Let's elope!"

The zaniest wedding of the year

Their elopment has gone down in the annals of Hollywood history as 'the wedding the Marx Brothers should someday make into a movie!'

The elopement story begins at dawn on a Friday morning, September 4. A powder blue Cadillac convertible stopped at Diane's apartment house, and Peter honked the horn and yelled up to her as she waved from her window.

"Come right up, honey," she said. "Everything's ready." In a few minutes Peter was carrying suitcases and a plaid garment bag with Diane's wedding dress to the roomy back seat of the car. The two of them, with the top down, drove out to the highway and then zoomed along the road to Las Vegas.

Everything had been arranged for them. Ricky Yarborough, hostess at the plush Sands Hotel, had reserved the bridal suite for the elopees. Patty and Bill Coleman, who were visiting Las Vegas, had been alerted the night before. Would they be maid of honor and best man?

Diane and Peter arrived in Las Vegas at one o'clock in the afternoon. After checking their bags in the bridal suite of the Sands, they headed ("First things first," was Peter's comment) happily for the license bureau.

First stop, first crisis.

"Who says you're twenty one?" the frizzy-haired marriage license clerk wanted to know.

"I'll prove it," Peter said. "My army discharge is in the car."

"The girl's okay," the clerk decided, pointing to Diane who was wearing a white middy blouse, tan Bermuda shorts and pink scarf over her light blonde hair—set in pin curls from the night before.

"The rules say," the Marjorie-Main-voiced clerk informed them, "a girl's okay if she's eighteen, but a man, he's got to be twenty-one, otherwise, nothin' doin'. You," the licensing woman twanged and pointed to Peter, "you look like you just turned sixteen."

"You'll see," Peter scoffed, holding his head high, and he walked to his car parked outside the marriage license bureau. Soon as he stepped outside into the strong light of the Nevada sun, he realized he had goofed! He had forgotten that his papers weren't in the convertible. The car had been broken into over the week end, and they'd been stolen.

Pulling a fast one

He returned to the marriage clerk's desk, begging. "You've got to believe me. Here's my driver's license—but everything else has been stolen. All my identification papers and a suit and. . . ."

"Humph," the clerk snorted, "a likely story. I knew it from the minute you walked in here. You kids are trying to pull a fast one, and if I were you, I'd head right back to where you came from and wait a couple of years."

"Please, please believe me."

"My boy," the woman spoke righteously, "I do not issue licenses unless I have *legitimate* proof of age."

Diane, feeling helpless, finally piped up, "But Peter's always looked young."

"Sorry," the clerk said and went over and burried her face amid folders in a file cabinet drawer.

Peter put his arm around his bride to be.

"Honey," she said, her voice returning as they walked away from the front desk. "What should we do?"

"I know," Peter said and snapped his finger. "I'll get a notarized statement!"

He went back and asked the clerk if this would be sufficient proof.

The clerk said from the files, "I told you I need legitimate proof. Army discharge papers or a birth certificate."

Diane sat on the worn wooden bench in the waiting room, and, elbows on her knees, she rested her face on her fists. Peter, seeing Diane's bewildered look, rushed over to the pay telephone on the wall and placed a long distance call to his pal, Chuck Courtney.

"Chuck," Peter's voice boomed in the public waiting room. "Listen, listen to me carefully . . ." and he asked Chuck to break into his Hollywood apartment. "Find my birth certificate. It's somewhere, in one of the drawers. Turn the place upside down. Get the neighbors to help you search for it, I don't care. But find it, that's all I'm asking!"

Peter hung up the telephone, walked over to Diane—and then realized he hadn't told Chuck what to do with the birth certificate, once found. He ran back to the telephone, called long distance again. "Chuck," he said, after he got him back on the line, "when you find it, drive it to the Los Angeles International Airport and put it on the fastest flight they have."

Peter then called the Las Vegas airport, and learned, to his wild concern, that the next flight from Los Angeles was scheduled for tomorrow morning. But, the reservation clerk added, another flight could be scheduled unexpectedly.

So began the morning of their elopement, of Diane's and Peter's upside-down wedding weekend.

Who's in the bridal suite?

Hand in hand, they sauntered through the streets of Las Vegas. They stopped at a ranch-like restaurant and ate a whopping big country-style breakfast.

Halfway through their ham and eggs, Diane looked stunned. There was a Chicken Little expression on her face, as if the earth were falling.

"Peter," she said breathlessly, "what about tonight? The bridal suite!"

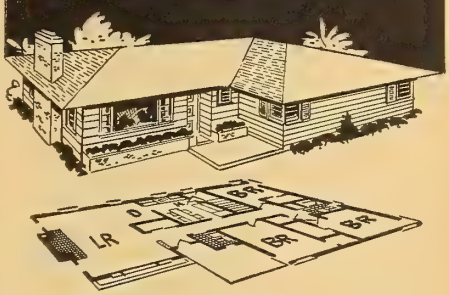
He looked at her and swallowed hard. "Well, honey, it means I move out, that's all, I guess."

Bug-eyed, they looked at each other with wouldn't-you-know-this-would-happen-to-us expressions. "Let's go over and see Patty and Bill," Diane suggested.

They visited with their maid of honor and best man, and the decision was made for Peter to bunk with Bill, if the birth certificate didn't arrive in time, and Patty would share the bridal suite with Diane. "It's so big," Patty said, "you'd get lost in it all by yourself."

"Maybe," Bill suggested with a downcast expression, "I better call the church, huh, and tell them same time, same station—only tomorrow, huh?"

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"Maybe," Peter nodded, then he went to call the airport to see if there was any change in the flight schedule. But no dice.

Glumly they went to a movie.

"Let's all go back to the hotel," Peter said afterward, "get cleaned up and dressed for a big night, because I'm going to take everybody out, and we're going to have a wham-bang Las Vegas ball."

A little premature

But no sooner did they enter than the orchestra began playing *Here Comes the Bride*. Jerry Lewis, emceeing the dinner show, announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, what a wonderful day it's been for two happy people—our newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brown. Here they are, ladies and gents, fresh from the wedding ceremony at the Little Church of the West, and they've promised to join us in our beautiful dining room for their wedding dinner. Come on, everyone, let's give a big round of applause to two beautiful young people, Diane and Peter Brown."

"No," Peter shouted. "Not yet!"

Jerry couldn't hear him above the din of the hand-clapping.

"We want you both to come up and say a few words," Jerry said from the microphone.

Bill saved the day. "Let me handle it."

He walked up to the satin-draped bandstand and greeted everyone. "It's all my fault," he said. "I forgot to notify Jerry about the change of plans. Seems the marriage license people didn't like the sound of wedding bells on Friday so we've decided to let them ring tomorrow."

"But, just the same, let's show the bride-to-be and her groom a wonderful time on the night before the wedding."

"You were wonderful," Diane told Bill as he returned to the reserved ringside table for the newlyweds. "It's great having you both with us. You help take our minds off each other."

"Now that's a backhanded compliment," Peter teased.

If Jerry Lewis hadn't been notified of the changes in the wedding arrangements, neither was the chef at the Sands Hotel, so a deluxe wedding dinner was served—jumbo shrimp cocktail, consomme, filet mignon with sauce Bernaise, hearts of lettuce, relish trays. But when dessert time came around, Diane suggested the wedding cake be cut in the kitchen and served to everybody in the dining room for good luck. They would cut their cake tomorrow.

Jerry then began his floorshow, and he had the audience in the aisles with laughter over his comedy sketches and songs.

After the show Diane and Peter took a stroll, then sat by the hotel's pool in the light of the smiling September moon. They looked at the star-studded Milky Way in the sky looking like wedding confetti.

Wait a hundred years

Neither of them felt tired. They decided to stay up all night, and they talked of their future together, of their home, of the family they wanted to have; and when the night shadows paled and bowed to the rosepink footlights of dawn, they decided it was time to say good-night if they wanted to get married without bags under their eyes.

In the first light of morning, they kissed, and Peter said, "All that matters, Diane, is that I love you, and I would wait to marry you if it meant waiting for a hundred years. So what's one day, sweetheart! Forgive me, darling, if I goofed!"

Diane put her finger up to Peter's lips. "Ssh," she said. "Not another word about it. What was it Scarlett O'Hara said—'Tomorrow is another day'?"

They kissed good night again and parted to go to their separate rooms.

Next day, they were married all right, but this is where the gremlins come in.

The birth certificate arrived, yes—thanks to Chuck Courtney. The longfaced marriage clerk finally issued the license after double-checking the birthdate. "Well, I would have never believed it," she whined.

But when Chuck went to drive the wedding party to the church for the wedding, the car wouldn't start. They fussed and fumed over it for ten minutes, and then, suddenly, the motor started.

At the church, the organ music began and Diane walked slowly down the aisle, wearing a ballerina-length gown of ivory peau de soie and a jeweled tiara with a fingertip veil.

Peter, in his charcoal gray suit, waited near the altar with Bill.

But in the middle of the wedding march, Diane's heel caught in a crack in the floorboard—and oops, she leaned forward and almost tripped.

At this point, Peter, who had forgotten to give Bill the gold wedding ring, dropped it on the floor, and it plink-planked around the altar. Bill fell on his knees to retrieve it and Peter went to help Diane.

The comedy's not over yet

After the brief Episcopalian ceremony, Peter and Diane kissed and, after congratulations from the clergyman, and Patty and Bill, they breathed a sigh of relief.

The rector handed Peter the marriage license.

"Oh," Diane said excitedly, "let's see it."

The Chicken Little expression fell on Diane's face for the second time that week end. The earth was falling again.

"Oh no," she said to Peter. "Look!"

Peter began to read the marriage license carefully, and, then, he looked at Diane and began to laugh. His shoulders shook as he laughed uproariously in the empty, echoing church.

"The marriage clerk!" Peter laughed. "She goofed, by golly, she goofed!"

According to the handwriting in the marriage license, Peter Lind Brown officially married Peter Lind Brown.

The clergyman smiled. "Don't worry," he said. "I'll file a formal correction with the marriage bureau. The church recognizes you as Mr. and Mrs."

Diane looked at Peter and fell into his arms. Off they went, Diane and Peter, Patty and Bill, to the Sands Hotel for a wonderful wedding dinner all over again, for another wedding night celebration with Jerry Lewis and Sammy Davis emceeing the gala show, for an evening of champagne with back-and-forth toasts to a right-side-up future now that the upside-down wedding was over. **END**

You can soon see Peter in THE LAWMAN *for Warners.*

Watch for Diane in ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN *for Warners and* HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS *for 20th.*

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Debbie rebuilds her shattered life

(*Continued from page 37*) like this at night before, and she had heard noises before. And she had never been afraid before.

But now she was.

She jumped up from the couch and ran to the window and drew back the curtain and looked out into the garden.

The garden, bathed in moonlight, was empty.

Still nervous, Debbie turned and walked across the room, to a phone. She called her best friend, a girl she'd known since childhood, a girl named Camille Williams.

"Eddie's left me," Debbie said, trying to control her voice. "Yes . . . yes, it's true . . . he's gone. And I'm alone in the house, just me and the children. And I was wondering if you could please come live with me for a while."

Camille said she would, of course she would, right away.

Debbie shook her head. "No," she said, "it's late now. But tomorrow, tomorrow morning, will you come then? I need you, Camille. Will you come then and stay with me?"

Her friend said yes.

Debbie hung up. And then she phoned her brother, Bill.

She explained what had happened that night.

Bill interrupted her, to tell her—that he would come.

"Tomorrow morning?" Debbie asked.

"First thing," her brother told her.

"Thanks, thanks," Debbie said, and she hung up again.

The empty bed

She was tired now, very tired, tired because it was late and because that hour with Eddie—the shock of it, the humiliation of it—had taken everything out of her.

She went upstairs, to the big bedroom that had been hers and Eddie's. She got undressed and into the bed.

She felt better now that everything had been taken care of with Camille and Bill, that tomorrow night this time they would both be in the house with her, Bill downstairs and Camille in the guest room down the hall.

"Everything's going to be all right now," she thought, "all right."

She closed her eyes.

She tried to fall asleep.

But she couldn't.

She turned from her back to her side.

After a while, she opened her eyes again.

She looked at the empty pillow alongside hers.

"Tomorrow night there'll be other people here," she tried to convince herself, "and I won't be alone."

She stared at the pillow.

"No," she thought, "no . . . I won't be . . . I won't."

But it was no good, this fooling herself, this lying to herself. This Debbie realized now, more than ever.

Because she knew now, deep down inside her, that from this night on she *would* be alone, for a long time, for a very long time—maybe even forever.

And, finally, at long last, she began to cry. . . .

The next few days were awful days.

Bill and Camille had come, to stay with Debbie, be with her, cheer her up.

But there was to be no cheering her. As Camille has said:

"When the whole mess between Eddie and Liz hit her, Debbie went into an emotional decline. She seemed to be drained of everything. I've known Debbie for many years—we were school kids together—but I'd never seen her like this. She'd always been so active; she'd never lost her sense of humor when disappointments and heartaches came. Laughter was always a natural thing with her—laughter and an ability to see the brighter side of things. But for these first days she was like a dead person. She was immobile, expressionless. Her face seemed to go blank, and her spirit, too. She didn't eat. She didn't sleep. Even though I've known her so long and so intimately, she was like somebody I didn't recognize any more. She stayed in bed most of the time those few days, not moving, not talking. And when she did talk, the only thing she talked about was her work. 'Monday,' she would say, 'on Monday I go to work and that'll be good for me.' And more than anything, I prayed that Monday would come—soon—so that something, anything, would snap her out of this terrible depression. . . ."

Nothing to hide

Monday came.

Debbie got up early and drove to the MGM studios, to begin work on her new picture, *The Mating Game*.

As soon as she arrived on the set, an associate director came up to her. His tone was sympathetic, almost apologetic.

"Debbie," he said, "if you want—I mean, we know how you feel now—and if you want we can close off the set. No visitors. No reporters. No jazz."

His face was very serious.

Debbie laughed a hollow laugh. "Why?" she asked. "I have nothing to hide. Let other people go into hiding if they want to. But me, I have nothing to hide. Anyone who wants to come on the set and see me can."

At 9:30 that morning, Debbie began work on the first scene of the picture.

At 12:30, the director called a lunch break.

Debbie's stand-in, an old friend, asked her if she was going to order something to eat in her dressing room.

"Huh-uh," Debbie said, sure-sounding. "I've always eaten in the commissary and that's where I'm going to eat now. Come on. Let's go."

And she smiled her old smile.

On the way to the commissary, however, she acted a little less sure.

"I don't know," she said.

"Know what?" her stand-in asked.

"The people, everybody at the studio, everybody in the commissary now," Debbie said. "If I walk in there looking sad, they'll all feel sorry for me. If I walk in gay and laughing, they'll think, 'She doesn't

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really care about anything that's happened, does she?'"

"Act the way you feel, Deb," the stand-in said.

"I've done that all my life," Debbie said. "Everyone has always said I sure was natural, I sure was happy. And I *was*."

She shrugged.

"So now I guess I should still act happy, huh?" she asked, forcing a smile. . . .

At lunch, a little while later, a studio representative walked over to Debbie's table. With him was a reporter from one of the country's leading wire services.

"Do you feel like talking a little?" the reporter asked.

"Sure," Debbie said.

The reporter pulled up a chair. "Now that what's happened has happened," he said, dodging the mention of Eddie and Liz as tactfully as possible, "what are your plans?"

"To work," Debbie said. "I've had the semi-retirement bit. I want now to make three, maybe four, pictures a year. And I want to do more television than I've done before. And I want to do a nightclub act, in Las Vegas maybe, next spring maybe."

"You don't think," the reporter asked, "that that might be piling it on a little too much? It sounds like a pretty exhausting schedule."

Debbie clenched her fingers together in her lap. "No," she said, "I can do it. I have to do it."

They talked a little while longer, Debbie answering all the questions pleasantly, her voice a little strained, but pleasant just the same.

Then the reporter asked what he said would be his final question.

"There have been reports," he said, "that your husband is planning to get a quick Mexican divorce. Is this true?"

"I know nothing about that," Debbie said, her voice hardening a bit. "I do know this, though—that *I* have no intentions of getting a Mexican divorce. If there's anything to be done in that direction, Eddie will have to do it—not me."

A few moments later, Debbie excused herself, said good-bye and, with her stand-in, she left the table.

The reporter and the studio representative watched her back through the commissary.

"That last one was hard on her," the studio man said.

"It had to be asked," the reporter said.

The studio man nodded. "She's an amazing girl," he said. "She's never been the kind of person to weep on anyboy's shoulder. And now, she might want to weep, sure—but she's putting up a brave front."

"For how long, though?" the reporter asked.

"Yes," the studio man said, "that's just it . . . For how long . . .?"

The breakdown begins

It was the following night, Tuesday.

Debbie helped her mother—visiting for the evening—and Camille, her friend, clear the dinner dishes.

And then, that done with, her mother asked, "Would you like to play some cards for a while, Deb?"

Debbie looked down at her watch.

"Let's watch TV first," she said. She was casual-sounding about it. "It's Eddie's first show this season. I'd like to see it."

A few minutes later, the three of them were sitting in the living room, facing the television set.

At exactly eight o'clock, a happy-voiced announcer shouted: "The Eddie Fisher Show!"

And then Eddie came on camera and began to sing, a gay and carefree love song.

Debbie leaned forward in her chair a little and watched him intently. She listened as the familiar voice filled the living room. She sighed a little, as if in relief, when the song was ended and the studio audience began to applaud. "He was nervous", she said, softly, suddenly, as the applause continued. "Did you notice the way he stood there tapping his foot? He always taps it like that when he's nervous . . . But he got through it all right, didn't he? He got—"

And suddenly, her face paling, she stopped and got up from her chair.

"Aren't you going to watch the rest of the show?" her mother asked.

Debbie shook her head. "Maybe a little later," she said.

Someone asked Zsa Zsa Gabor what makes European men better lovers than American men. Zsa Zsa replied, "European women."

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

Maybe if she went off by herself, away from everyone, her mother, her friend, his face on the television set, his voice—maybe if she did that, she thought, her heart would stop beating so fast and nervous like it was beating now, and her hands wouldn't tremble the way they'd just begun to tremble, and that slight strange pain that had just come to her stomach would go away.

When she got to the library, she closed the door, glanced at the bookshelves for a minute and chose a book.

She sat down.

She looked at the book.

She was about to open it when—not knowing exactly why at first—she found her eyes wandering toward something across the room.

It was a chair, a huge chair, completely covered in handsome black leather.

And it was a special chair, a very special chair.

It's your chair, darling, Debbie remembered saying happily to Eddie that Christmas morning, less than a year ago. *It's your chair—and it's guaranteed for a lifetime.*

Then, almost as if without realizing it, Debbie dropped the book she'd been holding. She got up.

A flash of panic ran suddenly through her body. She closed her eyes.

She wanted to scream, to cry, to leave this room and this house and to run, away, somewhere—anywhere, just as long as she could run and run and keep on running. But then she opened her eyes and, with every bit of strength inside her, she tried to fight the panic, to force it away.

She stood there, motionless, for a few minutes longer.

And then she turned and walked back to the living room.

Her mother and Camille had turned off the television set and were seated at a small table, about to begin a game of cards.

"You want to join us, Debbie?" Camille asked.

Debbie nodded and sat down.

Silently, they played a few games.

Then, just before they were ready to start another one, Debbie turned to Mrs. Reynolds.

"Mama," she said, "before I forget . . . some moving-men are coming Friday for the things Eddie left behind—his books, his clothes, his recordings. And since I'll be working, and somebody should be here, would you drop on over to kind of supervise things?"

"Of course I'll come," her mother said.

"And," Debbie said, taking a deep breath, "that chair in the library, the black leather chair—will you see that they take that, too?"

"Of course," her mother said, nodding, "of course . . ."

Gossip

The woman couldn't wait to tell her.

Actually, she was a friend of a friend of a friend of Debbie's and she'd come barging into the house late this morning, Saturday, and thought she'd come equipped with some excuse—a flimsy one—she got through that fast and then she got down to business.

"I guess you've heard about the parties this past week," she said, shaking her head, her voice loaded with phony gloom.

"What parties?" Debbie asked.

"The parties for Eddie," the woman said. "One on Tuesday night for his TV show, and one last night, Friday."

"No," Debbie said, "I hadn't heard." Then, trying hard not to be rude, she added, "And I haven't got much time to listen now."

She didn't like the woman, not this particular woman—nor the subject she knew she was going to start gossiping about. And so she repeated, "Really, I haven't got much time."

"Well," the woman said, as if she didn't understand, "just let me tell you this . . . On Tuesday night there was the party Liz gave for Eddie at some bungalow she'd rented, to celebrate the show. It was wild, I hear—just wild, with everybody running around the garden barefoot, chasing each other and yelling and screaming, like kids . . . And then last night—last night there was this party given for Eddie and Liz by Arthur Loew, Jr., of all people. This one was more intimate, I hear from someone who was there. There was just Loew and his date and Liz and Eddie and the Stewart Grangers and the Paul Newmans and a few other couples. And from what I hear about Eddie and Liz—well, to put it in the plain English my friend who was there put it to me—they were acting real lovey-dovey . . . just like they were on their honeymoon! Their *honeymoon*, mind you!"

"So?" Debbie asked, when the woman was through.

"I thought it was interesting," the woman said.

"*I* am not interested," Debbie said, trying harder than she'd ever tried in her life to keep her temper.

The woman took the hint.

A few minutes later, she said good-bye and left.

And a minute after that, Debbie came down with her first serious attack of pain.

Debbie collapses

It hit her suddenly, violently, in the stomach—and it became so intense in a few moments, so agonizing, that she threw herself against a wall to keep from falling.

"Bill!" she called out. Her brother, she knew, was in the next room just then. "Bill!!"

Bill rushed in.

He took one look at his sister.

And without asking her what was wrong, he scooped her up in his arms and carried her to her bed and then he called the doctor.

"I suggest," the doctor was telling Debbie a little while later, after he'd examined her and given her medicine to ease the pain, "I suggest very strongly that you go to the hospital for a few days, for a rest."

Debbie shook her head. "I'd rather not," she said.

"You've lost weight," the doctor told her.

"That's pretty easy to see," Debbie said.

"You look tired," he told her.

"I haven't been sleeping well," Debbie said.

"You've been working too hard," he told her.

"I have to," Debbie said, "—it's my job, my livelihood."

The doctor looked down at her for a long moment.

"This pain in your stomach," he asked, "have you had it before this morning?"

"Only once, and just a little," Debbie said, remembering the other night, the night of Eddie's television show.

"And this morning, it was more severe this morning?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," Debbie said, remembering that minute that morning, after the woman who'd come to call had left, remembering how something the woman had said, something about *Like honeymooners . . . Eddie and Liz . . . like honeymooners!* had flashed through her mind at the exact moment the pain had come.

"It's nerves . . . of course, you know that," the doctor asked now.

"I know," Debbie said.

And then she said, "But believe me, Doctor, it won't happen again. Not if I know what causes it, and if I can help it. I'm sure it won't happen again."

"I hope not," the doctor said back, not quite so sure. . . .

"Mommy, come down . . ."

The second attack came on a Monday afternoon, a little over a month later.

Debbie was at the studio, working on an outdoor scene. She'd brought Carrie Frances, her daughter, along to watch. "Because," she had told the child earlier, "this is going to be a wonderful scene, in and around a real red barn, with real cows and piggies and horses and ducks.

"And," she'd said, "at one point your mommy's going to climb to the top of the barn and jump two stories down, right plunk into a big pile of hay. And won't that be something funny to see?"

As scheduled, the first part of the scene was shot in the morning.

And now it was early afternoon, and Debbie was ready to climb the barn and make her jump.

Just before she started the climb, her director took her aside. "Debbie," he told her, "there's nothing really dangerous about this. But it is a little on the high side and if you want, we can use a double for you."

"No, sir," Debbie said. "Not for *me!*"

And so she made the climb.

And so, a few minutes later, she stood at the edge of the hayloft, ready for the siganl to jump.

"Okay?" she called out, looking down and over towards the director.

The director signaled back, indicating it would be one more minute before he and his crew would be ready.

"Aw, c'mon," Debbie said, joking, and beginning a little tap dance routine.

The crowd below—technicians, visitors, other actors—roared with laughter.

"C'mon," Debbie called out again.

And the crowd laughed some more.

But then, suddenly, Debbie stopped her dance and stood as if frozen.

"Are you all right?" someone yelled up at her.

Debbie nodded, weakly.

"You sure?" she was asked.

"Yes," she said.

She swayed forward for an instant.

"Debbie!" a woman yelled. "Be careful!"

And then little Carrie Frances, watching all this, confused now by the shouting, and afraid, called, "Mommy, Mommy—come down. Don't fall."

Debbie took a breath, very deep; then

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another, then another—till she became a bit steadier on her feet.

Then she smiled. "I'm fine," she said, bringing up her arm and signaling to the director that she was ready.

Quickly, the order was given to the cameraman to shoot.

Then Debbie got the order to jump.

Swiftly, she did.

"Hurray for me!" she called out a moment later, deep in the hay now.

A few technicians rushed over to help her out of it.

"There!" Debbie said, as she plunked her feet to the ground. She began to laugh. "That wasn't so tough now, was it?"

She took a few steps, still laughing.

She looked over to where the director was standing.

"Do you want me to do it again?" she started to ask.

But then, in an instant, the laughter stopped and Debbie groaned and she brought her hands up over her stomach.

And she fell to the ground, unconscious.

Nothing to go back to

"The pressures, the pressures," someone said a little while later as the stretcher on which she lay was being lifted to a waiting ambulance, "it wasn't the jump that got her . . . it was all the tremendous pressure!"

A nurse stood over Debbie as she came to in the hospital a few hours later.

"Can I get something for you, Miss Reynolds?" she asked.

"No . . . thank you," Debbie said, her voice groggy from the sedatives that had been given her, her eyes barely open.

She asked where she was.

"St. Joseph's Hospital," the nurse said, smiling, cheerful, "smack in the heart of the town where you were brought up."

"St. Joseph's—in Burbank?" Debbie asked.

"Burbank," the nurse said, nodding. "And you're among your old hometowners now, and don't think we're not going to take extra special care of you, Miss Reynolds. We're mighty proud of you, you know. And we're going to see that you get a few days' good rest and nourishment. And when you leave here you're going to be in tip-top shape."

"A few days?" Debbie asked. "Is that how long you said?"

"That's all," the nurse told her.

She bent to adjust the pillow under Debbie's head.

"And," she went on, "all you have to do is cooperate with us. And like I said, then you'll be ready to leave here and go back to—"

"To what?" Debbie whispered to herself, drowsy, her eyes closing again, as the nurse kept talking her cheerful talk. "—I haven't got anything to go back to any more. I haven't got anything any more . . . nothing . . . nothing . . . no more . . . no more. . ."

Mrs. Reynolds came to pick up her daughter at ten o'clock the following Friday morning. She and Debbie said hello, they kissed, and then they headed for the car and the drive home.

It was a quiet drive.

Occasionally, Mrs. Reynolds would ask Debbie something about the past few days, and Debbie would answer in a word or two.

But for most of the drive, neither of them said anything—Mrs. Reynolds because she noticed that Debbie still looked pale and nervous; Debbie because she didn't care right now if she ever said anything in her life again.

She felt defeated now, wholly and totally defeated.

For more than six weeks—she realized now, as she had realized these past few days—she had been unable to face the fact that her husband had really left her.

She'd loved Eddie, despite their troubles—she'd loved him with all her heart.

She'd seen him walk out on her—for good, as he'd said; but always inside her she'd thought that maybe he hadn't meant that, that maybe he would come back to her.

She'd waited.

She'd waited for him to end his fling, to get fed up with his parties, to phone one night and say, "Debbie, I miss you, I want to come home . . . Can I? Can I?"

She'd waited for this and for the moment when he *would* come home and take her in his arms again, when everything would be all right between them again—when the world would again look beautiful.

She'd waited for six long weeks.

That was really what she'd been doing these six weeks, she realized—she'd waited.

And now, she knew, the wait was over.

And with it, she felt, everything else was over, too.

"Debbie!"

It was her mother's voice, suddenly.

"Huh?" Debbie asked.

"We're here," Mrs. Reynolds said, ". . . home."

Debbie turned her head and looked out the window. "Yes," she said flatly, "we're home."

She opened the door and got out of the car.

She waited for her mother to join her and then, together, they began walking up the path, toward the house, slowly.

The voice in the window

And then it happened—quickly, and beautifully.

Debbie heard the voice first.

"Mommy!" it called out.

It was Carrie Frances' voice, coming from upstairs somewhere.

Debbie looked up.

And there, in a window just above the doorway, she saw them—Camille, her friend, holding Todd, the baby, in one arm and holding on to Carrie Frances with her free hand.

"Mommy, do you see us?" Carrie Frances called out.

Debbie stopped walking.

"I do," she said, beginning to wave—and then to smile.

"Oh you're home, you're home," the little girl shouted. "We waited for you, me and Todd, Mommy."

"My babies," Debbie whispered.

She looked over at her mother.

"Those are my babies," she said.

Her mother nodded.

Debbie continued looking at her, as if to ask: "Did I almost forget *them*, my babies? Was I so sick that I almost forgot *them* and what they meant to me? Did I almost forget that *they* were waiting for me, that *they* needed me, that *they* loved me . . . that *they* were what I had to come home to now, today . . . my babies?"

"Those are my babies," she said aloud, again.

And her mother nodded again. "What has been, has been, Debbie," she said. "What will be from now on is in your hands. And part of what will be is right up there in that window . . . now . . . waiting."

"Mommy," the little voice from above called out, impatient. "Aren't you coming, Mommy?"

Debbie looked up once more.

And then she began to run toward the door.

"I *am* coming," she cried, still running, "—oh, my darlings, I am!" **END**

Look for Debbie in MGM's THE MATING GAME

(*Continued from page 43*) Froufrou from me and held him in the crook of her arm, stroking him gently and saying, "I love you, my sweet, I love you . . ." over and over again. Little rivers of blood trickled from Froufrou's wound onto Brigitte's Bikini and onto her shapely suntanned legs.

"I have my car," I said quickly. "Let me take him. I'll find a vet and bring him back to you."

She looked at me for a moment, staring directly into my eyes. "Monsieur," she said after the silence, "you are kind. I believe you want to help. Oh, thank you so much."

I took the quivering puppy in my arms. I started walking toward my sportscar when Brigitte called out, "Monsieur . . . monsieur; I will be at my house. Bring him there." She pointed, and there, in the midst of that steep, mound of rocks, was a cottage, like a doll's house, hidden in a niche. "There," Brigitte said, pointing, "the house on the rocks!"

In no time I drove little Froufrou to the veterinarian who bandaged his hurt leg and told me there was nothing to worry about. Froufrou had a small cut that would heal in a few days.

I returned to the beach and walked to Brigitte's house. She was in the living room, curled up on the cretonne-covered sofa, crying.

Jumping out of my arms, Froufrou hopped over to Brigitte.

She picked him up and petted him. But she wouldn't stop crying.

"Is something the matter?" I asked.

She cleared her throat and announced that she hated herself. She was so mean, so stupid to do that to poor, helpless Froufrou. She only wanted to play a little game. She was lonely, terribly lonely. She came here to get away from everybody, but now that she was alone she was lonesome, and Froufrou, dear Froufrou, was her one companion—and she had hurt him. Oh, she'd never forgive herself.

Nursemaid to her moods?

A child, I thought to myself, *a beautiful spoiled, charming and captivating child!*

She thanked me for looking after Froufrou's wound, and in a moment she arose and asked me what time it was.

Five o'clock, I told her. She apologized for taking up so much of my time.

"It's of no matter," I said. "I'm glad to help."

She looked at me and smiled. "Please stay for dinner."

"Oh no, Mademoiselle."

"Yes," she said in a gentle voice. "I insist."

"But no, Mademoiselle. You needn't feel you must repay me."

"No," she said, her wide eyes looking frightened and wary. "I want to eat dinner with someone. I am so alone here, and suddenly, today, after this trouble with Froufrou, I'm afraid."

I hadn't any plans for the evening, but somehow, for a split second, I was suspicious. Did she want me to play nursemaid to her childish moods? I looked at her, and her eyes were unflinching. They seemed to tell me I'd betray her if I left. So I agreed to stay.

She cooked a jelly omelette, and it was delicious. I offered to help, but she only let me toss a green salad with vinegar-and-oil dressing. We ate by candlelight on the veranda of her summer house on the rocks. In the deepening twilight sky a full moon shone, and salt-scented breezes blew in from the shore. After dinner I picked up a guitar in Brigitte's living room and serenaded her with the songs I've always loved—*Tenderly* and *Last Night When We Were Young.* She listened very quietly.

Now, how does a person explain love? There was a silent communication between us, as though I'd known Brigitte forever, since the beginning of time. But around ten o'clock I said good night to her and walked for a while on the beach.

I came to the decision I would never see Brigitte again. Brigitte was a top movie star, and I—*who was I?* A young singer in the nightclubs. I had none of the international success Brigitte enjoyed. Brigitte had an overpowering personality, and if I saw her again I—my heart told me with loud, thumping beats—I could fall in love. I was afraid of being in love with her. Why? Well, with somone as haunting as Brigitte it would be so easy for a man to be a slave, and no man in his right mind wants this.

All night long I listened to the tossing of the waves from the seaside boarding house where I was staying. I couldn't sleep. Brigitte's beautiful image was emblazoned on my brain.

Next day my friends had heard about my visit with Brigitte. They wanted to know details, but I tried to sound very matter-of-fact and blasé, as if nothing had happened.

Fate steps in

Later that week, a writer friend of mine, Irene Dervize, a reporter for *Paris Match* (it is like *Life Magazine* in the United States) came to St. Tropez and called me. Irene, as you will see, was sent by fate.

"Sacha," Irene said imploringly over the telephone, "I have a very difficult assignment."

"Yes?" I asked curiously.

"I've been sent here by my editor to interview Brigitte Bardot. I don't know a soul who's acquainted with her. Do you?"

My conscience made me admit I knew Brigitte, but I told Irene I couldn't make the introduction. I suggested Irene speak to Brigitte personally. But Irene called me again and told me of the impossibility of reaching Brigitte directly. She had no telephone and refused to speak with strangers. "Please," Irene said, "could you make the introduction?"

Irene was a dear friend, and I didn't want to let her down. I gave in and strolled by Brigitte's house on the rocks. I knocked on her door. She asked me in. Smiling, she said it was good to see me. I asked if I could stop by with a friend for cocktails that afternoon. I explained my friend was a reporter, but Brigitte didn't balk.

"Of course," Brigitte said openly, "come for cocktails *and* dinner."

I argued with her again about dinner, but Brigitte's insistence won me over.

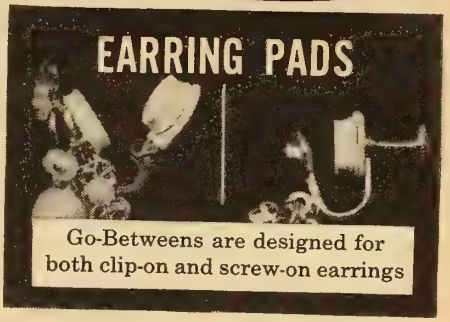
That night—yes, it was that night—I knew I was falling in love. It was too late to stop now, and from the way Brigitte looked at me, I could tell she was under the same magic spell. Something had burst in my heart, a joy of discovery, the joy of being near someone who wants to put her head on your shoulder and be loved.

Irene, understanding friend that she is, got the message. She disappeared early that evening after making an interview appointment with Brigitte later that week.

We walked that night in the ivory light of the St. Tropez moon. We kicked off our shoes and waded in the cold night water while we held hands. For a long while we didn't say a word. We walked some more along the seashore, and finally we sat down not far from a fisherman's shack and we looked up to the peeping stars in the sky and talked about ourselves and what we wanted from life. I remember being so moved by Brigitte's honesty I almost cried.

She didn't want to be a movie star much

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longer, she said. Most of all, she wanted to be a wife. Wasn't this a woman's happiest role in life? To love, to bear children, to raise a loving family in the eyes of God. Her confession was a revelation. I'd imagined Brigitte basking in the queenly glory of cinema fame for years and years.

Leaning against me on the sand she said, "Sacha, I'm looking for the most important thing in life. . . ."

"What?" I wanted to know.

"What else?" she said. "Love. *Real love.* Not the kind of love I get from the people who think of me as a play toy but the kind of love two people have when they want to share everything. This is what I want. This is what I need. Otherwise I can't go on living."

Now I had heard Paris rumors about Brigitte's chameleon-like changes of mood: one minute she wanted love, the next minute she wanted stardom. I asked her about this, and she told me she was edgy and moody because her life was so public. True love, she believed, would give her strength to face up to herself.

"But, please," she said, "I don't want to talk about myself. I'm tired of Brigitte. Tell me about you. Tell me everything."

I told her my aspirations. I'd been playing guitar for Juliette Greco who sang in the Left Bank bistros of Paris. For a guitarist my age I'd been lucky: the European musicians named me the number-one guitar player of France. Yet, curiously enough, this wasn't what I wanted. I wanted to be a singer. Only lately I started singing in the nightclubs, and one of the managers of the plushiest Parisian cafes had signed me to headline his new autumn floorshow.

The moon drifted over us and bathed the sandy beach in its pure diamondlike light, and Brigitte and I began talking about our likes and dislikes—our love of sportscars, rock and roll, *le jazz hot* and mambos. She liked macaroons and I liked Jordan almonds. Both of us were crazy for triple decker sandwiches and Georges Simenon murder mysteries and moonlight swims.

Our faces were so close they almost touched. I turned to look at Brigitte and I saw tears in her eyes. "What's the matter?" I asked her, and she replied, "Nothing."

"But you're crying. . . ."

"I'm crying," she said, "because I'm happy." Her eyes reflected the light of the moon, and I leaned over and kissed them.

A shocking stroll

We lay there for a while, saying nothing, listening to the symphony of the sea. When the sea winds grew colder, we got up and walked to Brigitte's hidden house in the rocks. After we said good night, I asked her if she would like to explore the village of St. Tropez tomorrow morning. She nodded her head to say yes, and we kissed and then she walked into her dark house all alone.

I didn't sleep all night. She haunted me: her face—the way it smiled when her happiness shone through it; her eyes—the way they caressed me tenderly with a glance. At dawn I got up and dressed and visited a tiny St. Tropez coffee shop where I ate a breakfast of buttered *croissants* and drank a mug of milk. I fidgeted for about an hour, then at eight o'clock in the morning I went calling for Brigitte and I was surprised to find her awake, having her breakfast of orange juice and honeydew melon. I played with cheerful Froufrou while Brigitte finished her fruit, and then we went walking through the quaint, picturesque streets of St. Tropez.

I was shocked with what I saw, with what happened. I had no idea Brigitte suffered like this. People crowded around her and wouldn't let us pass on the street. They picked at her clothes like scavengers and cried out, "Oh, beautiful, beautiful." Everybody wanted to touch her. Occasionally some viper-tongued hag yelled out, "Huh, she's not so pretty. She's only a body!" and the shrew would spit at Brigitte. I cleared the way for Brigitte, but, hard as I tried, the people still followed. We walked a while with the men, women and children following us as if we were Pied Pipers. We ducked into a couple of small trinket shoppes; still the crowd pursued us. What else was there to do? I went out and found a taxi and the two of us returned to Brigitte's lonely cottage by the sea.

Sitting on the wooden steps, I told her that I had had no idea of what she had to put up with in her life. She said, "Today, Sacha, you saw nothing. You must see what happens in Paris. This is why I must live like a hermit, far away from everybody, because, otherwise, I can never have a life of my own."

I told her I'd protect her, and in that next minute we openly avowed our love. We kissed in the bright light of day, and heaven lifted us both into its glory. All through that day Brigitte cried from her happiness, and I knew I had fallen in love with a very special human being.

Brigitte wanted me to be strong, she said, to dominate her, to be the leader, the captain of her life. This is what a woman needs, she told me: a man beside her who will steer their love through the shifting winds of destiny into all the unknown tomorrows.

I brought Brigitte to meet my mother in Paris, and my mother was delighted with Brigitte's humility. "She is so kind," my mother commented. "She will make a good mother." Slipping an heirloom ring from her finger, my mother, with tears in her eyes, gave it to Brigitte. The ring, hundreds of years old and in our family for generations, has a star sapphire in the center with chips of diamonds clustered around it like the petals of a flower.

So this is our story, Brigitte's and mine. How we met and fell in love—two people who didn't like each other at first meeting because of foolish impressions but who grew to understand each other with kindness.

Destiny, so far, has been good to us, and if God wills it, we will marry early in 1959. After a small church wedding in Paris, we will honeymoon—well, you can probably guess where!

We'll spend a whole month in that seaside cottage where the two of us confessed our love to each other, the hidden dark-wood house in the rock mound on the beach at St. Tropez. Brigitte and I agree it's perfect for a honeymoon when two people want to be alone—with only the sighing of the sea as a reminder of the world outside. . . . **END**

Brigitte will soon appear in THE WOMAN AND THE PUPPET *for United Artists.*

Liz Taylor

(*Continued from page 51*) The Academy Award, after all, is not a popularity prize. There *are* popularity prizes—and Elizabeth has already lost at least one that was going to be hers—the Star of the Year award that went to Deborah Kerr instead. Quite rightly, too. There's no reason why Elizabeth Taylor should get an award this year for simply being loved.

But there's also no reason why she should be denied one for being the year's

best actress, if she is the year's best actress. Because that is what the Academy Award is all about—acting. Supposedly, nothing that happens off screen has any influence at all—the only thing that counts is that black-and-white image on the screen, making you laugh or cry, making you believe in someone who isn't the actress herself, but a character in a script.

The one who does that best, gets the Oscar. That's the way it is meant to be.

Only, of course, it isn't always.

The people who vote in the Academy balloting, who nominate the stars and choose the best from among them, are people like us—people with hearts and feelings.

You can remember another case, can't you? A case where a woman we had loved very much did something wrong—Ingrid Bergman. Our reaction was to banish her and her talent from our country. We denied ourselves, for years, the pleasure of watching her act. We denied ourselves something even more important: the privilege of forgiving.

'Vengeance is Mine,' saith the Lord. Not ours, but His. The Bible tells us that. People who do something morally wrong are usually punished without our help—by their consciences, by their injured lives, by the way things turn out in the end. Ingrid Bergman paid by the loss of her daughter's childhood, by the end of her second marriage. Elizabeth Taylor has made her first down payment already in the loss of your love and respect—the most important things a movie star can possess.

She said something else, too, in the days of bitterness that followed the revelation of her love for Eddie Fisher. "I just hope," said Elizabeth, "that all the people in Hollywood who are sitting in judgment on me now all look at themselves in the mirror, too. I don't think anyone is perfect."

Angry words. Perhaps it wasn't her place to say them. But almost two thousand years ago, they were said by someone else, who spoke not in anger, but in love: "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Those last are good words to remember while we ask you to do this difficult thing—to sign your name to the letter printed below, the letter asking the Academy Awards committee to judge Liz Taylor by her acting only—and mail it to us so that we can forward it. We know your hearts aren't in it, because principles are sometimes so hard to live up to.

It might make it easier for you to do it if you've seen Elizabeth in MGM's *Cat On a Hot Tin Roof*. We're not the judges of the Academy Awards—her own colleagues are. We don't presume to say that she absolutely *should* have the Oscar for it. But we have seen the movie and we believe that she did a magnificent job in a difficult role—and that if she is not even *nominated* for the award, it cannot be her acting that is at fault. If you want to see the movie before mailing in the letter, please hurry. The Academy Awards themselves will not be announced until the telecast on April 6, 1959, but nominations are closed February 23.

It might make it easier for you to do it if you remember certain things:

That Elizabeth Taylor, when she fell in love with a married man, had just recovered from a terrible emotional experience, that a heart as badly torn as hers had been is not entirely responsible for itself—too ready to grasp at anything that promises healing and happiness again. It might help to remember that Elizabeth and Eddie may be married by the time you read this—if the rumored plans for a quick divorce in Mexico are carried out. We don't say that that makes everything all right—far from it. But at least it will mean that this storm that destroyed a home was not raised by a casual affection but by a love that may still be turned into something stable, something solid, something in its own way good.

And it may help, too, to remember that this is not the first time such a thing has happened. We live, like it or not, in an age of divorce, of broken homes. There have been other such cases in Hollywood—and much less talk, much less punishment for the people involved.

Most of all it may help to remember these words, spoken bravely by a girl who has no need to be so generous, so just: "As far as an Academy Award is concerned, I think if Elizabeth Taylor gave the best performance of the year, she should win the Oscar no matter what happened in her private life. If she deserves the Oscar, she should win it. I don't believe the personal life of an actress should influence the Academy vote. It would not be fair otherwise."

Those words were spoken, of course, by Debbie Reynolds. If they make it easier for you to do what we know is right, to sign that letter, to say loud and clear that *you*, the movie fans, the most important people in the world of motion pictures, believe that Elizabeth Taylor should be judged in this case only for her acting—then remember them while you do it.

But if none of these reasons helps at all, if your heart is entirely untouched—then do it for a better reason.

Do it because you believe in something. Do it for justice. **END**

MODERN SCREEN
Box 2291
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Gentlemen:

Because I attend movies and care about them, and because I, as an American, believe in justice in every walk of life, I think that the Academy Awards nominations should be made strictly on the basis of a performer's ability on the screen. I believe that an actor's or actress' private life should not be taken into consideration in determining this year's nominations.

I urge that, if Elizabeth Taylor's performance in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* is considered to be worthy of a nomination or even of the Oscar, that it not be denied her for personal reasons.

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what have I done?

(*Continued from page 33*) a big, strapping Texan—a junior, at that—and I fell hook, line and sinker for his easygoing southern manner.

He liked me too, right off, and we started going out on Coke dates and long walks and Sunday rides. But soon enough, I realized Chuckie wasn't turning out the way I expected. He was soft-spoken, yes, and I had taken for granted that he was sensitive. But he wasn't. Me, I loved the smell of the earth after a rain; but it did nothing to him. I'd look at a sunset and sigh over God's beauty, and he'd look at me as if I were sick. Or, I'd stop and listen to a bird sing, and for all he cared, it could have been a cow mooing.

On Saturday night we'd go to the movies. Naturally, I was dying to see some special movie with Cary Grant or Alec Guinness or Doris Day. What did Chuckie want to go to? Some jungle picture.

But strangely enough, if I wasn't with Chuckie I was unhappy. Still, I was unhappy when we were together. Does that make sense?

Chuckie, good and bad

You see, Jeannie, I fell in love with him purely on physical attraction which is meaningless because love can't thrive from the outside. But I couldn't help myself. Boorish or not, Chuckie was magnetic. He was tall, over six feet fall, with honeyblond hair and a soft southern drawl that sent chills up my spine.

I tried to make him change, to teach him manners, but no dice. We always ended up fighting, and I'd lose sleep after every date, recounting all the awful things we said. I guess we were a pretty sad pair, considering the way we got along, but what could we do? We both had this fatal attraction for one another. I was the only gal in his life, he told me, and this pleased me, naturally. Southern men have a way of placing their women on pedestals, and I doubt if there's a woman in the world who doesn't love this. But every time we dated, he'd insist on seeing some savage film or telling me yuk-yuk jokes or going into stupid detail about some corn-ball mystery story he'd read.

After Christmas—it was either late January or early February—I was making some pin-money modeling at the Blackstone Hotel during my off-hours from school, and one of the models introduced me to Lee, a short, nice, dark-haired guy. Lee was an Ivy Leaguer in a training squad at Marshall Field's department store, and he was assisting with the fashion shows at the Blackstone. Lee's father was a well-known scientist, and Lee'd been brought up in high society so his manners were perfect. No, he wasn't as handsome as Chuckie but I loved his politeness. He was attentive, always opening doors and helping me with my coat or offering me his hand when I stepped onto the platform to model. I dated him and decided he was the perfect escort. If I wanted to see Anna Magnani in an Italian art film, he never nagged or moaned the way Chuckie did. He'd say, "Great idea!" And before I knew it I was watching Anna emote on the silver screen.

My mother met him and loved his manners. I decided one day that Lee was my Mr. Right. I told him I loved him.

But, with Lee there was no wild attraction, none of that electric charge I felt with Chuckie.

Also—boorish or not—Chuckie was more fun. Lee, for instance, had an up-to-date sports car with all the trimmings; Chuckie had an old, broken down jalopy from the thirties that was more trouble than it was worth. But I always had a good time when I went riding in Chuckie's tin Lizzie. We'd do crazy things like honking our horn after a basketball game or go riding out to Northwestern for a fraternity party, wearing crazy hats with false noses. Every time I went riding in Lee's new car we were so sedate I'd get sleepy and sometimes—I hate to say it—bored.

Kim's wrong move

But I told Lee, in a rash moment, I'd marry him. I loved his breeding, the way he stood up when a girl entered a room. He had poise. Isn't it better, I told myself, to love someone's niceness than to love someone's appearance and always be aggravated by boorish comments and a lack of manners?

My heart was like a pendulum on a grandfather's clock: tick-tock, tick-tock—rocking from side to side. Do you see my problem? I loved the personal attentions and the refinement of Lee; all that appealed to the simple peasant girl in me. But Chuckie's manliness and good looks appealed to the woman in me.

What to do? I decided to let my moods rule me. I was so impetuous then. I remember if I came home from shopping with a dress, I'd race to my room and put it on and parade all over the house, jumping up and down, yelling, "Look! See my new dress, see my; new dress!"

So I'd date Chuckie or Lee, depending on my mood of the moment. By the end of the school year I was in a predicament. Lee asked his parents to come to Chicago from Milwaukee to see me, and he told me he would give me an engagement ring then. Chuckie decided not to go home that summer. He was going to work at a gas station so he could be with me through the school vacation. Chuckie wanted me to have his fraternity pin—and insisted I take it. Not knowing how to say no for fear I'd hurt him, I accepted it.

So I was pinned to one guy and ready to receive an engagement ring from another. What saved me? My career, luckily. Peggy, a girlfriend of mine, and I got modeling jobs out of town. We were booked for a couple of weeks in New York and San Francisco, and Peggy's mom agreed to chaperone us. We flew to San Francisco, and we decided to visit Los Angeles while we were in California, and that's when I got my lucky break. I was signed to a Hollywood contract.

I have thanked God in my prayers for saving me from that entanglement of love. What kind of marriage would it have been if I married Lee? After all, I had told him I would.

I was wrong, Jeannie—all the way down the line. I wasn't fair to Lee, and I certainly wasn't fair to Chuckie. I was looking for some kind of in-between happiness, and, now that I've grown older, I've decided there isn't such a thing as halfway love. You, Jeannie—and I, too—were not afraid of love. We're love people. We need it. But maybe we've been greedy. I know *I* was. I was in love with both guys—halfway—and that isn't real love.

I had *attractions* for them. Chuckie attracted me physically, and Lee attracted me with his polite ways. Do you think this might be your dilemma, that you're suffering from attractions and not love? Because when it's love, Jeannie, you play for high stakes. You give all of yourself and get complete love in return.

Love is like a garden. There are so many essences. Take a rose, a sweet-smelling American Beauty rose. It's fragrant, yes; but it's not the most beautiful flower—to my eyes, at least. The prettiest flower to me is the violet, but, then, a violet has no scent. So the same is true of love. It's not fair to expect everything.

Do you know what I mean? Like bees jumping from flower to flower, we run looking for the supreme nectar, but once we find it, we mustn't expect it to have all the properties of the other nectars. It is supreme for what it is, not what it should be. I wish everyone would make one resolution for the New Year: *to love people for what they are, not for what they would like them to be.*

Jeannie, you must make up your mind. Choices are often difficult to make, but they give us character. Maybe neither of these boys is right for you. Maybe one of them is. Decide, and abide by your decision, and, believe me, you'll be a new person when you have one love to give all of yourself to.

Otherwise, your love will never reach full bloom.

Yours,
Kim

END

You can see Kim in Columbia's BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE.

how to tear apart a little boy

(Continued from page 54) *She had sent him to the boarding school two and a half years earlier, she said, because he hadn't been doing too well at the public school he'd been attending. She added that she had chosen one of the finest boarding schools in the West. She added, too, that she had talked over the choice with Luft, that he had been pleased with the choice at first—"so pleased that he convinced Miss Garland to send her oldest daughter, Liza, there . . . which she did . . . and which school the girl is still attending."*

And, Lynn had concluded, Johnny was far from an unhappy boy. He liked his school—the friends he'd made there, the teachers, the athletic coaches. He also liked the fact, she'd said, that he was able to come home week ends and holidays and spend those days with her and her husband.

If she had thought, she has since said, that the judge's verdict would have been anything but in her favor, she would have gone on and charged Luft with having been totally unconcerned about Johnny's welfare up until now. "In ten years," she has said, "he has barely gone out of his way to see, write to or inquire about his son, let alone keep up with proper payments for his son's support!" And she would have asked him why this very sudden interest in his son's welfare, and demanded a satisfactory answer. "Just a month earlier," she has said, "he stood before this same judge and asked to have his support payments lowered, a request that was denied. And now he stood there, a month later, asking for complete custody of the boy."

But Lynn was not worried.

The judge, she figured, had heard both sides of the story and she was sure that his decision would favor only her side.

True, the court hadn't asked to have Johnny come along and tell which parent he preferred to be entrusted to.

True, the court hadn't seemed concerned that Luft's present wife—Judy Garland—hadn't bothered coming to the courthouse this day, a very important day in the life of a certain ten-year-old boy, a boy to whom she might conceivably end up being a mother.

And true, Lynn had become very nervous at one point and begun to shout and the judge had looked over at Luft and nodded and said it was easy to tell which parent was the calmer parent—or words to that effect.

But, still, Lynn was not worried.

And it was with shock and pain and a now speechless fury that she stood in front of the bench of justice a few moments later and heard the judge say:

"I don't believe the school exists that can take the place of the twenty-four-hour-a-day inspired care that can be given by a devoted parent. I am convinced that this mother would prefer to be relieved of the care and responsibility of this child. I therefore award him forthwith to the custody of his natural father."

A long and sleepless night behind her, Lynn drove out to Johnny's school early the next morning, to tell him as best she could what had happened.

When she arrived, she was met by the boy's housemother.

"Aren't you going to fight to get your son back?" the woman asked.

Lynn was still too stunned to think clearly. "Can I?" she asked, her voice tense, broken. "What is, is the decision of a court of law. In the books of law, I'm wrong. In the black and white of those books, I've been a bad mother these ten years. Can I fight what the law now says? . . . I don't know."

She asked to see Johnny.

He was in the dining room having his breakfast with the other children, the housemother said. "Why don't you go to his room," she said, "and I'll have him come up to you as soon as he's finished?

"I think it's a shame," the housemother went on. "And I hate to see him leave here. He's such a good, happy boy and he's been doing so well in his studies."

Lynn nodded and began to walk toward the dormitory where Johnny had his room.

When Lynn got to Johnny's room, she sat on his bed to wait for him.

Then, about ten minutes later, she could hear him running down the hallway.

The door opened and he stood there—a small, bright-eyed, good-looking lad.

"Mom," he called out, rushing to hug her, laughing, "what are you doing here, anyhow? Today's Friday and you're not supposed to come pick me up till tomorrow!"

"I know," Lynn said. "I know. . . . But something has happened."

"Nothing's wrong with Daddy Rick, is there?" the boy asked, referring to Lynn's present husband, Dr. Rickles.

"No," Lynn said.

"And *you're* okay?" the boy asked.

"I'm . . . okay," Lynn said.

Slowly, she told him about the judge and what he'd said, about the trial of the day before and how it had ended.

When she was through, Johnny took hold of her hand.

"What do you mean?" he asked. "Aren't you gonna be my Mom anymore?"

"Of course I am," Lynn said, forcing a smile, "I'm always going to be your Mom. I may not see you so much anymore, Johnny, but I'll still be your Mom."

"And my school," Johnny said, "—do I have to leave here, too?"

Lynn nodded. "Your father will put you in another school—" she started to say.

The boy began to cry. "But I don't want to leave here," he said. "What's gonna happen to Rusty and Phillip if I leave them, Mom? They're my best friends. You know that. . . . And what are my teachers gonna think, with me running out on them?" He let go of Lynn's hand, rushed over to his dresser, picked up a fountain pen and rushed back. "Look, Mommy, this is what one of the teachers gave me yesterday," he











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said, "a pen with my name printed on it. For being good in arithmetic. For—"

He shook his head.

"Mom," he said, "I don't want to leave you or here or anything!"

Lynn wiped his eyes with a handkerchief and explained that he *had* to leave. His father had wanted it that way, she said. The judge had agreed with his father.

"It's the law," she said, shivering at the phrase.

Then she dropped the handkerchief and took her son in her arms.

"But for now," she said, trying her best to sound cheerful, to fight back the tears she'd promised herself she would hide from her son, "for now let's not worry about the law, about how we feel right now. Let's go, you and me, together, and say good-bye to everybody here. And then we'll come back upstairs, you and I, and we'll pack your things. And then we'll go home, for another week end, the two of us and Rick. And then on Monday morning . . . on Monday morning. . . ."

"Is that when I've got to leave you, Mom?" Johnny asked.

Lynn took a deep breath and nodded and turned her face away.

"Hey, Mom . . . hey, Mom . . . don't cry like that . . . please," he said.

He picked up the handkerchief Lynn had dropped.

"Mom," he said, bringing it to her eyes now, "please . . . Mom . . . please. . . ."

Lynn and her husband tried to make Johnny's last week end with them a happy one.

"It was hard," Lynn has said, "my heart was breaking inside me, and Rick—who has always adored Johnny—was terribly sad, too. But we tried not to show it. We never mentioned Monday and what would happen then—not Rick, not Johnny, not I. Instead we got up early Saturday and spent the day at the Beverly Hills Club and all played tennis and had lunch. That night we went to a movie. . . . Then the next day, Sunday, we took a drive in the morning and then we came back to the apartment and I prepared dinner. I made all of Johnny's favorites—the meat he liked best, the potatoes the way he liked them, an ice cream sundae with the chocolate syrup and the marshmallows and the chopped nuts and the cherry on top, just the way he had always liked it. We had an awful lot of fun at dinner, laughing, talking—almost forgetting about what had happened and what was going to happen.

"After dinner, though, the day seemed to slow down. We went into the living room and watched television for a couple of hours. And then, before we knew it, it was nighttime. I made a light supper. Then I could see Johnny was tired. And I told him it was time to get ready for bed.

"He was in bed a little while later, ready to be tucked in, when I went into his room to say good night. I noticed, as I walked in, that he was looking around the room, almost as though he were seeing it for the first time. The apartment Rick and I live in is a very simple one. And Johnny's room was very simple, too—with red Early American wallpaper, rock maple furniture and plain twin beds.

"But it must have been very beautiful to Johnny at that moment, because he said suddenly, 'Gee, Mom, this is a knockout room. I love it.'

"I smiled. I said that I was glad. I kissed him and whispered good night. I hoped as I turned off the light that he wouldn't say anything more—not now, not right now.

"But he did.

"'And I love you, Mom, so much,' I heard my little boy's voice call out to me in the dark. . . ."

The following morning, Lynn and her husband drove Johnny to super-swank Bel Air and the mansion where his father and Judy Garland lived.

Lynn hadn't planned to go inside the house. This would be by far the most difficult moment of her life, she knew, and she'd wanted to get it over with as quickly, as painlessly as possible . . . right there in the car . . . a kiss, a hug, a good-bye, and nothing more.

But now that the moment had come, she couldn't go through with it.

My son isn't a package to be left off at the door like this, she thought, her mind suddenly filled with new thoughts. *And I should see Judy, talk to her for a while, tell her things about Johnny. Like his asthma shots. He's got to go to the doctor's for his shots twice a week. And like her shoeboxes—not to mind if she finds some of her shoeboxes missing one day because Johnny has always liked to make model houses out of them. And—*

She looked down at her son.

He was nervous, she could see; he was looking up at her, nervous and unsmiling and silently pleading with her to stay with him a few more minutes.

She took his hand.

"Come on, Johnny," she said, "say good-bye to Daddy Rick and let's you and I go inside. . . ."

They were met at the door by a maid.

"Mr. Luft isn't in right now," she said, reaching to take Johnny's suitcase from Lynn.

"I see," Lynn said. Then she asked, "May I see Miss Garland?"

"She isn't up," the maid said.

"Didn't she know my boy was coming this morning—to live with her and Mr. Luft?" Lynn asked.

The maid said nothing.

Lynn looked down at Johnny again. It was time to go. She knew that now. It was time to go, and go fast.

She bent to kiss her son.

"Good-bye," she said, simply.

She turned to leave.

"Mommy," Johnny cried out, "—are you sure I have to stay here?"

Lynn nodded. Without turning back to look at him she said, "Yes, darling. But I'll see you again. Don't you worry."

"*When* am I going to see you, Mom?" Johnny asked. He ran forward and grabbed Lynn's coat and clutched it.

In one violent motion, Lynn, unable to answer him, knowing there was no answer she could give her confused and heartbroken little boy, took a few steps away from him, and then—her legs weak and heavy, her heart beating so hard it pushed against her chest, causing her to gasp, like a woman drowning, like a woman suddenly near death—she began to run back to the car. . . .

"I was sitting in the apartment the next night when the phone rang," Lynn has said. "My husband was with me. He answered it. Then he smiled and turned to me and said it was Johnny. I grabbed the phone. But before I could say anything more than hello, I heard my son's voice say, 'I'm so lonely, Mom.'

"'What's the matter, Johnny?' I asked.

"He told me that Judy and his father had left for Las Vegas that day, that Judy had a singing engagement there, that they'd be gone for a few weeks.

"'Who's with you, now?' I asked Johnny.

"'Just the maids,' Johnny said.

"I tried to talk him into the fact that everything was going to be all right. I told him to do his homework and then watch some television and then, when he got tired, to go to bed.

"'Can you and Daddy Rick come over and watch TV with me at least?' he asked 'I miss you both. And I miss Rusty and Phillip and everybody at school. And I thought that at least maybe you and

Daddy Rick could come over and stay with me for a while.'

"I told him no, that we couldn't, that we weren't allowed to do anything like that.

"Johnny began to cry.

"He cried so hard that after a while he couldn't talk anymore and he hung up.

"I didn't know what to do now.

"I wanted desperately to drive out to Bel Air and pick Johnny up and bring him back home with me and Rick.

" 'But no,' I kept telling myself, 'I can't do that. The court's decision has taken care of that.'

"I had to talk to Johnny again.

"I phoned back.

"I waited for the click, and Johnny's voice.

"But instead a maid answered.

"I asked to speak to my son.

" 'Is this Mrs. Rickles?' the maid asked.

"I said yes, it was.

" 'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but the boy can't talk to you.'

"I told her that we'd been talking together only a few minutes earlier.

"The maid was blunt. 'I have orders,' she said, 'that no calls from you can be put through to the boy—and that he must not call you.'

" 'What was that?' I asked.

" 'I have my orders,' the maid said. 'I'm sorry, ma'am—truly I am. But that's the way it's got to be.'

"A few moments later, she hung up.

"And I stood there now, shocked. And suddenly it came to me . . . that I had made a horrible mistake by letting my son be taken away from me; that the home he'd been sent to was no home for him, no home at all; that I had to rectify the mistake I'd made in letting him be taken away from me and the way of life that he loved and was happy in; that I had to do everything in my power to get him back. . . ."

The courtroom was crowded.

It was a month since the original ruling on Johnny had been handed down, and Lynn had now succeeded in getting that ruling reviewed.

And the spectators came out in droves to see what would happen next.

"Good luck," a group of them called out to Lynn as she arrived with her husband.

Lynn, obviously nervous, tried to smile and thank them.

A few minutes later, Luft entered.

There was a murmur among the crowd.

It had been announced that Lynn's lawyers had subpoenaed Judy Garland to accompany him and answer some questions.

But Luft had arrived alone.

Lynn's lawyers walked over to him and asked about his wife.

Judy would be along in a little while, Luft said.

He suggested that since she was only a witness, the trial proceed without her. . . .

For a little over an hour, both sides stated their cases.

Luft, relaxed-looking, his voice calm and steady, told the court that his son was very happy in his new home, that he and Judy loved the boy very much, and that he was sure Johnny loved them.

When Lynn took the stand a little while later, she told a different story.

She told about the home in which Johnny was living, and questioned the fact that it was an ideal home for a little boy.

" 'I hardly ever see my father,' " she quoted her son as saying. " 'And even though Judy's back from Las Vegas now, she never gets up until the middle of the afternoon. And then she usually goes out to some appointments and then to dinner."

Lynn reminded the court that a month ago it had taken her son away from her in order that he might live in a 'stable' home. She contended now that neither Luft nor Judy could exactly be considered stable types since at least twice in the past three years they had been on the well-publicized and rather violent brink of divorce.

She was in the midst of talking further about this phase of her plea when suddenly—seventy-five minutes after the beginning of the trial—Judy Garland entered the courtroom.

Lynn's lawyer requested that Lynn leave the stand and that Judy take her place.

He indicated that he would take it from here.

Facing Judy now, he talked about the divorce actions Lynn had mentioned.

The first action, he said, though eventually dropped by mutual consent, had been initiated on February 3, 1956, by Judy.

"Is that right, Miss Garland?" he asked.

Judy nodded.

The second action, he went on, though again mutually dropped, had been initiated just six months ago—in March, 1958—again by Judy.

He read aloud from the papers she had drawn up at the time.

The gist of her complaint had been that Luft had beat her and tried to strangle her. The complaint had also asked that Luft be evicted from their home and that he be restrained from taking their children, Lorna, five, and Joseph, three, out of California.

"Miss Garland," the lawyer then asked, "would you say your husband was a man of even and mild temper, or of violent and ungovernable temper?"

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[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

2. I LIKE DIANE JERGENS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

3. I LIKE PETER BROWN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

5. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

6. I LIKE PHIL EVERLY:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

7. I LIKE PATTI PAGE:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

8. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

9. I LIKED TYRONE POWER:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] was not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

(see other side)

"Pretty even-tempered," Judy replied.

Pointing to the divorce action he had just read from, the lawyer asked, "Has Mr. Luft ever attempted to strangle you?"

"No," Judy replied, in a low voice.

"Did he ever beat you?" the lawyer asked.

"No," Judy said.

Again, there was a murmur from the packed courtroom.

And then, a few minutes later, Judy was excused from the stand and Lynn's lawyers rested their case.

It was five hours later, though, when the case was finally over—or seemed to be over.

The judge, who'd just talked to the lawyers from both sides—who, in turn, had been talking together these past five hours—called Lynn and Luft to the bench.

"It has been decided," he said, "that John Luft is no longer in complete custody of his father—"

Lynn began to smile.

"—But," the judge went on, "that from this day on, his mother shall have the opportunity of visiting the boy two days a week, and having him on alternate week ends and for half of his Christmas vacation."

Slowly, Lynn's face paled.

She opened her mouth as if to say something. But no words came.

For a moment she stood there, tense, motionless, staring straight ahead.

And then, she began to shake her head and she said:

"I'm not going to accept this . . . My son is my life . . . For ten years I've been his mother . . . *I* took care of him all the times he was sick. *I* was there when he began to walk, to talk, when he learned his prayers, when he got hurt and needed somebody to console him and kiss away the hurt. *I've* been everything to him and *he's* been everything to me . . . And I want him back, all the way . . . Do you hear? . . . *All the way!*"

It was two days after this second trial when Lynn drove over to Johnny's new school, sneaked in and had a talk with her son.

"I didn't tell him anything about the trial," she has said, "except to say that there had been one, and then when the trial seemed to be over, the judge had been good enough to continue it.

" 'What does that mean, Mommy?' Johnny asked me.

"It meant, I told him, that the judge would give me another chance to get him back.

" 'When?' Johnny asked me.

"In a couple of weeks," I told him.

" 'Will you have to go back to that courthouse again?' Johnny asked me.

"Yes, I told him.

" 'Then, Mom,' he said, 'maybe *you* should have this.'

"He reached into his pocket for something and he put it into my hand.

"I looked down.

"It was a tiny bear, the size of a charm, made of glass.

" 'I went to the store the other day and bought it with part of my allowance,' Johnny said. 'I've been holding it for good luck. But I think now maybe you should have it, Mom.'

"I clenched my fingers around the little bear.

" 'Thank you, Johnny,' I said.

" 'He's a very nice bear,' my boy said. 'But there's one thing you should know about him, Mom. You have to rub your thumb on his tummy and wish on him very hard if you wanna make your wish come true.'

"I smiled.

" 'I'll wish very hard, Johnny,' I promised. 'I'll rub my thumb on his tummy just like you said, Johnny, and I'll wish very, very hard. . . .' "

The final trial took place two weeks later.

Lynn was hopeful. The judge had had a long talk with Johnny the day before—and there was hope in that alone.

But, still, Lynn had had other hopes and lost. And so, unsure, too, she clutched at the little glass bear Johnny had given her as the judge called her and Luft to his bench for that last time.

She listened carefully as he spoke:

"Whereas two months ago, young John Luft was a healthy, happy, well-adjusted boy . . . the court cannot escape the conclusion from the evidence before it and from conversation with the boy, that he is now lonesome, confused and unhappy in a household where to substantially all its members he is a stepchild. . . ."

The judge went on to say that he was returning Johnny to Lynn. Moreover, the judge said, the boy would finish his term at the school Luft had enrolled him in and then return to the school he had originally attended.

The judge added that Luft would have rights to see the boy alternate weekends and for part of every summer.

But, he made it clear, Johnny was being given back to his mother. . . .

The courtroom crowd applauded the decision.

Lynn, too, moved to talk right now, now that it was all over, could only look up at the judge and whisper, "Thank you. . . ."

And then, the tears streaming down her cheeks, she turned and headed for a room where her son sat waiting—to tell him the wonderful news, that everything was going to be all right again, and for all time. **END**

---

9. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE JUDY GARLAND:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE LYNN BARI:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE CARY GRANT:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I LIKE BETSY DRAKE:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE ANNA KASHFI:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

13. I LIKE CONNIE STEVENS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

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(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

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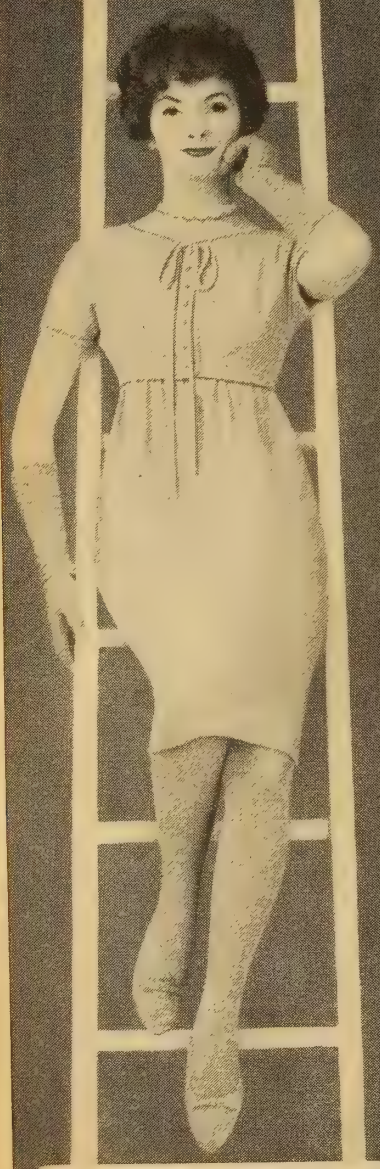
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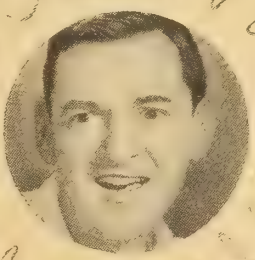
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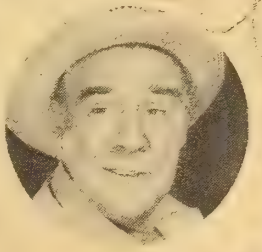
POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 2, March 1959. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years, $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

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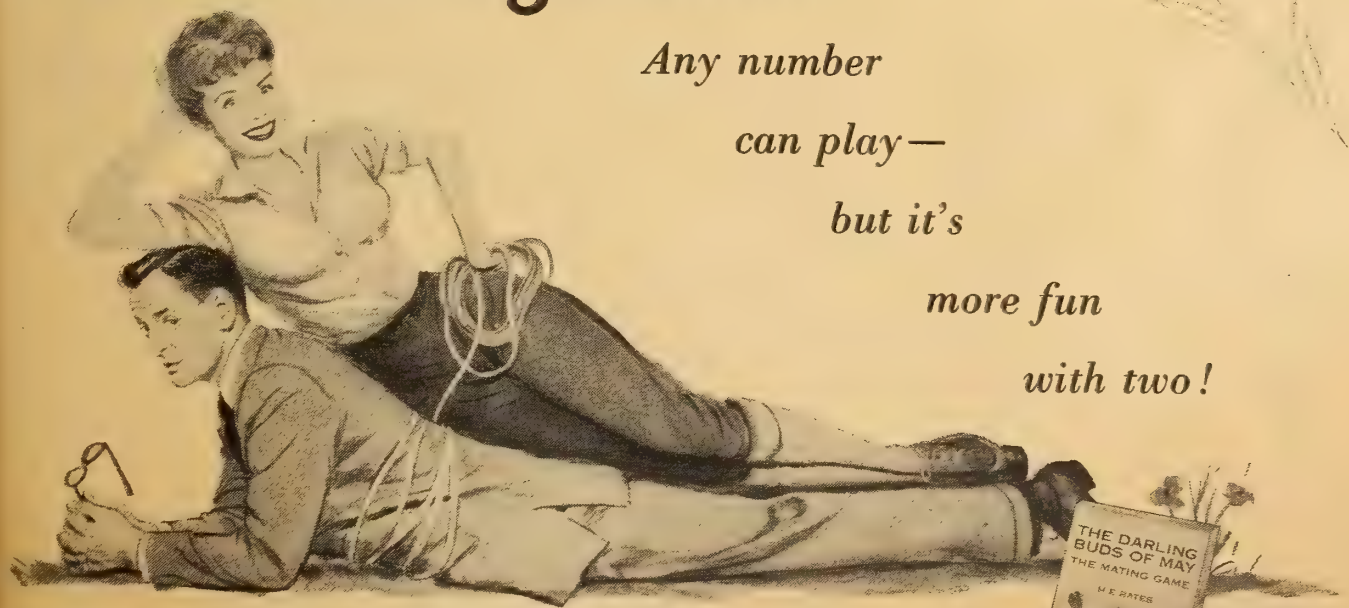
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A ***Ann Blyth's, Pat Boone's, Don Murray's.***

Q How are things going between **Glenn Ford** and wife Eleanor Powell?
—P.P., San Bernardino, Calif.

A *They have been better.*

Q **Marilyn Monroe**'s figure looks so different on those ads for *Some Like It Hot*. Not pregnant, but different. Or am I imagining things?
—B.R., Des Moines, Iowa

A *It's Marilyn's face, a professional model's body. Marilyn was too sick to pose herself.*

Q How is **Jayne Mansfield** getting her house furnished if she is as poor as she claims she is?
—M.H., Butte, Montana

A *Don't know about the rest of the house, but she got her new baby's bassinet with seven books of green stamps.*

Q Who are the highest paid stars in Hollywood—male and female.
—U.S.T., Washington, D. C.

A **John Wayne** *and* **William Holden** *are earning an all-time high of $750,000 for their latest pictures.* **Liz Taylor**, *a half-million dollars for hers.* **Burt Lancaster** *is* asking *a cool million. And* **Marlon Brando**'s getting *it!*

Q I read that half the time **Robert Horton** and **Nina Foch** are madly in love and the other half they are not talking to one another. Is this true?
—B.P.L., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A *The second half is.*

Q Is **Hugh O'Brian** as tight with his money as some magazines say he is?
—N.S., Burbank, Calif.

A *Hugh believes a buck in the bank is worth two in the bush, because in* TV *you're only as good as your last rating. But he's generous with* The Thalians *(a group of young players who collect money for mental health) and those he loves.*

Q Do you think **Lana Turner** can possibly get custody of her daughter Cheryl again?
—J.S., Paris, Ill.

A *Yes.*

Q Is **Deborah Kerr** seriously thinking of marrying Peter Viertel, the man her husband, Tony Bartley, has accused of destroying their marriage?
—M.S., London, England

A *Not so long as Viertel keeps dating other women all throughout Europe.*

Q I keep reading about **Marlon Brando** and **Miko Taka**, **France Nuyen**, and **Rita Moreno.** Has Marlon ever been serious about a plain old-fashioned American girl?
—S.W., Boston, Mass.

A *No. Marlon prefers exotic women.*

Q Is **Gail Russell** now in a mental hospital?
—Q.R., Ozona, Texas

A *No. She is returning to films in* Four Fast Guns.

Q Does **Zsa Zsa Gabor** have her face worked on to keep looking so young and beautiful?
—E.G., New York City

A **Zsa Zsa** *says NO NO! A Miami surgeon has admitted otherwise.*

Q Why do so many of the TV stars like **Dale Robertson**, **John Payne**, **Donna Reed, Ann Sothern,** etc., all say that TV is better than movies and they prefer to work in that medium?
—H.P., Newport, R.I

A *Re-run money—and sour grapes.*

Q What in your opinion was the real trouble in **Vic Damone** and **Pier Angeli**'s marriage?
—E.T., Hartford, Conn

A *A toss-up between his fondness for gambling and his lack of fondness for his mother-in-law.*

Q Was **Janet Leigh** ever married before she met **Tony Curtis**? And did she have children?
—J.M., San Antonio, Texas

A *She eloped with a classmate when she was in high school. The marriage was annulled. Then in 1945, Janet married Stanley Reames whom she divorced in 1948. There were no children with either man.*

Q Is it true that **Frank Sinatra**'s health is failing?
—P.A., Los Angeles, Calif.

A *No—only his sense of humor!*

Released as safe by UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT!

New doctor prescribed wonder drug does away with all special diets!

BONDED OFFER!

YOU MUST LOSE UP TO 49 POUNDS OR WE PAY YOU $14.00!

Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it – there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription—until this electrifying discovery . . . has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors . . . when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news . . . news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking . . . slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably—chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work . . . it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you $14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!

HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!

We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back – you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies, vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE . . . that's why the United States Government released it as safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you $14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days . . . 18 pounds in 20 days . . . 27 pounds in 30 days . . . and 49 pounds in 8 weeks . . . or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer—read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

PROOF POSITIVE!

You must lose	You must lose
49 POUNDS in 8 weeks or we'll pay you **$14.00**	**27 POUNDS** in 30 days or we'll pay you **$7.00**
18 POUNDS in 20 days or we'll pay you **$5.00**	**9 POUNDS** in 10 days or we'll pay you **$3.00**

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for $3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for $5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for $7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for $14.00. Did you ever read an offer like this in your life? No—and you NEVER WILL – because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!



HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet—

(1) It depresses your appetite.
(2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.
(3) It acts in your intestinal tract—fights hunger contractions—telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!
(4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula—that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs – your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food . . . excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life—feel better than you ever did in your life—while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug—without a prescription!

HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?" you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits – practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake—off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight . . . without your ever being conscious of it!

GET YOUR RX-120 BEFORE IT IS RELEASED TO DRUG STORES!

Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary dietary supplement—it's a clinically tested, doctor approved medicine that has been PROVED effective when tried on over 2,000 overweight patients! . . . according to published reports. We'll be glad to send your doctor medical literature. RX-120 has been released as SAFE by the United States Government for sale without a prescription . . . but supply is limited. It won't be shipped to drug stores until November 15, 1959. But you can order direct from Wilson-Williams Inc. 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.—if you act now! So hurry—order your RX-120 right NOW. Just fill out the coupon today and mail it while you're thinking about it. RX-120 is sent to you on a no risk 10-day trial.

Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in 10 days or we pay you $3.00. You must lose 18 pounds in 20 days or we pay you $5.00. You must take off 27 pounds in 30 days or you get $7.00. You must PROVE you can lose up to 49 pounds in just 8 weeks or we pay you $14.00. You have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

Fill out coupon below. Be sure to indicate the size of RX-120 you want us to rush to you immediately! Start taking RX-120 the day it arrives. Check your scales every day. Keep a careful record of your weight losses! Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in just 10 days or we pay you $3.00. You can just as easily take off 18 pounds, 27 pounds or up to 49 pounds depending on the number of days you take this new wonder drug! Don't forget, you must lose the minimum number of pounds claimed or you get every cent back. If you don't lose 9, 18, 27 or up to 49 pounds—merely send us proof of purchases. Yes, you must lose up to 49 pounds with NEW RX-120 or we will rush you a check for $14.00. Don't wait—check the quantity wanted, fill in the coupon today and mail it right now. You don't have to send any money—your first bottle will be rushed to you. But do it NOW!

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273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

RUSH NO-RISK COUPON NOW!

Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Avenue, Dept.179, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Rush my RX-120 immediately. I must lose pounds guaranteed by you above or you will pay me the amount specified.

☐ **Rush 10 day supply. I will pay postman only $3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.**
☐ **Rush 20 day supply. I will pay postman only $5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.**
☐ **Rush 30 day supply. I will pay postman only $7.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.**

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SAVE MUCH MORE! Postal rates have gone up! Enclose ☐ cash, ☐ check, or ☐ money-order for ☐ $3.00, ☐ $5.00 or ☐ $7.00 and you save high postage and C.O.D. handling charges! Same money back guarantee.

Sally's BLUE



PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-39, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



Ask Vincent Price what's the most valuable lesson he ever learned. and he'll tell you—"Never look back at the past!"

For a moment he sits as if he were reliving something, seeing it again from beginning to end. Then those expressive eye-brows of his reach for the peak of his hair and he'll add, "I learned that very recently." And it's hard to tell, seeing the beginning of a smile touch his lips, whether Vincent is about to tell you a funny story—or if he's just trying to make little of an incident that might sound too dramatic.

Vincent Price learned not to look back at his past life one day not so long ago in California. . . .

"There's an amusement park out on the Coast," he explains, "and one day I heard that they were going to tear it down.

"I liked that little place. I had discovered it one day when my little boy, Vincent, Jr., begged me to take him for a ride on a roller coaster that he'd heard all about from one of his friends. And after that first time we had gone back often. We'd walk around and go on the rides and eat all the junk that eight-year-olds like and," Vincent smiles, "that fathers think they're eating only because their sons have talked them into it!

"When I heard that soon the place would be no more, I really felt a bit sad about it. . . . I decided to pay it a last visit."

That's just what he did. Vincent went again to the scene of so many hours spent with his little boy's hand clasped in his. He bought a bag of pop-corn, just like the two of them used to. The two men of the family. He walked over to the roller coaster that he'd ridden so often—while his wide-eyed son buried his face in his father's jacket as the car topped the mountain of track and raced madly down to the bottom. And, impulsively, reliving the moment, he bought a ticket once more for a last ride into the past.

"And that's when I learned my lesson," Vincent laughs. "We were at the very top of the highest crest when the car stopped. Down below I could see the operator fiddling with the controls like crazy and fifteen minutes later I was still up there. Marooned.

"Did *you* ever climb down hundreds of feet of roller-coaster track?" demands Vincent Price. "Well, *I* did!"

"Anyway, it *seemed* like hundreds of feet!"

NEVER LOOK BACK!



says Vincent Price

CAREERS IN TV STUDIOS

IMMEDIATE TRAINING FOR MEN AND WOMEN









Many Opportunities in "Behind-the-Scenes" Careers

- Secretaries
- Announcers
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- TV Hostesses
- Cameramen
- Continuity Writers
- Directors
- Film Editors
- Floor Managers
- Projectionists
- Disc Jockeys
- Film Directors
- Production Assistants
- Production Staff Personnel
- Music Librarians
- Receptionists
- Traffic Personnel
- Video Engineers

and many other positions too numerous to list, both in TV and radio

With over 2,000 TV channels allocated, only 419 TV stations are on the air. New stations must be staffed with trained personnel in more than 75 job classifications. Existing TV and radio stations require replacements year around. We are speaking to men and women now who wish careers in broadcasting stations and will take training. Whatever your talents, apply for interview. No acting ability required. Experience unnecessary. You will start at home. Four full weeks (100) hours of classroom specialized training in Hollywood, California, Chicago, Illinois, or Portland, Oregon follow completion of home training. Then nationwide placement service upon completion.

If age 17 to 45, signify interest at once.

MAIL AT ONCE

TELEVISION DIVISION
Northwest Schools, Inc., Dept. TV-63
11 East 47th St., New York 17, N.Y.

I wish full information promptly. There is no obligation to me.

Name_____

St. or Rte._____

P.O._____ State_____

Education_____ Age____ Phone_____

☐ Yes I can supply references. Hours I work_____
☐ No

ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES



Bobbi's 3 kinds of curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "*Aureole*".



The smooth, lifted crown of "*Rising Star*" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.

Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "*Empirette*". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting

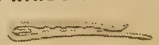


The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

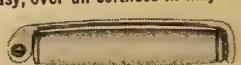
The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New *improved* Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50.

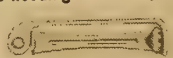
ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS



40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS
for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS



in this issue:

A photo-scoop on Ingrid

A Queen's party in Hollywood

A Princess' ball in New York

LOUELLA PARSONS

SCOOP PHOTOS

INGRID AND LARS MARRY

MODERN SCREEN should be proud of its busy cameraman who managed to be on the scene when Ingrid Bergman married Lars Schmidt at Caxton Hall in London. It was a world scoop. But the wedding, secret as it was, came as no surprise to anyone. In England (and in a lot of other places) her marriage to Roberto Rossellini was never considered legal anyway, since it was obtained by proxy in Mexico, so nobody really expected Ingrid to wait for the annullment. I'm told that the only invited guest was Cary Grant, but he didn't arrive on time. This time, I hope Ingrid has better luck.





Ingrid signs the register (above) at Caxton Hall and then poses smiling (right) for MODERN SCREEN with new husband, Lars.



I'm on my SOAP BOX

. . . to say that movie teenagers are *not* like the average non-professional teenagers. And, no matter how much their press agents try to say that the young 'pros' are just like other young people, it isn't true. Because of many obvious factors, the same set of rules do not apply.

For instance, this business of **Ricky Nelson**, nineteen-year-old singing-acting sensation, making his point and deciding not to go to college. I think his parents, the popular **Harriet and Ozzie Nelson**, are very disappointed about his decision.

As Ozzie said to a friend, "When the boys were little, the main aim in life with Harriet and me was to get enough money to insure their education. I guess all parents particularly want their sons to have college educations.

"But how can you tell a nineteen-year-old boy whose records sell in the millions and who gets a fabulous sum for personal appearances that he should go in for 'higher learning' to *insure* his future? Ricky's money has been well invested—if he never made another dime, he's got his made—and he'll make another dime or two."

Of course, there's the good argument of the cultural, mental and, yes, spiritual advantages to be obtained by a college education. These points are conceded by Ricky.

"I have no intention of being a dumbbell," he says seriously, "but I can get what I need by having private tutors giving me college courses on the set or at home. Let's face it, with the lucky breaks that have come to me, I could never be like other boys—just another student in a college. It's impossible now for me to have the boon of privacy. I would be distracted and hindered by being 'different' from the other fellows. I've thought it all over and believe my decision is the wise one." Who can honestly say he isn't right?



"Let's face it," says Ricky, making the decision not to go to college, "I could never be like other boys."

• • •

Is Tuesday Too Grown Up?

And, while we are on the subject of teenagers, there's been much to-do ever since an interviewer printed that fifteen-year-old **Tuesday Weld** (now playing the important role of **Danny Kaye**'s daughter in *The Five Pennies*) smokes cigarettes and dates certain older men like **Tab Hunter**. . . !

Heaven knows, smoking at fifteen is much too soon for purely health reasons. As for Tab, the oddly named Tuesday says, "He has always preferred older girls. But we are very companionable—we like to ride horseback together, go to films and plays and talk about our work."

Danny Kaye laughingly says of her, "You can't measure Tuesday by the yardsticks of other girls her age. I think she was mature in the cradle—and showbusiness makes women out of girls anyway. Where her age is concerned, I say Tuesday is fifteen—going on thirty!"

Tuesday says of herself, "My life has not been like that of the average girl—so why should I pretend it has. I've known mature responsibilities since I was twelve—and before that." She was just barely fourteen when she was cast as the daughter in the New York hit *Dark at the Top of the Stairs*. She was still fourteen when Leo McCarey paged her for Hollywood films giving her the part of the baby sitter who causes so much trouble in *Rally Round the Flag, Boys*. And right from there she went over to Paramount for Danny's picture.

Before this she had been a 'child' performer (by years, anyway) on TV in New York. She looked so grown-up and her figure was so developed by the time she was twelve that she was tested for the lead in *A Certain Smile*, the naughty Françoise Sagan movie. Then 20th found out Tuesday's real age and turned her down.

So she has known the disappointments and frustrations of the grown-up world as well as its successes and triumphs. Perhaps she sums it up best herself when she says, "I'm part child—bigger part woman."

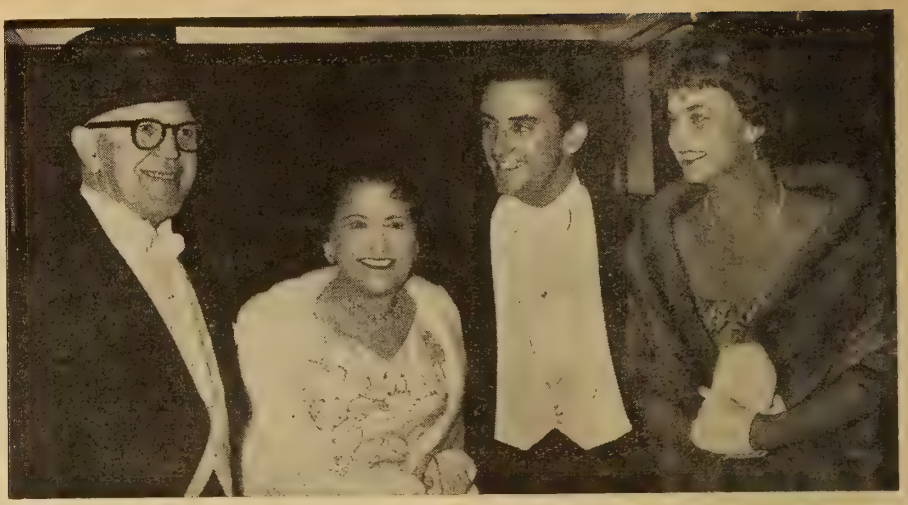


Tuesday and Tab at the Deb Star Ball.

LOUELLA PARSONS

Continued

(Photo at right) Jimmy McHugh and Louella brought Ronnie Burns and his sister Sandra to the WAIF Imperial Ball. (Below) Debonair Henry Fonda and Greece's pretty Princess Sophia graced the dance floor that evening.









Esther Williams' date was Jeff Chandler (above left) but Debbie just happened to be at the same table with Jacques Bergerac—it was no date.

PARTY *of the month*

It's not every party that is graced by the presence of a *real*—not a movie—Queen as was the Imperial Ball, sponsored by the WAIF, and attended by her gracious Majesty Queen Frederika of Greece and her daughter Princess Sophia.

So, I suppose we should refer to this glittering formal affair held in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, as *the* party of *many* months.

We took along with us that popular young bachelor **Ronnie Burns** (son of **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**—as if I needed to tell you) to dance with the young princess. And Ronnie was delighted when Princess Sophia asked him to return to the royal table and sit with her and the Queen.

Ronnie later breathlessly reported to me, "Aunt Louella, the Queen is so natural—just like you and mother." Believe me, I was very flattered to be in such good company. He added that the Queen didn't even become upset when the clasp on her magnificent necklace broke. She just asked Princess Sophia to help her fix it!

Debbie Reynolds sat at our table along with **Bob Stack** and Rosemary, **Jacques Bergerac**, Sandra Burns (Ronnie's sister), Camille Williams, Jerry Wunderlick and **Jimmy McHugh**. It was good to see Debbie having so much fun dancing every dance, her eyes sparkling like stars.

Her picture was taken time after time dancing with Bergerac—but take my word for it, this was no 'date.' They arrived at the party separately, just happened to be put at the same table, and so they danced. Most of the time Debbie was occupied backstage as she and **Sammy Davis, Jr.**, and some others were the stars of the show put on by the WAIF for her Majesty.

When we were presented to Queen Frederika, we were told to remove our right gloves. "Good thing I wore gloves," Debbie whispered to me. Put this down as a real *big* night.

• • •

Our 'Yankee Princess'

Come to think of it, we've been up to our tiaras in Royalty this month. Coming soon on the departure of Queen Frederika was the arrival (in the East) of Their Serene Highnesses, Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco. You may recall the Princess as the former Miss **Grace Kelly** of movie royalty.

I wasn't in New York for the charity ball at the Astor Hotel graced by Grace and her Prince, but I received a chatty letter from a socialite 'spy' who paid $100-a-plate to be one of the one thousand guests breathing the rarified air. She reports:

"Her newspaper pictures made Princess Grace appear plump—but she looked every inch the slim Princess and so very beautiful as she and the Prince arrived in the Grand Ballroom of the Astor. Most of us have better manners—but we just gawked and took in every detail.

"Grace was wearing a gown of Empire style, a long pink satin, with a fichu of pink maline net studded with sequins and held at the decolletage with a nosegay of violets and sweetheart roses! Really a vision of the way everyone expects a Princess to look—and they seldom do.

"Now about that business of her supposedly getting in a temper and stalking off the crowded dance floor. What really happened is that someone accidentally stepped on her foot and it was pain, not temper she was feeling. Anyway, she and the Prince didn't attempt another dance after the slipper business.

"But they stayed for the long, long finale and seemed to enjoy the affair very much. As a good Yankee, all I can say is that everyone in that jammed room was secretly and openly very proud of our Yankee Princess." (A full-length story all about Grace and her private party begins on page 22.)





(Above) Kim Novak is presented to Queen Frederika as Colleen Gray and Princess Sophia look on. (Right) Rosemary Bowe has that look in her eye for handsome hubby Bob Stack. They sat at Louella's table at the ball.



Another Imperial Ball—the royalty here: Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco—was held at New York's Hotel Astor. Everyone in that room was proud of our Yankee Princess, Grace Kelly.



I nominate for STARDOM

SHIRLEY MACLAINE:—that delightful pixie who has parlayed a singing and dancing career on both stage and screen with one of the outstanding emotional dramatic performances of the season in *Some Came Running*.



Apparently, there's nothing this natural, friendly, outspoken girl can't do in show business.

Shirley describes herself as 'happily crazy.' She doesn't own a hat. She doesn't like to eat meals on schedule and has been known to broil a steak at two o'clock in the morning for her 'dinner.'

Married in 1954 to her manager **Steve Parker**, who is also an actor-producer, and the mother of a two year old 'doll' named Stephanie, Shirley describes herself as a 'slap-happy housewife but affectionate.' For the past year and a half Steve has been producing TV films in Japan and spending a great deal of his time there. As this is written, he has just returned to Tokyo for another two months stay.

"This will set off the alarm again that we're having trouble," says Shirley. "But as long as Steve and I know everything is all right between us—what does it matter how much they gossip?"

Born Shirley MacLaine Beaty in Richmond, Virginia, the zingy redhead attended school at Washington and Lee High School in Arlington, Virginia, "and picked up the rest of my education backstage in New York theaters," she laughed.

Her first headline performance was in the Broadway musical *Pajama Game* after being in the choruses of *Kiss Me Kate* and *Oklahoma*.

Shirley's sensational dancing caught the attention of Hal Wallis who signed her for pictures and since coming to Hollywood she's appeared in *The Matchmaker, Hot Spell, The Trouble with Harry, Artists and Models* and *Some Came Running*.

Frank Sinatra and **Dean Martin**, her co-stars in the latter, say of Shirley: "She's the greatest—a star for sure"—and I agree.

LOUELLA PARSONS *Continued*

Paul Newman— No Rebel

Had a heart to heart talk with **Paul Newman** and I'm glad because it has cleared the air between us.

I had liked Paul and **Joanne Woodward** so much when I first met them. And then because of several reasons I began to suspect his sudden big success had gone to his head.

For one example, I had wanted to talk with them for a Sunday newspaper interview and the message came back, "Paul doesn't want to talk at this time."

Also, I had heard that he was being very uncooperative during the filming of *The Philadelphian*, a movie he had not wanted to make in the first place because he was eager to get to Broadway and start rehearsals on his new play.

But out of the blue one busy morning in my office came a call from Paul and he sounded like his old self, charming and very, very nice.

"I'm no rebel," he told me straight from the shoulder, "and I never want to give the impression of being difficult. But we have been working from scene to scene on the picture and this is a strain. The sequence I did this morning was written just last night and that's a hard go for an actor—learning lines that fast. It's been nerve wracking—but even so I think we have a good picture and I'm doing all I can to cooperate."

He went on to say that he never wanted me to think that he had changed or was taking his success big.

"I've been in this business long enough to know that you're only as good as your last performance," Paul said. "Let's always be friends, shall we?"

That's fine with me, Paul. I think you are one of the really talented actors and nice persons of this business.





Johnny Saxon thinks Sandra Dee is too young to date. This burns her up, because she's considered old enough to co-star with him in several movies.

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

The cruelest printed gossip of the month was the linking of the names of Debbie (**Mrs. Tyrone**) **Power** and **Rock Hudson**. Debbie was beside herself with unhappiness when she called me to say, "Please say it isn't true. I am still shattered by Ty's death. I am expecting his baby in three months. Many friends of ours have tried to console me, Rock being one of them. Anything else is ridiculous. . . ."

A Christmas card that touched my heart read, *Merry Christmas and Happy New Year from Sheilah and* **Guy Madison** *and the children.* How about making it a really Happy New Year, Guy, by moving back home? . . .

Greer Garson's friends are deeply concerned about her since the death of her adored mother, Nina. For weeks after Nina's funeral, Greer was unable to leave her bed and saw only her solicitous husband Buddy Fogelson and their closest friends. . . .

It burns **Sandra Dee** up that **Johnny Saxon**, with whom she is old enough to co-star in several movies, thinks she is too young to date. . . .

The Hollywood Women's Press Club made popular decisions this year in voting **Tony Curtis** and **Dinah Shore** as 'the most cooperative actor and actress of 1958.' It's a really big honor for Dinah because this is the first year the Golden Apple Award ever went to a TV star rather than a movie performer. . . .

The Laugh of the Month: The crack, "Marlon Brando is financing, producing, directing and starring in *One-Eyed Jacks*—doing every*thing* but playing the feminine lead!" . . . .

France 'gone' on Marlon

Far from giving **Marlon Brando** the air, the truth seems to be that **France Nuyen,** the Oriental doll of Broadway's *The World of Suzie Wong,* is crazy about him. And pining her heart out that her hit show keeps her in New York while Marlon is in far off Hollywood.

Before starting his picture *One-Eyed Jacks,* Brando paid a flying visit to New York and of course he saw France. Since then the gal has been more 'gone' on him than before.

This isn't the first time Marlon has made a trip to call on Miss Nuyen. While she was in San Francisco on location making *In Love and War* with **Bob Wagner,** Marlon slipped into town and visited her for four days. This was right after his parting from **Anna Kashfi.**

Her friends are trying to talk to France—discouraging her about setting her heart on the elusive Mr. Brando. She's only nineteen, doing very well in her career on both stage and screen, and 20th has big plans for her. But I hear tell she'd give it all up to become the second Mrs. Brando.

In my book, Marlon just isn't the domestic type and I think Anna Kashfi agrees with that. She said at the time of their rift, "He's bored with home life. Sometimes he wouldn't show up for days at a time."

One thing, however, we're beginning to draw a bead on the type of girl who attracts Marlon. Judging by the exotic East Indian Anna, and the equally exotic Chinese-French Miss Nuyen, he obviously doesn't prefer the 'typical American girl.'

Barrie's Secret divorce

I always say—you never know when or where you are going to pick up a scoop. Which makes my business the fascinating work it is.

For instance, **Barrie Chase**, the sensational dancer who made such a click with **Fred Astaire** on his TV show and who kicks off her movie career in *Mardi Gras* under contract to 20th, came to see me at my home for a Sunday newspaper interview.

I just happened to remark that I guessed we would have to confine ourselves to talking about her career as I understood there were no marriages or divorces or big romances in her life (with the exception of Fred Astaire who insists he's 'too old' for her). Barrie surprised me by calmly stating: "I have been married—and divorced. At nineteen I married Gene Shacove—and it lasted just four months. We were both too young to know our own minds. It's a closed chapter now—and I really don't want to talk about it. But I don't want to misrepresent anything to you, either!"

She went on to say that she had never told any member of the press about her marriage before this. "I had hoped my private life might be kept private. But I guess that isn't possible when you are lucky—and your career begins to move."

I, personally, have the 'private' feeling that her regard for Fred Astaire goes much deeper than either will admit. They share a mutual devotion for dancing, they love attending movies and stage shows together, and they are a great, great team. They call it a 'fine friendship.'



(Left) France Nuyen's friends are trying to discourage her about Marlon Brando. (Below left) Dancer Barrie Chase and Fred Astaire call it a 'fine friendship.' (Below) Debbie (Mrs. Tyrone) Power was a pitiful, dejected figure to all except that raucous crowd.





A Solemn Note

Inside the chapel of the Hollywood Cemetery, there was dignity and heartache during funeral services for **Tyrone Power**. Outside, the actions of the rowdy crowds were a disgrace!

I am ashamed to report that one giggling girl tossed her slipper into Ty's open grave! When **Yul Brynner** (who has the sad task of replacing Ty in *Solomon and Sheba*) arrived for the services the cries of "Hi! Yul! Thought you were on your way to Spain" all but drowned out the beautiful eulogy **Cesar Romero** was delivering within the chapel.

The awful part of it was that every shriek and yell was audible to the crushed Debbie Power, the widow, sitting beside Tyrone's casket and to the sorrowing friends who loved him and who had gathered to do him this last honor.

The doctor who had accompanied Debbie Power to the services never took his eyes from her face. He was so worried about her, for Debbie is expecting a baby in February. She was a pitiful, dejected figure to all except that raucous crowd outside.

Thank heavens she had left the cemetery and did not see the people tearing flowers from the funeral wreaths placed around Ty's grave.

But let's forget all that. Let us remember instead the talent and joy Tyrone brought into our lives with his extraordinary acting ability on stage and screen, and his kind and gentlemanly conduct throughout his life.

Hollywood has lost a fine actor and a fine man. His career speaks for itself. So does his personal life. His generosity to his first wife **Annabella** and his second, **Linda Christian**, practically stripped his personal fortune. But that's the way he wanted it. Yes, Linda came for the funeral and had their two daughters flown here from Mexico, but stayed away from the services at Debbie's request.

I have no more to say about her. But I do say it will be a long time before we see the likes of Tyrone Power again.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

Debbie's Divorce

Well, **Debbie** filed for her divorce—and no fireworks!

Mrs. Eddie Fisher made no mention of any 'third party' in her suit and instead offered the routine 'extreme cruelty' and 'mental suffering' charges against her singer husband.

It was all so polite and run-of-the-mill that it might not have stirred up a ripple unless **Eddie** and **Liz Taylor** hadn't chosen that very night to go to Romanoff's for dinner with Mike Todd, Jr. This set off headlines in bold type:

LIZ AND EDDIE CELEBRATE DEBBIE'S DIVORCE WITH CHAMPAGNE AND CAVIAR DINNER.

It's all over now—I hope.

• • •

LETTER BOX

How sad to lose **Tyrone Power**! *His charming personality, good looks, sincerity, and sensitive acting will be greatly missed,* writes MRS. ENID ARTIS of COLUMBUS, GEORGIA. And her sentiments reflect the feeling of many fans who wrote of their grief in the loss of Tyrone. . . .

VERA VERNHEIM, NEW YORK, excitedly writes: *I was in the crowd outside the Astor Hotel when* **Princess Grace** *and* **Prince Rainier** *arrived for the Imperial Ball. When she hesitated a minute waiting for her husband and looked right at me I was so excited I called, "Oh, Miss Kelly, you are so beautiful!" She laughed and said, "Thank you, but my name isn't Miss Kelly any longer." I could have just died of embarrassment.* Don't feel too badly, Vera—Grace was so gracious I'm sure she understood. . . .

It movie producers had the sense the good Lord gave geese they'd offer the world and the stars to **Perry Como** *to make a movie. It would be the biggest financial smash of movie history,* is the firm opinion of AGNES O'MALLEY, CHICAGO. I, too, am crazy about Perry—but it has been proven, Agnes, that stars you can see 'free' on TV each week sometimes are not the movie smash you'd expect. Of course, Perry is in a class by himself so maybe you are right. . . .

VIVIAN BARCLOUGH, DENVER, wants to know **Debbie Reynolds**' favorite colors *because you can tell a lot about a person if you know the colors they prefer.* Well, I know Debbie loves all shades of blue. Lately, she's been wearing quite a bit of red. Also white formals. What do you make of this, Vivian? . . .

MARIA LUCIA DUARTE, SAO PAULO, who signs herself *your Brazilian friends,* wants to know if **Rhonda Fleming** is as beautiful in person as she is in her films? *Or is it all just make-up and padding,* she worries. No padding on Rhonda—and she's quite a looker to the naked eye, Maria. . . .

One of the worst things against Hollywood is the way the enormous salaries and percentages stars get is printed complains JIMMY WEIR, ATLANTA, GEORGIA. *To read that actors like* **Cary Grant, Liz Taylor** *and* **Marilyn Monroe** *receive $750,000 per picture plus a cut on the profits, is enough to start a revolution.* He adds, *No one is worth that much money.* Not if their pictures make millions and millions? Don't get too upset. Uncle Sam takes most of it. . . .

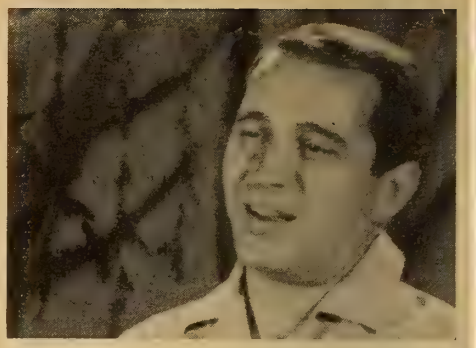
THELMA VAN DER HOFF, BROOKLYN, puts in a plug for her favorite film and its stars to win the Oscar: Gigi *should get it hands down,* she thinks *and that adorable* **Leslie Caron** *and handsome* **Louis Jourdan**. *And of course,* **Maurice Chevalier**. . . .

The letters about **Liz**, **Eddie** and **Debbie** continue to pour in but as everything has been said that can be said, I'm not printing any added starters on this topic this month. . . .

Jack Lemmon *is the brightest light comedian on the screen today* opines WARREN T. BOYLE, WASHINGTON, D. C. *I go to see every picture he is in knowing I shall be entertained and not depressed.* These are kind words, sir, and I'm sure Jack will be pleased to read them. . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



(Above) If Perry Como made a movie, it would be the biggest financial smash in history, in one opinion. (Below) Rhonda Fleming is really as beautiful in person as she seems to be in films.









Cary Grant, Liz Taylor and Marilyn Monroe come in for some sharp criticism from one of our readers. He thinks that no one is worth that *much money.*



Jack Lemmon, states a fan, is the brightest light comedian on the screen.

Dick and June discipline the children

■ "Well, I'll tell you," Dick Powell says with that infectious grin of his, "disciplining the children isn't very much of a problem.

"And not because I leave it all up to June, either," and now his voice breaks right out into a hearty laugh.

His wife, June Allyson, joins her husband in the laughter and then adds, "All Dick did was teach the children respect for our national anthem," June explains.

Explains?

"Wait around for a minute—it shouldn't take more than that—and you'll see."

So we sat around for a minute—it didn't take much more than that—and watched their daughter Pam and her little brother Ricky playing a game together.

And, sure enough, within less time than it takes to pucker up for a whistle, little Ricky—as fellows are apt to—got a little more rambunctious than gentlemen should get when playing games with sisters. And Pam pretty obviously figured that it was time Ricky quieted down and let her hold on to the big ball for a few seconds before Ricky made with a flying tackle and grabbed it from her.

So the next time Ricky headed for her, Pam just stood her ground and started whistling.

Ricky stopped in mid-leap, stood stock still and at attention!

How come?

"Works every time," their mom and pop grinned. "All Pam has to do is start whistling *The Star-Spangled Banner*—and Ricky stands at attention."

"All Dick did was teach the children respect for our national anthem," June laughed, "and the kids took over the discipline problem from there . . . disciplining each other!"

You can see June in STRANGER IN MY ARMS *for U-I.*



Lanolin Plus creates a new kind of complexion finish!



Complexion Control

Liquid Make-up *with Sunshine Vitamin D plus Vitamin A . . . gives skin sheer luminous beauty, even in the glare of the noonday sun!*

Puts other make-ups in the shade! Only new Complexion Control Liquid Make-up gives your skin precious vitamins A and D *plus* the moisturizing miracle of its Lanolin Plus Liquid ingredient.

Complexion Control is so good for your skin, you can leave it on indefinitely without the inevitable drying, coarsening effects of ordinary make-up. Smooths and softens, every minute. Goes on evenly. Never streaks, fades, or changes color. Gives you the moist look that's the young look. Comes in six flattering complexion tones. Get *yours* today! $1 *plus tax wherever cosmetics are sold.* *(Also available in Canada)*

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LOUIS JOURDAN, STAR OF THE GREAT MOTION PICTURE "GIGI"



"You can always tell a HALO girl"

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today — with pure, sparkling Halo.



HALO *glorifies as it cleans*

MODERN SCREEN
march 1959



WHAT DID RICKY INVITE US TO?



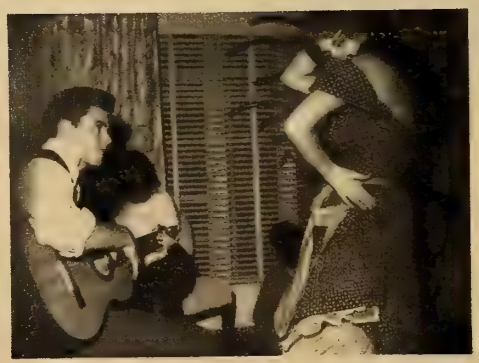
WHAT DID RICKY INVITE US TO?

A "NO-PAR

"What *is* a 'no-parents-allowed' party?" Earl Leaf, MODERN SCREEN photographer, asked Ricky. It was a new term to him! "Come along and see," was all Ricky would say. "It's going to be at Freddi's pad. She's my date tonight." "Wait a minute," Earl said, "who's Freddi?" "Freddi Robbins," said Ricky, a great gal, a model . . . you must know Freddi . . . then Marsha, Adrian, and Leslie should be there. . . ." "Is that Leslie James?" asked Earl, a little bit startled. "Sure!" said Ricky. "But isn't *she* your girl . . . ? You have a date with Freddi and Leslie's going to be there . . . ? Say Rick, aren't there going to be any men at this party?" "I don't know. I doubt it." "Man!" said Earl . . . "I'll never be able to *explain* all this. Do you mind if I bring along a camera?" "Bring it," said Rick, and that explains all these pictures, but our photographer Earl still seems a little bit dazed. P.S. it looks to us as if it was a ball.



Ricky must have been a little tired that evening, because the first thing he did was lie down on a couch made up of (from left to right) Freddi Robbins, Leslie James, Marsha Marshall and Adrian Simmerin. This so exhausted Leslie that she *had to lie down. Notice, however, that Ricky never put down his guitar. Later, some fans crashed the party.*









The party looked as if it would go on forever. Freddi changed her dress and from then on I Could Have Danced All Night *was her theme song. Ricky's fans went home at 2:00; Earl, our photographer, left an hour later; and the party . . . well, for all we know, that may still be going on, too.*

ENTS-ALLOWED" PARTY!




The night
with

was filled memories...



and we shared them with Grace and her Prince at a private party from which the press was barred!

The guest list was limited to sixty-five close friends and family only. The press was barred from the Club. Photographers, columnists and radio stations had made requests to crash the party, but this was a special occasion, and the Prince and Princess of Monaco wanted privacy.

The place was the Harwyn Club, at 112 East 52nd Street, New York City. It was the scene of tender memories, for it was here that the engagement party of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier was given three years ago.

MODERN SCREEN's reporter was there that night, however, and this is his exclusive report:

The party started at 11:00 on the evening of Wednesday, December 17. It was sponsored by old friends of the royal couple, Major General J. F. R. Seitz, Commanding General of Governor's Island, and his wife, actress Jessie Royce Landis. It was the last big social function before Monaco's rulers would go back to their principality.

When Grace and Rainier arrived—they were about the twelfth couple to come—the General and Mrs. Seitz greeted them warmly. Grace looked very radiant and very beautiful dressed in a gorgeous Empire gown, her hair done up in a bouffant style. (*Continued on page 66*)

In the house next door to his, Rock sat quietly in the corner by himself, watching.

His buddy Don Burnett and his girlfriend Cindy Robbins were putting the final touches on a very special steak dinner, and laughing at some private joke. Cindy reached for the salad forks and at the same moment Don bent down to kiss her. She dropped them and they laughed again as they kissed again and dived after the forks.

Rock just sat there, thinking. Don and Cindy were so happy together, so in love. Once he too had been . . . but now it seemed so long ago, he could hardly remember. . . .

He had been so lonely since his separation from Phyllis. Oh, he knew that their love was dead, that there was no hope of ever bringing back the happiness they once shared. He himself was too unhappy now, too unhappy even to enjoy an evening with one of the many girls who kept his phone ringing, who invited him to parties, who suggested that an evening on the town would be a marvelous cure for the blues. Too unhappy inside to fling himself into a new romance. So he kept to himself, hiding away on his yacht, with only a few close friends for company.

Then his friends began to drift away. If Rock wanted to be a hermit, well, after all, it wasn't much fun having a moody guy around, moping by himself, talking to no one.

But Rock had one good friend left.

His next-door neighbor Don.

Don knew it wouldn't do any good to try to draw Rock out of his shell with a big bang-up party. But Don, and the pretty girl he was unofficially engaged to, Cindy Robbins, had put their heads together and decided to try to make him one of the family. If Rock could begin to feel that two people really liked him, liked him enough to put up with his moods, his silences —and his rejections, they figured maybe pretty soon he'd feel ready to open his heart and his life to another woman . . . hopefully to a wife.

So on evenings when Cindy'd come over to Don's house to cook a special steak and baked potatoes for him, they'd look at each other and say, "Let's see if Rock wouldn't like to join us."

And Don would run next door, where like as not Rock would be sitting alone, staring out at the sunset, and announce, "Say, buddy, my gal Cindy has got the greatest steak going under the broiler right now. But you know what? That silly kid is cooking enough for an army. You could do us both a big favor if you'd come over and help us eat some of it. . . ."

THE NEXT MRS. ROCK

And Rock, deep in his misery, would mumble, "Oh no, Don, you and Cindy want to be alone . . . I know how it is with young lovers."

And Don would insist, "Come on, old man, don't let me down. I don't want my darling to realize what a lousy shopper she is. She thinks she's buying for two, and all she's doing is buying up the supermarket."

"Well, I don't know, I thought I'd drive down to Googie's and get me a hamburger or something. Besides, I'm not hungry."

And Don would pretend to let it go, and start to leave.

Then at the door, he'd turn and ask casually, "Say, Rock, you happen to have some sour cream in your refrigerator? We were going to fix the potatoes the way you showed me. . . ."

And a couple of hours later, three well-fed, happy people would be running along the beach, shouting, "Come on in, the water's fine!"

And little by little, Rock began to pull himself together and face up to the world. He began to realize that here were two people who were an awful lot of fun to be with. Don, a struggling actor who hadn't been in anything very important yet . . . and Cindy, a pretty blue-eyed girl with hair the color of champagne, only twenty-two, but with (*Continued on page 51*)



HUDSON ?





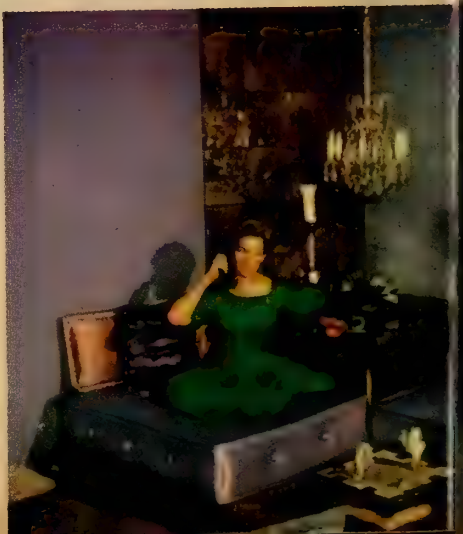
That's Tracey with me (far left). He's my companion and guardian—all in one. This balcony (left) is my pride and joy, and my only view of the outside world . . . I can even see Los Angeles on clear mornings. And here's another treasure (below)—my swimming pool, with its pale blue lights that I use for night swims . . . Let you in on a little secret—I clean it and hose it everyday all by myself!!!



FIRST PICTURES

kim's new house

With all the stories about my passion for lavender, I was beginning to feel like a 'purple people eater.' So I invited MODERN SCREEN to have a first look into my new home. Sure, there's some lavender in the house—it's my favorite color. But there's more to a home than just a color scheme. And mine gives me all the things I've ever wanted in a home—variety, color, and most of all, comfort. So come in for a look. It is the closest thing to being perfect—at least, for me it is. . . .









When I feel like growling, all I do is look at the bear rug (above) by my fireplace to know how I'll look . . . frightening! I also keep this beautiful portrait (upper right) in my pastel living room. It's an artist's idea of me as a child. The picture is above my pale grey and white sofa (right) and my five-foot-round walnut coffee table.





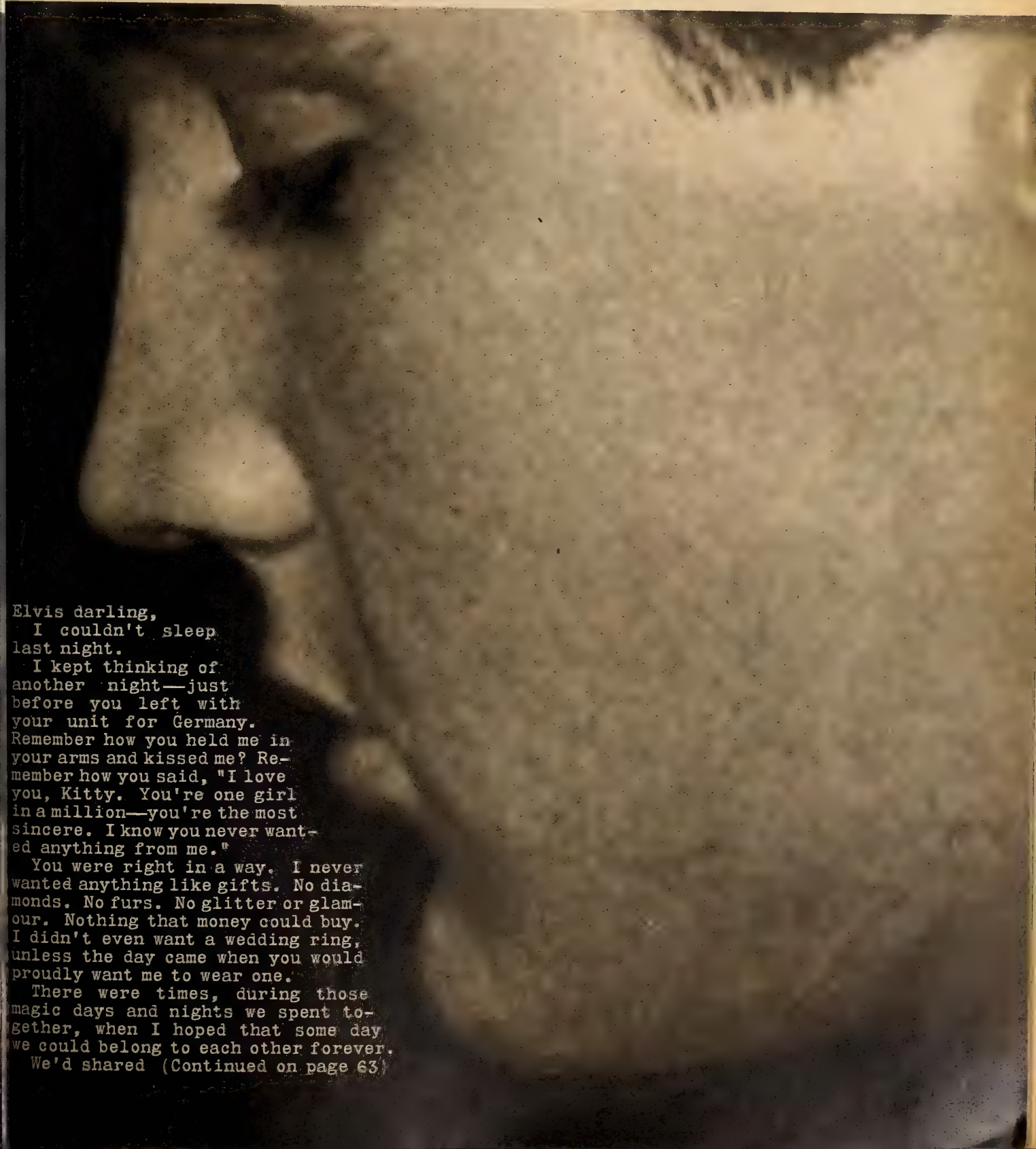
Evenings there's nothing like relaxing on the giant orchid-colored harem lounge in my den (left). This is my 'purplest' room . . . even the chess set is lavender—and green. And after a long day, I like to stretch out on my blue, blue chaise lounge in the bedroom (above). Those are real *candles on my bed (right). Thanks for the visit, come again.*

KITTY DOLAN, the girl Elvis left behind, asks

"Was I a fool to



love you, Elvis?"



Elvis darling,

I couldn't sleep last night.

I kept thinking of another night—just before you left with your unit for Germany. Remember how you held me in your arms and kissed me? Remember how you said, "I love you, Kitty. You're one girl in a million—you're the most sincere. I know you never wanted anything from me."

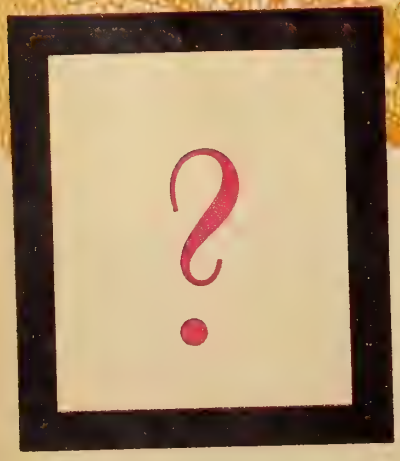
You were right in a way. I never wanted anything like gifts. No diamonds. No furs. No glitter or glamour. Nothing that money could buy. I didn't even want a wedding ring, unless the day came when you would proudly want me to wear one.

There were times, during those magic days and nights we spent together, when I hoped that some day we could belong to each other forever.

We'd shared (Continued on page 63)

WILL YOU BE MY *Valentine?*

Just paste a picture of yourself in the box indicated and send the page to Modern Screen, so Tommy can pick the winner



Beau available. Twenty-one years old. Digs casual clothes, slim-Jim ties and blue suede shoes. Flips for chicken Italian style and hot fudge sundaes. Loves listening to the sweet songs of Keely Smith for hours at a stretch. Anybody interested?

Here I am, of age—and all alone.

"What happened?" I keep asking myself. I've goofed somewhere along the line. When I was thirteen or fourteen I used to brag about all I knew about girls. I knew the ropes—inside and out. I had this silly dreamworld image, a kind of sugarplum impression. Girls were all sweetness and light, fresh and dewy like the first flowers of spring.

But now that I'm twenty-one, would you believe it I know less about girls than ever? What's made me this way? Well, I'll tell you the whole story from start to finish. This is it. The (*Continued on page 70*)





"THIS is the boy I want to marry!"

Eight words that stand out sharp and clear in my diary. There is no hesitation, no wavering in the writing—no ifs or buts. Just firm conviction, sureness, foresight.

I wrote those words when I was fifteen. I wrote them about Dick Clark. . . .

If ever we have a daughter who tells us, at fifteen, that she's falling in love, we won't do any laughing. Memory will be too sharp in us—as sharp as those words in my diary.

I'll see the pleasant-looking, easy-going boy who used to laugh into my eyes in Miss McDougal's Latin Class at A. B. Davis High in Mount Vernon. At sixteen, he made me over from a little frightened rabbit to a person. He did it without half trying, just by being himself and liking me, just as I was.

Maybe we didn't guess then that we'd change each other's lives, but deep down, I think I've known it always from the first time I noticed him, way back in Junior High when I was only thirteen. We didn't share classes then—Dick was a year ahead of me—but I knew he was the most popular boy in school. He was president of the Dramatic Club, president of his class for two years, and in the thick of just about everything. Why should he notice a kid like (*Continued on page 67*)

How I got my man at 15



by Mrs. Dick Clark



Now–the Exotic Look–in Pearl Polish by Cutex

Your nails become exotic jewels–it's the most expensive look in history! Suddenly—your present polish looks flat and old hat. Your nails should gleam with the fire and fascination of exotic pearls . . . blues and greens from the deep blue seas . . . orchids and oranges from the islands . . . whites from foaming breakers. Never before have nails looked so exciting! Be the first to have the Exotic Look in Cutex Pearl Polish, the new, longer-lasting polish that turns your nails into jewels. 49¢ plus tax

CUTEX®



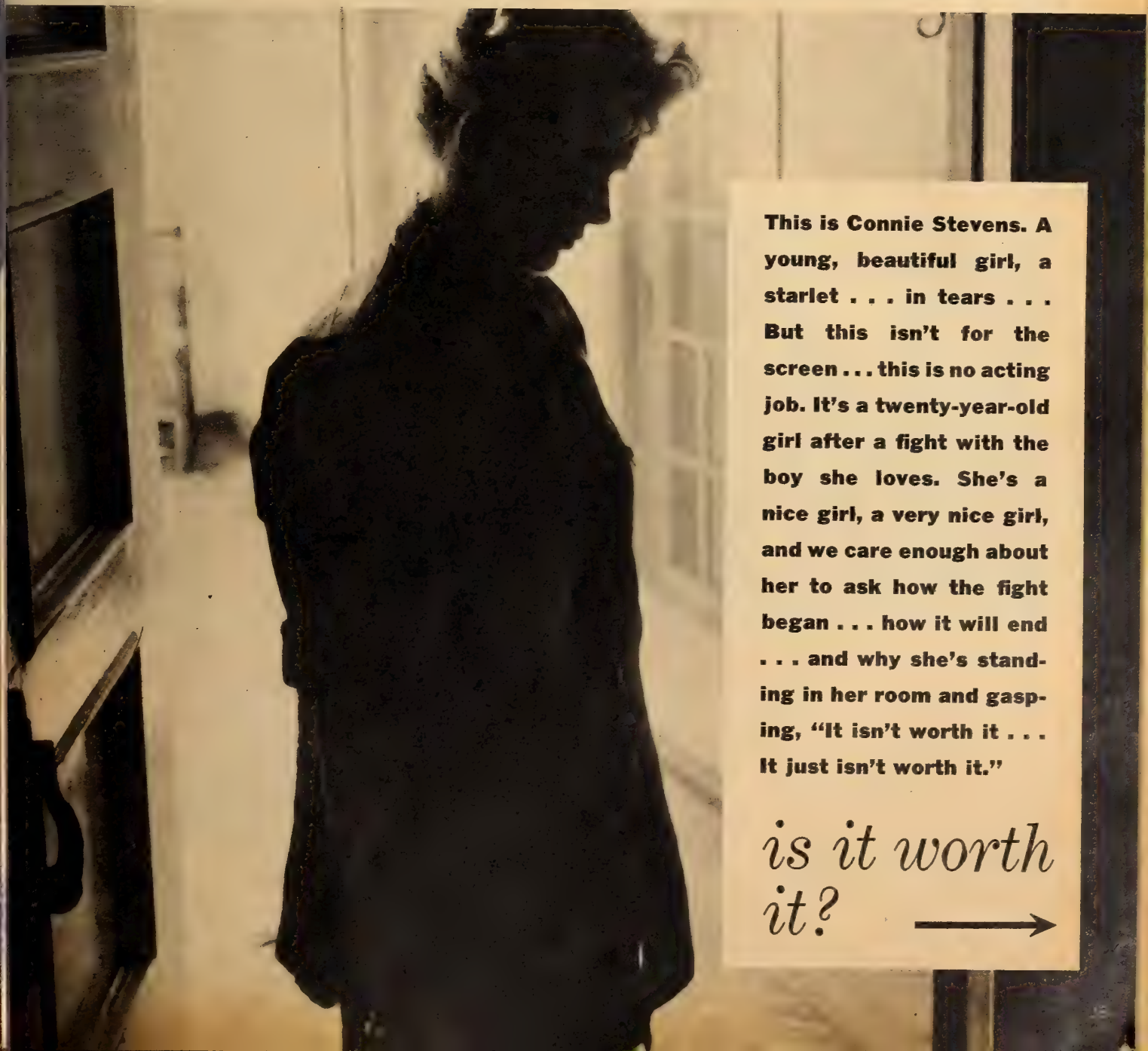
Tahiti Orchid Jamaica Green Capri Blue Orange Blaze White

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK PEARL TIARA CREATED BY JOHN-FREDERICS

YOUNG GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD

FIRST OF A SPECIAL SERIES

subject this month: **CONNIE STEVENS**



This is Connie Stevens. A young, beautiful girl, a starlet . . . in tears . . . But this isn't for the screen . . . this is no acting job. It's a twenty-year-old girl after a fight with the boy she loves. She's a nice girl, a very nice girl, and we care enough about her to ask how the fight began . . . how it will end . . . and why she's standing in her room and gasping, "It isn't worth it . . . It just isn't worth it."

is it worth it? →

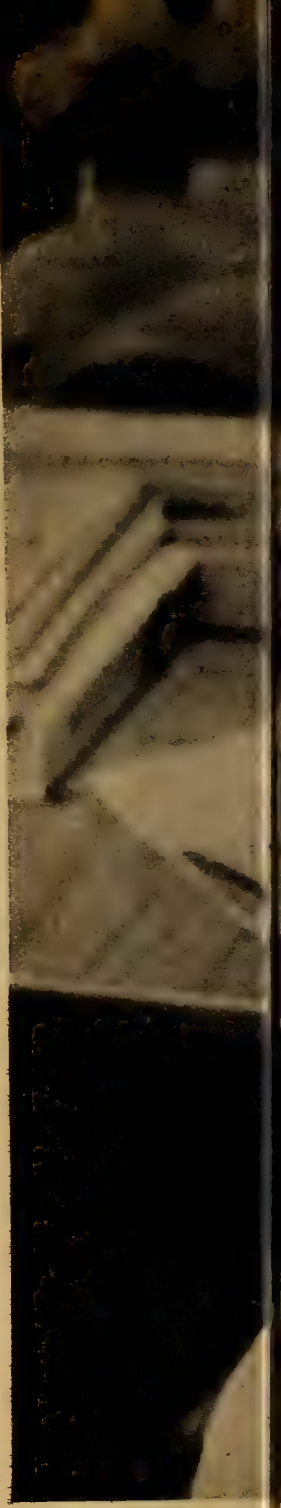
GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD:

CONNIE STEVENS

Is it worth it? All a girl goes through to become a star?



When she's in front of a camera or behind a mike, Connie is doing what she wants to do most. But for every moment of this kind she has spent a hundred hours...waiting for agents and producers. No doors have opened magically. She has waited and worried. Now she must continue to wait for her reviews and worry even harder.



Text by Beverly Linet
Photos by Laurence Schiller





A frightened little girl in blue jeans and an oversized shirt sits in a control room nervously toying with a container of luke-warm coffee. She is listening to a love song and the voice she hears sounds unfamiliar and remote. She knows it is her voice and she thinks she's just awful. A million butterflies are fluttering about inside her as the playback continues. Butterflies that weren't there just ten minutes before. Then she was confident and happy. Then she was doing the thing she loves best. She was singing, and she had felt ten feet tall. Singing has been Connie Stevens' 'life' since high school. She was only sixteen when she lied about her age and joined two other girls for a night-club act in Reno and Las Vegas.

The recording studios at Warners are more pleasant than the crowded, smoky, noisy cocktail lounges to which she had been exposed. Her clothes are more comfortable than the flashy, slinky gowns she once wore to make herself appear older and sophisticated. But no longer is she just part of a trio. No longer is her audience comprised of people who have gambled too much and have had a drink too many and don't really care what or who they are listening to. Now she is on her own and the success or failure of the album she is making can possibly determine her entire future. . . .

Finally the song is ended—and she wants to rush out and beg for a chance to do it over. But her director tells her she's just great and the musicians and arranger are smiling through the glass enclosure. The ordeal is over—for today. But not quite over, after all. There's a call from Jim Conklin, head of Warner Brothers' record division. He wants to see her right away. The butterflies return—in greater force. She rushes to change her clothes, to get to his office. But he's detained—and again she must wait. She sits alone and waits and worries. Worries if her dress is proper, if her make-up is on right, if the album is to be cancelled. Finally he comes. He wants to discuss a new 'single' he has in mind. And he wants to congratulate her for the work she has done so far. "You are one of our brightest stars," he assures her. And she smiles. She has heard this before. She has heard this from Jerry Lewis with whom she appeared in *Rockabye Baby*. Jerry even gave her a bracelet inscribed: To A Great New Star. I Am Proud of You. But Connie knows she has a long way to go and a great deal to go through before she becomes a star. . . . And she wonders if it's worth it.

continued

GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD: CONNIE STEVENS

Despite Jerry Lewis' and Jim Conkling's faith and assurances, Connie Stevens knows she's not really a star. Stars—to Connie—were those exciting glamorous creatures she'd see on the screen six times a day when she was a little girl back in Brooklyn. Stars were those enchanting blonde goddesses whose activities and life stories she devoured greedily via every movie magazine she could buy or borrow. They were the 'chosen people' who lived in thirty-room mansions with thirty-foot swimming pools; who drove Jaguars or Cadillacs; whose wardrobes overflowed with minks and fabulous gowns; who had servants to care for their every need. And even starlets had protectors and advisors to solve every problem, studio genuises to guide every move. But the Hollywood Connie used to read about and dream about no longer exists. She has to make it alone. By saving almost every penny she has earned since her first movie, *Eighteen and Anxious*, two years ago, she finally was able to buy her own home. It's a modest little house in the Hollywood Hills. It has no swimming pool, no fancy furnishings, but since her parents' separation eighteen years ago, it's the first real home she's ever known with her father. To get it, she has had to deny herself a hundred things. Her wardrobe is scant. All her possessions fit into one small closet. She treasures her one party dress, and her evening jacket is an inexpensive, bulky knit sweater which also doubles for sportswear. To keep her dresses in good condition for special occasions and business appointments she runs around town in those ever-lovin' blue jeans and her boyfriend's discarded shirts. Because she puts all her 'extra' money into the house, her beauty parlor is the kitchen sink. She hopes her new album will be a big success. If it is she'll treat herself to a 'domestic' once a week. It would mean so much to have someone help with the shopping and the cleaning and the cooking and the dozen other chores she frantically tries to do on the run. She'd learned to keep house when she was living by herself, and she's good at it. But now that the demands of her career are growing greater, she's left with so little time to herself—so precious little time—and there's a very important way she wants to spend it. *(Turn the page.)*





Her life seems glamorous—from a distance. But with little money and even less time, Connie spends no time in beauty parlors. She has no maid. She washes her own hair and her father is her 'dresser.' Shopping for dinner, Connie looks for the day's specials.



Is it worth it? Remember, a starlet isn't a star! She lacks time, help, money, but she has to make do...



And there's no one to help with the heavier chores, no one but Dad—and he's busy too. Even finding a few minutes to wash her pup can become a problem.



continued

GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD:
CONNIE STEVENS

Is it worth it to steal the loves? Connie can tell yo



"Let's make a day of it," says Gary, surprising Connie one morning. "It's my birthday." "I've got to do a date layout," says Connie, "but I'll make the photographer hurry." But he doesn't hurry, and Connie is very late.

She wants to spend her time with Gary Clarke—her best beau. Right now he's the one special person who means more than anyone else in her life. Is she in love? She thinks so. But love needs time to develop and grow secure. Shunted from one relative to another as a little girl, Connie knows the agony a child of divorce can go through—particularly when both parents are entertainers—and she vows no child of hers will suffer a similar fate. But how can a love grow strong when it is always put off 'til tomorrow? That's her big problem—hers and Gary's. For he's an actor too and when he's not rushing from office to office, he's rehearsing scenes or acting in little theater productions, hoping someone will see him and give him his big break. Too often his schedule and Connie's clash. Too often the moments they spend together must be stolen ones: a brief visit in the morning before they go their separate ways, maybe a sandwich together at lunch-time if they're lucky. Occasionally a midnight-malt after his show breaks—if Connie doesn't have to be up at the crack of dawn. Sometimes they work out things so they can spend an entire day together and then the things they plan don't work out at all . . . And there are misunderstandings and fights —and tears and loneliness. That's when Connie wonders most of all—Is it worth it?

time to see the man she u...that leads to tears...



When she gets home, Gary's patience has run out. In a few minutes he must leave for work and his temper is short. So is Connie's. There are heated words. Then he walks out and she's left alone to cry.



continued





A phone can have a joyous ring when you're feeling low, when you're ready for bed just because there's nowhere else to go. "A party? A beach party? Now? Well, why not?" This is a party she wouldn't want to miss.





GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD:
CONNIE STEVENS

Is it worth it? "Lord, yes!" says Connie. "Yes, yes, yes!"

Yes, there are the moments of fear and loneliness and the lack of money and time which make Connie wonder whether her struggle to become a 'somebody' *is* really worth the effort it takes. There are the bad times. But when Connie is feeling sorry for herself, she counts the blessings of the past two years. She's with her father again and that's important. She can't always see Gary when she wants to but she knows that he is there. If things had been different—if she hadn't been an actress—she may never have met him at all. If she hadn't become an actress she may never have known the loyal friends she now has; the friends she can count on to cheer her when she's feeling blue. And when there is time, there's the gay and carefree get togethers at her home, at the



For this is a surprise party for Gary, and he's the one who takes her home.



beach, at the movies which she still adores. For the first time in her life she has roots. For the first time in her life she has a sense of belonging to somebody and something. And if she hasn't the clothes and the help—and the time to concentrate *completely* on romance, these things aren't missed too much because she never had had them before. Not as a high school girl. Not as a night-club singer. Not as a salesgirl in a dress shop. But she does have something now that is pretty wonderful. She has a faith in tomorrow and a pocketful of dreams that are on their way to becoming realities.

Is it worth it, all that a girl has to go through to become a star? Connie Stevens—starlet on her way—now believes it is. **END**

And when he kisses her good-night everything is right again. And being young and hopeful, Connie feels it will stay right.

I was LIZ'S



betrayed!"
SIDE OF THE STORY

There is a terrible hurt in Liz Taylor's heart.

Do you care?

Your answer—if you're at all typical of millions of movie fans today—is probably, "Her? Who cares about her after what she's done?"

But here is something that may surprise you. The hurt Liz feels is not the result of all the attacks that have been leveled against her in connection with the Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds divorce case . . . not the result of the way some things she said recently about Debbie and, too, about her own late husband, Mike Todd, were 'twisted' by a certain well-known reporter.

Liz's hurt stems, rather, from her being attacked as a mother.

The attack appeared in a newspaper column not long ago.

The column item—and we reprint it with all its sarcasm intact—reads:

Bravo to Elizabeth Taylor, whose infant daughter, Liza Todd, was recently hospitalized. Did Liz, with all her money, take a room in the hospital so she could be with her ailing tot day and night? Not Liz. Did Liz, during the hospitalization, sit home and bite her nails with worry instead of stepping out with Eddie Fisher? Not Liz. Did Liz, after Liza was back home, place her child's crib beside her own bed instead of packing her off to a guest cottage on the other side of the Taylor estate? Not Liz. Well, our Miss T. may not win that Oscar everybody's been wondering about. But she looks like a cinch for one award, at least: Mother of the Year.

That's the item.

We won't bother reprinting the name of the man who wrote it.

But we are bothered by the fact that the man who wrote it is a liar, that (and we know this for a fact) he is an opportunist who was once befriended by Liz and who has repaid that friendship by kicking her when she was down, that he is a man who—by his lies—has betrayed his profession and a fellow-human being.

We ask you now to read the following story, Liz Taylor's side of the story, and to decide for yourself.

We ask you to read it in a spirit of fairness, with your hearts and minds opened wide.

We ask you to judge—once more—a woman who has been so often and so viciously judged in the recent past.

And we hope, sincerely, that after you read it you will say to anyone who smirkingly mentions her name: "Liz Taylor? Yes, I care about her again. And let me tell you why. . . ."

Our story begins late that dark and rainy afternoon last November. Liz was in the nursery, alone with Liza. The baby had been flushed and crying for the past hour and Liz had just taken her temperature.

"Oh no," she said, aloud, as she looked down at the thermometer.

She looked back into the crib for a moment and placed her hand over the baby's forehead. The intense heat that met her fingers seemed to spread through her own body.

"Oh no, no," she said again as she sped from the room, to a phone in the foyer.

She (*Continued on page 60*)













Bobby was getting the works! Glamour...the big time...hot music and a woman, a real woman in love with him...he thought! This was

A BOY'S DREAM...A MAN'S NIGHTMARE



introducing: BOBBY DARIN

(songwriter and singer of the great hits, "Queen of the Hop" and "Splish Splash")

by Paul Denis

Cigaret smoke curled lazily toward the ceiling . . . grey faces clustered at small, black, glass-topped tables . . . 10:00 p.m. in a small New York cafe.

A fellow in his teens was over in the corner, idling softly with the drum set. A smartly-dressed blonde watched him intently, and then asked the bartender, "Who's the kid?"



"Oh, him?" the bartender said. "That's Bobby Darin . . . Works in an office . . . hangs around here at night . . . noodles around the piano and drums . . . sometimes he sings . . . the boss lets him . . . Of course, he ain't a regular performer. . . ."

The blonde sized up the boy appreciatively.

"I'm a dancer," said the blonde. "Maybe I'll ask that kid if he wants to work in my new act. . . ."

"Go ahead, lady," said the bartender. "He ain't going to bite your head off."

She floated over to the tiny bandstand.

"I'm Gloria Fantasy . . . I do a dance act . . . Calypso, cha-cha, East Indian . . . Heard of me. . . ?"

Bobby continued to drum softly with his fingers on the bongos. "Yeah . . . sounds familiar." He straightened his sports jacket and tried to appear man-about-townish.

"I'm looking for a drummer . . . bongo drums . . . I've been here (*Continued on page 80*)

"... don't worry about me ... please don't worry ..."

by Doug Brewer

"Please," Marilyn Monroe said to the doctor, "would you say that once more, what you said about the tests?"

The doctor smiled.

His patient looked so eager, so hopeful.

"They show that you're going to have a baby," he told her again, gently.

Marilyn's face flushed. She had come into the office a few minutes earlier, tired-looking, very tired. But now she was suddenly radiant. And nearly speechless.

"A baby?" she asked.

"Oh," she whispered then, still not quite believing it. But when, a moment later, the simple, beautiful message had sunk in, she rose from her chair. And this time she cried it out:

"*Oh* . . . Oh, thank God. And thank *you*, Doctor . . . I've got to get back to the hotel, right away, Doctor, and phone Arthur and tell him the good news!"

The doctor rose now, too.

"Your husband went back to New York?" he asked, as he walked toward her.

"He left last night, for some business conferences," Marilyn said. "Just last night..." (*Continued on page 78*)



by Ed DeBlasio

the LAME BOY who walked with GOD

Anna Magnani awoke. Even though she had slept badly the night before, moving nervously about the big dark-canopied bed and dreaming long nervous dreams, she smiled. For it was morning now, the morning of *il giorno felice*, the happy day. And so what that the sun was not shining outside and that it rained gray and hard, instead? If Rome had been hit by a rare snowstorm this day, or even a hurricane or a typhoon, it wouldn't have made any difference. For this was the happy day for Anna. It was her son Luca's day. It was his sixteenth birthday and that night there would be the party for him, his first party. And for the first time, really, after so many strange and lonely years away at that far-off hospital, he would be able to enjoy himself.

And so, though the palms of her hands were wet and though she noticed that her breathing was heavy, very heavy, she (*Continued on page 73*)

This is a photograph of Luca, and his mother, the great actress, Anna Magnani. We are privileged to bring you their story...



The Next Mrs. Rock Hudson?

(*Continued from page 25*)

all the kindness and understanding of a woman much older. Rock wished with all his heart that he could do something for them. Here he had gotten so much from life—riches, fame—and yet had such a heavy heart that he wasn't much good to anyone. And here they hadn't had a break yet . . . but they did have what was important—happy hearts . . and love.

And so when Universal was looking for a girl to play Buz Dietrick in *This Earth Is Mine*, a picture Rock was starring in, what could be more natural than for Rock to suggest Cindy?

And when Rock and Cindy took off for Napa, in Northern California, for six weeks of location shots, what could be more natural than that these two friends should spend most of their time together . . . ?

Up in Napa, the whole company stayed at one big motel and took their meals together. Cindy wondered how Rock would react to this—he wasn't exactly gregarious yet.

Then she remembered something Don had said about his pal: "Keep an eye on him, darling; don't let him get too lonely."

So Cindy took a walk down to Rock's cabin and knocked at the door.

At first there was no answer; then, "Yeah?" in a voice that clearly said, "Don't bother me."

But when Rock saw *who* was bothering him, his face lit up and he said, "It's sure good to see you."

They talked for a few minutes, small talk, and after a while, Rock said, "Well, I suppose we might as well face dinner. Coming, Cindy?"

"I'm not sure I'm going to eat in the commissary tonight, Rock," Cindy said slowly. "I suppose I'll have to, because I don't have my car, but I'd just love to drive around and explore some of the restaurants in the Valley."

"Oh, you can take my car," Rock offered. "I didn't know you wanted to go out."

"Well . . . um, thanks," Cindy said after a pause. She shrugged her shoulders very slightly and got up from her chair.

"Wait, Cindy," Rock said then, "do you think you could stand some company . . . ?"

A heart-to-heart talk

". . . and can you image, Rock, I was a chorus girl at nine years old!" They were lingering over coffee, and Cindy was talking up a storm. She had never talked much about herself before. Maybe she had been too busy drawing Rock out then, but now Rock, newly relaxed and smiling, was asking her all about her childhood.

"What do you mean a chorus girl?" he said.

"Well, I'd taken ballet lessons since I was a toddler. My mother had been a professional dancer, and she sort of pushed dancing at me. Not that I minded!

"The lessons started in Hammond, Louisiana, where I was born, and by the time we got to Glendale, California, practically every minute I wasn't in school I was dancing.

"Then, when I was nine, I tried out with a hundred other candidates for the chorus line at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles. And I got the job."

"Quite an honor, I'd say," Rock commented.

"Oh, I was very proud. I even got paid.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical", caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous", stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex".



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient *specifically* formulated to overcome this perspiration. Now it's here . . . Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of exclusive Perstop*, ARRID CREAM Deodorant penetrates deep in the pores and safely stops this "emotional" perspiration odor where it starts. Stops it as no "roll-on", spray-on or stick deodorant could ever do.

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

It's 1½ times as effective as all other leading deodorants tested! Used daily, ARRID with Perstop* actually stops perspiration stains, stops odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.



43¢ plus tax.

*Carter Products Trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants

Around Hollywood, Ann Blyth is known as a Lady.

And she is.

She is also the mother of three lively youngsters. She often says of them, "I'm always learning something new from my children."

One night as Ann was dressing for a big Hollywood party she turned to her husband and said, "That was quite a trick our kids taught me today, wasn't it dear?"

He smiled and kissed her cheek and teased her, "'If the party gets dull, that's something you could do to liven it up!"

Well, the party turned out not to be dull, but Ann found herself stuck with an old bore who had just heard that she had turned down several European offers because she would be separated from her family. His comment was that it must be difficult for her to make a success of her career when she was so tied down.

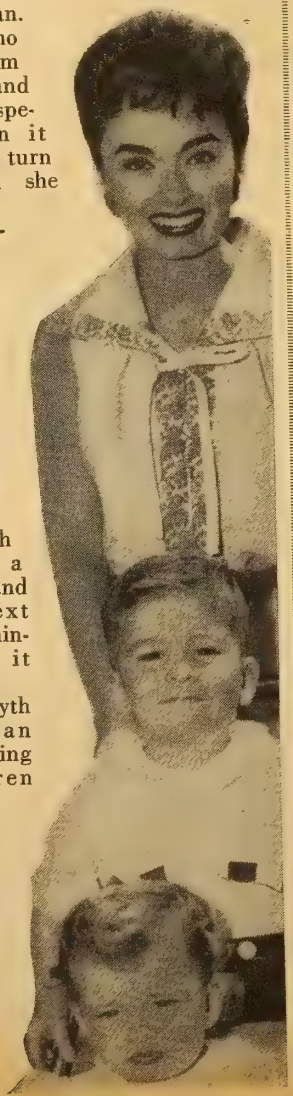
Ann tried to explain that her family came first and how wonderful it was to be with growing children. But he wasn't convinced and moved on to talk to someone else.

Soon the entertainment began. Any guest who could perform now got up and showed off his specialty. When it came to Ann's turn they expected she would sing.

But Ann announced with a twinkle in her eye, "Tonight I'm not going to sing. Instead, I want you all to be the first audience to a new act I just perfected.

And with that, she took a hula hoop, and for the next many, many minutes, kept it whirling!

As Ann Blyth says, you can learn something from children every day.



ann puts on an act

It was my first salary—a dollar a night."

Rock laughed, and then grew serious. "Cindy," he said, touching her hand, "I'm very glad you're here. It's great to have someone from home to talk to."

"Well, hey, it's great to have such a good listener."

The waiter came over to their table. "Check, sir?"

"No, I think we'd like another cup of coffee—I mean, you'd like to stay, wouldn't you, Cindy. . . ?"

Cindy smiled to herself. That look of strain had lifted from Rock's face, and for the first time in a long time conversation didn't seem to be such an effort to him. She hoped he was enjoying himself as much as she was.

". . . So you were already in the big-money league at nine," Rock was saying . . . "Then what?"

"Oh there's more," Cindy said. "By the time I was eleven, I was featured in Ken Murray's *Blackouts*, and this time I was making $35 a week. I was the youngest member of the cast and I had firmly decided to devote my life to dancing.

"But when I got to Glendale High School, I discovered something much more satisfying than dancing—the high school plays. I threw myself into learning all I could about acting techniques. I won first place at a drama festival, and by then I knew the most important thing in the world for me was to become a professional actress.

She knew what she wanted

"So my parents—they're just darling, Rock, I hope you can meet them sometime—they agreed to let me study and finish high school at the School for Young Professionals in New York. After that I did quite a few TV shows—and then I got my first big break."

"Hollywood beckoned?" Rock guessed.

"No, Shirley Booth chose me to play with her in *By the Beautiful Sea*. Oh it was wonderful being in a play with Shirley Booth; I learned so much. And, it ran on Broadway for ten months!

"The Coast came next. I was very lucky. Dorothy McGuire wanted me for the lead in *The Vacant Lot* at the La Jolla Playhouse . . . then there were more TV shows out here . . . and, well, you know the rest: this role in *The Earth Is Mine*."

Rock hadn't taken his eyes off Cindy as she sketched her life story for him. "You always knew what you wanted, and you went after it, and you got it," he said thoughtfully. "When I was a kid, I used to dream about being a movie star, but I never did anything about it. Not much, anyway. Just a few school plays, and I did sing in the First Congregational Church choir in Winnetka—"

"Oh did you really?" Cindy interrupted eagerly. "I used to teach Sunday School myself. And the YWCA—I used to teach classes there."

The waiter came over and stood by their table. "I'm sorry, sir, the restaurant's closing now."

"Why, I had no idea it was so late," said Rock, surprised.

He paid the check and he and Cindy walked out to Rock's convertible. The night was warm and the breezes gently ruffled Cindy's hair. She leaned back and looked up at the blue-black sky and the bright twinkling stars. As they drove along the empty road, she glanced over at Rock and noticed that the corners of his lips were turned up in the beginnings of a smile.

Neither of them said very much, but it was a good silence, a companionable silence . . . the silence of two people who understood each other well enough not to need words. . . .

Rock stopped the car outside Cindy's door. "Good night," he said, "it's been a very pleasant evening."

Cindy laughed shyly. "I'm afraid I kind of monopolized the conversation—"

"No," Rock said, "I wanted to learn more about you, Cindy . . . and besides, sometimes I'd rather just listen."

And he reached over and his lips brushed her forehead lightly. And lightly he said, "That's for luck."

Inside her motel room Cindy sat in her champagne-colored housecoat, slowly brushing her hair . . . Her eyes were dreamy, unseeing, far away. Suddenly she focused on the image in the mirror. She caught her breath. *What in the world are you thinking of,* she told herself sharply. *After all, how does that old expression go—'what's a little kiss among friends . . . ?'*

Inside his motel room, Rock ground out a cigarette and lit another one. *I don't understand this,* he said to himself, *feeling like this . . . I thought I never would again . . . but not Don's girl . . . not Don's girl. . . .*

The rumors begin

A few days later, a difficult scene was scheduled. In it, Rock is wounded and pinned under a car. A few rehearsals of that scene, and Rock really felt wounded. Every muscle in his back was in knots. He felt he'd never straighten up again. "Is there a doctor in the house?" he groaned, his eyes shut in pain.

Cindy had heard him and came over. She had been deliberately avoiding him since the night they had gone to dinner.

She wanted some time alone to straighten out the strange emotions that had been going on inside her, feelings she wouldn't, couldn't believe.

But Rock needed her now—if he knew it or not. Cindy's mother had passed on to her all the show business tricks she'd known as a dancer—and she knew all the ways to get the kinks out of a tired body. Now Cindy knew, too.

"Rock," she said softly, "I can help you."

He opened his eyes. He stopped groaning. "Cindy—"

"Now you just lie down here," she said, very business-like. "Take off your shirt."

And her gentle hands, surely, swiftly, began to ease the agony out of Rock's aching muscles.

When she was done, Rock sat up and impulsively threw his arms around her. "Cindy," he exclaimed, "you've made me a new man!" And just as impulsively planted a resounding kiss on her surprised lips.

And that's where the rumors may have started. Just a big, brotherly kiss—anyone might have done the same. But for the rest of the afternoon, whenever Cindy'd look up from the script she was studying, she'd find Rock's eyes burning into hers. . . .

When the day's shooting was done, Rock asked her, "Would you have dinner with me tonight? There's—there's something I want to talk about. . . ."

Yes, Cindy thought, *we'd better get it over with now. . . .*

So they did go to dinner, back to the little restaurant they had first discovered. And they ordered Beef Stroganoff, and a good wine, and they talked. They talked about Rock's interest in doing a Broadway play, and they talked about the volunteer work Cindy was doing with religious organizations in Malibu, and they talked about the places in the world they'd like to visit some day. But they didn't talk about the thing they'd come to talk about.

And when Rock brought her home, he kissed her good night, not on the forehead as before; on her lips, sweetly,

gently. Rock looked away then, and started to say, meant to say, *Cindy, we can't go on like this.*

Cindy put her hand out and started to open the car door, started to say, *Rock, I think it would be better if we didn't see each—*

And suddenly, at the same moment, they both knew they couldn't say the words they had to say. . . .

Not like before

The next week end Don came up for a visit.

The three old friends went around together, went driving together, swimming together, eating together.

Like before.

But not quite. It wasn't really the same. And they all knew it.

But none of them spoke of it . . . What could three good, decent people say to change what could not be helped. . . ?

Don left for Malibu; Cindy and Rock saw him off, and then Cindy went right to her room. And she lay there on her bed, thinking, praying, *Oh God, help me know the right thing to do . . . Oh God, help me. . . .*

And that is the story as far as it is known.

Rumors had spread the story of the love of Rock and Cindy, some of them false, as rumors often are . . . and some of them true. Rock and Cindy have denied there was anything between them. They may deny their feelings to the world now, but the time may come when they can no longer deny their feelings to their hearts. Cindy wants to be kind and she would never consciously hurt anyone's feelings, particularly not Don's—for he needs her much more than Rock does at this stage of his career. He is still struggling, and needs the reassurance of a beautiful girl, while Rock is the idol of millions of girls.

The rumors are quieting down, because there is nothing to feed them. No news leaks out of Malibu. Rock continues to be noncommittal, and Cindy feels the less she says about him, the better.

Since Cindy and Don have never officially broken up, they are then still unofficially engaged. And, in addition to not wanting to hurt the feelings of his best friend, Rock has another reason to keep quiet. His divorce from his first wife, Phyllis, is not final. Unless he resorts to a quickie Mexican divorce, he is not at liberty to make any announcement.

What's ahead for Rock and Cindy?

Anyone who observed them together at Napa could tell how they felt about each other. Anyone who saw them would say that there's little doubt that they are deeply in love, and that it's only a matter of time till Cindy Robbins becomes the next Mrs. Rock Hudson. **END**

Rock can soon be seen in THIS EARTH IS MINE *for U-I.*

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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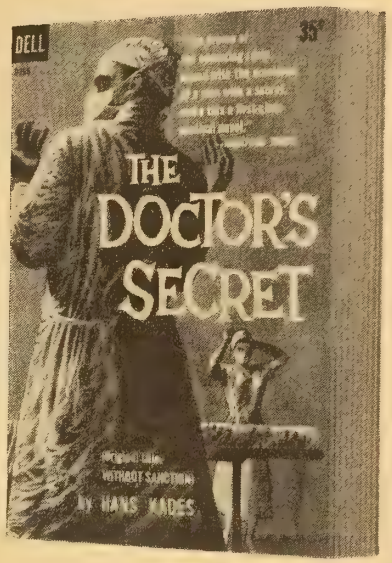
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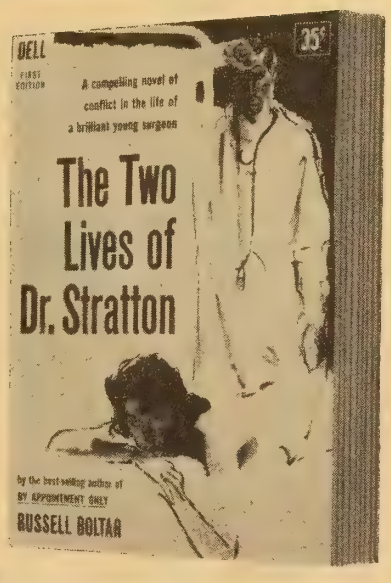
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(original title: *Without Sanction*)

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—*Hartford Times*





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UNDER 21

You are under 21:
You can't stand passing mirrors . . .
You spend all your money on clothes and they look sick . . .
You pack away malts and scream if a skirt won't zip . . .
Your hair would make a good stand-in for a rag mop . . .
Your skin is anything but sleek, smooth and soft . . .
Your parents treat you like a baby . . .
Your dream-dates don't date you or know you're alive . . .

Life *is* worth living. But just *barely.*

This is a brand new monthly section to discuss and solve those problems that haunt *everyone* who is under 21. *It's for you. It's about you.*

Because you're not the only one. Practically everyone under 21 has the same miserable problems. Even the glamorous types that look so perfect in movies or magazines. They have to sweat it out too. If they're under 21, they worry about the same jazz. If they're out of their teens, they've been through it all. It's best to find out how to get out of the muddle *you* are in. But it really helps to know that you are not the only one who has been that route. Just take a look at a few of the stars who are under 21 . . .

continued →

IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 YOU HAVE A SECRET PROBLEM

It's a pretty safe bet. Something worries you. There's bound to be something. And if you are under 21, it's probably a problem that's shared by all teenagers to some degree. Even movie stars. Some of these tales of woe probably remind you of someone you know quite well: *you.* That's why we are asking you to write letters telling us what bothers you. Each month we plan to spotlight one of your letters. We'll take one that presents a problem that lots of kids dig and we'll really stomp on it. On these two pages, we will present a star who has that very same problem. We'll show you how she tries to solve it. But we won't just take her word. What's our secret weapon? Turn the page.



Is it weight?

Every girl thinks she's either too fat or too skinny. Not many girls are both. Sandra Dee has been trying to slim down since someone remarked years ago that she had a baby face. She hasn't had a bite of chocolate since she was nine years old. Day after day, she lunches on lettuce sprinkled with vinegar and a couple of hard boiled eggs. Eventually she just lost her liking for richer foods. "I don't like what they say is good for me," she declares. When the 5'4" star hit 85 pounds, doctors put her on a new diet. Now she has to add three egg-enriched malted milks to her regular meals each day, to put weight back on after trimming it off. It's a regular seesaw dieting routine for Sandra. . . .



Is it sex?

"Men never make passes at girls who wear glasses." That's a pretty old idea and Dolores Hart is convinced that keeping the wolves from the door is a bit more complicated than just slipping on a pair of old horn-rims. "I can't understand girls who give their dates the come-on all evening and then panic when the fellow makes a pass," she declares. Sex creates problems for many teens, but a young actress really has to be on her toes. Dolores feels that deciding what you think is right and wrong is a major problem. You don't want to be left home as a baby, or a prude, or a square. But what do you do. . . .



Is it unpopularity?

Millie, the mouse, is what she's often called, and with good reason. She's afraid of people, afraid to be with them or to talk to them. Lovely Millie Perkins is so terribly shy that it threatens her ability to enjoy life, dating, and her career. "I become so frightened that I have difficulty opening my mouth," she murmurs. "The words just stick in my throat and I can't get them out!" It's not just radio interviews and television appearances that shatter her. Just trying to chat with a date leaves this shy lass completely shaken. One of New York's top models, one of Hollywood's newest stars, but she is home alone on Saturday nights . . .



Is it acne?

Carol Lynley loves to eat. When she's worried, she eats. When she's happy, she eats. When she's sad, she eats. "I guess I'm just a nervous eater," she muses. "All my emotions seem to lead to my stomach!" Carol is confronted with a continual problem because her wild eating splurges show right up in her complexion "if I just look at food." She has a real passion for spaghetti and adores slabs of buttered bread. "When I was younger, I had a terrible time," she says. "My figure was changing, my face was breaking out, I was gaining weight, and I felt everyone was always picking on me." Carol has solved her figure and temper problems. But she still peers anxiously in the mirror and sometimes her poor skin is evidence of her love of rich food. . . .



Is it parents?

"I'm a big girl now. I want to be treated like a big girl now." It's an old song, but most teenagers are still singing it and meaning it. Parents have a way of being a problem when you are under 21, and Connie Francis' folks take the cake. "Nice girls don't go out with boys," her father used to declare. "You're our little girl, always our little girl." It wasn't just dating and trying to get her parents to let her grow up. There was also her mother's excellent cooking that tempted 103 pound Connie up to a whopping 138 pounds when she was 14. She finally started dating but she still hasn't convinced her parents that she isn't a baby anymore. It's a real problem to be accepted as "a big girl now". . . .

If you are under 21, your problem probably seems shattering. You may be afraid to even talk about it. You may be ready to give up. But this new section is for you; here's your chance. . . .

continued →

IF YOU ARE UNDER 21 JUST SHOUT FOR HELP

When you write to us about a problem, we really plan to give it the works. We'll find out all about it, what makes it tick, how to conquer it, how to hide it. And we'll find out from the real authorities. The people whose job it is to solve those same problems for the stars. We'll report what they advise actresses *and you* to do to smash that problem. We have them all represented on our advisory board, just waiting to help you help yourself out of that rut. But we don't want to just dig up some problems and waste time on stuff that you don't care about or already know. This section is for the things that *you really want* to hear about. So it's up to you to tell us. Complexion, diet, fashions, hairdos, parent trouble, dating, popularity. . . . What are the things that bug you right now? Let your hair down. Don't be shy. We'll withhold your name if you want. But this is *your* section, a place for you to come with your problems and talk them over with real authorities. They're ready and willing but now it's up to you. Write your letters to:

Under 21
Modern Screen
750 Third Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

We'll try to find the answers for you. Answers *about you*. And your favorite stars. Answers from experts who really know their stuff. We'll try to make it great to pass a mirror. Great to be a teenager. And life really will be worth living. Even while you are under 21. It *can* be.

Edith Head



Helen Hunt



Frankie Van



Pauline Kessinger



Gordon Bau



Pat McNalley



Ben Bard



All right. So movie stars have problems. If they're under 21, they're too fat or too skinny or too shy or too something. . . . Now the big question is that since they have the same gripes that *you* have, how do they manage to have all that charm and glamour that you would *like* to have? But don't.

If you want to know how it's done, then the outstanding authorities who are the members of Under 21's advisory board are the best people in the world to ask. They're the ones that have the answers. Because they're the ones that provide the answers for the stars. And they're willing to do the same for *you*.

If your problem has anything to do with **clothes,** then Edith Head is the one to ask. Head costume designer for Paramount Studio, she has designed clothes for some of Hollywood's greatest actresses and is one of the world's leading fashion experts. The proof is found in her six Academy Awards for costume design and eight additional nominations. If you just can't do a thing with your **hair,** then Helen Hunt can help you. Miss Hunt is the outstanding woman hair stylist in the motion picture industry. As head stylist for Columbia Pictures, she has won many top awards and originated styles worn by teenagers as well as movie stars.

If you diet and diet but no matter what you do, you still just lose weight in all the wrong places, then you need advice from Frankie Van. Van is **figure** consultant for Universal-International Studios and for more than 20 years has helped actresses look their best. But if you really want a few tips on **dieting,** check with Pauline Kessinger. Commissary director for Paramount Studios, Miss Kessinger regulates special diets used by stars to gain weight, lose weight, or just stay healthy.

Perhaps your real problem is **makeup.** You want to look your best and you've tried tons of things, but all you ever look is made up. Then you need a few words with Gordon Bau, head of the makeup department at Warner Brothers Studios. Bau thinks everyone can and should aid nature but the danger is in using too much aid and not enough nature. Or maybe it's your **complexion** that gives you the shudders. If you have the skin you'd love to trade in for an elephant hide, then perhaps Pat McNalley can help you. Head of the makeup department at Walt Disney Productions, McNalley has helped scores of young stars solve the very same problems.

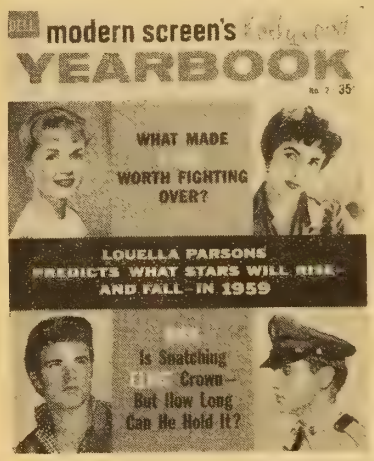
If it's not how you look but how you **act** that is a problem, then the man to ask is Ben Bard. Director of the talent training program at Twentieth Century-Fox, Bard has packed away more than 40 years of experience as an actor, director, and talent teacher. Here's the man who teaches the stars how to walk and talk and act. to just be stars in everything they do. And he, like all the other members of the Under 21 advisory board, isn't keeping it a secret. They are waiting for your letters. They are ready to tell you how it's done. They are anxious to answer all the questions that are asked . . . by you. **Watch these pages next month. *You* may be in them!**

WOW! What a Lineup!

RICK vs. ELVIS

DEBBIE-EDDIE-LIZ

all this and more, much more, in

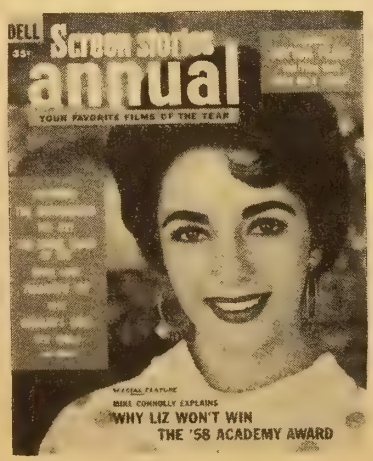


• SAYONARA •

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I Was Betrayed

(*Continued from page 45*)

dialed a number. "This is Mrs. Todd," she said. "May I speak to the doctor—quickly please?"

The doctor was on the line a moment later.

"Liza," Liz said, trying hard to control her voice. "It's Liza. She's sick. I just took her temperature. It's a hundred-and-three!"

She closed her eyes as she listened to the doctor say something.

And as the doctor talked, she heard the doorbell ring.

"Yes," she said, "yes, Doctor, now—I'll do that right now."

She hung up and stood frozen for a moment.

The doorbell rang again.

Liz snapped out of her gaze.

"Eddie?" she called out, rushing to the door.

"Milkman, lady," she heard a voice call back.

She opened the door.

It was Eddie, smiling away. "Now about those three quarts you ordered for tomorrow—" he started to say.

But when he saw the terrified look in Liz' eyes, he stopped.

"What's the matter?" he asked, reaching for her hand, still standing in the open doorway.

Liz told him about the baby, about her call to the doctor, about how the doctor had said he wanted the baby brought to the hospital immediately.

"The hospital?" Eddie asked. "Why can't he come here?"

"Because—" Liz said. A sudden gust of wind flew past the house at that moment and a quick splatter of rain slapped against her face. "—Because he says there may not be much time."

Eddie nodded. "Let's take her then," he said, leading Liz inside. As they walked toward the nursery he continued talking. "It's probably nothing to worry about," he said. "All babies get high fevers once in a while. *You* know that."

But Liz didn't answer.

"We've got to wrap her up well," she said, instead. "Lots of blankets. We've got to keep her warm, Eddie. She mustn't get a draught in the car."

"We'd better hurry!"

They were in the nursery by now. Liz had picked her baby up from the crib and she held her close to her now and began to kiss her little face.

"Liz," Eddie said, "I think we'd better hurry."

He had looked at Liza these last few moments, listened to the terrible way she cried, noticed the way her tiny eyes seemed to bulge from their sockets in unfathomable and helpless pain.

He could see now that the baby was sick, very sick.

And so, again, he said, "I think we'd better hurry."

And so, a few minutes later, they left.

The doctor was already at the hospital when they arrived.

Immediately, he took the baby from Liz' arms and ran his fingers across her chest.

Then he turned to a nurse.

"Set up an oxygen tent," he said.

He began to walk away.

Liz rushed after him and grabbed his arm.

"Doctor," she said, "what's wrong with my baby?"

"I can't be sure yet," the man said, softly. "But I think it's pneumonia, a deep congestion of the ches " he continued.

"And she'll be all rig t?" Liz asked.

The doctor hesitated.

"I don't know," he said, finally.

Liz' hand dropped from his arm. "I'd like to stay here with her," she said, her voice suddenly numb, defeated. "I'd like a room here—or a cot in her room."

The doctor shook his head. "That's not allowed in this hospital," he said. "Anyway, the disease is probably contagious and—"

He shrugged.

Then he walked away.

And as he did, Liz turned back to Eddie, still at her side; and her voice still numb, she said, "They think my baby is going to die. Don't they, Eddie? Don't they?"

It was nearly three o'clock the following morning. Liz sat in the empty hospital corridor. Earlier in the evening, she had phoned five or six times to find out about the baby's condition. But always the answer had been the same:

"No change, Mrs. Todd."

"We'll let you know when there is, Mrs. Todd."

"Why don't you get some sleep, Mrs. Todd?"

At two o'clock Liz made up her mind: she would go to the hospital. She wanted to see Liza. She had to see Liza. Liza was her daughter and she had a right to see her.

So she threw on a coat, got into her car and drove to the hospital.

The corridor had been quiet, the reception desk empty when she got there.

The producer of Eva Gabor's off-Broadway show, *Lulu*, said: "I guess the $100-a-week salary here is just pin-money for you." Miss Gabor replied: "Not for the kind of pins I use. . . ."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

Then, a minute later, a young man—obviously an interne—had appeared.

"I'm Mrs. Todd—" Liz started to say.

"I know," the man had said, smiling.

"My baby," Liz said, "—can I see her? For just a few minutes. Please."

The man had been sympathetic. "I'm afraid not," he had said. "I know how you feel. But she's still in an oxygen tent. And it is against orders."

She just sat there

"Orders," Liz had repeated, softly, after him. And then she'd looked over at a bench and asked, wearily, "May I stay here for a while, for just a little while?"

"Of course," the young doctor had said, "you just sit and stay for as long as you like."

And so Liz sat there now, alone, in the empty corridor.

And it was about ten minutes later when she saw the two nurses walking toward her. She noticed that they looked at her and then passed her, heading for a small office a few yards from where she sat.

She noticed, too, that one of them made an attempt to close the door behind her, but that the door did not close full way.

And then she heard their voices as they talked.

"Recognize her?" one of them asked.

"Yeah," said the other.

"I feel sorry for the baby," the first one said. "Fever's up to a hundred-and-five now."

"Boy," the other said.

"And *she* just sits there," the first one

said sarcastically. "Just look at her!"

"So what's she going to do?" asked the other.

"I don't know," the first one said. "But I'll tell you one thing. Any other woman I'd feel sorry for, sitting and waiting like that. But this gal—I tell you—she's getting just what she deserves."

"Oh stop it," said the first one.

"I tell you," the other went on, "—even the Bible says it: the sins of the parent will be visited on the child . . . You know what I mean?"

Liz didn't hear the answer to that question.

She didn't hear anything more, except those words one of the nurses had just spoken, those awful words:

The sins of the parent will be visited on the child.

For a while, she tried to wipe the words from her brain, hard, like a cleaning woman on her knees pushing desperately at a smudge of relentless dirt.

But it was no good.

For the words kept coming back to her.

The sins of the parent—

—Will be visited on the child . . .

The sins—

—The child

The sins—

—The child.

Suddenly, Liz got up.

She began to walk.

She walked down the empty corridor, slowly, aimlessly, her heart beating heavy inside her.

When she passed a phone booth, at one point, she thought she would hide herself inside it and call Eddie and talk to him—just the way she used to talk to him those nights after Mike had died, when she had needed someone to talk to and when he'd seemed to be the only one she'd wanted to talk to.

Alone . . . but for God

But, now, at this moment, though she had no one, though she wanted someone, she decided no. It was late, she knew, and Eddie had sat up most of the night with her before going home to the little hilltop bachelor place he'd moved into after his split with Debbie, and he had an important rehearsal in the morning—and no, no, she couldn't wake him up now, no matter how much she needed him.

And so she continued walking, past the phone booth, past the water fountain there against the wall, past the doors marked *Ear Clinic* and *No Admittance* and *Positively No Admittance.*

And then, finally, she came to the door marked *Chapel.*

And she paused.

For a minute, she simply stood there, looking at the door.

But then she found herself walking towards it and twisting the knob and entering the room.

The room was dark.

Liz lifted her hand and felt the wall for a lightswitch and, finding it, she clicked it. Slowly, it seemed, the tiny room came bathed in soft, warm light.

She closed the door behind her.

And, alone now, completely alone, she began to pray.

"God," she whispered, walking to the front of the room, then kneeling, staring at the plain gold crucifix tacked to the wall across from her, the nurse's words spinning through her brain. "God . . . They say I have sinned. They say I am bad—that I must pay for being bad.

"But God—*You* are the One who knows, really knows. You are the One who will find me guilty or not when the time comes.

"So God—please—for now—if there is any punishment to be dealt—don't punish my baby; not Liza, my baby, my little girl."



Liz shook her head and the tears began to rush into her eyes.

"She's so little, God . . . She's never hurt anyone . . She's just a *baby.*"

Again she shook her head.

"Oh, I've suffered, God," she went on, desperately. "—Last March . . . Mike . . . That night in the plane . . . And then *he* was gone . . . And now—not Liza. Not our daughter."

The tears streamed from her eyes.

She brought her hands together.

And, suddenly, her voice shattering the heavy silence of the holy room, she screamed out:

"Please—I've lost the one person who meant everything to me. Please—don't take our baby away from me, too. . . ."

Two terrible weeks

The next two weeks were the most terrible Liz has ever spent. The baby remained in the hospital, in critical condition, strangely allergic to any of the antibiotics she was being given to help her fever—that fever enormously and consistently high. And Liz, meanwhile, remained closeted in her home, always on the phone with the baby's doctor, visited by a few close friends—including, of course, Eddie. Once in a while, someone would suggest to Liz that she and Eddie go out with them, to a movie, or a restaurant, or a nightclub—anything, just so she would get her mind away from her worry. But, always, Liz would say no. "I've got to wait," would be her answer. "I may leave the house. And the phone may ring. And—"

Then she would stop and, her body tensing, she would repeat:

"I've got to wait. I've *got* to, *got* to."

The phone did ring, finally, very early that morning exactly two-and-a-half weeks after Liza had been taken to the hospital. Liz, half asleep, got up from her bed and answered it.

She sensed, right off, that it was the hospital calling. At first she was afraid. But she knew she must be brave.

"Hello?" she asked, nervously, her fingers clutching to the receiver.

Then she heard the doctor's voice.

"Mrs. Todd?"

Liz could barely answer him.

"Yes—this is Mrs. Todd."

"I have good news," she heard him say.

"You—?" Liz started to say.

"*Good* news," the doctor said. "Just a little while ago we found a serum the baby can take. Her fever has started to drop . . . It was touch-and-go there for a while—I don't mind telling you that. But your little girl is going to be all right now, Mrs. Todd."

Liz felt her knees go weak, her head begin to spin.

She fell back into a chair.

"All right, you say?" she asked, still not believing it.

"All right," the doctor assured her.

Liz closed her eyes. "Oh thank you, oh thank you . . . thank you, thank you, thank you," she whispered.

Then, after talking a little while longer and hanging up, she continued sitting there, and she thought.

In a few minutes, she thought, she would call Eddie—who'd been suffering through these past weeks with her—and tell him the wonderful news. And then, right after that, she would go down the hall to the room where her sons, Michael and Chris, lay sleeping, and wake them and tell them. To young Chris, especially, who only the other day had said to her: "Mommy, my friend next door told me that Liza is never, ever gonna come home again. Is that true, Mommy?"—to him, now, she could say: "Liza's getting better,

sal takes a plunge



THERE'S a theory that has meant a great deal to Sal Mineo ever since he was a kid of ten and scared of the water. The theory is—fear is all in the mind.

Sal hadn't learned to swim then but he liked to tag along with his two older brothers to the beach. He envied his brothers cavorting in the water but he would never set foot in the surf himself without a life preserver.

"Come on Sal," they'd tease him, "throw that safety belt away and we'll teach you how to swim." But Sal always shook his head.

The most daring thing he would do is dive off the raft—with his life preserver tied firmly around him.

One day he dived in—and he didn't know that a loose nail on the raft had punctured his life preserver. He paddled around in blissful ignorance. He noticed he wasn't as buoyant as usual but he didn't worry because he trusted the life belt around him. His brother saw what had happened but decided not to tell Sal for a while. Finally when the kid climbed back on the raft, Mike said, "Well, Sal, congratulations! You're a swimmer at last, and without your old standby."

Sal looked at him as if he were crazy. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you tore it when you dived from the raft. You've been swimming just fine without it. Aren't you glad?"

Sal gulped. He was scared just to think of it. "I'm going home," he said. "I've had enough for today."

Mike held his arm.

He gave it to his kid brother straight.

"No, Sal. You've proved you can swim without a prop so you don't have to be scared any more. Don't go home without going into the water again. If you do, you'll never get up enough courage to try it again. What you have to do is jump in, right this minute."

"Not me!"

Mike made up his mind for him—he pushed his brother in. And once in the water, Sal swam without any support and without any fear. . . .

Since that day, he's been an excellent swimmer.

"It just goes to prove," Sal says now, "that fear is all in the mind!"

darling, and she will be back with us soon!"

Liz was never more radiant than the day she went to the hospital to bring her baby home.

Before going upstairs to get the baby, she stepped into the doctor's office for a moment. There, she listened as the doctor discussed medicines Liz would need, details of the care she would have to receive, and the fact that because the baby was not completely well and that what remained of her sickness could still be labeled *contagious* she would have to be isolated from Liz and the boys.

"You mean I can't keep her with me?"

The doctor shook his head. "For a month, at least, I want her kept with a nurse in separate quarters," he said. "Do you have a guest cottage on your grounds?"

"No," Liz said.

"Then I suggest a room at the far end of the house, away from the boys."

Liz nodded. Almost meekly, she asked, "But can I get to see her at all?"

"I think it would be all right, for a little while every day," the doctor said.

He smiled.

"Want to come get your daughter now?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, getting up, too, "oh yes."

"Then what are we waiting for?" the doctor asked, taking her by the hand now and leading her out of the office. . . .

What happened next can best be described by a nurse who had taken care of little Liza most of these past three weeks and who accompanied Liz and the doctor to the baby's room now.

"Before this particular morning," the nurse has said, "Miss Taylor had only been allowed to see her daughter through a glass partition. But now that she was able to go into the room—well, I thought she was going to fly through the door before we even had a chance to open it. And it was really something to see—how she rushed right over to the crib where the baby lay and scooped her up in her arms, how she called out 'Liza!' over and over again, laughing and hugging the baby and covering her with kisses . . . how the baby began to laugh, too, and say 'Ma-ma, Ma-ma, Ma-ma,' how the two of them, together like that—well, it was *really* something to see.

Tears of thanks

"For the next few minutes, after they greeted each other, I helped Miss Taylor dress the baby.

"Then, when it was time for them to go, Miss Taylor walked over to where the doctor was standing and she kissed him.

" 'I'll never forget what you've done for us,' she said.

"She turned to me next.

" 'I'll never forget,' she said, walking over and kissing me, too.

" 'It's been a pleasure, believe me, to see the baby make such wonderful improvement this past week,' I said. 'And it's been a pleasure, too, just being with her,' I said, 'because she's such a good baby and such a beautiful baby.'

" 'Thank you,' Miss Taylor said.

"Then she looked down at her daughter, nestled in her arms.

" 'Her daddy would be very proud of her right now, wouldn't he?' she said.

Then she stopped.

"And I noticed that she had begun to cry a little as she said that.

"So, for the next minute or two, we just stood there, looking at the baby.

"And then, her head still bowed, she whispered good-bye and left for home—just her and the baby she was hugging so hard. . . ." **END**

Liz' next picture will be TWO FOR THE SEESAW *for United Artists.*

 See Sal in Walt Disney's TONKA.

Was I a Fool?

(*Continued from page 29*)

so many things—the rapturous moments, and the saltiness of tears, and many moments of laughter. "You're my girl," you'd say to me wistfully. "Will you still be my girl while I'm away?"

And I'd answered, "Of course, Elvis. I've never known anyone like you." And you said, "And I've never known anyone like you, baby."

Now you're more than 3,000 miles away. Or is it 6,000? I was never very good at figures. But when I saw the stories about you and the beautiful German girls—fräuleins they called them—who had fallen for you, I trembled with fear. So many American soldier boys, I know, had married foreign girls while they were overseas. And later when they were asked what those foreign girls had that the American girls didn't, they said frankly, "Nothing, but they were close at hand. . . ."

Elvis, I'm scared. I'm afraid, like the day I picked up a paper and saw a picture of you and one of those fräuleins—especially that picture of you kissing one named Margit, your face lighting up with that boyish grin. That made my heart turn somersaults. The mere thought of you still makes my heart pound fast. When a girl falls in love with a boy like you, Elvis, the feeling is suffocating. But for you, my darling, caught up in a new world, will the memory of our kisses and our unfinished love story be enough. . . ?

I never realized how susceptible I could be till the day I met you, darling. I'd met so many boys; so many have asked me for dates; so many have told me that I was pretty. And of course, I'd gone out with many boys before I met you. But there was something we captured together that I've never known before or since. Were those stars we saw? Was it the thunder of love that roared in my ears? Why did the moon seem closer to earth when you were with me? Why did I feel such a pang of anguish whenever you suffered for even a moment, darling?

Our romance began in such a gay, happy fashion. Remember that evening in Las Vegas last September? I'll never forget it. I was singing in the chorus of the Tropicana then—just one of many girls in the line.

And on that evening when I was to meet you I was with a boy friend in the lounge. Then you walked in, and an electric current went through my back.

It takes a lot to attract attention in Las Vegas. The town's so used to the most fabulous people in the world. But there you were, in a maroon suit, flanked by five boys in black suits, and everyone's eyes suddenly turned away from the gambling machines, the gaming tables, the girls in their bright evening gowns, and fastened on you. Everyone looked at you.

All the eighteen girls in our show had gathered around you. They had all made a dash to your side and were fussing over you.

You winked back!

I wanted so much to be one of them. I'd admired you ever since I was a senior at Marymount Academy near my home in Pearl River, New York . . . when I thought you sang with feeling and soul.

Although I wanted to attract your attention, I was too proud to rush into that mob of girls and compete with them for one look from you. So first I put on my special aloof look. It was such a contrast to the gushiness of the other girls swarming around you, that your face lit up and you looked right into my eyes. Then I turned around and slowly winked at you. And you winked back!

A moment later, one of your five boys came over to me and grabbed me by the arm. "Elvis wants to meet you," he said.

I was thrilled, but I didn't want to show it, so I answered coolly: "Give him this message: *Speak for yourself, John Alden.*"

Out of the corner I watched him run back and give you my message. I saw you laugh. Then you got up and sauntered up to me.

"I hear your name is Kitty," you said in that husky voice of yours with the Southern drawl. "That's a pretty name. And you're a beautiful girl. I noticed you on the stage. I told myself, 'I've got to meet that black-haired, green-eyed doll.' And here we are. I'd like to see you, Kitty. Can we make it tomorrow?"

I'd always believed that a girl mustn't be too easy to date if she wants to attract someone special. But I couldn't say "No." I compromised. "Tomorrow afternoon," I said.

The next afternoon I was ready for you. I'd spent an hour doing my hair, making up my eyes so that they'd look even greener, and putting on black slacks and a white sweater that showed off my figure. I heard a loud whizzing sound outside my apartment, and there you were on a motorbike, so handsome in a white suit and a white leather jacket that I just about flipped. You told me later that you flipped, too, when you saw me.

Remember how we rode up and down the Strip in Vegas, and through the side roads, howling with laughter and singing? You were like a boisterous child, and my heart sang with you.

We pulled up to the Sahara Hotel, and you rode your motorbike right onto the grass beside the pool, making everyone jump and stare. You wanted to show everyone in Vegas your motorbike, and you did. All the time you were singing—songs like *Autumn Leaves* and *I Believe*. I didn't know why you were singing about autumn leaves, but I knew why you were singing that wonderful song, *I Believe*. It was the expression of your faith in God and the universe. I felt a catch at my throat as you sang.

What wonderful days and nights followed for us! We saw all the shows, staying up all night to go from one place to another. For the ten days you were in Vegas we were together constantly.

You didn't care to dance, so when we went night-clubbing you'd sit through the shows, applaud the other performers and tell me how lucky you felt to have so many fans when there was such great talent everywhere.

You were so tender

I felt so close to you, darling—getting to know you better than any other girl had, you'd say. We'd have breakfast, lunch and dinner together. Remember how I kidded you because you'd have the same meal three times a day—bacon sandwiches and Cokes. Mostly, we ate in your apartment. Even when we had a little party, we'd have no hard liquor, only Cokes. You were so very tender with me, darling, so different from any other boy I'd known. You were always polite and soft-spoken, and you never acted conceited. In fact, I was surprised to discover how shy you were. You never talked much, and you needed to be reassured of my love over and over again when you took me in your arms and kissed my lips or the back of my neck.

I used to think, "Can't you see, darling, what your kisses are doing to me?" Your gentleness was almost unbelievable. The better I got to know you, the more I knew

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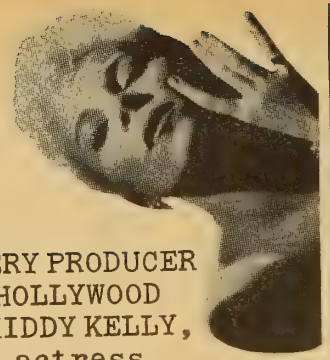
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TO: EVERY PRODUCER
IN HOLLYWOOD
FROM: KIDDY KELLY,
actress
RE: A PROPER JOB

Dear Sirs:

Look at me. (My photo accompanies this letter, which MODERN SCREEN is kindly printing.) Yes, look and tell me what you see. And please don't say 'a dish.'

I'm tired of being compared to meat-and-potatoes, of having my body get in the way of my career, of dumb-blonde roles.

What I want to do now is—serious drama. Seriously!

I know, I helped spoil it for myself a few years back when I applied for one of my first TV jobs. This play was Cervantes' Don Quixote and the casting man said, "Mmmmm, you might be just right for Dulcinea."

"Who?" I asked, not having read the book at the time.

"Dulcinea del Taboso," the casting man said.

Well, as luck would have it, I thought he said "del Tabasco."

And so I said, "Tabasco? Are you kidding? I'm not doing commercials for a ketchup outfit!"

Well, that started it all.

To the world of drama I became a name and three numerals (37-21-36).

But now I think it's about time to add one more numeral to those measurements—my IQ count.

You see, I've been doing a lot of reading since those Don Quixote days. And this is what I've learned:

There is no reason on earth why a sexy-looking actress can't play deep parts!

I mean, don't you think that Romeo—always looking up at that balcony—ever looked down at Juliet's hips?

And how about those sexy gals in the old Greek tragedies?

Well, that's my plea.

I rest my case.

And I look forward to hearing from you—anon?

Culturally yours,
KIDDY KELLY



how well worth loving you really was.

"You have a crazy smile," I used to tell you.

"Crazy? What do you mean, baby doll?" you'd answer.

"Oh—just crazy," I'd laugh.

And you'd cup my face and look seriously into my eyes and say, "Is this crazy, too?" and you'd put your lips on mine.

You took me with you everywhere, Elvis, even when you went to buy a new suit. You said you wanted me to help you pick one out. But you attracted such a crowd that we couldn't remain in the store, so you grabbed me by the hand and we ran out by a side door.

When our wonderful days in Vegas were over and you left for Hollywood, I wondered if our romance would continue. It was one thing to be your girl in Vegas, but in Hollywood where there were so many beautiful starlets, would I still be your Number One girl? I wondered. Then I learned that you were going to Hawaii. My heart sank. There are so many beautiful girls there, and there's also a magical moon in Hawaii. I was afraid you would soon forget me.

One day my phone rang, and you were on the other end, saying, "Hi, know who this is?" I did but I pretended I didn't. I said, "I know lots of boys with Southern accents."

You laughed—and I loved the sound of your laughter. "Baby doll, you wouldn't fool me, would you?" you said. And you told me you were back in Hollywood and asked when you could see me.

I was coming into Hollywood anyway, to make a test at 20th Century-Fox. We made a date to meet in your suite at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel.

When you opened the door, you grabbed me and kissed me and I knew then that you had thought of me in the same way I had thought of you.

I wondered if you would think I was plain. In Las Vegas I had worn lots of stage make-up, since I had to be ready each night for the show. Now my face, in comparison, was almost innocent of make-up.

I shivered a little, fearing that when you took another look at me you would be disillusioned. Perhaps you were attracted to me because I looked more showy and glamorous then.

Instead you said, "Honey doll, it's good to see you without all that stuff and goo on your face. You look even prettier than ever."

A shining knight

You had a beautiful suite at the Beverly Wilshire, filled with antiques and a dining room that had a round, impressive dining table. You sent down for dinner. Then you sat at the head of the table, I next to you, and your boys all around us.

I had to giggle at the sight of you so completely surrounded by your retinue. "If this doesn't look like the Knights of the Round Table," I laughed. You threw your head back and roared. I tried to imagine each member of your bodyguard in a role as one of the knights. At this point my imagination almost failed.

I giggled again. For on your fine china plate, on the elegant dining table the *pièce de resistance* was—a bacon sandwich!

But in a moment I was transported into thinking maybe I was just like a queen. For you said, "I missed you and thought about you all the time since I left Vegas."

You told me that you had to be in bed by ten that night, for you had to be on the set early for *King Creole*. You played some of the tape from the picture and I sat by you on the sofa, listening to your voice singing the songs from that picture. I thought of the girl you'd be singing them to in the picture and my eyes might have turned even greener with envy, but your arms were around me. You were very affectionate. Remember? You teased me playfully, tugged at my hair and nibbled my ear. Each time you touched me, I felt the same electric tingle I'd known the first time I saw you walk into the lounge in Las Vegas.

A make-believe romance

The next night I came again, and together we read your scenes for the next day. It was a love scene and secretly I thrilled to every moment of it, but suddenly you roared with laughter because we were so serious about acting out that make-believe romance. That broke us both up and we sank on the sofa, laughing. How satisfying it was, though, in between the wild laughter, to be in the magic circle of your arms, pretending I was there only because I wanted to cue you on your lines.

And you knew and I knew that it was a real emotion and not just an acting one that we were going through. It was wonderful to know that every time you touched me it was not just because the script called for the gesture, but because your heart and mine called for it.

You said you wanted me with you on the set, and I was there, from early in the morning until late, watching you before the cameras, having lunch with you, going home with you. Then one night you took me to the Moulin Rouge. Sammy Davis, Jr., was the star, and he did a great take-off on you. And who laughed the loudest? You did, darling. You have always been such a good sport.

Perhaps I should have had an inkling then that your love would be hard to hold on to, for all evening long girls came to the table asking for autographs, looking at you, ogling you with eyes that were as warm as a caress. I told myself fiercely that I was your girl—that none of the others were, but I wondered how long I could hold on to a man so desired by so many.

The longer I knew you, the more I loved you, for I saw more and more of your great qualities. Often you talked of your mother, whom you adored. And I thought, *How wonderful it would be if he would propose some day. A man who is so good to his mother would just naturally be a wonderful husband.*

One day when I had a date with you, Elvis, I noticed that you looked very troubled.

"What's the matter, darling?" I asked.

You told me that you were going into the Army soon. You knew it was your duty and you weren't complaining about that, but you wondered if your fans would still be as devoted. "Will the kids forget about me?" you asked in a troubled voice. "There are so many other guys around now—Tommy Sands, Ricky, Gary Crosby. I'm worried. . . ."

"But there's no one like you, darling," I said—and I meant it. "No one who has ever known you—even on the screen—can ever forget you."

And I thought to myself: "And to one who has known the reality of you—your warm arms, your thrilling lips, your wonderful faith and kindness—the memory of you will always be even more unforgettable."

I knew in that moment that not only would I never forget you but that also I would never in the future be able to recapture with anyone else the feeling of touching the stars that I had when I was with you.

Love—long distance

You were at Fort Hood, in Killeen, Texas, when next I heard from you. You

had called me on the phone long distance.

How happy I was to hear your voice! I'd read in the papers that you'd seen Anita Wood at the Base, and I couldn't help feeling envious and fearful. *Did she mean more to you than I did,* I wondered?

"I wish you were here with me in Texas," you said.

"Do you really mean it?" I asked. "Wouldn't it be embarrassing to you? After all, I read that Anita Wood came to visit you."

You said, "You know, baby doll, if any girl means anything to me it's you. No other girl understands me the way you do."

There were other calls. I remember them so well, as though I can hear them now even though you're so far away. They'd go like this:

"Hello, sugar . . . know this voice?"

And I'd say, my heart leaping: "Only one boy talks like that."

You'd laugh and twit me: "You're sure that of all the boys you know with Southern accents, this voice belongs to just one?"

"Yes, I know your voice, honey. But Elvis, why are you calling me? I read you were engaged to Anita."

"That's nonsense," you said. "Honey, that's not so at all. You're very special to me. I love you, baby doll. . . ."

One day your voice over the phone sounded very unhappy.

"Mom is ill," you said. "Mom and Dad are living here with me. I rented a home outside the Army base and we're all living here together. Mom may need an operation, and she's leaving for home today. Dad's going with her. I feel so helpless. All I can do is pray."

"I'll pray for her, too," I promised. "I'll count every bead on my rosary and pray to the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, for her."

"Thank you," you said. "I hope God will answer our prayers. She's so wonderful. I hope He won't let her die now, when I can do so much for her."

You promised to phone me soon, but you didn't. I was worried. Days passed; then a week end, and still no phone call. I had to fly home for my parents' thirtieth wedding anniversary. I was disturbed all the day—you hadn't phoned.

In New York, we were so busy celebrating I didn't even glance at the papers, and didn't listen to the radio.

Friday night, we were all together for a family group picture when my mother said, "It's too bad about Elvis' mother."

I was aghast. "What happened?" I asked.

"Didn't you know? She died last night. Elvis was by her side."

I had never met your mother, but you had often talked to me about her. You had told me then, "My Mother will like you—some day when I came to Texas. You'd told me then. "My mother will like you—because I do."

Now I knew that I'd never see her. And I knew what agony of unhappiness you must be going through. I ran to the phone and tried to call you, but I couldn't get your number. I sent a telegram to Memphis.

> ELVIS DARLING: JUST HEARD THIS MINUTE ABOUT THE DEATH OF YOUR MOTHER. DARLING, IT'S HARD TO KNOW WHAT TO SAY AT A TIME LIKE THIS. MY MASS AND COMMUNION THIS SUNDAY WILL BE OFFERED IN HER BEHALF. IF YOU WISH, PLEASE CALL ME AT PEARL RIVER, BUT I'LL UNDERSTAND IF YOU DON'T. LOVE, KITTY.

No word from you

It was easy enough to say that I'd understand, and I meant it when I wired it, but when days passed without any word from you I grew upset.

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DRAW LINCOLN'S HEAD 5 inches high. Use pencil. Drawings for March 1959 contest must be received by March 31. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail drawing today.

Was our unfinished romance finished?

No call came. I flew back to Hollywood, and the moment I got into my apartment I heard the phone ringing.

"Where've you been?" I heard your voice say.

I was shocked to learn you hadn't received my wire to Memphis. Back at your Army base, you were taking your mother's death very hard.

"I'll be leaving with my Army unit in a few days," you said. "Won't you come to Texas and be with me for the little time I have left?"

"Yes, darling," I said. And I caught the next plane to Dallas. You were on duty, but your father and cousin Gene met me at the airport.

"So you're Elvis' girl," said your father, and my heart swelled with pride and happiness. We walked into your house and I met your grandmother—kindly-faced and dear. She looked me over with approval. "You must be Kitty," she said. "Make yourself at home. Anything I can do for you just let me know. We're so happy to have you here. My boy will be awfully glad to see you."

I remembered what you'd once told me: "My mother will love you because I do." And now with your mother gone, your grandma had welcomed me warmly because of you, and she felt I could bring some happiness and comfort to you. With the greatest kindness, she showed me to the master bedroom where I was to sleep. "Elvis will sleep in his daddy's room."

Later you took me into your arms; then we went into the living room and talked. With your Army crew cut you looked like a little boy. And when you began to talk of your mother, there was the heartbreak of a lost child in your voice.

You unburdened yourself

Somehow, you felt like talking that evening. Usually, you don't say much, but as we sat beside each other and you held my hand, you talked on and on, as though you were unburdening yourself. You told me how you'd been at the Army camp when you got a call from the doctors in Memphis that your mom was very sick.

At first, your Army superiors weren't going to give you leave. You talked to them earnestly, reminding them that you had done KP and everything you'd been asked to do. And you'd told them hysterically, "My mother needs me. And I'm gonna go off to see her whether you give me leave or not!"

You told me how you rushed to see her at the Memphis hospital. Knowing how racked by illness your mother's body was, your father wanted to direct your attention to something beside her wasted form.

"Look at her eyes," he suggested. And you did. Her eyes had lit up when she saw you, and it was that look of ecstasy your father wanted you to see. He wanted you to know that you'd brought peace and happiness to your mother in those final hours. Your mother whispered, "Son, you're with me, Thank God!"

Still, you didn't think she'd die. You stayed at her bedside for hours. She looked more peaceful, and you thought perhaps she was going to get well, particularly when the doctor said, "Go home, son, and get some sleep."

Reluctantly you went. In the middle of the night your phone rang. Something ominous in the sound of that ringing warned you that the bell had tolled for someone. In the dark you sat up. You were afraid to answer that phone. But you had to. It was the nurse. "Mr. Presley, you'd better come up here right away. . . ."

You threw on a shirt and slacks and drove there. You ran up five flights of stairs to get to her side. From the other end of the corridor you heard a scream of anguish from your father, and you ran to him. He said, "You're too late, son."

When you told me about it, you looked like a child who has lost everything. I put my arms around you and tried to console you.

The tenderest night of all

Then you saw I was crying, too. You enfolded me in your arms and said, "I have never known any girl as tender and sweet as you. I know now how you feel about me. You know how I feel about you, don't you?"

Later, we went outside on the porch, and hundreds of girls were screaming near

the house. I said, "Elvis, even here your public is waiting."

You answered slowly, "I was so afraid that they would forget me, but now it doesn't seem to matter whether they forget or not. Now all I can think of is my mother —and how I'll never be able to do anything for her again."

"You did all you could, honey," I said. "She'd want you to forget your grief, and to make the most of your life."

That was the tenderest night of all, darling. Later you said, "It no longer matters who else remembers me and who forgets, but will you remember me, Kitty darling?"

"I'll never forget," I vowed.

And you said you'd never forget me. If possible, we promised each other, we'd meet again in Europe in the Spring. I will be in Madrid with a show. "We'll meet in Paris," we promised. And I can't wait. . . .

Do you stil love me, Elvis? You always said you never were one to write letters. And Germany is very far away, so I listen in vain for the sound of your voice.

The memory of the stars we touched and the love we felt is always in my heart. Is it in yours? They—those European girls—are so close, and I'm so far away. But Elvis darling, try to remember—try to keep me in your heart as I have kept you in mine.

All my love,

Kitty

END

The Night Was Filled with Memories

(*Continued from page 23*)

The Prince wore a very dark suit, white shirt and white silk tie. The hostess was wearing a blue-and-silver lamé dress and over it, a matching cape. It was warm in the room and the Prince made a gesture as if to remove the cape. But she shied away and put her hands up on her shoulders as if to prevent it. The Prince laughed and said, "I'm always trying to do something like that."

The first section of the Harwyn Club contains the bar, and in the second room there are tables for dining, a small bandstand and a small dance floor. Grace and Rainier spotted their friend Charles Boyer having some beer at the bar and went over and shook hands cordially. There was no formality; the Prince was relaxed and casual. This was a rare occasion when he could be himself and not worry about the prying eyes of the press and the public.

After a few minutes Grace left the two men and went around chatting with some of the other guests. The Prince seemed to have eyes only for his wife. Even across the crowded room, their eyes would meet and they would smile. This trip to America was a sort of second honeymoon for them.

Soon the party adjourned to the next room for dancing.

The host couple and the guests of honor sat together. A spectacular centerpiece adorned their corner table: a champagne glass, about ten inches tall, filled with white and red roses—the colors of Monaco —and rising from the fountain of flowers was a spire-shaped Christmas tree ornament. The other tables were decorated with smaller versions.

Charles Boyer sat at the next table. He had brought his beer with him from the bar, but when the waiters brought the champagne to the head table, he left it unfinished and joined the Prince and Princess. Soon he and the Prince were deep in conversation, both in French and in English.

An old married couple

It was observed that the young royal couple acted at times like an old married couple. One of the times was when Charles Boyer asked the Prince if he might see some pictures of the royal children. Rainier put his right cheek tenderly on the shoulder of his wife and leaned down, reaching for the wallet in his left pocket. Then he sat up again, took the snapshots from the wallet and delightedly showed off his Caroline and Albert.

When Cyril Ritchard came over to their table, Grace whispered to him, "I bought the Prince a lovely present for Christmas but I'm not going to tell anyone what it is; I don't want to spoil the surprise."

Everyone wanted to come over to the table and reminisce with the visitors. Rita Gam (now married to Thomas Ginsberg, the publisher) had been one of Grace's bridesmaids. Grace kissed her hello and they had a long chat about old times and new babies. Grace admired the choker Rita was wearing in a criss-cross fashion.

Grace's two sisters were there, and the three strikingly beautiful young women looked enough alike to be triplets. Sister Mrs. Donald Levine was wearing a green sheath dress, and Mrs. George Davis, Grace laughingly noticed, looked more like 'a country girl' in the checked dress she was wearing than Grace herself had looked when she played in the film of that title.

When actor Raymond Massey joined their table, he immediately became the center of attraction. He had grown a beard for his Broadway play, *J. B.* Everyone was fascinated by it and wanted to stroke it. Grace and her husband teased Massey about it—Grace adding, "It's adorable." The Prince put his head on her shoulder and asked playfully, "Would you like me to grow one for you, darling?"

A tender memory

Behind the bandstand was a large crest, in honor of the Prince. When the music was slow and dreamy, the royal couple got up to dance. They'd look deep into each other's eyes, smiling, remembering, reliving the days of their engagement, when the Harwyn had been 'their Club.'

But when the band struck up a mambo, a merengue or a cha cha, the Prince preferred to sit that one out.

By 3:30 in the morning about eight people were still partying. Grace and Rainier had moved over to another table with the General and Miss Landis, the bodyguard Frank Cressci and Mrs. Cressci, and an Italian silk merchant named Mario Inzani. The orchestra played a special number for the Prince and Princess, 'their song,' *Your Eyes Are the Eyes of a Woman In Love*. They had loved this song from the first days of their romance.

Eventually everyone agreed that it was time at last to go home, but no one seemed ready to be the first to leave. Finally, the Prince and Mario Inzani got up, and the group walked toward the checkroom. Rainier picked up his light raincoat and his wife's silver grey fur wrap and helped her on with it.

The movie queen who had become a real-life Princess smiled a sleepy smile at her Prince. It was the end of a wonderful evening, a night filled with memories.

END

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How I Got My Man at 15

(*Continued from page 32*)

me, tall, awkward, too shy to open her mouth. . . .

But in those first days at A. B. Davis High, it was different. As I scampered around to my new classes trying to get my bearings, I noticed him and, for the first time, he noticed me. I first felt his eyes on me as I rushed to gym, clad in middy and bloomers. As I said, I was tall—'leggy' was the word I'd always hated—especially since the boys always seemed to like the cute little-girl type. But now, as I caught Dick eyeing me in the hall, I nearly stopped dead in my tracks. For his glance wasn't anything *but* admiring! "You must be imagining things," I told myself and forced myself to go on without another look back.

But in Latin class, there he was! I was assigned to the last seat in the first row. And who do you think was in the last seat of the fourth row? You guessed it! By moving just a little bit forward or leaning back just a trifle, Dick was able to by-pass the two kids between us and signal with those nice, frank brown eyes and friendly smile the things every girl needs to hear at fifteen: *Hi, friend! I'm glad you're here!*

I dropped my own eyes to my book. Silly, I told myself, angrily. How could he be signalling that to me, a shy lanky kid. He went for small, cute blonde girls. As for me, I had average brown hair and my eyes went from blue to green to hazel—depending on what I wore, what my mood was and how the light struck me. Besides, to notice my eyes at all, you had to get past those glasses which I always wore and always hated. Every time I passed a mirror, I'd say *Ugh!* and shudder. That's how much I thought of myself.

We meet—finally

But after class, Dick followed me to the corridor.

"Hello," he said. "You're from my school, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh."

"I can't remember your name."

"Barbara Mallery."

"Oh sure. How do you think you'll like Davis High, Bobbie?"

"It'll be okay, I guess, once I get used to it. It's such a big school—three floors, twenty rooms."

"Don't let it bother you," he laughed. "You'll only be in one at a time. You'll do fine. I noticed you going to gym. On you, those bloomers look good! What are you blushing for? Most girls look terrible in them, but you've got nice legs."

I went on blushing but I'd never again hate that word 'leggy.' A. B. Davis High was going to be all right. . . .

But a couple of months went by and Dick didn't date me. He'd smile at me in class, sometimes even send me funny notes; talk to me in the hall—but when it came to dates, he took out Diana Ruffano who was small, cute and blonde.

Now it was Halloween and Dick still hadn't dated me. But his best friend, Andy Grass, invited me to a Halloween party. Andy and Dick were inseparable. They studied together, they double-dated, they had a jalopy, *The Green Hornet*, which they owned jointly. I was glad to go with Andy. At least it would be something to be at the same party as Dick.

It was a nice party. We ducked for apples, we played games, we danced. Dick won a box of Whitman's chocolates and when he came over to ask me to dance, he gave them to me. Since I wasn't his date, I was speechless with surprise and just managed to stammer my thanks.

But I still have that box. It holds all our mementoes over the years.

Dick and I danced well together. I loved to dance but I liked it best when we sat down in a corner and just talked.

Dick to me had seemed happy and gay all the time—the type of boy who doesn't have a care in the world. Now I got a glimpse of another Dick—the real Dick, the one who thought a lot, figuring things out for himself—the Dick who never let the world suspect that he knew tragedy.

Dick's secret idol

I found out that a year ago his brother Brad had been shot down in a mission for the Air Force. Dick had idolized Brad the way a kid will with an older brother who had the world by the tail. To Dick Brad had not merely been a brother, he'd been a friend, an ideal of what a boy should be, a prop in growing up. And then suddenly, Brad was gone. But for his parents' sake, Dick had pulled himself together and in one short year had tried to fashion himself over to be more like Brad. Dick was a boy with a mission of his own.

I understood and felt for him, because we'd had a tragedy in our family too. One night my father had come home saying he didn't feel well. A week later, he was dead with spinal meningitis. It was terrible for all of us. I was thirteen. The twins were eight years younger. Mother was only thirty-seven. She had to pull herself together and go back to work. It was awful. I began to see how important it was for a woman to be able to work and not just as a file clerk helping out either. A woman had to have a profession to be able to support herself and family in an emergency. My father hadn't graduated from college but he had always regretted it. I knew one of his fondest dreams was that I'd get a college education. Now I was determined to make it come true and to become a teacher so I could help take some of the responsibility off Mother.

As Dick and I told each other about our families and our problems, as we saw we could talk to each other about these things, we grew closer and closer. We had a lot in common and it made us feel better to be able to tell each other important and serious things and get sympathetic understanding and a warm response.

The evening had started out as just a party where I could see the boy I had a crush on. I had thought *I'll go home and write in my diary all the details—how Dick looked and what he said.*

But when I got home, I wrote, with a blind flash of insight: *This is the boy I want to marry.*

Sometimes a girl knows things, even at fifteen.

Our serious moments

There were other parties at Diana's and at my house. My mother was good about letting me have the gang in. Andy, Dick, Diana and I made a foursome and had good times together. But it was our serious talks that meant most to Dick and me. We could talk about everything—even my hated shyness. Dick drew me out about it, hoping to get me over it. "Do you think those cute twins helped it along? They're such scene-stealers."

"Oh no. Not in our family! There was always enough love for all of us," I told him. "Actually that old complex dates

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a wink away from stardom

When George Stevens hired and signed Millie Perkins for the role of Anne Frank in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, he had fallen completely for her young fresh look—her peaches and cream complexion, shining black hair, and youthful figure. She was perfect for the part—except for one thing. Her eyes. Those big, luscious, deep hazel-blue eyes. All that mascara, those false eyelashes, and all that pencil around them had to go.

So he sent a memo to the make-up staff at 20th and when Millie came to the set for the first day's shooting of Anne Frank, Harry Maret, the famed make-up expert, took one look at Millie and ordered, "Go in and wash all that junk off your eyes! Right now!

"And, incidentally, while you're at it, you can remove those phony eyelashes."

Millie gasped in protest and started to say something. But Harry Maret cut her off before she got started. "You're a lovely looking girl. You don't *need* all that stuff on your eyes. Just leave the make-up to me!"

"But," started Millie, "I haven't *got* any mascara on my lashes. And these are really *my* lashes!"

Then she took a tissue from her handbag, moistened it, and ran it along her eyes. Sure enough, no makeup.

"But . . . but . . . " sputtered Mr. Maret, "the lashes are *real*?!"

Without a word Millie plucked from her eyes one long, silky lash and gave it to Maret. He gazed at it in amazement and started to blurt out an apology.

"It's just that . . . I mean . . . Well, how was I to know? How often do I see a girl who's too beautiful for Hollywood?!"

Watch for Millie in 20th-Fox's THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK.

back further than the twins," I told him. "I think it started the summer we went to Cape Cod. Mother and I had had pneumonia and we went there to recuperate. Next door was a family with a bunch of kids. I used to play with them and one day I pestered Mother to let me go downtown with them in their car. She finally consented. The kids' mother drove us downtown all right but then she locked the lot of us in the back seat for three hours while she went about her own business. I felt so trapped. You know how sweltering and airless a car gets sitting in the sun on a hot humid day. I couldn't get out, I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe. My own mother would never have done such a thing, and I couldn't imagine why our neighbor would be so cruel. After that I was always expecting the worst, afraid to go more than a step away from my family."

I don't know how I came to tell him this. I hadn't remembered it in years or told it to anyone. Dick just nodded and patted my shoulder. "You'll get over it," he said lightly. "How about your coming to the Snowball Dance with me?"

"I'd love to."

There it was at last—Dick's first invitation. I had always thought it would take my breath away but it had happened so casually and I'd accepted so naturally, it just seemed good and right. And Dick followed it up by another: "Let's see a movie next Saturday—just the two of us."

I couldn't tell you what the picture was because he held my hand all through it. And we discovered we were both mad about circuses so that's where he took me next—to Madison Square Garden. But it didn't matter where he took me. Just being with him sent me to Seventh Heaven.

The Snowball Dance

The Snowball Dance was our Christmas dance held in the gym. I wore a black skirt and an aqua blouse with black scrolls and a jump-rope belt. I hoped Dick would like it and judging by the way he looked at me, he did. When we did the Lindy Hop, my skirt flew out and I forgot about those awful glasses. The band played *Let It Snow* and we hummed it together. After that, it was our song.

Things happened so fast. When he took me home, I wanted to ask him to my first formal sorority hop but before I could get the words out, he told me Di had already invited him and he'd accepted. "It doesn't mean anything, Bobbie," he said. "You're coming to the New Year's dance with me."

I felt better. I asked someone else to my sorority dance and had a good time because I knew that after this, I would be Dick's date.

We began to go steady now, all through spring. We dated every afternoon after school and on Friday and Saturday nights. Sundays we'd join the crowd at private record hops and Coke-and-potato-chip parties.

Dick was right about my shyness. I began to get over it when we went steady. At first when he took me out I was flattered because the most popular boy in school asked me. But as I saw he liked me for myself and didn't mind the glasses, my self-confidence gradually came back.

But I had always been a good student and had gotten good marks. Now my grades began to suffer, for I was spending too much time on dates and dances and not enough on study. My mother began to worry. "Dick is a thoroughly likeable lad," she said, "but it's too early for you to go steady. You wanted to go to college—you know how much your father wanted it too. Now you don't seem to care any more."

She was disappointed in me and I was disappointed in myself. But if it was a choice between studying or going out with Dick, he won every time.

Things were getting pretty serious with us. He gave me his frat pin and we began to talk about our future. We agreed that he'd have to finish college and get a job before we could think of marriage.

"But what about you, Bobbie? If we wait till you get through school, it will mean another year."

"Maybe I ought to go to college for only a couple of years and then take a secretarial course and get a job. I could get some money saved—"

"Sure, but that isn't what your mother wants and it isn't what you wanted either. Aren't you going to be a teacher?"

"I dunno," I said. "I wanted to but—"

We both had misgivings. He didn't want me to disappoint my mother any more than he wanted to disappoint his family. We were torn by the age-old arguments. Should we marry early and be together or wait till we both got an education and a start in life? It would mean four or five years of waiting and it wouldn't be easy. One day we'd be all for it and the next we couldn't bear the thought of it. We were getting nowhere.

Should we break up?

Then one day Dick sat me down for a serious talk. "I've been doing a lot of thinking, Bobbie," he told me. "Maybe I haven't been fair to you tying up all your time the way I've been doing. Maybe we've just become a habit."

Marlene Dietrich lit a cigaret and said: "I gave up smoking a few years ago, just to show it can be done. I gained twenty pounds, so I started smoking again."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

"As long as it's a good habit—" I smiled.

But he was serious, too serious. "I've been thinking maybe we ought to test our feelings—see if they'll stand up if we go out with others."

I felt as if a bomb hit me. "You're not sure, then?"

"Sure I'm sure. I've pinned you, haven't I? But I see your mother's point of view. The way we've been going, you're liable to throw over your chance at college. I wouldn't want that on my conscience—you're too smart a girl. If what we feel is real—and I think it is—dating other people won't make any difference. And if we've just become a habit, now is the time to find it out."

I sat there, telling myself it was just common sense. It sounded so reasonable, but reason was cold comfort. When I got home, I cried for a solid week.

That summer Mother sent me to visit an aunt and uncle in Toledo. When I came back, I attended Brentwood Hall, a small private school in Bronxville. I could buckle down better and my grades improved almost immediately when I was away from the charm of one Dick Clark. Some of the students boarded at Brentwood. It had five bedrooms, two small buildings and no more than twelve in its graduating class. It was quite a change from Davis High—with all its excitements, club activities, sororities, boys.

Being away from Dick was a particularly lonely period for me. I was happy when he began to date me again on week ends. He didn't hide the fact that he was dating other girls too. The funny part of it all was that he was blindly jealous when I went out with other boys.

That's how my Junior year went. Our romance was an on-again, off-again situation and I wasn't happy about it. In my last year, my mother moved down to Salisbury, Maryland, to be with her sister, and I became a boarding student at Brentwood.

Together again

Dick and I had an understanding. We were going to marry some day but we weren't tied down now. After Mother moved, the Clarks invited me to spend some time with them. Dick's family were nice friendly people, very much like my own. I suppose that's why Dick and I were so compatible from the first. We were a lot alike and a lot different but the alike part stems from the fact that we come from similar backgrounds and have the same kind of sense of humor.

The Clarks moved to Syracuse when Dick went to Syracuse University. Dick became a big wheel on the campus just as he had been in high school and there was always some pretty co-ed giving him the eye, though it was I who wore his pin. Fortunately for me none of these girls cut much ice with him. He worked hard at an assortment of jobs, making beds, waiting on tables, working around the campus radio station to earn his own spending money and get the feel of working.

After graduation, I went to State Teacher's College in Salisbury, Maryland, and I worked hard to get good grades and unlimited cuts so that I could spend a lot of time with Dick when he came down. Those three hundred miles between us really hurt.

Every week end now he got into his old 1934 jalopy and drove like crazy over the snowclad Poconos to spend a couple of days with me. Once in the middle of winter, his brakes went bad and he almost got himself killed. He told me about it gaily but it froze my blood.

"Cheer up, Bobbie," he said. "I'm here, all in one piece."

"Yes, but you might not have been. Dick, I can't let you go on taking this chance, careening over those mountains in that car every week."

"Then why not come up nearer me? There must be a teacher's college close to Syracuse."

"A state school or one where I could get a scholarship? Remember there's that little thing called money—"

"I know," Dick said. "I'll do some asking around."

The ideal situation

As fate would have it, that week end going back to Syracuse, Dick picked up a hitchhiker who told him all about Oswego, a teachers' training school only twenty miles from Syracuse University. Except for that little thing called money, it looked ideal for us.

Dick and I talked it over and I decided to try to borrow my tuition money from Hadley King, my godfather, who was a lawyer. I told him frankly about the two hazards—that awful trip and the pretty girls up at Syracuse. "I'll pay you back every penny as soon as I get out and begin teaching," I promised.

I didn't have to ask twice—he agreed right away.

As soon as I transferred to Oswego, Dick and I knew everything was going to be all right between us. The coeds faded from the picture. Dick didn't want to go out with anyone but me. I went up to Spring Lake with the Clarks early in September and had a marvelous Thanksgiving with them in Syracuse. Christmas, Dick and I came down to New York. I stayed with friends and he roomed with a frat brother. We did the town and had a wonderful time. Though I didn't have a ring, everyone knew I was Dick's girl.

In his senior year, Dick invited me to a formal cocktail party which the seniors were giving for their dates. He looked stunningly handsome in his tux and I wore a white formal with his gardenias pinned to my shoulder. Dick said I looked so nice, he had a hard time keeping his eyes on the road as we drove to the party. Then casually, he reached into his inside pocket and threw a small box into my lap.

"This is for you, Bobbie," he said, using the words he had used when he gave me that first gift, the box of chocolates.

I opened the box and there was a beautiful engagement ring. "Dick Clark, stop the car this minute and put it on for me!"

We waited for another year until Dick got set in his job at WFIL, Philadelphia, and I graduated from Oswego.

Actually we waited for seven years all told before we finally got married. They weren't easy years. The teenage years never are. But nobody wants them easy. Growing up means heartbreak and exaltation, sacrifices, days and nights of 'Should we or shouldn't we,' but love is worth all the sacrifices and the pain of waiting.

Dick and I wouldn't have missed a minute of it. We're glad we fell in love at fifteen and could help each other over the rough spots.

But problems are a part of living. And problems shared and solved together make love that much stronger and fulfillment that much sweeter. **END**

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Will You Be My Valentine?

(Continued from page 31)

story of the Valentines I have known.

My first Valentine—maybe "crush" is a better word—was Liz Taylor. I first saw her in *National Velvet* and my head started spinning. I was nine or ten years old, and she made such an impact on me I wrote her a fan letter every week. She sent me a big beautiful glossy picture of herself (I still have it) with a personal autograph: *For Tommy, Fondly, Elizabeth Taylor.* And I went right out and bought a silver frame for it from our Greenwood, Louisiana, dime store. I kept her framed photograph on the ivory mantelpiece in our living room back home, and I remember, after school, I'd go home for a snack, take a long look at her dark hair, her rosepetal complexion and those innocent blue-violet eyes, and I'd go dizzy.

My mom used to say, "Why don't you take the picture upstairs to your room?"

But I'd tell her, "No. I like it here. The living room's the nicest room in our house, and this is where she belongs—with the best!"

Next, I fell in love—crazy kiddish puppy love—with a teacher I had in the fifth grade at Greenwood Grammar, the white wooden country schoolhouse near where I lived. No, the teacher didn't give me all A's. Nor was she as beautiful as Liz. She was short, darkhaired, and with a dimple in her left cheek when she smiled. But she was understanding. She gave me confidence. This was when I realized how important girls—or women—are to fellows, how they help us. Lots of mornings my teacher'd ask me to have lunch with her, and she'd give me one of her peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, and we'd talk about my ambitions and what I wanted to be when I grew up. I already owned a guitar then. My mother gave me one for my birthday when I was nine years old. I used to tell my teacher during lunchtime how much I loved singing. And she'd constantly remind me how important it was to practice in order to be a professional.

She gave me courage

I'll never forget one winter's day when she came to me after school and said, "Tommy, I've got a surprise for you."

She told me she'd arranged for me to sing at the Christmas school assembly. I know I should have shouted with happiness. But I didn't. I was scared. Oh, I had sung a couple of times on the radio, but when you sing into a microphone in a studio room it's different. There aren't very many people around—just a few technicians, that's all. But singing in front of a big school audience—? Don't get me wrong. I wanted to sing at the assembly. It's just that I was afraid I wouldn't be good.

She helped me plan the program of what I should sing. And every day after school she listened to me practicing. She'd give me suggestions, ideas about the way I should sing the songs. When Christmas week came and the day of the big assembly arrived, butterflies were playing tag in my stomach and I wanted to back out at the last minute. But she said, "Tommy, you'll never be a singer if you don't learn to control your stage fright now."

Finally, when the hour of the assembly came and I waited backstage while all the kids marched into the auditorium, I began to get excited. When the principal of the school announced me and I walked on stage with my guitar and began singing, somehow I forgot everything—the awful stage fright and fluttery butterflies.

I sang a couple of Christmas carols and some folk songs, and when I finished there was dead silence in the school auditorium. I went limp. I started to walk offstage, and then, suddenly, out of the silence, a roar of applause began thundering, breaking the stillness. The kids clapped and clapped, yelling "More, more!" This was the first time in my life I'd ever taken a public bow. I didn't know what I should do, so I ran offstage, happy but bewildered and almost on the verge of tears.

A guy never forgets

But there she was, my teacher, waiting in the grey-curtained wings. I reached out and hugged her. I couldn't help it. Without her I would never have done it. She boosted my spirits. She had an interest in seeing me develop. She believed in me—and a guy never forgets this.

For the rest of that school year I hung around her like a puppy dog. On the last day of school when we had parties in all the classrooms, I kissed her on the cheek and I cried. We were moving to Chicago. I told her the news and she smiled and told me the biggest lesson all of us had to learn was to get along by ourselves in this world wherever we went. We need people to help us, yes, but whether I was in Chicago or Greenwood didn't matter. What mattered, she said, was that Tommy Sands believed in Tommy Sands enough to stand up for Tommy Sands. I've never forgotten what she told me. This is why I've been able to travel so much, to make hundreds of personal appearances with disc jockeys every year and still stay in a good humor. I always remember her words.

Then the real love trouble started. Until that time, love was a spiral of spun-glass, reflecting the gold of the sun and the silver of the moon. Well, we moved to Chicago, then to the oilman's world of Houston, Texas, where my mother got a job as a salesclerk in Foley's Department Store. I started junior high and flipped for the daughter of an oil millionaire.

She was pretty. She was a blonde with deep blue eyes, the kind that seem to look right through you. I don't know why she liked me. I was poor and hung around with the rough guys, the fellows who loafed in the poolroom parlors where we smoked cigarettes or played cards or just stood outside the pool hall, checking all the gals who'd pass by.

I liked her because she was different. Her first initial is S. I'm embarrassed to give you her real name—it wouldn't be fair to her; so let's call her Sandy. Sandy flirted with me at school. But even though I hung around with the rough guys, I was shy. I didn't have the nerve to go up to her and introduce myself. So I asked a buddy of mine, a halfback on the school's football team, to fix me up with a date.

Funny thing is he told me she asked him the same thing.

She made up my mind

We met, and I took Sandy out for Cokes, and we sat in the drug store twisting soda straws and talking about silly things like the biggest bubbles we ever blew with bubble gum. She told me her father bought her a brand new record player, a fancy hi-fi set, for her birthday, and why didn't I come over some night to listen to it?

One October night I went over to her

house. It was a huge mansion with a wide driveway and a rolling lawn littered with rustling yellow leaves. I was almost ashamed to go in. I didn't think I belonged there. This was a rich world, a world I only knew from movies and books. I met her folks who were very formal, but Sandy asked me into the den and we listened to pop records and made milkshakes in the ice cream bar. Later, we danced, with the lamp light turned low to *Smoke Gets In Your Eyes.*

She told me she had made up her mind to be my girl.

I was bowled over. I had never asked her. "But gee," I said, "why don't we go together for a while and see if we like each other? You don't know me very well, and maybe you won't like me." I didn't tell her then I was afraid she was too rich. After all, I couldn't afford to take her out very often. My mother had to work, and I used to do odd jobs to pick up an extra buck for spending money.

"No," she said. "I think we ought to make an agreement right now. We know we like each other, so let's say we're going steady right off."

I was flattered. After all, she was very pretty. She looked a little bit like Sandra Dee, all creamy-complexioned and blue-eyed.

"Okay," I said, and she gave me her lips in the shadows, and we kissed. I had never had a girl kiss me like that before. I'd kissed gals on the cheek, and once at someone's birthday party in Chicago where we played post office we kissed on the lips—but those were quick kisses. This was a long, lingering kiss, and I wondered if maybe I wasn't up to her. She was fast. I was naïve. And to tell you the truth, I didn't know if this was right.

We went together for a month, and we were both miserable. Have you ever heard of possessive people? Well, this is what we both turned out to be. We weren't sure of ourselves, I guess. If I wanted to play basketball with my pals, she wanted me to go home with her and dance. If she wanted to go for a ride with a gang of schoolkids, I wanted to go to a Debbie Reynolds movie. We were always fighting, never agreeing on what we might do together.

Too fast for me

One Friday night that November she told me she wanted me to stay over at her house. Her parents were going away for the week end, and she didn't want to be alone.

"But what will I tell my mother?" I asked her.

"Tell her you're going to stay over with your best buddy."

I've never liked lying to my mom, but Sandy convinced me I couldn't leave her by herself in that rambling millionaire's mansion. That night we made grilled American cheese sandwiches and listened to records and danced. Finally, around ten o'clock, I got a glass of milk from the kitchen, and I told her I was nervous—that this wasn't right, the two of us staying alone in this big house—and I made her call her girlfriend, Sue, who came over and stayed with Sandy, and I went home to my Mom and told her I had decided against staying over at Bill's.

The next morning Sandy called me up on the telephone and said she had to see me immediately. I met her at her home, and she gave me my identification bracelet back and said we were through. She didn't like me anymore. I didn't have any guts, she told me. This upset me for a long time, and I didn't date girls for a while. I was afraid of getting mixed-up with someone like Sandy. Sandy didn't want to go *steady.* It was more like husband and wife with her. Going steady, in my book, means getting to know someone. If you make up your mind to marry, then that's something altogether different.

It wasn't until my senior year at Lamar High School when my best buddy's girlfriend wanted me to doubledate with them that I got hooked. A new girl came to town from Corpus Christi. Her name was Joie, and she had long coalblack hair and green eyes.

On our first date we went to a drive-in and saw a Jimmy Dean film. Joie was warm and easy to get along with. She had a wonderful way of throwing her head back when she laughed. Also, she made a guy feel like a guy with such simple little things. She'd wait for me to open the car door for her. Or she'd ask me to help her off with her coat.

A wonderful girl this time

After the movie, we went to a jukebox joint where there was a parrot in a cage that kept saying "Rock it . . . rock it . . . rock it" or "Hey, when's the next cha-cha-cha . . .?" Everytime Joie heard the parrot talk she laughed and laughed. I enjoyed her. She had such a love for the little things around her. She wanted to know about all of us at school, the places the seniors liked to go to, the school hops and the holiday proms and the senior dances. I liked her curiosity. I hoped she liked me.

She did. We began going together. In those days I was singing at night, whenever I could get a job. I'd sing in tawdry, rose-lighted beer halls or noisy, smoke-filled gambling casinos. Lots of times Joie would ask me if she could come and catch my show.

I'd say, "No, baby, these places are terrible. I have to sing there because of the dough, but I hate for you to have to go there."

Somehow or other, in spite of my begging, she'd find some excuse as to why she had to see me and come—alone or with her girlfriends. I was afraid her folks would find out and get upset. Her father was a physician. I didn't think he'd go for Joie hanging around nightclubs with me. Now I didn't sing every night—only once or twice a week, and we usually dated on my off nights. I couldn't understand why she wanted to come to these cheap dives. I kept asking her not to come, but she never listened. She always came.

It didn't take long for the secret to come out. One spring morning in woodshop class, my best buddy let the cat out of the bag. The two of us were over by the buzz saw, working on our foot-stool projects, and he said, above the droning noise of the saw, "Hey, Tommy, I hear you got a great arrangement of *Love Me or Leave Me!* Joie says it's terrific!"

I was baffled but I didn't say anything. I had only sung that arrangement the night before for the first time. How did he know about it so quickly?

"She's so proud of you," he told me, guiding his piece of pine wood toward the buzz saw's teeth. "She's been telling us all she's been following you around the clubs. She's devoted to you, you know. She likes going with a singer."

"Yeah," I said softly, but he couldn't hear me. Suddenly my brain clicked. Joie would always come to hear me sing at the clubs, stay for about forty-five minutes, then leave for home early in her fire-engine-red convertible.

"Say," I said casually, "when did she tell you about my new arrangement?"

"Last week sometime, I guess," he said, not lifting up his eyes and pushing his square of wood toward the thin blade.

"You're lying," I said to him. I reached for the buzz saw switch and snapped off the motor.

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MARCH BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in March, your birthstone is a bloodstone, your flower is a jonquil, and here are some of the stars who share it with you:

March 1— **Harry Belafonte**

March 2— **Desi Arnaz**
Jennifer Jones

March 3— **Bobby Driscoll**

March 6— **John Smith**

March 8— **Sean McClary**
Clair Trevor

March 9— **Taina Elg**

March 15— **MacDonald Carey**

March 16— **Cornell Borchers**
Jerry Lewis

March 17— **Michael O'Shea**

March 18— **Marjorie Hellen**

March 19— **Louis Hayward**

March 22— **Karl Malden**

March 23— **Joan Crawford**

March 24— **Richard Conte**
Gene Nelson

March 26— **Sterling Hayden**

March 28— **Frank Lovejoy**

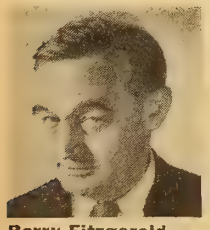
March 31— **Diane Jergens**
Shirley Jones
Richard Kiley



David Niven
March 1



Cyd Charisse
March 8



Barry Fitzgerald
March 10



Gordon MacRae
March 12



Wendell Corey
March 20



Dennis O'Keefe
March 29

"No, I'm not," he said. ". . . I'm not!"

"Well, I'm going to call your bluff" I told him I wanted him to meet me at noontime at the hot-dog bar across the street. When I saw Joie between classes that morning I told her I wanted to see her, too. I didn't tell her why.

Betrayed!

Then, when the two of them met me there, I saw him blush when she came in the door.

I explained to Joie I couldn't understand how word had leaked out about my arrangement of *Love Me Or Leave Me*. I had only sung it last night, not last week, and she was the only person who had heard it. When did she tell him?

The two of them looked at each other. Finally Joie spoke, her cheeks red from embarrassment. She said, "I think we ought to tell Tommy the truth." Then she told me they had fallen in love. She liked my singing and coming to hear me sing, but she couldn't help it. There was something that attracted her to him, and she used to meet him after she saw me at the clubs.

"I guess that explains why you've been so busy on my off nights when I'd ask you for a date. You've got homework or your hair to wash or something . . . it's always something."

"I'm sorry," she said, lowering her eyes, then looking up at him. No doubt about it, my best buddy was a good-looking guy. He looked a little like Johnny Saxon.

"I hope you won't be mad at us about it," she said, "but we just couldn't help it."

Suddenly I just couldn't say anything. I think I'd have made a fool of myself if I stayed there. Tears were building up inside me. I liked Joie, and I liked the way the two of us had been getting to know each other—slowly, gently. But things don't always go quite the way you'd like them to. I clenched my fists and walked out of that hot-dog bar, the sizzle of the hot dogs on the counter grill sounding like the sizzle in my brain from all this anguish. I left and walked home, trying desperately to hold back the tears. I didn't want anyone to see me. When I got home I went upstairs and locked myself in my room and cried. For the rest of the afternoon I played hookey. I just couldn't go to school and face them. I had been betrayed by my steady girlfriend and my best buddy.

When my mother came home from Foley's department store, she knocked on my door. I opened it. She wanted to know what was the matter.

I told her about Joie.

"Son," she said, "listen to me. It's better now than later, before you got too serious. There are other girls in the world."

But I was serious. Anyhow, mothers sometimes can't understand the immediate pain, that awful, personal anguish of teenage heartbreak, and all I could say to her was "Mom, I think I want to be alone. . . ." She was wonderful. She didn't pester me. She brought me a tray of things to eat, then left me to my troubles.

The next day I went to school and bumped into my buddy in the coat room, and I said, "I'm not going to do this to you because you took Joie away from me, but I'm going to do this because you were my best friend and you betrayed me!" and I socked him. I couldn't help it. I had to. There was too much tension inside.

"All right," I yelled. "Fight me."

But he didn't. He said, "You're right. I was wrong. I've been a coward, I can't help it. I love her. . . ."

A new heart throb

I carried the torch for Joie up till I acted in *The Singing Idol* on television. Two months later, I met Molly Bee, the gal with the daydream in her eyes. She was a big star, and I looked up to her.

When we appeared on Tennessee Ernie's program together in California, she invited me to her house. I flipped. She had all kinds of guys at her beck and call—guys who were calling her up at all hours of the day and night to take her on rides, picnics, parties. Why did she ask me?

Well, she told me she loved the way I sang, and before you knew it that old love clutch started pulling at my heart, and suddenly, there we were, seeing each other regularly. We didn't go steady, but we might as well have.

She used to go out with other fellows, but I couldn't go out with other girls. I felt I'd be untrue. So I'd say home and wonder, "Who's Molly out with tonight? What's Molly doing?" And before you know it, this kind of stuff, night after night, eats away at your heart and cracks it. So I said to myself, "Tommy, it's time you grew up. You're going to be twenty-

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one. Be a man. If this is the way Molly wants it, then Molly's not for you!" Don't misunderstand me now. We did have a lot of wonderful times together. But I wanted to be serious about our romance. I didn't want it to be a flip boy-meets-girl, boy-forgets-girl kind of thing. Molly meant something to me. She was a person with 'heart,' if you know what I mean.

When I decided the time came for me to try to be a man, I began dating. A girl with a peppy personality takes a guy's mind away from himself.

But, so far, no Valentine. Now I say to myself when a guy reaches twenty-one and he doesn't have a girlfriend, then something's missing from his life. At least I know *that* much about love.

So, as I said at the start, here I am, a twenty-one year old beau. Available.

With Valentine's Day around the corner, is anybody else in a dating mood? **END**

Editor's note: Tommy will personally write a letter to the girl whose picture he thinks comes closest to his ideal sweetheart—the girl he's searched for all his life. Just address your letter to Tommy Sands in care of Modern Screen, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, New York.

Tommy is appearing in MARDI GRAS *for 20th-Fox.*

The Lame Boy Who Walked With God

(Continued from page 50)

smiled. And she got up from bed. And the happy day began.

In the kitchen, a few minutes later, she sang as she started to prepare a breakfast. And when her maid of many years, a little buxom old lady with straight gray hair and small gray eyes, walked into the room and stared at her in amazement, Anna burst into a deep long laugh.

"You are surprised, hah?" she said. "Only eight o'clock and Magnani is up. Only eight o'clock and Magnani sings. And look at Magnani—in the kitchen for the first time in how long, and near the stove, and making the cocoa and the toast. . . . And you are standing there and thinking that Magnani must be walking in her sleep, no?"

"No," the old lady said, uncertainly.

Anna laughed again. Then she rushed over and hugged the servant.

"In case you have forgotten," she said, "today is Luca's birthday."

"Ah," the old day said, remembering now, understanding.

"And," Anna went on, "today is the day I am going to tell the director of my picture, 'I don't work today, I don't care what you say. I work too hard all the time and I rush to the studio too early all the time. But today is my son Luca's first birthday with me in so many years and I stay home today and in the morning I make him his breakfast, in the afternoon I make him his lunch and, at night, I make him his party.' "

Marlene Dietrich was asked why she ever signed a contract to appear in a Las Vegas nightclub. She explained: "It finally reached a point where it would be criminal to turn down so much money."
Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

"You said good," the maid told her, approvingly.

"Yes," Anna chuckled. "And—" she started to say.

But the old servant interrupted her with a poke.

"Signora," she said, pointing to the stove, smiling now, too, "your cocoa . . . it is burning."

Anna turned and rushed over to the steaming pot. *"O Dio,"* she cried out. She looked into the pot, at the brown violently-churning bubbles. "Oh, what do I do? What do I do?"

The old servant turned off the gas.

"Just this," she said.

Anna nodded. "Today I am very excited," she said. "It is a day on which nothing must go wrong and I get confused and I am excited."

"Nothing will go wrong," the old servant said. "Do not worry, Signora."

Nothing must go wrong

Anna sighed. The smile was gone from her face momentarily, the laughter was gone from her voice. "Nothing must go wrong," she said. "Not today. No. Not today. . . ."

She tiptoed into Luca's room a little while later, carrying his breakfast in a large silver tray. She laid down the tray on a small table next to his bed and, for a moment, she stared at her sleeping son.

"How handsome you are, my young man," she said to herself, the pride rushing through her body, "how handsome, my young man, my son, my baby."

She bent and kissed him on the cheek.

"Luca," she whispered, gently.

He did not wake.

She ran her fingers through his dark, wavy hair.

"Luca—"

As she continued looking down at him she remembered how he'd been that other morning, a long time ago, thirteen years ago.

Luca, three years old then, had awakened with a fever. She, Anna, had been worried and had wanted to stay home from work that day in order to be with her little son.

But when she'd called the studio—where she'd begun work a few weeks earlier on her first major picture, *Open City*, the picture that would make her an international star—and told her producer that she couldn't make it that day, he had begged her to reconsider.

"Today is an important scene," he'd said. "Everything is in readiness for it. Come today, Anna, and tomorrow you can stay home, I promise."

So Anna had gone to the studio. And she'd been at work only two hours when she got the phone call.

It was a doctor. He was calling from her apartment. He explained that shortly after she left her son had begun to appear very ill and that her maid had taken the liberty of calling him.

"Now," he said, "I think it would be good if you left what you are doing and came here right away."

"What's wrong?" Anna asked, more frightened than she had ever been in her life. "What has happened to my baby?"

"Come . . . and we will talk," the doctor said.

The day the polio struck

When Anna rushed into the apartment a little while later, the doctor took her hand and led her to a couch.

"The boy's father—you and he are divorced?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," Anna said.

"I thought perhaps I should like to talk to him, too," the doctor said.

"He is not in Rome right now," Anna said.

She jumped up from the couch.

"But about Luca, Doctor," she asked, "what do you want to tell me about my son?"

"He is sick," the doctor said.

"How sick?" Anna asked. "How sick?"

"He is sick with polio," the doctor said.

Anna screamed.

"Nooooooo!—" came the sound from deep inside her, filling the room with its despair.

"No . . . no . . . no . . . nooooooooo!" came the sound, over and over again.

And then she'd run from the room to the bedroom where her sick son lay.

She'd opened the door.

She'd walked in.

She'd looked at him, in his bed, asleep . . . and then she'd run her fingers through his long brown hair, warm with the terrible fever that burned within him.

And then, as now, on this day, thirteen years later, she'd whispered his name.

"Luca . . . Luca."

Slowly now, he opened his eyes.

"Wey!" Anna said, sitting on the bed next to him, pulling at his hair now, her voice loud again, "look how we start your sixteenth birthday. With breakfast in bed,



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Just one question, Your Majesty

Once upon a time—just a few months ago, in fact—there lived in London a little girl named Sarah, who was soon to meet the Queen.

Sarah's daddy was Kenneth More, the actor, whose new picture—*A Night To Remember*—was going to be premièred for Her Majesty in just a few nights.

And so, day after day, time after time, Sarah's daddy would take her on his lap and go over the details of their meeting.

"We will be in the lobby of the theater," he would say. "The Queen will enter. You, Sarah darling, will step forward, curtsy and present her with a bouquet."

"And will the Queen ask me any questions?" Sarah would then ask.

"Oh no, I doubt that," her daddy would answer.

"Oh," Sarah would say then, clapping her hands, "it sounds as if it will be such jolly fun!"

And it was jolly fun, for Sarah, at least—after she had given the Queen the flowers and the Queen had asked that question.

"How old are you, my dear?" was the question.

"I'm five," began Sarah's reply. "Now tell me, how old are *you?*"

Kenneth's new film is for Rank.

my Luca, like an emperor on vacation."

Luca smiled groggily.

Anna handed him a cup from the tray. "Here," she said, "cocoa, the way you like it, with the rich milk of the goat."

She watched him take a sip.

"Good?" she asked.

The boy nodded. "Very good," he said.

She pulled at his hair again.

Then she asked, "Luca, do you know what arrived from the tailor last night, late, after you went to bed? Your tuxedo. The suit you will wear tonight to the party."

She clapped her hands together, strong and loud.

"And what a party it will be," she said. "Your mother has gone wild with herself. She has rented the best nightclub in the city. She has invited one hundred people. There will be food, Luca, and wine, the very finest wine. And there will be music and entertainment and it is for you, my boy, to celebrate for *you.*"

Luca nodded again.

And as he did Anna laughed again and continued talking—about the night ahead, the party, the plans. And then, when she was finished with her talking and Luca had finished his cocoa, she jumped up from the side of the bed.

Magnani honors her son

"Now I must go for a little while," she said. She made a face. "To the *istituto di bellezza* I go, the beauty salon. Aaaaaach. How I hate those places. But today I go. You know why, my boy? Because tonight I must look beautiful. Tonight nobody says, 'Look at Magnani, the sloppy one.' Tonight they all say, 'Look at Magnani, the beauty. And,' they will say, 'do you know the reason she is so beautiful tonight? Because she is honoring her son on his birthday. And because for this night, this one night in his life, she must be the most beautiful woman he has ever seen.'"

She took his hand in hers.

"You look forward to tonight, Luca?" she asked.

"Yes, Mamma," the boy said.

For a moment, neither of them said anything.

Then Anna asked, "Do you want anything else before I go?"

"No, Mamma," the boy said. "I will get up now and wash and dress."

He began to sit himself up in the bed.

Anna watched the great effort it took him.

"All right, my boy," she said.

And she left. . . .

"*Subito,*" Anna said to the beautician—a tall, pretty, olive-skinned girl—as soon as she'd entered the beauty salon. "I don't have much time. So quick. Make me look nice. And let me get out of here!"

The girl was impressed. This was a very elegant place she worked in, yes. But customers like the great Anna Magnani didn't walk in every day.

"Of course," she said, "I will get you out of here *subito-subito.*"

She began her work quickly, quietly.

But after a while, like all members of her profession—male or female, old pro or novice, she began to talk.

And Anna, normally opposed to any unnecessary conversation, didn't seem to mind on this day.

"You are, if I may ask, going to a party of some sort this evening?" the girl asked.

"I am giving a party," Anna said.

"Ah, you have won another Oscar in the United States, I bet," the girl said.

"No," Anna said, laughing. "This is different. This is more important. I am having a party to celebrate the birthday of my son."

"You have a son, Signora?" the girl asked. "I did not know that."

"I do, but yes," Anna said.

"How old is he?" the girl asked, as she continued her work.

Anna told her.

"The beginning of young manhood," said the girl.

Anna nodded. "And the beginning of a new life with me," she said. "He has been away a long time, in Switzerland. But last week he came back to me and that, too, I am celebrating . . . Would you like to see a photo of him?" she went on, proudly. "We were at my country house in Circeo till yesterday and I took some very good photos of him."

"Oh yes," the girl said, "I would like very much to see him."

Anna realizes the truth

As Anna reached forward for her purse, the girl asked, "Has he been in *school* in Switzerland, Signora?"

But Anna didn't seem to hear her.

"Here he is," she said, finding the picture she was looking for and handed it to the girl.

The girl wiped her hands on a towel. And then, carefully, she took the picture and held it in her fingers.

"Mmmmmmmm—" she said, looking at it and breaking into a great smile. "But he is handsome, Signora. But he is so handsome."

"*Grazie,*" Anna said, "thank you."

"Oh Signora," the girl went on, "I mean no disrespect, but if *I* were at this party tonight and I saw your son, do you know what I would do? I would forget all the etiquette that my mother and father have taught me and I would walk up to this son of yours and I would say, 'Would you please, my handsome young man, do me the honor of having the next dance with me?'"

According to Alfred Hitchcock: "Titles, like women, should be fresh, without being familiar; intriguing, never obvious; warm, yet not too hot to handle; and give a clue, without revealing too much."

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

She laughed a high, girlish laugh.

"And what do you think he would answer me, Signora?" she asked then. "You should know. You are the mother."

What humor and happiness there had been in Anna's expression was gone now, suddenly.

But the girl, standing behind her, didn't see Anna's face as she repeated her question.

"What do *you* think he would answer me, Signora?"

Finally, after a long pause, Anna replied.

"He would say, 'No, I am sorry, but I cannot have this dance with you,'" she told the girl.

"He is conceited perhaps?" the girl said, gayly.

"No," Anna said, shaking her head. "He is not conceited. He is crippled in both his legs."

"Oh, Signora—" the girl started to say in apology.

But again Anna did not hear her.

Because she was afraid now, very much afraid now, of what she had almost done.

It was a little while later. Anna and Luca were in the living room of the big hilltop apartment. Luca sat reading what appeared to be a magazine. Anna stood near the window, staring down at the city below and at the dome of St. Peter's, a few kilometers away, which dominated the entire scene with its somber, oval

beauty. She was thinking—very hard.

Suddenly, she turned.

"Luca," she said, "in a little while I will fix us our lunch."

"Good Mamma," the boy said, looking up from what he was reading.

"But before that," Anna said, "I would like to talk to you about something."

She walked over to where he sat.

"The party tonight—" she started to say.

But then she changed her mind. She would tell him about that in a little while, about how she had decided to call off the party, about how she realized now it was a stupid and ridiculous idea to drag him to this party she'd planned, this party where he would be so unhappy and uncomfortable, where—Oh God, why didn't she realize it sooner—others would be dancing and tapping their feet to the music while he, Luca, would sit there, tortured, ashamed, miserable.

Another idea

For now instead, she thought, she would tell him about her other idea.

"Luca," she said, "I have a plan—for you, and for me."

She chose her words carefully as she continued to talk.

"Do you know how hard I have been working these last years—here in Italy, in France, in America?" she asked.

The boy nodded. "I know," he said.

"Well," Anna said, "I think that in a few years I will stop working . . . and retire. Yes, I am getting tired. And I need rest. And now you are back from Switzerland and I need to be together with you more . . . And do you know what I am going to do? *This* I am going to do. I am going to make a few more pictures—maybe two, maybe three. And then I am going to take all the money I make from those pictures and buy a villa, far away, very far, away from everyone and everything. And you and I will go there, Luca, just the two of us, alone, and we will spend our time there, just the two of us, together . . . forever."

"Why, Mamma?" the boy asked.

"So no one will ever be able to hurt you," Anna wanted to say.

But instead she said, "We have thirteen years apart to make up for, Luca. This is a long time for a mother to be without her son and for a son to be away from the mother who loves him so much. This way, in this villa, we will be away from everything but ourselves. And we shall make up for those thirteen years, you and I. Oh, how we shall make up for them!"

She smiled and reached for her son's cheek and gave it a playful squeeze.

And she waited for him to smile back.

But he didn't.

"You do not like my plan?" Anna asked.

"If it is your wish," the boy said.

"It is," Anna said.

"Then I guess it is good," the boy said.

Anna took his hand.

Again, she waited for him to smile.

But again the smile did not come.

"Luca," she said, "—you are *sure* there is nothing wrong. . . ?"

The boy shrugged.

"Only," he said, "that I will not be able to go to the school I have been reading about."

He looked down at the book in his lap.

Anna followed his gaze.

For the first time, really, she saw the book. It was not a magazine, as she had thought, but a college prospectus.

The Rome Institute of Engineering, read its title, *—A Description of Courses for the Interested Student.*

"Oh?" Anna said, looking back at him, surprised.

"I realize it would not be easy to get into the school," Luca went on. "And I realize that if I do get in it will not be easy at first, being in a crowded classroom with so many students, after all my years in Switzerland, at the hospital, where our classes were always private and where we always studied alone.

"But," he said, "though I have never told you this before, I had looked forward to trying to become an engineer, Mamma. And to getting used to being with people, and not being away from them anymore, all the time."

"With people?" Anna asked, repeating him. "With people?"

"Yes," the boy said. He smiled. "That is why, too, I am so happy to be in Rome now. And why tonight; this party you are having for me—why I look forward to that so much. I must learn, Mamma, not only from the books I will study, but from the people I will be with now."

"But the party," Anna said, "—this morning when I reminded you of it, I thought you looked a little sad, Luca, as if perhaps you were not looking forward to it."

"I was not sad, Mamma," the boy said. "I was thinking about the college. I had written to them from Circeo asking for this booklet and it had not arrived and I guess I was wondering if perhaps they did not want me and were not even sending the booklet . . . But it arrived, Mamma, just a little while after you left the apartment this morning."

"And you are happy now?" Anna asked.

"Yes," the boy said.

"And about the party—you are happy about that, too?" she asked.

"Yes," the boy said.

But he did not look so happy.

"Only you are not happy about one thing I said," Anna went on, "about the villa I spoke of, the faraway villa. Is that not right, Luca?"

"If it is what you want, Mamma—" the boy started to say.

"No," Anna interrupted him. "I do not want that. I thought so for a minute. But no. That is not what I want."

She reached over and took him in her arms and hugged him.

"I want only that you are happy," she said.

The boy who walked with God

"I am happy now, Mamma," Luca said. "And the only way I can be any happier is to work to make you proud of me someday . . . And I will, Mamma. God will help me, I know. You just wait and see how proud you will be. You just wait until the day you hear somebody say, 'That Luca, the Magnani's son, it is a shame that he does not walk—but what an engineer he is, what a fine engineer!' "

And it was as he was saying this that Anna heard the bells in the distance—the bells of St. Peter's—softly at first, and then louder and richer and more and more beautiful in their melodious confusion.

She smiled.

Oh, she was so proud of her boy, her good, brave boy.

It was noon, she knew—noon, the heart of the day, the moment of hope, the moment when the long, cool, wet morning is over and when the sun shines strongest and brings promises of warmth and good to the soul of man.

She looked over toward the window.

Yes, she saw, the gray, rain-filled morning had vanished and the early afternoon sun *was* shining now.

She looked up.

Her smile became radiant.

Her son had faith, and she would have faith.

Thank You, she whispered to herself, *for giving me back my son . . . so strong in his heart, where so many others are lame and weak. . . .*

END

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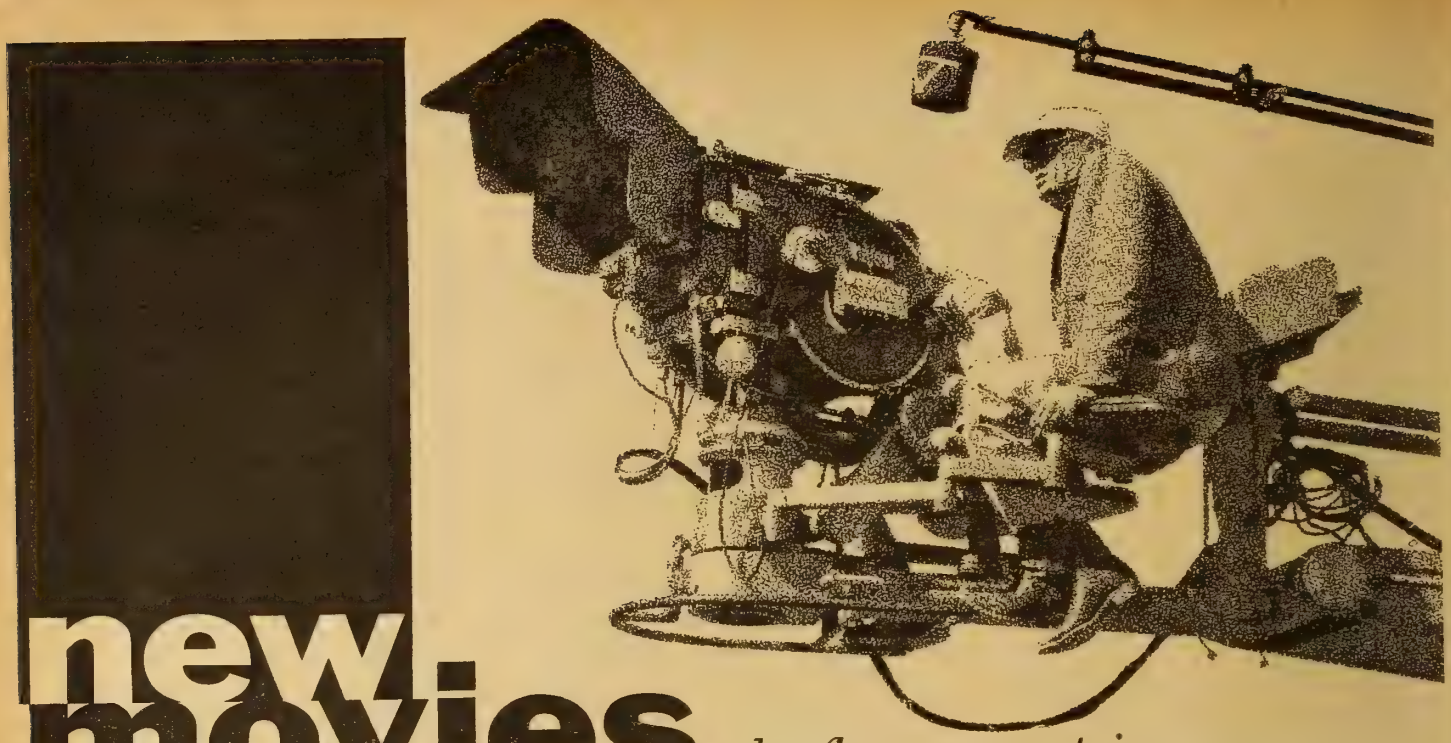
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new movies

by florence epstein

SOME CAME RUNNING

Dean Martin
Frank Sinatra
Shirley MacLaine
Martha Hyer
Arthur Kennedy

after the war was over . . .

■ Home from the war is Frank Sinatra, but no one's waiting for him. In fact, his reappearance in Indiana causes distinct embarrassment to his older brother (Arthur Kennedy) and his brother's wife (Leora Dana). Arthur owns a jewelry shop and is a pillar of the town; Leora doesn't like the way Frank tore her apart in a novel he wrote. Frank, you see, is a writer; but he isn't doing much writing now. He's doing a lot of drinking. The last time he did a lot of drinking (in Chicago) he picked up Shirley MacLaine who'd done a lot of loose living. She follows him home and hangs around a saloon frequented by lovable gambler Dean Martin. Martha Hyer, who teaches creative writing, has great admiration for Frank, until he tries to teach her creative living—at which point icicles form around that lady's heart. In a moment of despair and also profound truth—to Frank, anyway—he marries Shirley. Do they live happily ever after? Not on your life! Lots of mixed-up emotions in this movie.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

THE BLACK ORCHID

Sophia Loren
Anthony Quinn
Ina Balin
Jimmie Baird
Mark Richman

middle-aged romance

■ This movie owes a little to *Marty* and a lot to the amazing charm of Anthony Quinn who plays a widower with an about-to-be-married daughter (Ina Balin). Ina was perfectly content to think of marrying Mark Richman and moving to Atlantic City with him (he owned a shop on the boardwalk) until Pop got a twinkle in his eye over widow Sophia Loren. *That awful woman!* shouts Ina. *Pop! How could you?* Whereupon she locks herself in her room, coming out only to set the table. Sophia had been married to a gangster, recently murdered by one of his pals, and now her twelve-year-old son (Jimmie Baird) is on a farm for delinquency (but it's pretty hard to keep him down on that farm!). Sophia has a guilty conscience about her late husband—she feels it was her greed that drove him to crime. And now she just wants to love someone (that's Quinn) and make him happy. It seems like a wonderful but impossible dream what with both their children maddeningly asserting themselves. If you don't love *The Black Orchid,* you don't love anything.—PARAMOUNT.

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS!

Paul Newman
Joanne Woodward
Joan Collins
Jack Carson
Murvyn Vye

fun in the suburbs

■ Joanne Woodward and Paul Newman are very happy living an hour-and-a-half away from Grand Central Station with their two children. Joan Collins lives right next door and *her* husband, Murvyn Vye, is usually in Hollywood. Is that why Paul's happy? No. Paul is not that kind of man. He's a family man and his wife is a committeewoman. So when the Army decides to establish a top secret base in their community Joanne is head of the committee to fight the Army. She appoints Paul to go to Washington to fight it for her. When he gets to Washington he finds Joan Collins in his hotel suite fighting for *him.* No. He is simply not that kind of man—but his wife decides to divorce him, anyway. Meanwhile, he deserts to the other side (that is, to the Army) and tries to promote good will for their project. Since he is in the public relations business you'd think the job would be a snap—but the only things that snap around him are his wife's nerves.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE MAN INSIDE

Jack Palance
Anita Ekberg
Nigel Patrick
Bonar Colleano
Anthony Newley

a million dollar robbery

■ The man inside is a jewel thief by the name of Nigel Patrick. Outside, he looks like an accountant, which he was for ten years. But he'd been plotting the theft of a diamond worth about $700,000. Well, he thefts it, and the chase begins. Every thief in the world (jealous fools) is after him; Anita Ekberg is after him; private eye Jack Palance, too. But wherever that private eye falls—Nigel Patrick has been and gone. Jack doesn't even know what Nigel looks like. When he finds out—he can't see him for Anita Ekberg who naturally got to Nigel first and is planning to fly to Paris with him. It's on the boat train to London that the thief and the eye and a couple of assassins and Anita and the diamond (in a golf ball) and the truth all meet head on. An exciting collision.—COLUMBIA.

STRANGER IN MY ARMS

June Allyson
Jeff Chandler
Sandra Dee
Conrad Nagel
Mary Astor

story of a mama's boy

■ The man (Peter Graves) that June Allyson was married to for a couple of weeks died on a raft he shared with Jeff Chandler—they were shot out of their plane. Now, five years later, Peter's mother (Mary Astor) has worked up such tremendous grief for him that she'd like to get him the Medal of Honor. (She can do it, too, because Mary's family practically owns the town they live in, and her father-in-law—Charles Coburn—is a powerful politician.) Mary's husband, Conrad Nagel, can say nothing but yes to his wife; Mary's cute daughter, Sandra Dee, sasses her a little; but Mary's daughter-in-law, June Allyson, is her slave. Mary's first step toward getting the Medal is to build a hospital in her son's name; her next step is to invite Jeff Chandler down for a week end so that he can give witness to the fact that Peter died a hero. Unfortunately, Peter died a coward, and Peter hated his Mama. (He didn't care too much about his wife, either.) And how is Jeff going to break all this news to June with whom he's fallen in love?—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THE JOURNEY

Yul Brynner
Deborah Kerr
Jason Robards, Jr.
Robert Morley
Anne Jackson

passports to freedom

■ During the recent liberation of Hungary a busload of foreigners—including Lady Deborah Kerr, Robert Morley, E. G. Marshall, an ex-Nazi officer, a Jewish professor—are being detained by Russian officer Yul Brynner. Yul is detaining them because he's very unhappy.

He's very suspicious of passenger Jason Robards, Jr., whose British passport is in order, but that's all. Furthermore, he has a growing fondness for Lady Deborah. Deborah is mad about Jason, who is Hungarian and has a fresh bullet wound to prove it. Deborah's fellow passengers get pretty disgusted waiting around on what they consider her account. First they want to hand bleeding Jason over to Yul; then they want to hand Deborah over to him as a love sacrifice. Anything to get them out of Hungary. Deborah's and Jason's futures are in Yul's hands. The question is: does he act like a Russian, or does he act like a gentleman?—TECHNICOLOR, MGM.

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

brilliant family drama

Yul Brynner
Joanne Woodward
Margaret Leighton
Ethel Waters
Jack Warden

■ What are some old southern families made of? Memory and madness . . . with memory—of the glory that was—leading to the madness. Here is one such family written into brilliant life by William Faulkner. Whatever tenderness is left from the old days is found only in the kitchen where cook Ethel Waters presides. Elsewhere there is the genteel alcoholic John Beal; the sometimes violent mute Jack Warden; the arrogant, never accepted Frenchwoman Françoise Rosay (who screams for breakfast in bed); and her son, Yul Brynner, who bears the family name and now must bear the family. He works to pay the bills, to keep the mansion from crumbling, to keep the family from falling absolutely to seed and to keep his self-respect. His special charge is teen-ager Joanne Woodward who was deserted at birth by her beautiful mother (Margaret Leighton); Joanne spends her time playing hookey, disobeying her dictatorial step-uncle (Yul) and looking for adventure. It's when Brynner allows the wandering, lost Margaret to come home that the drama and his role in it take on almost heroic dimensions. For Joanne, who had thought desperately that her mother would save her, there is one revelation after another: first the revelation of her mother's weakness, then of the weakness and unreliability of a boy (John Whitmore) she'd planned to elope with and finally, the revelation of Yul's place in her life. It is a totally absorbing film with outstanding acting all around.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE LAST BLITZKRIEG

up front with the Nazis

Van Johnson
Kerwin Mathews
Dick York
Larry Storch
Lise Bourdin

■ The way they tell it nowadays there was only *one* Nazi in Hitler's Germany, and that was Hitler. The rest were obviously insane (like Kerwin Mathews) or just slow thinkers like Van Johnson). It finally dawns on Van—while he's being machine-gunned to death—that he's spent his entire life on the wrong side, and he staggers up and makes a speech against Hitler. Too bad the message wasn't carried home. Van plays a rat—a German who was brought up in America and then enlisted by the Nazis as a spy in World War II. He's been trained to pose as an American soldier while following out his own secret orders. For instance, while he and his American buddies (including Dick York) are digging their way out of a German prison camp, Van is reporting it all to the camp officials. Later, when he learns that all his buddies were machine-gunned he takes it hard. His next assignment is to demoralize American troops (because it's 1944 and Hitler realizes he's losing the war). He and three buddies (including Kerwin Mathews) brush up on American slang and fall into American ranks planning to create havoc among them. Imagine Van's surprise when he comes upon old buddy Dick York; imagine Dick's surprise when he discovers Van's game.—COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE (Columbia): Kim Novak's a witch who tries—and succeeds—to lure Jimmy Stewart away from lovely fiancee Janice Rule—with the help of her brother, Jack Lemmon (he's a witch, too). Ernie Kovaks appears on the scene to collaborate with Jack on a book about witches. But Kim's against being exposed as a witch and says she'll hex the book. Jack threatens to hex her Jimmie if she does. So all in all, it's a pretty 'spirited' movie.

THE PERFECT FURLOUGH (U-I): When Tony Curtis wins a 'perfect furlough' contest, he goes off to Paris for three weeks with delectable Linda Cristal. But he proves too fast for her and for WAC psychologist Janet Leigh who's chaperoning him on the trip. He's even accused of fathering two children!

MARDI GRAS (20th-Fox): Gary Crosby's a young cadet who has his heart set on a date with famous French movie star Christine Carere. Each boy in his class contributes a dollar for the date. But Pat Boone is picked to go instead of Gary. So Gary settles on Sheree North, and Tommy Sands teams up with Barrie Chase. And does Pat ever get to go on the date with Christine? That's the punchline!



In THE SOUND AND THE FURY, *Jack Warden tries to kill Joanne Woodward to keep her from running off with her evil boyfriend...but Yul Brynner stops them.*

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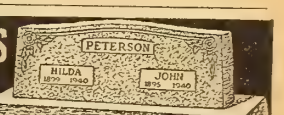
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Don't Worry About Me . . .

(*Continued from page 48*)

"I see," the doctor said. Then he took her arm and led her back to her chair. "Well, there's no reason you can't call him from here—in just a few minutes . . . But," he went on, satisfied that she was seated again, "there's a little matter I'd like to discuss with you first. The matter of taking care of yourself."

"Of course," Marilyn said, nodding.

"In order," the doctor continued, "to avoid a repetition of what happened last time."

He minced no words.

"A miscarriage is an awful thing, as you well know," he said. "It can be caused by a number of things. That too, you know. In your case the cause seems to be a hormone deficiency. Now, *that* we can help along. But where you must help yourself is in the very simple area of taking-it-easy. Especially for the first three months."

Again, Marilyn nodded.

"Arthur and I live very quietly—" she started to say.

"A good start," the doctor said, interrupting her. "But how about your work? You're busy on a picture right now, aren't you?"

"Yes," Marilyn said.

"Can you get out of it?" the doctor asked.

"Not at this stage," Marilyn told him. Smilingly, she added, "The picture's two-thirds finished, though—only another month to go. And all the hard work, the strenuous work—I've already finished with that."

The doctor stared at her for a moment.

"How," he asked, slowly, "would you define strenuous work?"

"Well yesterday, for instance," Marilyn said, describing the scene, quickly, gayly, energetically, "I had to run up stairs. The picture's called *Some Like It Hot* and I play a flapper back in the Twenties who leads an all-girl band. And so there I am, in this one part, wearing this tight-tight dress, running away from somebody—running up these stairs. And yesterday—oh, I'll never forget it—yesterday was the day the scene had to be shot. And what should have been very simple to do became very hard, for some reason—this funny feeling in my stomach, I guess, that kind of held me back. And so I did it once, and I did it again and before I was through I'd done it fourteen, *fourteen* times."

The joke wasn't funny . . .

She laughed when she was finished.

But the doctor didn't.

"A funny feeling in your stomach, you say?" he asked.

Marilyn nodded.

"Fourteen times up those stairs?" the doctor asked.

Marilyn nodded.

And then, suddenly, she saw the worried look on his face.

And her own voice became worried.

"You're thinking," she said, "that I was as pregnant yesterday as I am today—isn't that right, Doctor?"

She watched him as he closed his eyes for a moment and thought.

"Isn't that right, Doctor?" she asked.

"Mrs. Miller," the doctor said. "What's done is done. What you know today you didn't know yesterday. Now only tomorrow is important. And from tomorrow right up until next June you must take it easy, easy, very easy."

"Yes," Marilyn said, studying the look on his face, watching it as it turned from deep-seated worry into what appeared to be a very uncomfortably forced smile.

"So," the doctor said, tossing up his hands, "I'd say that's it for this meeting. And now, if you'd like, I'll step out so you can phone your husband and tell him the good news. All right?"

"Yes," Marilyn said, still studying his look as he walked across the office, toward the door.

When he was gone Marilyn sat alone now and she thought, and the doctor's words of a few minutes earlier came back to her mind.

A miscarriage is an awful thing, as you well know. . . .

"I know," she found herself saying, aloud.

"I know."

She remembered the day—nearly fifteen months ago—when she had first known.

It was a Thursday, in August, in the little house on Long Island she and Arthur had rented for the summer. It was a day of pain, intense, unbearable, a day that began with a child inside her and that ended with the child suddenly gone.

And then, she remembered, it was night, in the big white quiet hospital room in nearby New York, with her husband standing by her bed, watching her come slowly out of her shock, listening to her as she wept about what might have been, as she moaned, "I've failed you, Arthur, I've failed you, Arthur, I'm only half a woman . . . because I've failed you and I've failed our baby."

She brought her hand up to her forehead now.

It was hot, and covered with perspiration.

She rose from her chair and walked over to the doctor's desk and picked up his phone.

"I'd like to place a call to New York," she said, her voice uneven, breaking as she spoke.

She gave the operator the rest of the information and then she waited.

The day before

Once more, Marilyn, she heard the voice cry out suddenly.

She remembered yesterday, on the set, the whole crew standing around laughing along with her as she did the scene.

"Up those stairs, *again?*" she remembered herself asking the director.

Once more, Marilyn, she remembered the voice cry out.

And then again:

Once more, Marilyn!

And then again:

Once more, Marilyn!

But now, suddenly, thankfully, another voice cut in, this one coming from the phone receiver she gripped.

"Marilyn?" it asked. "Is that you, darling?"

"Arthur?" Marilyn asked back.

"Yes," she heard him say. "Is everything all right?"

Marilyn was sobbing this time and the words came hard.

"Arthur," she said, "can you come out here, right away? . . . I need you, Arthur . . . I need you so much."

She listened as he asked her where she was calling from, what the matter was.

"It's our baby, Arthur," Marilyn told him. "We're going to have a baby . . . and I don't want it to be like last time. Oh God, I want it to be born alive and healthy and I don't want it to be like last time. . . ."

The next four weeks were strange and troubled.

Arthur had flown to Hollywood immediately after hearing from Marilyn and his presence helped make up for almost everything else that was going to happen.

For what would happen during those thirty-odd remaining days was not to be good.

Marilyn began to feel sick soon after her visit with the doctor. Mornings, especially, she would wake up with the alarm at 5:30 and a few minutes later, invariably, the nausea would fall heavily on her.

"Please, just today, stay in bed and forget the picture," Arthur would say.

"How can I?" Marilyn would ask. "If I don't go—all that money they're spending—all those people who don't work—"

"But you, Marilyn," Arthur would say. "How about you and the way you feel?"

Most mornings, Marilyn would try to fight off her sickness, go to the studio and put in a nine and sometimes ten-hour day.

But, finally, it became too much for her. And, finally, the morning came when she could not move from her bed.

The secret they shared

Arthur phoned the studio. He said that he was sorry, but that his wife would have to be excused from work that day.

"Why?" he was asked.

Arthur wanted to tell them. "She's pregnant," he wanted to say, proudly and angrily, at the same time, "is that a good enough reason for you?"

But Marilyn had made him promise that he would tell no one, not yet.

"It was an important thing with her at the beginning," someone close to the Millers has since said, "that word about the baby should be kept from everyone for as long as possible. I think what caused it was the fear in Marilyn's mind that to spread the good news might somehow spoil things, and her mind went back to the endless commotion that had been made over her first pregnancy and she felt that this time no one should know—at least, not until the first big danger period was over."

Jack Benny asked co-star Gisele MacKenzie whether her marriage made any difference in her fiddle-playing, and she ad libbed, "No-o-o-o, but of course I don't fiddle around as much as I used to."

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

And so Arthur, now, keeping his promise, phoned the studio and said simply that his wife needed the day off.

"But why?" he was asked, again and again, frantically.

"She's not too well," he said, minimizing the matter as best he could. Then, looking over at the bed for a moment, seeing Marilyn lie there—moaning, her hands pressed hard to her head—he said, "I think a day in bed would do her good."

And with that, he hung up.

And the reverberations to that clink of receiver to hook were tremendous.

Within hours, the word had spread through Hollywood.

A few people guessed at what might be wrong.

But quite a few others stopped only long enough to make jokes and snide asides.

"The queen is weary," they said.

"Poor Marilyn—after three years of resting in New York she comes back to work and then she decides she needs a little *more* rest," they said.

"La Monroe," they said, "trying to pull a Garbo. But lest she forget, Garbo dis-

appeared only *after* her pictures were finished."

In time, the remarks—these and more, many more—reached Marilyn.

At first, she laughed.

"Gee," she said, amused, the way you would be if suddenly your next-door neighbor passed the word that you were going around telling people you were a close relative of the Queen of England.

But, after a while, Marilyn found she couldn't laugh anymore.

The stories, the remarks, the cold looks she received on the set when she was finally able to return to it—all of this combined to build a terrific pressure within her.

And, though she took it quietly, bravely, smiling back at those who laughed at her, she realized she couldn't keep taking it forever.

The camouflage

And on the mid-November afternoon the last scene of the picture had been shot, she got into her car and raced to her husband and she begged him to take her away, back to New York, as quickly as possible.

She lay on the bed and wondered if it would be all right to get up for just a little while and go out and take a walk. She'd been in bed these past few days—almost a week now; ever since she and Arthur had come back to New York from Hollywood. And because she knew how important it was to rest now, she'd lain in bed this past week, obediently, happily, never once complaining.

And yet on this day, at this moment, she felt strangely different.

She *wanted* to get up.

She *wanted* to go out.

She *wanted*, more than anything, to take a little walk around the block and—for just a few minutes—to breathe in, luxuriously, freely, the crisp, cold Eastern air she liked so much.

She turned in her bed.

"Should I?" she asked herself.

And then, slowly, realizing that her doctor hadn't said anything about staying in bed every minute of every day, feeling the age-old privilege of pregnant women to indulge in their cravings—whether for fancy foods or for a simple walk—she got out of the bed, dressed in what she and Arthur always jokingly refer to as The Camouflage—a dark outfit, successfully designed to make Marilyn as inconspicuous as possible—and, stopping only long enough to tell a cleaning woman who was working in one of the other rooms that she would be out for a little while, she left the apartment. . . .

The toy store she came to while on her walk was neither big nor fancy.

But toy stores had always fascinated Marilyn, ever since those days of her childhood, when she was a little tawny-haired thing with no toys of her own—ever since the early days when the closest she came to being *with* dolls and games and little tin tea sets meant leaving whatever house she was living in for the time being and walking secretly to the local toy store and standing outside, her face pressed against the window, looking in.

As she had stopped to look now, years later, for just a moment or two.

And it was just before she was about to continue her walk when she saw it, the little stuffed kitten, sitting in a corner of the window.

A tiny gift

It was a strange little kitten, brown, fluffy, warm-looking—but with the largest and saddest eyes.

"Poor little thing," Marilyn found herself thinking, as she stared at it, "I bet you're so sad because nobody wants you. And I bet nobody wants you because you're so sad." She laughed to herself.

She shook her head.

"I bet, though, that there's a baby somewhere who would love you, who—"

And then she stopped.

And she thought of a baby—not of the one she knew best, the one who though not yet born was already beautiful in her mind, the one who would be hers one day this summer, hers and Arthur's, but, for now, of the tiny baby—a little boy—of a friend, whom she had seen once since his birth, whom she loved from that first moment and whom she could picture now lying in his crib and lifting his small chubby hand and hugging it against the side of this sad kitten's face.

She hadn't yet bought a gift for this baby, she thought to herself.

She'd planned, in the back of her mind, to go to one of the plush stores over on Fifth Avenue when she was feeling better and buy him something big and expensive, something to fit in with his beautiful nursery décor and with everybody else's oohs-and-ahhs.

But now, as Marilyn stood there, looking in the store window, at the sad-eyed little kitten, she thought to herself that this, *this* was the perfect gift for that baby.

So she walked inside the store and bought it.

And it was while she was on her way back to the apartment, carrying her package snug under her arm, that the tragedy began.

It began with a sharp, momentary pain in her stomach.

She stopped.

She waited.

"No," she whispered to herself, remembering the feeling from another time, that other time. "No . . . Don't come back again. Please don't come back again."

But, a second later, it did come again, sharper this time, longer.

Marilyn's face began to pale.

"No more," she begged, inwardly. "No more."

But again her plea was in vain.

Because again the pain returned.

Marilyn clenched her teeth.

She took a few steps forward, down the street.

Somehow she managed a few more steps, and then a few more, and then a few more.

And, finally, she was back at the apartment.

"Arthur," she called as she walked through the door.

She knew he was not home, but still—sensing what was beginning to happen—she wanted him now and she continued 79

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calling desperately for him. *"Arthur!!!!"*

She was sobbing and leaning against the wall, her blonde hair brushing wildly against a small gay delicately-lined painting, when the cleaning woman rushed in from the next room.

"What's wrong, Mrs. Miller—"

But then, seeing that something was very wrong, she put her arm around Marilyn's waist and very gently led her into the bedroom.

And then she rushed for the phone. . . .

The sad-eyed kitten

"Arthur?" Marilyn asked, looking up from the bed, at her husband.

It was nearly two hours later now and Marilyn had just opened her eyes. The doctor was standing on the other side of the bed, but she did not see him. He had administered drugs to her earlier, drugs which had at first sent her off to sleep and which now left her only groggy but, temporarily, without any pain.

"Arthur?" she asked again, her voice floating through the air like a lonely cloud, lightly, almost as if without direction.

"Yes," her husband whispered, nodding, putting his hand into hers.

"I'm glad you're here," Marilyn said. "I knew you'd be here."

She smiled at him and he smiled back.

And for the next few moments they looked into each other's eyes, the man giving courage to his wife, the wife accepting that courage, though not alert nor awake enough at this point to know why.

"Arthur," Marilyn said then, after a while, her eyes shifting from Arthur's face to the bureau behind him, "—would you open my package . . . over there?"

Her husband turned and saw the package and, slowly, he opened it.

"Oh yes," Marilyn said, remembering, when he'd completed the job, "it's the kitten, the little stuffed kitten."

Her husband held it up, so she could see it better. He did not ask where she had gotten it, nor why. But he could see at this moment that it was very important to her. And so he held it up, and he watched her now as, almost happily—it seemed, she began to talk to it.

"Don't worry, don't worry," she said. "I'm not feeling too well now. But I'll be fine tomorrow. And then I'll take you to the boy I said would be your friend. Yes, tomorrow. . . .

"And then, then, someday there will be someone else you will play with—another little baby who will come to visit you and your friend and who will want to play with you, too. Then the three of you will play together . . . But, for now, you mustn't worry about me. You mustn't worry. . . ."

And thus did Marilyn, in her desperate grogginess, believe that everything was going to be all right.

For she had no way of knowing now, in her state, that in just a little while the drugs would wear off and the terrible pain would come back to her stomach, that the doctor standing on the other side of the bed would look over at her husband and shake his head, that the little sad-eyed kitten she spoke to now would never know the precious little baby, soon to die, inside her. . . . **END**

Look for Marilyn in SOME LIKE IT HOT *for United Artists.*

A Boy's Dream—A Man's Nightmare

(Continued from page 47)

before and I've watched you. Interested?"

His heart knocked against his ribs. He noted her gorgeous figure, her blue eyes, soft blonde hair.

"I'm listening," he said, trying to hold down the emotion in his voice.

They sat down at a table, and she told him about her new act and the new bongo player she needed. "You don't have to be great at it . . . I'll teach you."

Casually, she was sizing him up, too. Five-foot-ten, about 130 pounds, all muscles, broad shoulders, nice brown eyes, light brown unruly hair . . . agile, alert, tense. . . .

"We'll get acquainted tomorrow," she said. "Nola Studios, right over Lindy's . . . Ask at the reception desk for the studio room . . . 6:00 p.m. You can make it?"

"Okay," he said, trying to sound like a fellow accustomed to making quick decisions. He would get out of the office at 5:30 and be able to make the studio by 6:00.

"See you tomorrow, honey . . . Got to go back to my table . . . My brother George is in from out of town."

She floated away, and he went out and walked slowly to the subway. *Gloria Fantasy,* he repeated her name. *What an exotic name! A professional name, no doubt. And what a figure! Torso like Esther Williams, legs like Cyd Charisse . . . a face like Lana.*

He knew he was just one of thousands of young fellows and girls hanging around Broadway, calling themselves actors and entertainers, trying to pretend they had talent and experience, knocking on agency doors, hanging around backstage, lingering near bandstands in cafes. . . .

He wondered, *Why did she pick me? Who am I? I'm Bobby Cassotto, and I'm nothing. I live with my mother on 138th St.—a creepy old street in the East Bronx, under the shadow of the Triboro Bridge. I've been a slum kid all my life—always struggling to make a buck. So I've changed my name to Bobby Darin, just because I appeared in a couple of plays at Hunter College during my one year there . . . because I toured for forty-five days with a children's company . . . because I played drums last summer at a Catskill Mountain hotel. . . .*

But the next day, when he showed up at Nola Studios, she was there waiting. It wasn't a hoax, after all.

She had already changed to tight shorts and a snug sweater, and he gulped when he saw her lithe figure ripple under the scanty costume.

She pointed to one corner of the studio: "Sit on that chair; wrap yourself around those bongo drums; and watch me for timing."

He watched her intently, drinking in her beauty, admiring her confidence, following her cues. . . Three hours later, they were leaving and she was saying, "Honey, we'll stop in at Lindy's for coffee-and."

When they had their coffee and cheesecake, she murmured, "You learn fast, honey . . . I think we're going to get along real well—*real* well. . . ."

A new world

At the end of the week, Bobby told his mother, "Mom . . . I'm moving downtown . . . I'll bunk in with Herb . . . He's got a furnished room . . . Got to be in midtown because I'm rehearsing with a dance act . . . Playing bongos . . . If it goes well, I'll quit my office job. . . ."

His mom put her arm around Bobby's shoulders. "We've lived here all your life, eighteen years . . . Your dad died the year we moved here . . . before you were born . . . This apartment has such memories. . . ."

"I know, I know," Bobby said: "But Sis is here, and her husband, and their two kids . . . You know . . . I'm nervous . . . Can't seem to get going . . . Maybe this dance act will really get me into show business. . . ."

"I want you to be happy, Son. . . ."

"I know, Mom. But I'll be coming up to see you . . . you know that."

So Bobby moved in with Herb, a singer who had been around. It made him feel older, being away from home, and Herb asked no questions. Bobby came and went as he pleased.

Bobby rehearsed with Gloria every evening at 6:00, and then they went out for coffee, and she told him of the glamorous world outside, the world of big salaries, applause, top billing, reviews in the papers, traveling. . . .

He listened, wide-eyed, and then he confided how he had always yearned to get into show business, how his mother was once a vaudeville singer but had to quit when she married, how they could never afford private lessons but how he had managed to teach himself piano, drums, vibes, bass and guitar. "I can learn anything I set my mind to!" he said, in a rare moment of bragging.

He confided that his mother had had to go to work to raise his older sister and him. Bobby had been born when mother had just become a widow. His had been a life of poverty and sickness . . . and love.

"Maybe we had no food," he said, "but we always had love."

And he told Gloria how he had been a change-of-life baby, how he'd been sickly most of his youth. He was so sick he couldn't go to school until he was eight. And when his mother brought him to school, they had wanted to put him in first grade. "But Bobby can read," his mom had protested. The registrar had said, wearily, "Of course . . . I suppose he can read this?" and reached for the nearest book, a copy of Shakespeare's collected plays.

Bobby took the book, turned to *Hamlet* and read a passage, then to *Julius Caesar* and read until the registrar stopped him. Without another word, she enrolled him in second grade.

Bobby skipped five classes through grammar school and junior high, and was so clever, the older kids called him *Talking Dictionary* and beat him up. He became the butt of jokes, the offbeat kid, the oddball. . .

Gloria's fond family

All this he told Gloria, after rehearsals, when they went to her apartment for a snack and shop talk. And she, in turn, told him how she had left Toledo, Ohio, to make good in New York, and how her wealthy family had been angry, but changed their mind when she developed a successful high-salary act. She spoke fondly of her four brothers, two sisters, six cousins.

Bobby examined the many photos of handsome men in her apartment and she would identify them: "That's my brother Joe, and that's my cousin Hillman, and that's my older brother Jimmy, and that's my daddy. . . ."

One time he told her why he had chosen the Bronx School of Science—not because he wanted to be a scientist but because he discovered it had the toughest courses and demanded the highest marks. "It was a challenge, and I was eager to meet it. I

graduated with an 81% average, but the class average was 93. It was loaded with geniuses. But I became convinced that they were not human . . . they were just reflections of what they had read. They had brains, but no heart."

Gloria had smiled, given him a big hug, and sighed, "Honey, the heart is always more important than brains."

In time, Bobby became completely enmeshed in Gloria's life. He saw her every day, worried about her, dreamed about her, trembled when they held hands, and was ecstatic when they kissed.

When she became suddenly ill, he was frantic. He rushed her to the hospital, paced the hospital floor like a madman until the surgeon assured him she would pull through, and vowed if she didn't recover, he would kill himself!

But she recovered, and he helped nurse her back to health. He quit his office job to be with her constantly. He told her how much he loved her, and she protested, "But, honey, I'm a bit older than you." He exclaimed, "But I'm old enough to love you, and you're young enough to love me . . . so we're even."

When he visited his mother, she noticed his nervousness, his faraway look, and she sighed, "I don't know who this girl is, but I don't like what she's doing to you . . . She's changed you . . . and I don't think I like the change."

"But you don't understand," Bobby said. "She's great. She's taking me to Hollywood. We're set for the Cocoanut Grove. And then she's taking me to South America. We got big bookings."

His mom said, "Bobby, all I want is for you to be happy, that's all."

He hurried downtown and muttered, "How could Mother talk like that? Gloria is the woman I love. Besides, I'm no kid. I'm eighteen!"

At the next rehearsal, some agents came and they said, "That kid's good on drums . . . why don't you let him fake a dance, and make the act look bigger?"

And so Gloria taught Bobby a dance routine, and he caught on quickly. And his dreams of the big time grew bigger, and he adored her all the more.

"We'll marry when we go to Hollywood," he said, holding her tight. But he also knew that he could never tell his mother . . . and this thought darkened his happiness.

The lowdown

The next day, she came to rehearsals wearing a mink coat. "I thought you were borrowing money until our first booking?" Bobby said. But she laughed. "Sure, I'm almost broke . . . but my cousin Tommy gave the coat to me . . . Isn't he a darling? . . . He said he didn't want me going to Hollywood looking like a rag doll."

She kissed him, and his moment of doubt melted.

Then she disappeared two days, and he was frantic, hanging around the entrance to her apartment all night and worrying. Then she returned as though nothing had happened. "Flew to Toledo to see my brother Jack," she smiled. "He opened his law office, and the family gave him a party."

Her kisses were sweet, and he forgave her. Then she said, "Honey, we'll cancel rehearsals for two days; I've got conferences at MCA about our bookings. Very important."

When rehearsals were resumed, she showed up with a tall, handsome blond fellow. This was the first time another man had accompanied her. "This is my brother Roger," she said. "He wants to see what his little sister is doing." After the rehearsal, she told Bobby, "You run along, honey, and see a movie . . . I've got to show my brother the town."

He couldn't sleep that night. Doubts assailed him, but he couldn't put his finger on exactly what was wrong. Finally, his roommate Herb got up and said, "Bobby, you've been tossing and moaning all night . . . Let's get up and have some coffee . . . I think we ought to talk."

"Sure, sure," said Bobby, and down deep in his heart he was sick with apprehension.

"This Gloria Fantasy," Herb began, "how well do you know her? Did you know her real name is Gloria Jones?"

"Why are you telling me this?"

"Because we're friends, and I've been trying to get up enough nerve to talk to you about her. I'll take a chance and tell you, and if that ends our friendship, okay. . . ."

Bobby remained silent.

"She told you she comes from Toledo. Well, I had a job near Toledo last week, and I did some checking. I know all the show people there. They don't know her. I checked at the local papers, and they don't know her. I showed them her photos, and they didn't recognize her."

"Why are you telling me lies?"

Herb continued: "Somebody's got to ask you some questions, and I'm the guy who's doing it. Now, this is your first big affair, isn't it? Maybe you're so in love, you don't see the obvious. Maybe you're so young and innocent, you can't see a fast-worker when she rolls her baby-blues at you."

Bobby reached out in fury and smacked Herb on the jaw.

Herb winced, but held his ground. "You're not mad at me . . . You're mad at yourself for being hoaxed."

"I'm sorry, Herb."

"Show business is full of sharpies, screwballs and psychos," said Herb. "They

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[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE GRACE KELLY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

7. I LIKE DICK CLARK:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

(see other side)

devour nice young guys like you . . . and me . . . I was destroyed once . . . by a redhead. Now I'm careful with dames.

About those brothers . . .

"You told me that Gloria had left town to see her brother for two days. Those same nights, I saw her at the Spindletop, dining and wining, with a husky guy. . . ."

Bobby said, "He must have been another brother."

"No," said Herb, "this guy at the Spindletop was kissing and holding hands all evening with her. He was no brother!"

Then Herb said, "I know I should mind my own business, but I phoned MCA. I know a booking agent there. I asked about your Cocoanut Grove booking. He said the agency is not handling Gloria now, and hasn't booked her for three years."

Bobby groaned, "But why should she lie all the time? It doesn't make sense!"

Charlie said, softly, "There are people called psychopathic liars, or something like that. They're nuts, that's all. Maybe you've got yourself involved with a screwball, and maybe you haven't."

The next day, Bobby went to rehearsals, trembling and unnerved. He confronted Gloria. He poured out his suspicions, itemizing the evidence, searching her blue eyes for the truth to shine through. All he could detect was defiance and boredom.

Finally, she said: "All right, sonny boy. So I told a lie here and there. So what? We did have a big romance, didn't we? I taught you a few things, didn't I? You were sweet to me, and I told you so.

"But, remember, you're a kid, strictly Amateur Night. If you're going to act this way, then dig up your old library card and your Boy Scout suit, and go play with kiddies your age."

He wanted to kill her; but he held his fists down tight by his sides.

"Besides," she told him with a toss of her head, "I found another drummer. That tall blond guy, Roger. No, he's not my brother . . . I was kidding. He's only nineteen, and he can play piano and drums and dance, and he does what I tell him . . . By Friday, he'll be completely in love with me. . . ."

Bobby turned, and walked out slowly. He never saw her again.

For more than two years, he hung around Broadway, on the edges of fame and fortune, picking up odd jobs, working in the Catskills in the summer, trying to write songs, trying to become an actor, good at everything but not great enough at anything.

Van Johnson's doctors ordered him to keep out of the sun because of the effect on his skin, lips and general health. "Thanks, doctor, but I'm going to sit in the sun anyway," Johnson decided. "I can't go through life looking like a lily."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

Slowly, his fierce resentment against the world ebbed, and he concentrated on songwriting and began to sell his songs. Then he tried singing for demonstration records, even though he had no vocal training. He made some records for Decca and then for Acto, and they were flops . . . and suddenly, like lightning, a song he wrote, *Splish Splash,* became his first million-seller . . . and Bobby Darin was famous and rich, and turning out another smash hit, *Queen of the Hop.*

He started paying back his old debts, and he bought a house by a New Jersey lake, for his mother and his sister's family.

Bobby says his rebirth started when he walked out of that rehearsal hall, leaving Gloria behind. It was late in December of 1955, and it was cold and snowing. But Bobby wasn't aware of anything but his misery as he wandered around that night. He just walked, and walked, bundled up, for what seemed hours. He shivered in the wind, and his coat became heavy with snow, but he was too dazed to stop anywhere and warm up.

Three hours later, he was knocking on a door. And when it opened, there was his mother. Instinctively, he had headed for home, like a homing pigeon, and had tramped ninety-two blocks to the Bronx.

Silently, his mother directed him into the room, took off his coat and his shoes and his socks. She enveloped him in a huge blanket, and set him before the kitchen stove. Then she lit the oven, opened the oven door, and let the surging waves of heat engulf him.

Bobby slept all through the next day, and for the next six days, he just lay there and stared at the ceiling. The world outside sang Christmas hymns and hung holly wreaths in windows, but Bobby Darin lay in bed and stared at the ceiling.

His mother brought him food, kept him comfortable, but made no attempt at conversation. Finally, at the end of the seventh day, he got up and started to dress to go out.

When his mother saw him, she spoke her first words: "Merry Christmas, son . . . and welcome home."

Bobby put both arms around her and said, "Mom, you'll never have any trouble with me again . . . I've been a boy . . . and now I'm ready to be a man."

And that's how, at eighteen, Bobby became a man—and a future star. **END**

---

8. I LIKE CONNIE STEVENS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE BOBBY DARIN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE ANNA MAGNANI:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE . . . . . **NAME** . . . . . .

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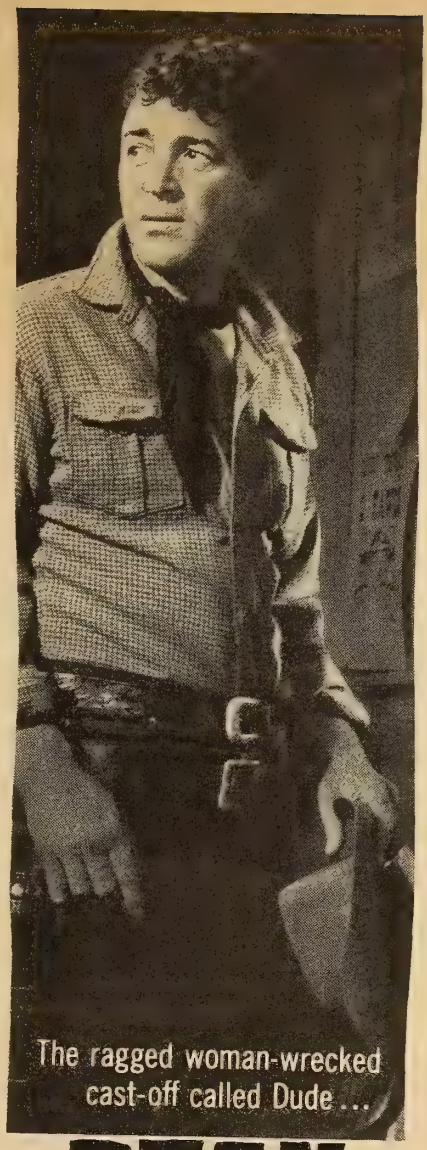
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WOMAN TO WOMAN



...about personal care during problem days

Q. Shouldn't I stay home on problem days? Many girls do.

A. Your monthly period is not a sickness. *It's a natural, normal part of your life.* So, there's no reason to stay home—unless your doctor says otherwise. Take your mind off yourself. Do things you normally do, things you enjoy doing. Get plenty of *fresh air* and *exercise*. This will help you *feel better, look better*, too!

Q. I always have skin troubles on those days. What can I do?

A. As young people grow toward maturity, oil glands become more active. Pores may become clogged and pimples develop. At maturity, your glands learn to function smoothly, and your skin will clear. Meanwhile, be sure you wash your skin with soap and warm water—3 times a day. *Don't be afraid of water! Science proves it can't harm you on those days!* Since we perspire more freely then, it's *important* to bathe. That's why millions of girls have turned to Tampax... They can bathe, shower—as at any *other* time of the month.

Q. What deodorant is best to use on problem days?

A. Whatever deodorant you usually rely on should be effective during your period. So far as your sanitary protection is concerned, deodorant powders on pads can only mask the odor. They can't *prevent it from forming*. This is another reason why so many girls prefer Tampax. Worn internally, it prevents odor from forming. Banishes all the other telltale signs—lines, bulges, ridges. Keeps your secret *safe!*

Q. What should I do about "disposal problems" on visits?

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 3, April 1959. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada $2.25 one year, $3.50 two years, $4.75 three years; foreign, $3.25 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.



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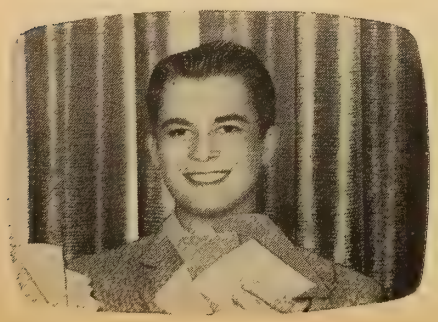
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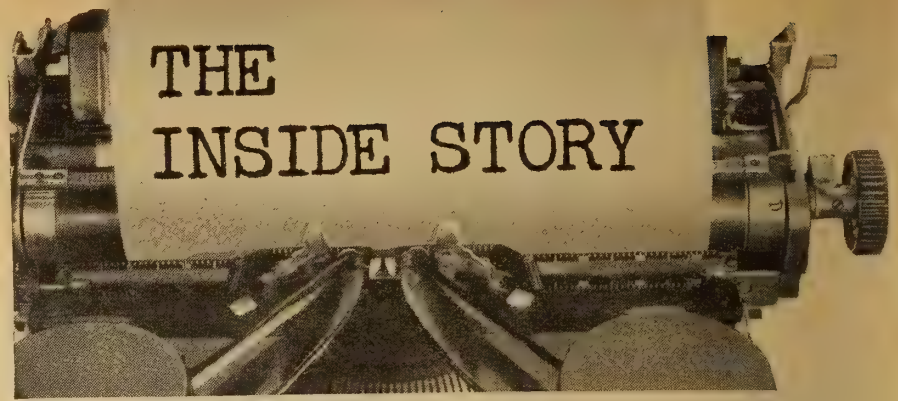
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Q What is the current status of **Loretta Young**'s marriage to Tom Lewis?
—V.P., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A *Loretta is living permanently in Hollywood. Tom makes his home in New York. But they are still 'officially' married.*

Q If, as was printed in Modern Screen last month, **Ingrid Bergman** was able to marry Lars Schmidt without receiving an Italian annulment—because "in England and a lot of other places her marriage to Rossellini was never considered legal anyway"—in what position does this put her three children by Roberto?
—T.W., Fresno, Calif.

A *A very awkward position—except in Italy.*

Q I read that **Eleanor Parker** and **Carolyn Jones** had a violent feud when they were down here in Florida making *A Hole in the Head* and that they weren't even saying 'good morning.' Isn't this an exaggeration?
—R.T., Palm Beach, Fla.

A *It's an understatement!*

Q Is it true that **Elvis Presley** lost his voice because of the shock of his mother's death and that's the real reason he hasn't entertained in camp shows abroad or made any records?
—J.L., Memphis, Tenn.

A *No.*

Q I read that **Cary Grant**'s settlement to **Betsy Drake** left him so broke he had to sell his sportscar and station wagon to raise ready cash. Is this true?
—R.P., Elmira, N.Y.

A *Cary sold his station wagon and sportscar. Is now down to two Rolls-Royces and a $750,000-per-picture salary.*

Q With **Mel Ferrer** following **Audrey Hepburn** all over Africa and Europe and Mexico, does he ever get to see his children by his first marriage to Frances Pilchard?
—L.S., Brookline, Mass.

A *Occasionally.*

Q How do the **Gary Coopers** really feel about **Tab Hunter**'s frequent dates with their daughter Maria?
—T.P., Bangor, Maine

A *Both Gary and Rocky would prefer Maria to look in the social registry rather than the actor's directory for a future husband.*

Q How much were **Vivien Leigh** and **Laurence Olivier** paid for their recent appearances on American TV?
—J.E., Ontario, Canada

A *Vivien got $500 for* Small World; *Sir Laurence, $100,000 for* Moon and Sixpence.

Q If it's true that **Jerry Lewis**' doctor warned him to take it easy or he won't be responsible for what happens, then how come Jerry is planning to star in a Broadway show, continue on TV and tackle a couple of more movies?
—M.H., Laramie, Wyo.

A *Jerry's never been too prone to listen to advice.*

Q In some of his movies **Alan Ladd**'s hair looks nearly dark. In others it's very blond. Does Alan dye for his art?
—K.J., New Haven, Conn.

A *No. The sun also bleaches.*

Q Why does **Martha Hyer** continue to date men like **George Nadar**, **Frank Sinatra** and others when her heart really belongs to a wealthy San Franciscoan?
—W.L., San Francisco, Calif.

A *To keep the publicity spotlight on her in Hollywood, and away from her in San Francisco.*

Q Why, after two years of steady dating, hasn't **Jack Lemmon** popped the question to **Felicia Farr**?
—C.R., Fall River, Mass.

A *Jack is happy with the current arrangement.*

Q Has 20th Century-Fox fired **Diane Varsi** because she keeps turning down roles and loan-outs to other studios?
—D.H., Pine Bluff, Ark.

A *They kept her under contract. Took her off salary.*

Q Didn't **Johnny Mathis**' manager use her influence in high places to keep Johnny out of the Army?
—I.L., Bismark, N.D.

A *Johnny was classified 4F because of an old high jump injury.*



I dreamed
I set
a record
in my

maidenform bra*

Sweetest bra this side of heaven...*new* Sweet Music by Maidenform! Special "lifts" in the undercups bring out curves you never knew you had. Embroidered bands outline the cups—an elastic band *under* the cups makes this bra fit and feel like a custom-made. You'll *love* the difference Sweet Music makes! 2.50 *And ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!*



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Imitation of Life
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CO-STARRING
SANDRA DEE
DAN O'HERLIHY
SUSAN KOHNER
ROBERT ALDA
WITH
JUANITA MOORE
MAHALIA JACKSON
singing "Trouble of the World"

HEAR
EARL GRANT
sing "Imitation of Life"







Screenplay by ELEANORE GRIFFIN and ALLAN SCOTT
Directed by DOUGLAS SIRK
Produced by ROSS HUNTER

Universal International

WATCH THE ACADEMY AWARDS TELECAST APRIL 6th NBC TV

APRIL BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in April, your birthstone is a diamond and your flower is a sweetpea. Here are some of the stars who share it with you:

April 1— **Jane Powell**
Debbie Reynolds

April 2— **Rita Gam**
Alec Guinness
Jack Webb

April 3— **Marlon Brando**
Doris Day
Jan Sterling

April 5— **Bette Davis**
Gregory Peck
Gale Storm
Spencer Tracy

April 8— **Ward Bond**

April 9— **Brandon DeWilde**
Virginia Gibson

April 11—**Paul Douglas**

April 13—**Mari Blanchard**
Howard Keel

April 14—**Tony Perkins**
Rod Steiger

April 18—**Barbara Hale**

April 19—**Jayne Mansfield**
Hugh O'Brian

April 20—**Nina Foch**

April 21—**Anthony Quinn**

April 23—**Shirley Temple**

April 24—**Shirley MacLaine**

April 29—**Tom Ewell**
Celeste Holm
Jeanmaire
Tom Noonan



Ann Miller
April 12



Barry Nelson
April 16



William Holden
April 17



Eddie Albert
April 22



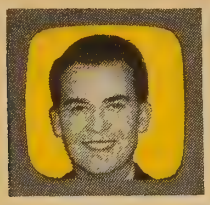
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you'll prefer Evening in Paris, the only deodorant in the world that *protects* as it *glamourizes* with the lingering, exciting fragrance of Evening in Paris. Created in Paris, made by Bourjois in USA

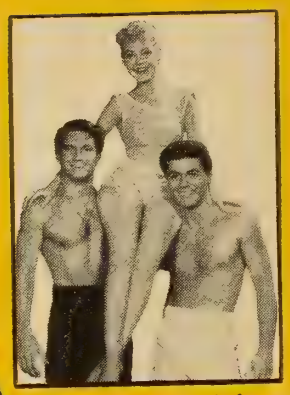
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"Hey gang, I just saw something that's the greatest! It's a new movie called 'Gidget'. It's all about a cute teen and her fabulous Summer with the surfboarders at Malibu Beach. It's the first movie I've ever endorsed this way—and I'm sure you'll go for 'Gidget', too!"



She's the Sweetheart of the Beach Generation!



The FOUR PREPS sing "GIDGET" and "CINDERELLA".

Gidget

Co-starring

SANDRA DEE · CLIFF ROBERTSON · JAMES DARREN

ARTHUR O'CONNELL with MARY LaROCHE and JO MORROW and THE FOUR PREPS

Screenplay by GABRIELLE UPTON • Based on the novel by FREDERICK KOHNER

Produced by LEWIS J. RACHMIL • Directed by PAUL WENDKOS

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Hear JIMMY DARREN sing THERE'S NO SUCH THING (as the next best thing to love)

CINEMASCOPE EASTMAN COLOR

It happened in 1943 at a Texas army post. The young soldier was feeling mighty low. For six long weeks he'd rehearsed a song for a camp show, and now he was down with a case of laryngitis! What made it so tough was that Peter Lind Hayes was expected the following day. He was going to select the most talented applicants for the show.

This was the soldier's big chance, and now it was ruined! Then he started thinking. In his locker was a record of the world's most famous operatic tenor. He got it out, and went to work. First, he cut two disks from a sheet of writing paper, using a can of shoe polish as a guide. Next, he typed the title of the song he'd rehearsed and his own name on the paper. Then, he went to the company mess hall where he made some paste out of flour and water. Very carefully he pasted the home-made labels on either side of the record.

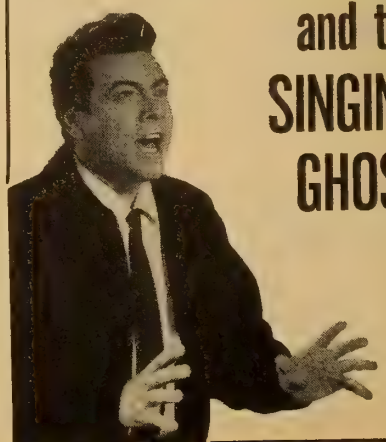
Hayes arrived on schedule, and at the proper moment the soldier approached him. He explained that he had a case of laryngitis brought on by the Texas dust, but that the doctor assured him he'd be okay in another day or two. "Will you listen to one of my records?" he asked anxiously.

Hayes agreed, and the soldier quickly put his doctored record on the phonograph. Hayes sat listening to the powerful voice, entranced. As the last note rang out, he sprung to his feet.

"Private," he exclaimed, "that's a scratchy recording. But you've got the greatest voice since Caruso. You're in the show!"

The soldier's name? Mario Lanza, of course. Who else?

the SOLDIER and the SINGING GHOST



MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS



in this issue:

Kirk Douglas' big party

My secret Oscar ballot

A warning to smutty comics

LOUELLA PARSONS

My Secret Academy Award Ballot

Each year at Academy Award time I feel I must repeat the stand I have always maintained: I have consistently refused to make a list of my personal selections for the Oscar. I do not believe this is fair.

In the first place, the Academy Awards are not a popularity vote of columnists, critics or the public. It is strictly a tribute from the people within the industry to their own. As a member of the Academy, I shall, of course, vote for my favorites. But this is a secret ballot and as far as I am concerned will remain so.

But, I have relented my rule in the past few years to make a list for my MODERN SCREEN readers of pictures, performances and directors which I believe to be outstanding and worthy of consideration. With these reservations in mind, and *not* in the order named, here are my selections of outstanding achievements in the various categories:

Best Performance By An Actor

David Niven in SEPARATE TABLES—A heartbreaking portrayal of one of life's failures.

Tony Curtis in THE DEFIANT ONES—Surprisingly deep interpretation by an actor heretofore confined to light roles.

Burl Ives in CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—As Big Daddy, and a star of the picture, Burl may find himself the first actor ever to be entered in *two* categories—a star and a supporting player, the latter in THE BIG COUNTRY.

Marlon Brando in THE YOUNG LIONS—Marlon's always in the running, isn't he? I thought he was particularly fine as the German officer.

Maurice Chevalier in GIGI—A perfect delight of charm and sophistication.

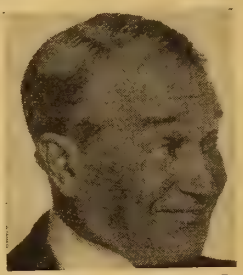
Spencer Tracy in OLD MAN AND THE SEA or THE LAST HURRAH—A veteran actor scores in two widely different characterizations.


DAVID NIVEN


TONY CURTIS


BURL IVES


MARLON BRANDO


MAURICE CHEVALIER


SPENCER TRACY

Best Performance By a Supporting Player (Male)

John Kerr in SOUTH PACIFIC—As the young Lieutenant in love with Liat he all but stole the musical.

Chuck Connors in THE BIG COUNTRY—As the 'badie,' he's a 'goodie.'

Burl Ives in THE BIG COUNTRY—(See Best Performance By An Actor.)

Gig Young in TUNNEL OF LOVE—Another top comedy portrayal by a very smooth light comedian.

Harry Guardino in HOUSEBOAT—Even Cary Grant, star of the picture, says Harry deserves a nomination!


JOHN KERR


CHUCK CONNORS


HARRY GUARDINO


BURL IVES


GIG YOUNG

Best Performance By An Actress

Deborah Kerr in SEPARATE TABLES—A heart-tugging performance of a love-starved girl by an actress who is usually in the Oscar race.

Shirley MacLaine in SOME CAME RUNNING—A musical comedy star sets the town on its ear playing the cheap little floozie in this drama.

Elizabeth Taylor in CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—Liz's most vivid work as the wife who believes she is not loved by her husband.

Susan Hayward in I WANT TO LIVE!—A shocker of dramatic fireworks from a girl long overdue for an Oscar.

Rosalind Russell in AUNTIE MAME—Roz having a romp as the outrageous Aunt who has become a national legend.

Jean Simmons in HOME BEFORE DARK—Outstanding character study.


DEBORAH KERR


SHIRLEY MAC LAINE


ELIZABETH TAYLOR


SUSAN HAYWARD


ROSALIND RUSSELL


JEAN SIMMONS

Best Performance By a Supporting Player (Female)

Wendy Hiller in SEPARATE TABLES—A great English actress is magnificent as a boarding house manager.

Hermione Gingold and **Isabel Jeans** in GIGI (as a team)—Two delightful stage actresses are delightful as ladies who aren't all they should be.

Cara Williams in THE DEFIANT ONES—Who would have thought this girl usually confined to 'cutie' roles could have been so compelling as a plain ranch woman?

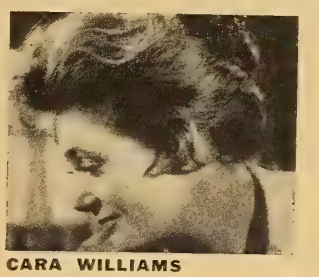
Lee Remick in THE LONG HOT SUMMER—A striking performance from a 'new' personality.

Alice Backes in I WANT TO LIVE—As the nurse who keeps the dreadful deathwatch with Susan Hayward, she gives an outstanding and understanding portrayal.


WENDY HILLER


HERMIONE GINGOLD


ISABEL JEANS


CARA WILLIAMS


LEE REMICK


ALICE BACKES

Best Pictures

AUNTIE MAME, WARNER'S—A great big wonderful spectacular comedy.

SEPARATE TABLES, HECHT, HILL, LANCASTER—Searching drama of lonely people.

GIGI, MGM—The most eye- and ear-filling musical of the year.

THE DEFIANT ONES, STANLEY KRAMER—A drama with the beautiful message that man does love his brother no matter what the color of his skin.

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF, MGM—A strong stage play by Tennessee Williams becomes a gripping film.

Best Direction

MORTON DE COSTA, for AUNTIE MAME—A famed stage director repeats in a movie hit.

VINCENTE MINNELLI, for GIGI—A master of sophisticated musicals.

STANLEY KRAMER, for DEFIANT ONES—A famed producer proves he can direct!

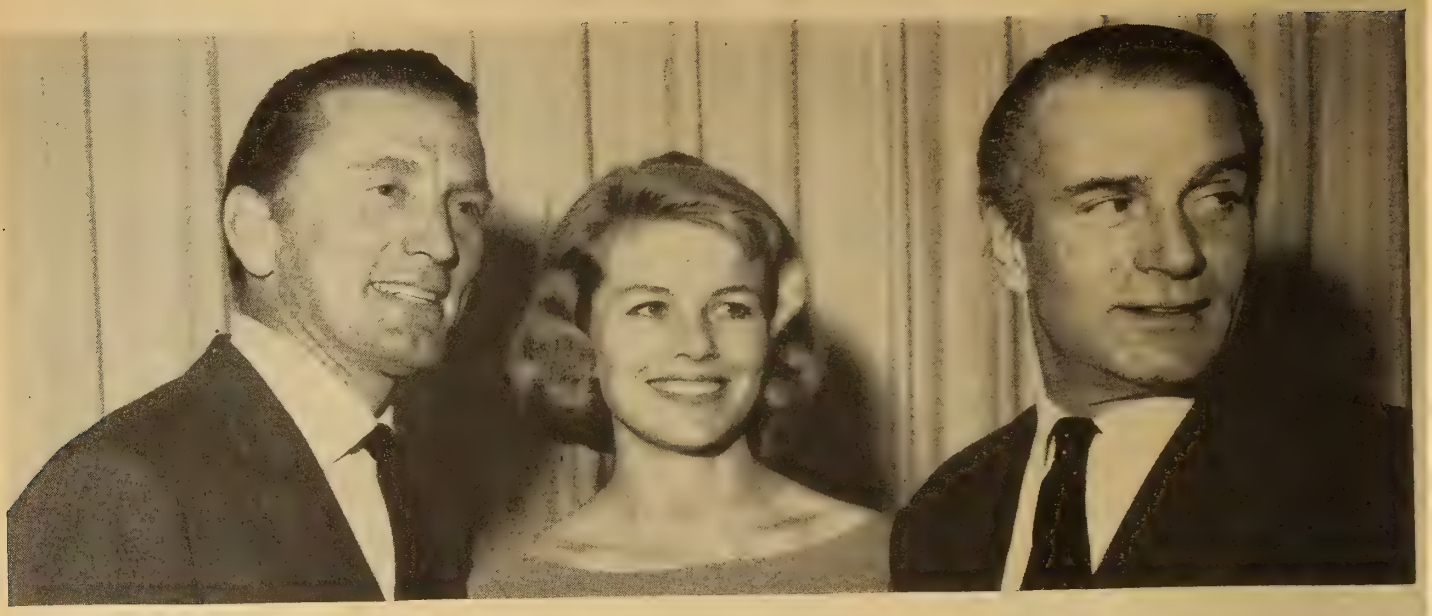
DELBERT MANN, for SEPARATE TABLES—Sensitive handling of tragedy.

RICHARD BROOKS, for CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—Excellent direction.

ROBERT WISE, for I WANT TO LIVE—Daring and shocking presentation of drama.

MERVYN LE ROY, for NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS—A comedy romp from a dramatic director.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*





PARTY *of the month*



(Above) Kirk Douglas (on the left) gave a party to welcome Sir Laurence Olivier back to Hollywood. With them is blonde German star, Sabina Bethmann, who will appear with Kirk and Sir Laurence in Spartacus. *(Below) Olivier is delighted to be in Hollywood again. And everybody turned out for the party. Tony and Janet had a lot to tell him about their new baby.*

Sir Laurence Olivier literally had Hollywood (and Los Angeles) spread out at his feet at the cocktail party **Kirk Douglas** gave honoring the titled English actor at the Star of the Roof, the beautiful room atop the Beverly Hilton Hotel.

The lights of the city twinkled and glowed like jewels through the enormous windows, rivaled only by the beautiful jewels worn by the glamour girls. It was the dressiest cocktail party in many a moon—and *everybody* turned out.

Sophia Loren looked every inch the beautiful movie star (and believe me, I'm all for it) in a brocaded cocktail gown with the most breathtaking necklace and ring of square-cut sapphires surrounded by diamonds! "How do you like my Christmas present from Carlo?" Sophia whispered in my ear, flashing her 'jools' at me.

"And how about that chinchilla stole?" I asked.

"Oh, this is last year's," she laughed.

My girl, **Gracie Allen**, looked like a doll, as usual—in a cocktail suit of satin, and she was wearing her eye-catching diamond necklace and bracelet given her by her devoted **George.**

Dark-haired, dark-eyed **Dana Wynter** was in a white chiffon dress of Grecian design with a crushed raspberry velvet cumberbund. With her handsome Greg Bautzer of course

I was simply enchanted with blonde German **Sabina Bethmann**, the lovely girl who will appear with Kirk and Sir Laurence in *Spartacus*, the big U-I spectacle. (It was really to welcome Larry back to Hollywood for this movie that the party was given.)

Getting back to Sabina: she is so beautiful and so modest and speaks English so well. "German children must study English six years in school," she told me. "But there is oh such a difference in coming to this country and actually speaking it. I am being coached all the time. Do you think I am doing all right?"

Sophia Loren broke in, "I wish I had been doing half as well after just four days in Hollywood!" These two beauties seemed to really like one another—rather rare in our town.

Had a nice long talk with Olivier. I've known Larry for years and we had so much to talk about. He's delighted to be in Hollywood again. "You don't know how lucky you are living in this climate—it's Paradise," he enthused.

I asked him about **Vivien Leigh** and he said she could not accompany him—she is appearing and touring with a new stage show in England.

James Mason introduced me to his charming mother who is on her first visit to Hollywood and like Larry, she could not get over our warm January evenings. "I did not even wear a wrap," she smiled.

Jack Lemmon escorted his best girl **Felicia Farr** who was wearing a pink wool cocktail dress under a mink coat. (We locals have to ignore the warm nights to trot out the mink!)

Had many laughs listening to **Milton Berle** swap wisecracks with the **Eddie G. Robinsons** and **Jack Benny** and **George Burns** were in rare form. Among the big-league producers on hand were Buddy Adler, Jerry Wald, Ed Muhl, Harold Hecht, Benny Thau and Bill Goetz.

As I left I heard Kirk Douglas kidding Sabina Bethmann because she wanted to meet all the movie stars.

"I'm a movie star," he laughed.

"Oh, I know *you*. You're my *friend*," she replied.

• • •



(Above) Sophia Loren looked every inch the beautiful movie star in a brocaded gown with the most breathtaking necklace and ring of square-cut sapphires surrounded by diamonds. When I asked her about her chinchilla stole, John Gavin and I just had to laugh at her reply. (Right) With Greg Bautzer was his lovely dark-eyed Dana Wynter, in white.



Will Marilyn Adopt?

Are **Marilyn Monroe** and Arthur Miller planning to *adopt* a baby? That's what I hear from the East.

Ever since Marilyn lost her second expected baby, she has been depressed to the extent that the devoted Arthur is worried about her. She dosn't want to go anywhere or do anything.

I know of no girl who wants a baby more than Marilyn. And another thing I've noticed: childless couples who adopt little ones frequently discover that they are going to have one of their own.

No Bulge Battle for Bob

If **Bob Wagner** loses any more weight, *he* and not **Peter Lawford** should be starring in *The Thin Man*, very, very thin! Bob sings and dances strenuously in *Say One for Me*, his movie with **Bing Crosby**. All this exercise, in addition to a schedule that has taken him from film to film with hardly a break, accounts for the loss of about fifteen pounds from his chassis.

Natalie Wood brings ice cream and milkshakes and all sorts of fattening foods on the set for her R.J.—but nothing seems to put on the poundage. (Wouldn't that be wonderful if it could happen to you and me?)



Natalie Wood brings milkshakes on the set for her R.J.—but nothing seems to put on the fifteen pounds he lost.

Tommy & Lindsay—Nice Raiders

Tommy Sands and **Lindsay Crosby** cornered me at a party, both boys very upset because a little exclusive group they belong to called *The Raiders* is being treated in some quarters as if they were juvenile delinquents.

"Heck," said Tommy, "the main idea back of our group is charity work, getting together to put on shows at various hospitals and orphanages. Yet a columnist advised me the other day to 'Get out of it because you're a nice kid.' "

Linny backed him up with, "Sure, we had some leather jackets made to identify our members. They are good-looking jackets and we like to wear them. But you would think we were refugees from that hoodlum movie of Marlon Brando's—*The Wild One*—the way some writers are carrying on."

Tommy got back in the discussion, "**Frank Sinatra** heads a social group who call themselves *The Clan* and no one flips over how dangerous it is. So why can't we call ourselves *The Raiders?*"

Another thing upsetting Tommy very much is that he is supposed to be on the outs with his mother Grace over *The Raiders*.

"Nothing is farther from the truth," he said seriously. "I'm not feuding with mother over anything, much less belonging to this group with Linny and some other young actors."

I laughed, "Okay, boys—you've sold me."

I promised to print a kind word of explanation about *The Raiders*—and here it is, Linny and Tommy.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Liz in a blaze of anger

Wowie! Did **Elizabeth Taylor** hustle out of her self-imposed rigid retirement in a blaze of anger after a Los Angeles newspaper printed in black headlines that she was a patient at Menningers' Clinic in Topeka, Kansas!!!

Whether you are for or against Liz, this was a very unethical piece of journalism without a leg to stand on. I talked with Elizabeth right after the headline hit the street, and she was red hot.

"This is a cruel and terrible thing to do," she said heatedly, "It is frightening to see a black headline insinuating that I am mentally disturbed. I'm going to sue for my children's sake."

She then went on to tell me that all the wire services had been alerted that she and **Eddie Fisher** would be dining at Chasen's that very night. "I'm going with Eddie to Chasen's so that everyone can see me and know I'm not in a mental institution! This whole thing nauseates me!"

And she kept her word. When Liz and Eddie walked in Chasen's, TV cameras were set up all over the place, the regular customers were stumbling over cables, top reporters were covering the 'story' and photographers were popping flash bulbs right and left.

Liz's temper had abated somewhat and she smiled as she talked with the press and of course she smiled and smiled at Eddie.

Eddie tossed in a couple of comments of his own: "I'm thoroughly in accord with Miss Taylor," said he, time after time.

Well, it all added up to quite a bit of excitement—and at least Hollywood got another look at Liz whom we haven't seen in a long time. There's more of her than last look. She's gained weight noticeably.



That Liz was upset, and possibly even 'nauseated' showed clearly when she first walked into Chasen's with Eddie Fisher.



No man could have been happier about being shot than Errol.



Loretta Young certainly makes my list of 'best dressed women.'

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

Three actresses made the official list of *Ten Best Dressed Women* this year—**Kay Kendall** in seventh spot, **Audrey Hepburn**—number nine and **Dina Merrill**—(number ten). All always beautifully groomed. I'd like to add a couple of selections of my own—**Dinah Shore** and **Loretta Young**. What clothes they wear on their TV shows! . . .

I'm sure **Errol Flynn** couldn't have been more delighted than he was in being grazed by a bullet (on his leg) during the Cuban revolution. Wouldn't you know Errol would be in the thick of a revolution? Just like one of his old Warner movie plots. . . .

Debbie Reynolds has done a masterful job of handling her own public relations during all the fracas with **Eddie** and **Liz Taylor**. A wag said the other day, "Eddie and Liz should hire Debbie to do *their* publicity! . . ."

The girl who surprised me the most as an actress is **Cara Williams**. I think she was just great in *The Defiant Ones* with **Tony Curtis** and **Sidney Poitier**. Frankly, I didn't think Cara had it in her—but I am thoroughly convinced. . . .

My biggest 'kick' of the holiday season: **Clark Gable** (and his Kay, of course) personally coming over to my house to turn on the lights on the very pretty ornamental Christmas tree he and Kay gave me. It's not everybody who can have The King crawling around on his hands and knees at the light switches! . . .

When General Rafael Trujillo, Jr. (remember him?) selected the outstanding Hollywood star of the year for the magazine he owns in the Dominican Republic he chose—**Mitzi Gaynor**! Not a mention of his former 'hearts' **Kim Novak** or **Zsa Zsa Gabor**!

AVA cries wolf again

When **Ava Gardner** alighted from her trans-Atlantic plane in New York on her first trip back to her native country in eighteen months, she grabbed a handful of snow, made a face (far from pretty) and said she'd like to throw the snowball at the American press.

Guess the boys can take a hint. When Ava came to Los Angeles there wasn't a photog at the airport to take her picture, she was left strictly alone during her visit here with her sister Bea, and when the 'I want to be alone' lady departed, none of the press was there to 'bother' her.

Methinks Ava has cried 'wolf' once too often. Many stars say they don't want to be 'bothered' by reporters and photographers.

But as **Dean Martin** philosophizes, "Heaven help us when the press doesn't 'bother' to bother us!"

Ava Gardner is a beautiful woman, a big star and an exciting personality. But she's no great actress and much of her fame has been built up through fabulous publicity. In looking back on her career in her last four or five pictures, she hasn't had a big financial hit in the lot.

Yet, because she has been built up by the press into one of the world's most exciting personalities in films, she commands an unbelievable salary of $400,000 a picture plus (in her contract for *On The Beach*) a home given her in Australia, all servants paid, a limousine and chauffeur at her disposal and traveling expenses for her sister and secretary!

I'd think it over, Ava—and think it over long and hard about throwing snowballs at the press.

Ava Gardner should realize that making faces will hurt her, not the press.





I'm on my SOAP BOX

. . . to say that I'm disgusted with some of the smutty antics and remarks of some of our top movie and TV comedians recently.

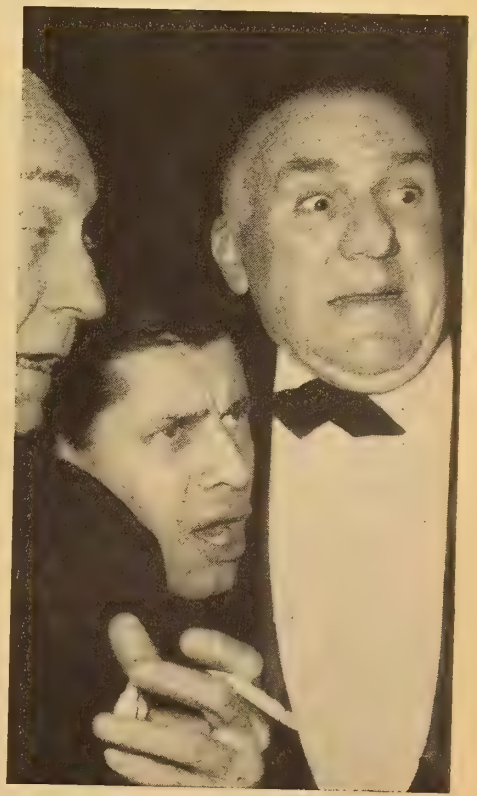
A case in point is the 'entertainment' put on at the Cocoanut Grove following the première of **Jerry Lewis**' *Geisha Boy*. True, it was an invited audience with no outsiders—but there is absolutely no excuse for the miserable bad taste exhibited by three comedians who took part in the 'impromptu' entertainment staged at the supper-dance in the Cocoanut Grove!

This time I'm not going to mention names. But next time I most definitely shall!

It's all right to be tolerant, and ofttimes a *double entendre* can be amusing in a closed group. But not dirt for dirt's sake and smut for smut's sake! Particularly when there are ladies (and gentlemen) present.

The thing that was so particularly shocking is that all three offenders are top stars in their movies, TV and nightclubs and from them we have the right to expect the best public conduct.

This is fair warning to those comedians—next time this happens I'm naming names.



This picture was taken at the party after Jerry Lewis' première. And I must say, even Bill Demarest, Jerry and Bill Bendix looked shocked.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

Lauren's bitter comments

Until she chose to pop off about Hollywood and the USA in London, I had always liked **Lauren** 'Betty' **Bacall**. I thought she was a straightforward, outspoken gal and I was more amused than annoyed when she gave forth with her opinions on everything under the sun from politics to medicine.

But I'm far from amused and I think she is acting very foolishly in criticizing her own country to the British press.

Betty has been very bitter since her romance with **Frank Sinatra** ended. It's my personal opinion she's still carrying a big, big torch for him.

If she is being quoted correctly, she stated that she would "exchange Hollywood, where flesh is cheap and people forget too quickly, for England, where people have something to say and are willing to listen to what I think."

If she didn't say this—I'll be glad to retract it for her. If she *did* say it—all I can say is she is a very, very foolish girl.

I would like to call to Betty's attention that her own country gave her a fine career, a happy marriage to the late **Humphrey Bogart**, two charming children and much happiness for many years. If one of her private romances disillusioned her—that's a personal matter, not an international crusade!

Inger Stevens: love at its cruelest

The heartache of not one—but several—broken romances is believed to be the reason for the rumored suicide attempt of **Inger Stevens**. Everyone is genuinely sorry about her unhappiness. Inger is a popular girl at the studios, a 'regular' person and well liked by her co-stars and the crews.

Y. Frank Freeman, head of Paramount, was particularly distressed because he believes so much in her future as an actress that she was given a contract with the studio for five years.

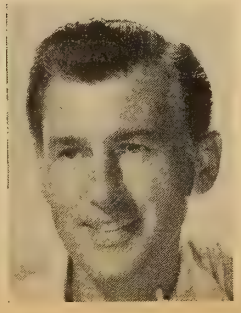
Love, in Hollywood, can be very cruel. Particularly if a sensitive girl is unfortunate enough to keep falling in love with the wrong—for her—men. (Read the story of Inger's tragedy on page 48.)



(Right) I think Lauren Bacall is acting very foolishly. If a private romance disillusioned her, that's a personal matter, and not an international crusade!

Find the 'True' Stewart





Which is the real Jimmy Stewart? The one on the right, or the one on the left? That might be a harder question to answer than most people think.

LETTER BOX

I am extremely talented in fashion sketching and hope for a career as a designer, writes KAREN MCCORMACK, BOSTON. *Is there any Academy-Award-winning designer in Hollywood who conducts a school for aspiring novices?* No, Karen, there is not. I think your best bet in practical designing is with the commercial art department of a department store. If you are really good, you'll make your mark. . . .

BRIAN SKINNER, star of *Teen Club* TV show operating out of DAUPHIN, MANITOBA, CANADA, writes that he recently conducted a poll among Canadian teenagers to select their favorite American movie actors and the results were:

1—**Tony Curtis**
2—**Rock Hudson**
3—**Elvis Presley**

(Take a bow, boys. And thank you, Brian.)

From LUCERNE, SWITZERLAND, MARIE writes in excellent English, *Greetings, from one of many of your* MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE *readers in Switzerland. My home town is near Burgenstock where* **Audrey Hepburn** *and* **Mel Ferrer** *and* **Sophia Loren** *and her husband come to rest. I wish to report both couples are so friendly and permit us fans to snap their pictures. We in Switzerland have never encountered a difficult or temperamental film star. Perhaps it is because they come here to relax and be happy.* Could be, Marie, and thank you.

Another letter from abroad, CHRISTINA JACOBSON writes from STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN: *American movies are the most! But the star who holds my interest super-completely is* **Frank Sinatra**! *Frankie is the most! How do you like the way I use the latest American slang?* As Frankie would say, you're a gasser, Chris.

Please tell me the real names of **Jimmy Stewart** *and* **Stewart Granger**, writes MRS. L. NOLLNER, FT. WORTH. Don't blame you for being confused. Jimmy Stewart's real name is Jimmy Stewart—and Stewart Granger's real name is also—Jimmy Stewart! . . .

ALVIN CUMMINGS, NEW ORLEANS, asks: *Who is the richest actress in the world—and the richest actor?* With income taxes what they are today, Alvin, present day stars do not pile up the fabulous fortunes earned by veterans such as **Mary Pickford**, **Chaplin**, etc. Taking a running guess, I'd put **Liz Taylor** high on the list (her salary plus returns on *80 Days*); **Ava Gardner** is said to be well heeled and **Doris Day** must be doing all right. Among the actors **John Wayne**, **Cary Grant** and **Bill Holden** have plenty piled up. . . .

Ricky Nelson *is just an out and out carbon copy of* **Elvis Presley**! yelps sixteen-year-old CYNTHIA HOSSFORD, ATLANTA. Oh, boy—have you started a battle, Cynthia! Watch this column for the firing. . . .

EVELYN SWARENGEN, DETROIT, has a message for **Doris Day**: *Please sing more in your movies.* I printed much the same idea in a recent newspaper column of mine—so we agree on Doris continuing her singing in future pictures, Evelyn.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



Is it true... blondes have more fun?

One sure way to find out is to be a blonde . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it. The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With amazingly gentle **new Lady Clairol Instant Whip, it's so easy!** Takes only minutes! **Feels deliciously cool going on,** leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Toss your hat in the ring. **Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!**



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is **NEW Lady Clairol®** INSTANT WHIP* Creme Hair Lightener

*T.M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada

NEW LIQUID LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich, Rich Liquid! Lanolin-Blessed!

Rhonda Fleming
starring in
"ALIAS JESSE JAMES"
A Bob Hope Enterprise
A United Artists Picture
Color by De Luxe



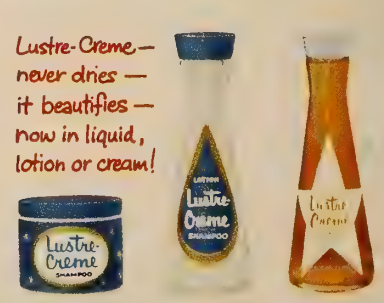
RHONDA FLEMING, one of Hollywood's most beautiful stars, uses Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo to keep her hair shining and easy-to-manage. Why don't *You* try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water! An exclusive new formula—unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme—never dries—it beautifies—now in liquid, lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

YOUNG GIRLS IN HOLLYWOOD

2ND OF A SPECIAL SERIES

subject this month: **SANDRA DEE**



A REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

(these are the personal notes of a top reporter... they were not written to be printed... they are shockingly honest)



SANDRA DEE:

I HAVE NO FRIENDS

THIS is a girl who lived the life of a fairy princess: the whole bit. Her father and mother were divorced when Sandy was a baby. Her mother, a very pretty, baby-faced woman who looks almost as young as Sandy, focused all her attention on her daughter. They had almost nothing to live on, but Sandy was always dressed like a little doll, protected and loved. When Sandy was three, a man saw her at the beach, took one look, and thought: *That's the most adorable child I've ever seen.* He met and shortly afterwards married her mother. He was a very wealthy man, and he took them back to Long Island with him to live.

From then on, Sandy lived in a grown-up, (*Continued on page 77*)



Dear Jim,

Thanks for letting us have the first, and (as you say) the last, picture of the 'secret Garner family.' It's a pleasure to print it, not just because it's a 'scoop,' but because one look at you, your wife Lois, your step-daughter Kim and your own little girl, Greta Scott, is enough (Continued on page 66)



JOANNE WOODWARD:

"I'm having my baby by natural childbirth"

"When Paul came home one night he found me lying on the floor, my eyes closed, breathing deeply, a look of bliss on my face.

"'Honey,' he asked, 'what is this? Dreaming of someone?'

"My eyes flew open, and I broke into a smile. 'Just getting ready for the baby.'

"'For the baby? This way—now?'

"'This is just the exercise part of it, darling,' I told him. 'I'm preparing for natural childbirth. That's the way I'm going to have our baby. I don't want to miss out on one minute of it.'

"I waited for Paul's reaction. I hadn't discussed my plans about this with him before. I wanted to surprise him. I should have known better than to think I could surprise my husband by anything I do. He's used to me by now. He played it cool.

"'Ummm,' he mused thoughtfully. 'You look so comfortable I think I'll join you. Mind if I do that exercise, too?'

"If anyone had walked in at that moment, they might have contemplated calling for those little men in white jackets. We looked like two complete idiots.

"Although Paul was doing these exercises for laughs, I have never taken anything so seriously in my life. I did them because I really do hope to have my baby by natural childbirth, next

(Continued on page 50)





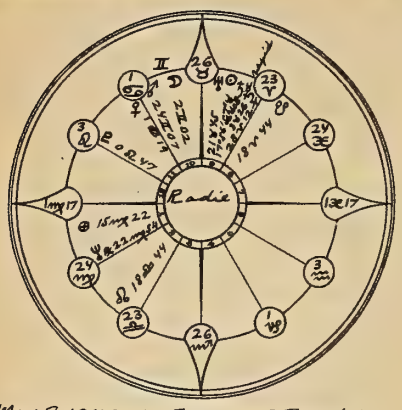
RICKY! YOUR LIFE MAY BE IN DANGER!

We, the editors of MODERN SCREEN, are not astrologers, but we know millions believe in their stars. A very famous astrologer who has a record for being right asked that we get this message to you:

RICKY: On the next page is your horoscope, set for May 8, 1940, 1:25 p.m. EDST, Teaneck, N. J. I feel it is very important at this time to explain what it means to you. You can't afford to live dangerously this year, or any other year for that matter.

If you could read your star chart, as I can, you'd know it too. Let's face it, you do not have the chart of a race-car driver. Your reflexes are much slower than you realize. Naturally, you want to be popular, successful, a star in your own right. You want to impress people, especially your friends. You are always ready to bet on yourself to beat the field and win.

continued →



May 8, 1940 1:25 p.m., D.S.T., Teaneck, N.J.

RICKY *continued*

But your stars say you may some day lose more than money if you don't put on the brakes a bit. **Right now, during this month of March,** especially the 23rd to 30th, while Mars is passing over its natal place, and during the months immediately ahead through your birthday, you need to slow down and stop pushing your luck. Stress aspects are now in force, increasing the tendency to overforcefulness, reckless driving and mis-adventures.

Here, in plain words, is what an astrologer sees in your birthchart. You were born on the day after a New Moon, shortly after noon, so both the Sun and Moon are high in the sky, shedding their light radiantly over your life and affairs. These are also symbols of the prominence both of your parents have reached—and the opportunity you have to make a place in the world for yourself, as they have done.

The Sun, Mercury, Saturn, and Uranus—four planets, mind you—are in the sign Taurus. From this it can be seen that you reflect the strength and stubbornness of the proverbial and celestial Bull. Your Mercury in close conjunction with Saturn is a key to you—it has deep meaning to an astrologer and is the reason why I've stated that your reflexes are slower than you think.

Since both Saturn and Mercury are in good aspect to your ascendant, their influence, properly used, could make you more restrained and cautious; but Mars angular, also high in the sky at your birth and square to Neptune, makes you rash, thoughtless in action, inclined to overreach yourself under stress of emotion and excitement. Impatience can work very much to your disadvantage; so can unrestrained desires. You are striving to storm the pinnacle of success forcefully—this is a dangerous course for you to follow. It would be far better for your future and your ultimate happiness if you would follow the promptings of your slow-but-sure Mercury-Saturn aspect.

You probably hate the word *fear,* but when it denotes caution at the right time, it is something to be cultivated properly by all of us.

The urge to follow a reckless, devil-may-care course is often the mark of a person who is overcompensating for some lack he feels deep down within himself. Take stock of yourself, Ricky. Is this true to any degree where you are concerned? Don't fear in making your mark—this was already indicated in the heavens the moment you were born.

The elevated Moon in your chart is square your ascendant, and since it is the astrological symbol of your public, your friends and your lights-of-love, you should always be wary of letting it entice you into taking risks in order to impress people. Actually, your horoscope promises plenty of success and public renown if you make the most of the talent you were endowed with at birth.

But there is a great, big red light (Mars high in the sky at your birth) warning you to avoid reckless pursuits that can needlessly endanger yourself and others.

In conclusion, let me make plain that astrology is not fatalistic in the interpretations it provides. It is intended to give timely advice and wise counsel. One of its oldest dictums is succinctly phrased "The Stars Impel; They Do Not Compel." We all have our God given free-will and can in good measure mold our lives accordingly.

Sincerely yours.

An Astrological friend



A new kind of lipstick with a light touch–no greasiness! New Cutex

delicate



Here's a completely new kind of lipstick that *feels* as beautiful as it looks! Beautifully creamy, yet you won't feel a touch of greasiness from the minute it glides on! Light and moist as a delicate mist, it has all the brilliant color and glow you could want. Give your lips a *new* excitement . . . a *new* delicacy . . . with Cutex Delicate Lipstick. In the new slim, elegant Nugget Case . . . in gold, aqua, or pink! 79c plus tax.

CUTEX®

IRTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

It was time to go, time to move on, but Lauren was still trapped in the past, saying...

"Help me, Bogey, help me!"

"Help me, Bogey . . . help me, help me!"

It was a little more than a year and a half since the chilly January morning Humphrey Bogart had died. And for all that time Lauren Bacall, his widow, had done everything in her power to avoid this moment. She'd gone to parties, so many parties. She'd gone out on dates, more than a few. She'd laughed hard and she'd played hard. She'd spent very little time alone. She'd done all this, and for a while she had thought it was good doing this, that she was happy doing this.

But she realized now that she was miserable.

And the moment she'd avoided came tumbling down on her this night.

"Help me, Bogey, help me," she murmured, as she sat in the living room she had known the last few months, suddenly cold and strange and repulsive to her. "Help me the way you tried to help me that night," she murmured.

(*Continued on page* 56)



"I WAS ALWAYS RUNNING FRO

THE TRUE LIFE STORY OF STUART WHITMAN— HOLLYWOOD'S MOST EXCITING NEW STAR

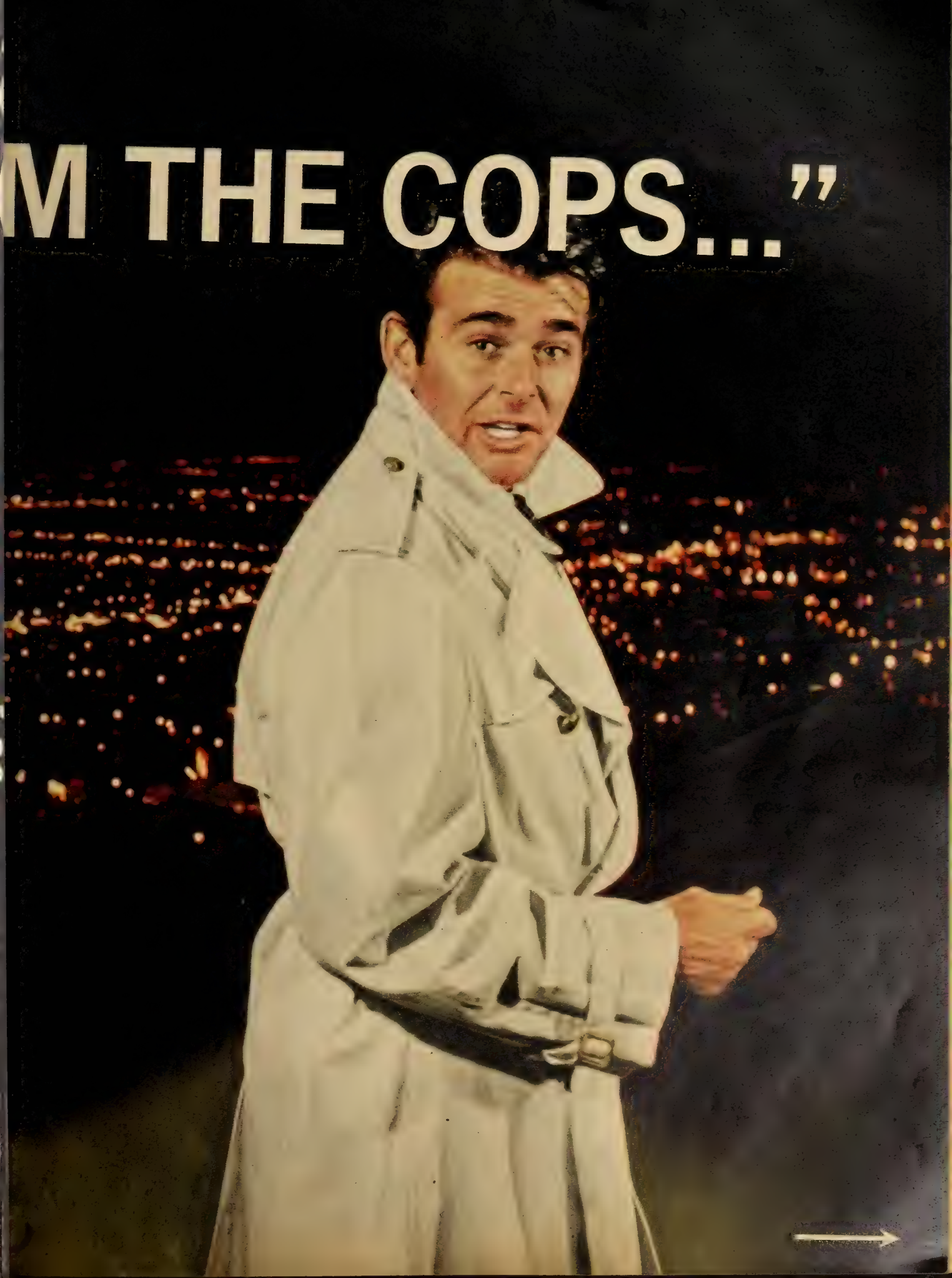
I'VE finally stopped running.

All my life I've been running. As a kid, I ran from cops, truant officers, enemy gangs, storekeepers and my mom and dad. Even when I married my wife, Patty, I had to run. A police squad car, summoned by her parents, chased us, trying to keep us from boarding a plane for Las Vegas and heading for a minister.

Fortunately, I out-ran that squad car in my souped-up hot rod. I say 'fortunately,' because my marriage to Patty five years ago was one of the things that helped change me from a drifter into a man.

Looking back, I don't blame her parents for trying to do everything to keep their daughter from marrying me. I was a wild one, and they had every reason to believe that their beautiful daughter would ruin her life if she tied up with me.

They never dreamed—nor did I—that a guy like me would turn into a responsible man. But that's the way it is with me today: four kids, a home with a pool in the Valley, a wife to whom I'm devoted, and a career I'm willing to work my head off for. It was a tough struggle, but I finally made it. *(Continued on next page)*

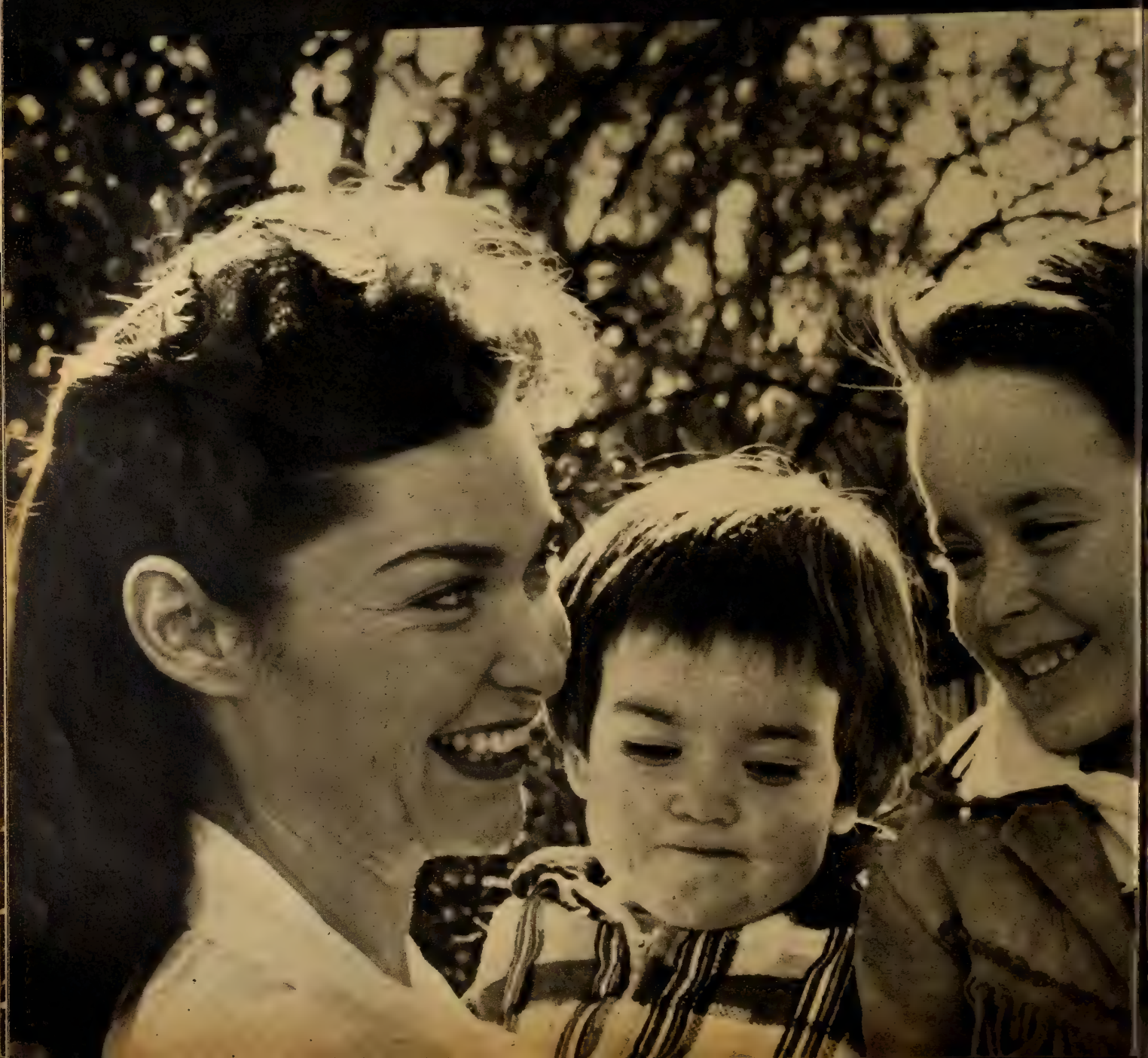

M THE COPS..."

I'm no longer the rebel I used to be. No longer the drifter. Finally, I belong.

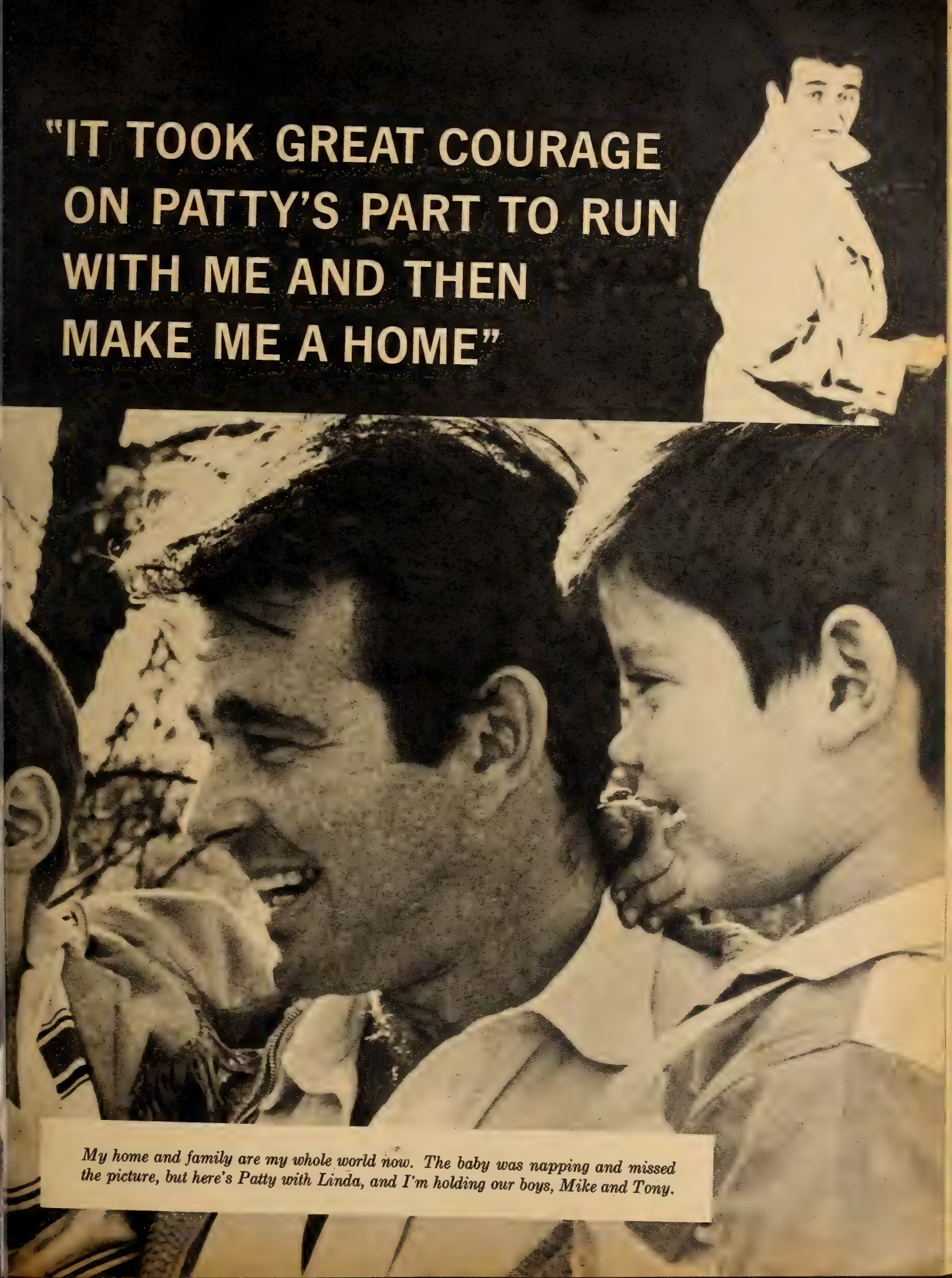
Maybe that's what I craved all my life, but until now I didn't know it. Maybe I always wanted to stay put, and going off half-cocked was my crazy way of showing it.

My restlessness made it tough on my folks, who had problems of their own. My parents married when they were very young: Dad was eighteen, Mother seventeen. Dad was studying law in New York at the time and they were very poor, but like lots of kids who marry young they had bright hopes for the future. Then I came along, and the struggle began. My mother had to stop work, and Dad had to double up, working all day, going to school at night.

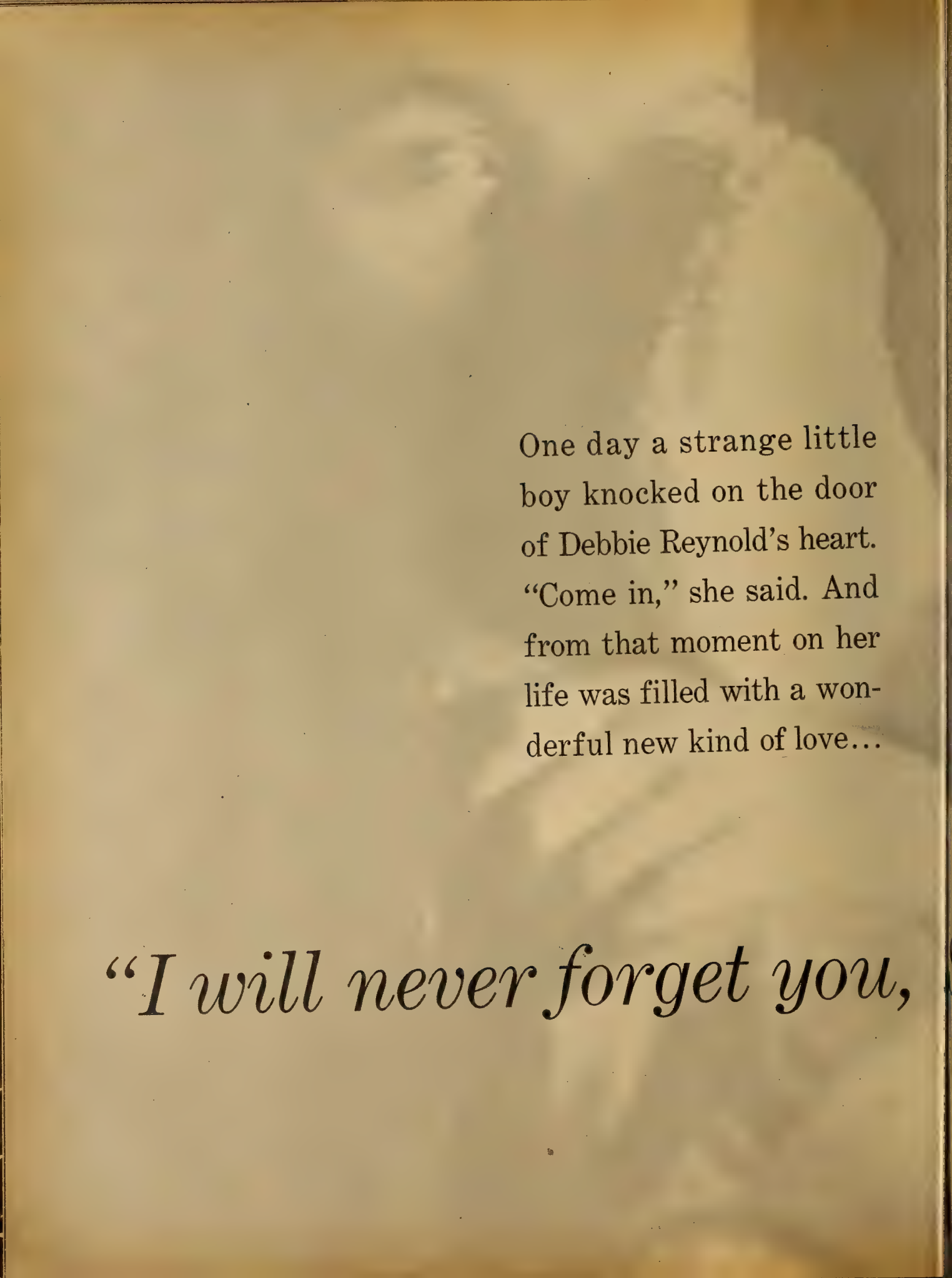
It was rough going. To make ends meet, Mom went back to work shortly after I was born, and we moved in with Dad's mother. Grandma had a big old house in Coney Island, and there (*Continued on page 80*)



"IT TOOK GREAT COURAGE ON PATTY'S PART TO RUN WITH ME AND THEN MAKE ME A HOME"



My home and family are my whole world now. The baby was napping and missed the picture, but here's Patty with Linda, and I'm holding our boys, Mike and Tony.



One day a strange little boy knocked on the door of Debbie Reynold's heart. "Come in," she said. And from that moment on her life was filled with a wonderful new kind of love...

"I will never forget you,

by Helen Weller

IT WAS the end of the Thalian Ball, given to raise money to build a charity clinic in Los Angeles for mentally disturbed children. Debbie was very tired. She had put in a tremendous amount of work to make the ball a success. Now it was very late. She had come alone and now it was time to go home—alone. There were many things she wanted to push out of her mind as she drew her white mink stole around her shoulders and rose from her table. But there was one thing, something that had started back when she was just beginning her career . . . remembering that, the tiredness left her, and she smiled. . . .

Debbie had been practicing a lively dance routine that day with her old school friend and neighbor, Leon Tyler, in Leon's Burbank home. She was just starting out in pictures then, a promising starlet. Debbie was engrossed in working out the dance steps which she was practicing for a new movie, when slowly she became aware of large, brown eyes out of a thin face watching her. She stopped suddenly and saw the little boy in the doorway, his gaze fixed on her.

"Hello there," (*Continued on page 60*)



Sandy"

introducing Connie



"It's not Poppa's fault that he's so old-fashioned, but if I have to stay in one more night, I'll go nuts!"



by ***Paul Denis***



"If I hear those words once more: 'You're too young, too young,' I don't know what I'll do...!"

Francis! *female vocalist of the year*



"SOME DAY our little Concetta will be a star singer," said George Franconera, hugging his chubby two-year-old daughter.

"Look at how well she sings *Little Sir Echo* and *Playmates.* She must have heard them on the radio."

Ida Franconera nodded happily, then went back into the kitchen to see if the veal parmagiana was ready.

Poppa Franconera then picked up the small concertina he had brought over from Italy, and started to squeeze out an old Italian melody. Little Concetta watched him, utterly fascinated. . . .

In their home town, Newark, New Jersey, little Concetta was soon known as a musical kid. She was such an unusual singer that Miss Nye, at the Bergen Street School, put her in a special row in the classroom—her voice was so low for her age.

Poppa was a big TV fan. And there was a juvenile variety show, George Scheck's *Startime,* which (*Continued on page 74*)







THIS IS THE WORLD, LITTLE MIKLOS

a memory album of your first hour at home







and watchful eyes . . .



the world is private . . .



but you call for help . . .





you cling to one . . .



and are given to others . . .

continued


the world is
to grow in . . .


drink long and deep of it . . .


and always listen to lullabies . . .


demand your fill . . .


fight for
necessary
changes . . .


for the world is love . . .

END

i dig

unveiling the mysterious private-life of Carolyn Jones



yoga



In the beginning Carolyn Jones did not suspect that she would be leading two separate lives. Each life is not exactly a secret from the other. Her husband, Aaron Spelling, is understanding. Hollywood, however, is a little shocked, as it always is at the unusual!

"It began," Carolyn told me over lunch at the Tail o' the Cock in San Fernando Valley, "when I was making *Last Train from Gun Hill.* I mean, the surprise at what I was doing—for I have been doing it for three years.

"We had a tense scene in a roaring fire. Despite the precautions, Tony Quinn got his hair singed, the back of Kirk Douglas' coat caught fire, and my hair was scorched. It was frighteningly realistic. When it was over I ran to my portable dressing room on the outdoor set. I flung myself on the floor, and went into a deep trance of relaxation.

"After a while Tony looked in. He (*Continued on page 69*)

by May Mann

Don't cry, honey... our baby will be all right





Tony and Janet tried to comfort little Kelly, but they themselves were taut with fear. . . fear for their baby's life!

JANET AND Tony stood in a corner of the hospital corridor waiting. They saw the nurses slowly wheeling the thirteen-day-old infant down the hall toward the door marked *surgery.*

As the cart passed, with the tiny figure barely discernible under the white sheet, Janet clutched Tony's hand tighter, her face turning pale.

"She's so tiny—she looks so very small on that big stretcher. Such a little baby, such a very little baby to go through so much. . . ." Her voice trailed off in a sob.

Tony, taut with fear himself, somehow managed to hold himself steady for Janet's sake. She needed courage.

"Honey," he said, putting his arm around his wife as though to give her some of his strength, "she'll be all right. Remember what the doctor said."

Janet remembered. Remembered the day the doctor had come to the house and examined the baby. Then grave-faced he had told her the baby had a double hernia and would have to be operated on as soon as possible. It (*Continued on page 68*)



A HOLLYWOOD TRAGEDY

Three years ago Inger Stevens came to Hollywood. But love in Hollywood can be very cruel. Two months ago they found her—sprawled across her bed, nearly dead. She was all in pink, and she still looked very beautiful. Days later, when she recovered consciousness, she would not talk about what had happened. Here is the story no newspaper was able to print . . .

On her night table, the clock ticked steadily. The little gold hands moved, registered eleven o'clock, then twelve. Twelve o'clock, midnight. Long past time to be getting ready for bed. Tomorrow she would have to be up early, she had things to do, she needed her sleep.

But Inger Stevens, sitting silently in her chair, didn't move. If she was tired tomorrow, what did it matter? If she couldn't do the things she was supposed to do—well, what did that matter either?

What did anything matter any more?

She'd been neglecting things for quite a while. Dave Tebet, a real nice guy, had taken her to a New Year's party at his boss' house, and though she had made her face up with care and put on a pretty dress, she had failed to rise to the occasion. Jokes hadn't seemed funny enough to make her laugh. Songs hadn't seemed tender enough to make her cry. She supposed Dave had noticed and had been disappointed. (She was right. Hours later, Dave Tebet was to tell police, "Yes, she seemed awfully down in the dumps. I took her to parties, we exchanged Christmas and New Year's gifts, but nothing seemed to cheer her up. She never told me why.")

Several times, she had almost opened her heart to him. Several times—but at the last moment, the shell of misery had closed around her again. It was too hard. Much (*Continued on page 64*)

I'm Having My Baby By Natural Childbirth

(*Continued from page 25*)

month. No anesthetics. The experience of bearing a child means everything in the world to me, and I don't want to miss a single minute of it. After carrying my baby within me for nine months, I don't want to be knocked out by drugs the moment it comes into the world. I want to be awake through the whole thing.

The greatest accomplishment

"I started studying natural childbirth even before I knew I was pregnant. In fact, I'd like to give birth to my baby at home—but most doctors won't agree to it, I guess.

"I plan to do everything for my baby myself. To me, giving birth to my baby will be the crowning achievement of my life. Not because a child has been born. I know millions of women have been mothers biologically. But the woman who is really a mother—who stays with her child and gives him a real sense of security—has accomplished something far greater than any human being can achieve in any other way.

"I certainly intend to nurse my child myself. It's healthier for the baby; better for me, too. I was nursed by my mother until I was a year old. Perhaps it was because of this nursing that I escaped so many childhood diseases. My doctor says that being nursed by a healthy mother gives a baby a certain immunity to illnesses that bottle-fed babies do not have.

"I even hope I'll be able to arrange to have the 'rooming in' method when my baby comes; have the baby lie in its little crib next to my bed in the hospital so that we can be together all the time during its first days of life. It would be more natural for me to have my baby with me, than to have it brought in at certain hours, like a strange package.

Difficult to adjust

"When I told this to a friend of mine she asked me, 'But won't this kind of life tie you down terribly, Joanne?' But if I didn't want to be tied down, I wouldn't have babies.

" 'But Joanne,' she persisted. 'This is all so untypical of you. Why, you've always been such a bohemian type . . . always flying off in different directions. It's going to be awfully difficult for you to adjust to motherhood.'

"I smiled secretly to myself. Adjust to motherhood? I was *always* adjusted to the idea, whether I knew it or not.

"As a child I was automatically drawn to babies. There were lots of babies in the neighborhood, and I played with them constantly.

"I helped raise my own little half-brother, who is now only three. My father and his wife live in New Jersey, and I was in their home the day they brought him home. I took care of the baby the first day. I thought, even then, how wonderful it would be if I could do all these things for a baby of my own some day. On Christmas Eve when they couldn't get a nurse, I took care of him again. I loved the funny baby noises he made. In fact, I love the funny noises all babies make. I'm quite an experienced baby nurse, really. When I was seven I started baby sitting. There was a little girl, Nancy, who lived next to us and I took care of her all the time. I did it for fun. Soon, whenever there was a baby in Mariette, Georgia, who needed extra care, I took care of it. I didn't have any baby brothers or sisters of my own, and I drove everybody crazy asking to take care of their babies.

"You can imagine how happy I was when Paul's three children by a previous marriage came to live with us this summer. They're very young—from eight to three—and we had a ball. I was with them all the time and loved it. I like them as children, and as people. When Paul and I first got married I think I shocked people by saying I wanted to be beautifully pregnant as soon as possible. And I meant it. Then having Paul's children briefly with me, the need to have a child that belonged to me—to us—was even greater. And by a wonderful miracle, that was the month I conceived my child.

Belonging to myself

"Yet there was a time once when I wanted to belong only to myself. I was afraid of belonging to anyone else. I thought that freedom consisted of having no obligations to anyone, outside of your work. Now I know that the woman who belongs only to herself is living in a vacuum.

"A full scrapbook of clippings is poor consolation for an empty heart. I wouldn't have believed that two years ago, but now I understand it.

"For in the last few years—since Paul and I fell in love—I have discovered that the real world has more magic in it than the world of make-believe—provided you're lucky enough to share it with someone whom you love ardently.

"Because I'm in love with Paul and awaiting the birth of the child of our love, my heart is full—full of warmth and happiness. I'm not going to *talk* about my baby and my husband being first in my life. I'm going to *live* it.

We'll never be separated

"I never want to be apart from my husband for any length of time. Paul was recently away for five days when he had to go to New York to discuss his new play, and I never suffered so miserably in my life.

"If I needed proof that I couldn't be away from him, this was it. There will never again be a long separation for us. I would give up any picture in the world, no matter how desirable, to be with Paul. And when our baby comes, I know that no part, no matter how wonderful, would ever tempt me to give up the privilege of being with him during the very first year of its life.

"While Paul was in New York, he found our wonderful apartment on lower Fifth Avenue. It's only a two-bedroom, but if we can rent the small apartment next door, we'll take that, knock a wall through and include that in the apartment, so that we'll have a real home.

"Paul and I are going to live in New York, and come to Hollywood only when his work in pictures demands it. I don't think having a back yard is the most important thing when you have a baby. We'll have Washington Square Park for a back yard.

"I intend to wheel my baby in the park and sit on the bench with the other mothers and the nursemaids and join the talk about such glorious problems as teething and which is the best diaper service and how to make strained food more appealing.

"Although my baby is due in a few weeks, I haven't gone on a baby-shopping spree.

"I have so many things that my family is passing on to me. I'm getting lots of things like a crib and bassinet. In Southern families, these things are usually handed down.

All the blessings

"My mother gave me my grandfather's old oaken high chair, which she used for me when I was a baby. Paul's mother in Cleveland is sending me the bassinet she used for Paul.

"I love the idea. Just imagine Paul's son or daughter in the very same bassinet that his dad used as a baby! It gives me a feeling of great happiness—as though all the blessings and the love and hopes that Paul's mother had for him were coming down through the years to be added to Paul's dreams and mine for our baby.

"Paul and I are sentimental parents. I guess I'm the biggest sentimentalist of all time.

"So these tangible heirlooms for our baby please me very much. Somehow, I feel that all the love of a close-knit family goes with the high-chairs and the bassinets used by those families.

"I thought I'd reached the top when I married Paul and won my Oscar. I know now that I'm only beginning to live." **END**

As told to Helen Weller

Joanne can be seen in THE SOUND AND THE FURY *for 20th; watch for Paul in* THE PHILADELPHIAN *for Warners.*

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if you are

UNDER 21

the phone never seems to ring...

Under 21 is prepared with the cooperation and assistance of Hollywood's leading experts: Edith Head, costume designer for Paramount Studios; Helen Hunt, hair stylist for Columbia Pictures; Ben Bard, director of talent training at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios; Gordon Bau, head of the makeup department at Warner Brothers Studios; Pat McNally, director of the makeup department at Walt Disney Studios; Frankie Van, figure consultant for Universal-International Studios; Pauline Kessinger, commissary director of Paramount Studios.



Dear Editor:
I'm getting sick and tired of sitting home every weekend. My mother is always bugging me to go out on dates, but nobody good ever asks me. I've done everything I can think of to make some of the real neat guys at our school ask me out, but they don't even know I'm alive. I wait and wait for them to call, but the only ones who ever call are the creeps. I'm a junior in high school and reasonably attractive, about average. But I'm stuck without dates almost all the time and I just don't know what to do any more.

Eileen
Caspar, Wyo.




if you are UNDER 21
and the phone never rings...
What's chasing the boys away?
Dolores Hart has asked herself the same question. Like you, she was a good looking girl...There were plenty of available boys...Other girls seemed to have plenty of dates...But she had a sneaking suspicion that she knew what was wrong...

Dear Eileen:

It's here again. It's Saturday night and you are home alone. Just like last week.

Actually, Eileen, you're not a bit alone. From Connecticut to California, girls sit at home Saturday night. Because the phone doesn't ring. Because the boys don't call.

There are six million girls between 15 and 19. And more than you realize are dateless. The reasons range from a boy shortage in their town to a lack of self-confidence. But these are not your problems. Your letter reminds me of the situation Dolores Hart had in high school.

She once told me about a date that made her realize her mistake. He was a charming young man and lots of fun, but as they were leaving the restaurant she noticed that he hadn't left a tip. "Isn't he going to leave something?" she wondered. He didn't. "I felt so bad about his not leaving anything that I just couldn't date him again," Dolores explained.



Dolores' phone did ring . . . but only the wrong boys called. Then they stopped. . . .

Afterwards, long afterwards, on those lonely evenings when she sat home alone and wrote in her diary, Dolores realized. She knew that she had brushed that boy off unfairly. I think she began to understand that boys are sometimes nervous on dates too. Maybe he forgot the tip. Perhaps he didn't know how much to leave and was afraid of being laughed at. Or it's possible that he just didn't have any more money.

Dolores took a good look at herself and found out why she was always home, why the phone didn't ring. She realized that she expected her dates to be just about perfect. She was chasing the boys away herself by being so very demanding. . . .

Now standards are great; they're essential! But if a fellow forgot, just once, to help Dolores with her coat, he was dead! He was a creep. There would be no more dates. That sounds like your problem, Eileen. Writing off available dates. Refusing to date boys who have goofed with you, the creeps you mentioned. But you're not being fair to them or yourself. They might be great, if you gave them a chance. But you chase them away. And then you are stuck without dates. . . .

"Real neat boys don't even know I'm alive," your letter says. It's because you've disconnected your phone. If you dated more, even fellows you don't dig the most, you'd start the cycle: the more you date, the more dates you get asked out on.

Just between us girls, Eileen, we know that boys are often pretty immature in their teens. So we have to understand and give them a fair chance. But take a good look at yourself, as Dolores did, and see if you are not partially to blame for chasing the boys away. You see, Eileen, you have to have your phone connected before it can ring!

Sincerely,

Maxine



"Dear Diary," wrote Dolores. "I think I know why the boys don't call me. I've really found the answer now. . . ."

Dolores Hart is currently appearing on Broadway in **The Pleasure of His Company.** Her fourth movie, **Lonelyhearts,** was released by United Artists this month. Dolores' perky plaid dresses are from the summer cotton collection of Jonathan Logan, in your local store, at moderate prices, in junior sizes.

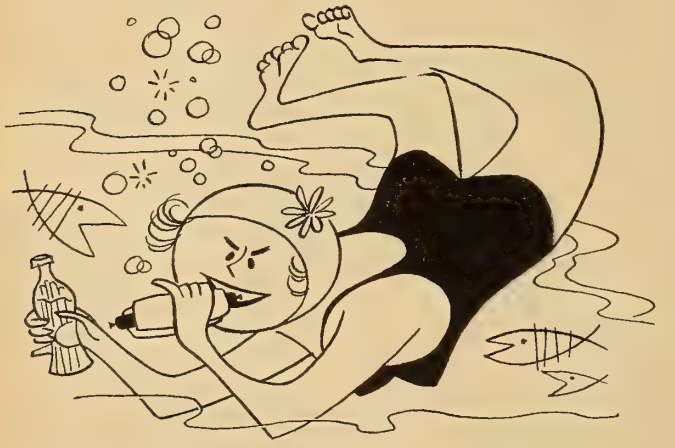
Solved your dating problem? But you still have troubles...→

if you are UNDER 21

Just Shout for Help...

Dear Editor:
I went out for swimming because I'm kind of heavy and I heard it was supposed to be good exercise. But honestly, sometimes I get so beat I can hardly move but all it ever seems to do is make me hungry and thirsty. Most of the other girls are real slim and I figured I could get that way too. Is there a better sport I could go out for that would help?

Mickey
Los Angeles, Calif.



Dear Mickey:
No. Swimming is one of the best. It's an active sport and you *do* burn up calories. If you swim vigorously, I don't mean just horsing around in the pool, you'll burn up about 400 calories in an hour. But there are 280 calories in a malted milk, 362 in a hamburger, and 465 in an order of french fries. So if you finish swimming hungry and have *this* kind of a snack, you end up 707 calories *fatter* than before you jumped into the pool. As Frankie Van, figure consultant for Universal-International Studios, points out: "No matter how much you exercise, you can't lose weight unless you diet, too. But if you diet *and* exercise, you will lose three times as fast as you ordinarily would just dieting." So keep up the swimming and the deep knee bends, but switch to munching apples (75 calories) for snacks. . . .

Dear Editor:
Why do magazines keep telling girls to keep quiet and get their dates to talk about themselves? Whenever I got out with a girl she wants me to do all the talking but I have nothing to say. I just can't talk to girls. I get all tied up and I can't say a thing to them all evening and I just start stuttering or something. Why don't you tell the girls to do the talking?

Steve
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Steve:
All right. The girls *should* carry the conversation part of the time. But you have to do your share, too. As Roosevelt once said about a much more serious problem, you "have nothing to fear but fear itself." That's the whole bit, Steve. You're just too worried and nervous about girls. Relax! Twentieth Century-Fox Talent School Director, Ben Bard, advises you to take it easy and not try too hard to make the big impression. "Any man would be nervous if he had to think up a lot of malarky that he didn't believe. When you have something to say, say it simply," he explains. "Don't try to find fancy words or phrases." So just take it easy, Steve. Carry your share of the conversation and then ask a few questions to get your date started. And be prepared to listen for *part* of the time. You're right, Steve. You don't have to do *all* the talking. As Mr. Bard points out, "some of the biggest male stars make their most important impressions by asking a few choice questions and then just *listening* to the girls. . . ."

Dear Editor:
My friends go with a crowd which has its morals kind of low and go in for cheap petting. I don't like this, so they call me a square and have dropped me. Should I try to get looser or stick to my standards and be unpopular?

Laurie
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Dear Laurie:
If your friends behave in a way that you don't dig, then toots, they're not your friends! Friends are people who share things together, hold common ideas on im-

portant things, enjoy each other for what they are. Your "friends" don't fill the bill. So they dropped you? Good. It saves you the trouble of chucking them. It's time for you to find a new gang, kids who think the way you do. And I don't mean that you're a bit square: you're simply one of the very rare and wonderful people who have the courage to live up to their beliefs regardless of the way the crowd goes. More power to you, Laurie. With that kind of guts you'll have no trouble making new and better friends. . . .

Dear Editor:
My mother is my problem. Whenever I have a boyfriend or one of the kids over, she sits around and listens and she just won't get lost. The same thing when I talk on the phone. I want some privacy. I'm 15 years old and don't you think I should have some rights? Why don't you run a story on how kids should be left alone and mothers shouldn't be so nosy? Maybe if I showed her that you agree with me, she'll stop bugging me so much all the time.

Sally
Elgin, Ill.

Dear Sally:
Okay, here's your answer, one you can show to your mother. But you'd better read it pretty carefully yourself, too. . . . It sounds like you and your mother are ready to have a little talk. Yes, Sally, you are old enough to have *some* privacy and it's something that your mother should realize. But perhaps *you* should try to understand *why* she listens in. Perhaps it's because you never tell her about the things you're doing and the places you go and the fun you have. If you didn't keep it all a big secret and filled her in occasionally, she wouldn't feel she had to eavesdrop. Or perhaps she would like to know more about your friends; you can't blame her for that. If you included her *in* occasionally so she could get to know them, then perhaps she'd deal herself out when you do want privacy. Best talk it over with her, gal, but it sounds like you're at least partially to blame. Remember, mothers are human too. . . .

Dear Editor:
I'm 17 years old and I go around with a real swinging crowd of college kids that are the greatest. The trouble is that I have a baby face and always look like a child. I've really tried to follow the beauty ads about putting on mascara, eyebrow pencil and stuff, but when I get it on I just look like I'm going to a Halloween party. I want to use makeup so I can look a little older. All my friends and lots of younger kids wear it and it looks good. But whenever I put makeup on I look so silly that everyone just laughs at me and my mother says I look ridiculous. Isn't there some special kind of makeup I could use?

Lillian
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Lillian:
Anyone who tries to look much older than her age *is* going to look silly. If your college friends really thought you looked too young, they wouldn't have you in the gang. So don't bother trying to look older; you'll be old soon and spend the rest of your life trying to look *younger*. But if you do want to wear makeup, go ahead. You don't need a special kind. You may be *used* to it on your friends, but they would probably look silly too if you saw it on them for the first time. *However,* Gordon Bau, director of makeup for Warner Brothers Pictures, warns that *makeup must be used well and sparingly*. "What you see in the beauty ads may be excellent on a model, but far too much for a teenager," he explains. You are on the right track if you stay clear of *too much* paint; if they use a lot, your friends are the ones who need the advice. Mr. Bau declares that if you feel like you are masquerading when you do put on makeup, you are probably using it as a disguise. It's only intended as an accent. So if you do use it, use it carefully. . . .



Dear Editor:
I spend lots of money on real shoe Ivy League clothes to look nice. I try and try to make myself look decent, but my hair always looks like a bird's nest and I'm getting frantic. It's stringy and a crummy blonde color. I hate it and just can't make it look human. I want to cut it all off but my boyfriend likes long hair and won't let me. Don't you think I should cut it all off anyhow?

Gilda,
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Dear Gilda:
Too bad you didn't send a picture with your letter, because it's hard to tell what your problem really is. Possibly a haircut *would* get rid of your bedraggled look: short hair is always smart and much easier to care for. . . . But you really don't have to chop it off and antagonize your boyfriend, *if* you give it proper care. It doesn't sound as though you do. Hair stylist for Columbia Pictures, Helen Hunt, responds to your problem by suggesting that you try shampooing it at least *twice* a week, then be sure to rinse thoroughly, and brush your hair dry before setting it. "Your hair may look crummy simply because you're not washing it often enough," Miss Hunt declares. "More care will give it life and sheen and the dirty blonde look will become beautiful." So, Gilda, try shampoo before you resort to scissors to knock that bird's nest off your head. . . .

Something still bothering *you*? Don't be shy. We'll talk it over if you write to:
Maxine, Under 21
Modern Screen, 750 Third Avenue
New York 17, New York
We'll find the answers for you. We're waiting for your questions. So write that letter *now* and we'll tackle *your* problem.



a FINE for CLARK

One rainy, stormy day in Pima, Arizona, a trailer-truck loomed out of the mist and headed directly for an approaching car. The driver reacted swiftly, cutting his wheels to the right. With a sudden screech of brakes, both vehicles halted.

Clark Gable emerged from his auto unhurt. A patrolman arrived, and finding both men all right, started to write out a ticket for Gable, charging him with 'illegal passing.' Clark grumbled something and got back into his car.

On the day of the hearing, crowds of newsmen gathered at the courtroom. "Hey," shouted one, "bet you Gable doesn't even come himself."

"Yes," agreed another, "he'll probably send some long-winded attorney."

Moments later, Clark Gable stepped from a taxi at the door of the courthouse. He was alone. He made his way up to the door.

The judge entered the courtroom. Clark was called to the stand. "I don't need a lawyer," he explained. "The accident was my fault. I want to plead guilty to the charge."

"Since you're so honest about it, Mr. Gable," said the judge, "the court will fine you the legal minimum—twenty-five dollars, or twenty-five days in jail."

In the midst of Gable's paying the fine, a bailiff burst into the room, and blurted out, "There's maybe two thousand women out there, all screechin' their heads off fer a look at that Gable feller. . . ."

The judge cleared his throat and addressed Clark. "Since you managed to survive the automobile accident with no injuries," he said, "I see no point in putting your life in danger now. I hereby sentence you to remain in my chambers until everything quiets down." Then he winked, "I guess you'll have to take a jail sentence, after all!"

Help Me, Bogey

(*Continued from page 30*)

With an effort, she forced her mind to recall the other living room, the big warm beautiful room in the Holmby Hills mansion where she and her husband and their two children had lived.

She smiled a little as she remembered.

But then something else—a sound she remembered, a sound of that night—echoed in her ears, and the smile disappeared.

It was the creaking sound of the dumbwaiter. It meant that it was five o'clock, that Bogey had been dressed and shaved and that his by-now emaciated, cancer-filled frame had been lifted into the dumbwaiter for his nightly visit downstairs.

On that night, Lauren remembered, she had rushed from the kitchen, where she'd been supervising dinner, to meet her husband and help him from the dumbwaiter into his wheelchair.

"Hello, darling," she'd said, after he was in the chair, smiling and kissing him and adjusting the collar of his scarlet smoking jacket.

Every other night for the past year, Bogey, she remembered, had looked up at her and—after scanning her face very seriously for a moment or two—had winked and smiled back.

But that night there had been no wink and no smile, and she knew that something was wrong.

In the living room a few minutes later, Lauren had poured him his glass of sherry, and then she'd poured one for herself.

"Here's to us," she'd said, lifting her glass, waiting for him to do the same.

He hadn't though, not that night.

Instead, he'd simply brought his drink up to his lips and taken a sip and then, in a voice more hoarse and croakish than it had ever sounded that past year, he had said, "Sit down, Betty . . . there's something I've got to tell you."

Lauren's hand, still raised, had shaken when she'd heard him say that. A little of her drink, she remembered, had spilled to the floor.

"Sure," she remembered herself saying, forcing a laugh, stepping over the damp spot on the rug and walking to a chair and sitting.

Bogey knows the truth

What her husband might as well have said then, she remembered, was that he knew he would be dead in a few days, that the terrible truth, the awful knowledge he'd fought off with all the brave toughness within him had finally reached the center of his brain—and that he knew now what she, his wife, had known and kept from him all these long months.

"I've been thinking, Baby," he'd said, "that in case, just in case, anything happens to me—"

Lauren had forced her laugh again. "Like what, Bogey?" she'd asked, interrupting him, "like what?"

He hadn't answered her.

He'd sat for a minute, looking at her through those over-large eyes set deep in an already unfamiliar face. And then he'd said, "In case anything happens to me, I never want you to live in the past."

"Bogey . . ." Lauren remembered saying, as if pleading with him not to talk that way.

But he'd gone on, anyway.

"It's been a wonderful thing, our life together," he'd said. "Nearly twelve years. Two kids—God bless them—a boy who looks like me, and a girl pretty like you. Comfortable. We've always had everything we needed. And love—that we had most of, Baby, that we had plenty of . . . But don't try to relive it, no matter what happens. Remember, you were a kid when I married you and you've got a long, good time ahead of you. So don't think of me—not too much, Baby. No matter what happens, don't ever live in the past . . . Will you remember that? Will you?"

She had nodded. She hadn't been able to say anything that night after he'd spoken and she had known it would make him happy if she nodded. And so she did.

But now, this night, a year and a half later, remembering what he'd told her, she thought, *But I've tried, I've tried, and it's been no good.*

She thought of the ways she had tried. So many ways, so many painful ways.

I sold the house, our house, she thought. *I didn't want to live there with all our memories. I didn't want to live there in the past—like you said. So I sold it and we moved here, the kids and I, to this house.*

And the furniture. Part of it I sold, part I gave away. Just so the past wouldn't be near me, couldn't be near me. Every chair you ever sat in, every table you ever touched, our bed, our everything, sold, given away . . . gone.

No one really understands

And they've come in, Bogey, some people, and they've wondered: Not even a picture of him on the wall or on the piano— My, that's strange, isn't it?—I mean, you'd think that's the least she could do, to have his picture around.

And they've asked me, some people, Betty honey, where's your bracelet, the one your husband gave you when you first met and fell in love, the one with the whistle on it, that you always used to wear? Oh, you've locked it away? Oh, we see, we see.

But they don't really see, Bogey, do they? They don't really understand that this is the way you wanted it to be, that this is part of what you meant when you told me to forget about the past?

She thought, too, about the social life she'd embarked on a few months after the funeral. How, suddenly, almost impulsively, it seemed, she'd chucked her widow's weeds for the smart cocktail dresses and high-fashion gowns she'd worn so well and so often before her husband's death, and how she'd begun to step out, to go to parties and premières, to live it up and laugh it up again, to tackle life as if it were a contest involving a kind of emotional brawn that she would prove to the grandstanders who watched her every move.

Some of the grandstanders had cheered. "She's got what it takes," they'd said. "She's a fighter. She's not going to let anything that happened, no matter how bad, knock the stuffings out of her."

Others had been less sympathetic, though, much less.

"She's got no class," they'd whispered, a low chorus of catty voices from the bleachers. "She's making a mockery out of something that should have been sacred to her—for a while, at least. She's making a blotch of what was supposed to have been twelve years of wedded bliss. She's got no class, just nerve, and what nerve!"

But Lauren hadn't cared, not one way or the other, about what anybody had thought.

She'd known only that she was doing what Bogey had meant for her to do.

Or, at least, she'd *thought* that this was what Bogey had meant.

Frankie's part

Even that incident with Frank Sinatra—even there, at the beginning, Lauren had thought, despite the criticism from others, she'd been doing (*Continued on page 58*)

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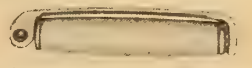
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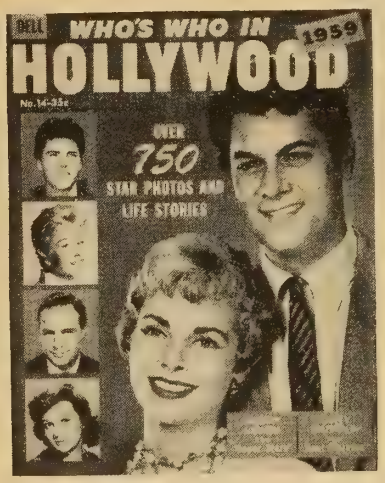


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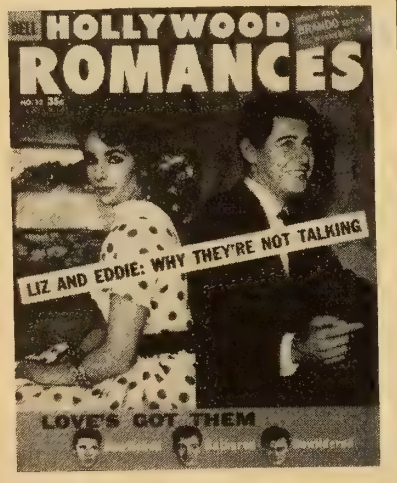
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something that would have pleased Bogey.

For what better friend had they ever had than Frank? And who had seemed more heartsick over Bogey's death when it came, and more anxious to comfort her?

As Frank himself had put it at the time: "Betty is very lonely since Bogart left us—and I'm a lonesome guy, too. So it's quite natural we should get together and try for a few laughs."

The situation that had developed in time—their much publicized dating spree and engagement (a newspaper announced on September 14, 1957, that they were planning to marry momentarily) with both Frank and Lauren saying *No comment* at first, then with Lauren saying *Maybe* and Frank countering with a stunning *No, no, a thousand times no*—all this had been messy, confusing, embarrassing.

But after the clouds of publicity and comment had lifted—after Frank had begun to go his own old way—Lauren realized it was best this way, that she had leaned so much on Frank not because she had really fallen in love with him, but because he had been a close friend when she needed one, a good warm friend, and nothing more.

So, more and more without Frank now, she'd continued living at the fast pace to which she'd become accustomed.

For the most part, this pace had revolved around her married friends, sticking close to them, going out with them, being with them practically all the time.

Occasionally, too, she would date one of Hollywood's crew of good-looking bachelors—men she'd met through her work and at parties, men who seemed very anxious to be with her.

And for a while, this had seemed to be the answer—the married friends, the attentive bachelors, the merry-go-round she was riding, spinning faster and faster, more and more merrily, round and round, almost without let-up.

Sick of it all

But then, suddenly, Lauren had become fed up.

Suddenly, the gayness in her had vanished.

Suddenly, a sick feeling had begun to take hold of her heart.

Suddenly, she had begun to talk not of how happy she was trying to be, but of how unhappy she really was.

About her married friends, there came this comment now: "I'm tired of going out to dinner and to parties with them. Oh, don't misunderstand me. I love them. I envy them their complete lives. But I've had it, just being the extra woman they're sweet enough to invite."

About the Hollywood bachelors, came this angry, disgusted comment: "Most of them are specialists in small talk, with nothing but the promise of boredom to come. I've seen the lowered lids as the sleek head closes in for the kiss on your hand. It's not a life they offer, not even an existence. Just boredom!"

Suddenly then, Lauren Bacall had realized that she was miserable.

And suddenly now, this night, sitting alone in that unfamiliar room, after a year and a half of avoiding this moment, she turned to the man she had known and loved for so long and she begged him to tell her, somehow, what she should do.

"Help me, Bogey, help me, help me," she said. "I've tried. You told me to shut out the past. And I've tried. But it's been no good. . . Look at me. Look. Look at me and see what's happening to me and then talk to me—talk to me once more—and tell me what I've done wrong."

The tears began to fill her eyes.

"Is there something I've done wrong?" she called out, rising from her chair, looking around the empty room. "Is there?"

She waited, the tears streaming down her cheeks, as if an answer might come.

But there was no answer.

"Bogey!" she cried out, once more, desperately.

And then, not knowing exactly what she was doing, conscious only of the fact that she had to get out of this new room and this new house now, right now, she ran into the foyer and out the front door and toward the garage and to her car. . . .

"I swore I'd never come back!"

She'd been driving, no more than fifteen minutes, when she brought the car to a stop.

For a moment, she looked straight ahead, at the black night that faced her.

But then, slowly, she turned her head and she saw it—the house, high up on the hill.

She stared at it for a long while, studying its outline, peeking beyond its far-away windows and into the rooms she remembered so well.

And then the years seemed suddenly subtracted from this night as she heard a voice say, *I just bought it, honey; it's ours for as long as we're together, it's ours.*

She turned away.

She brought her hands up to her ears, to block any more words from the past.

"No," she said now, shaking her head, "it's not ours anymore. I've sold it, Bogey. I've moved. I moved one day and I swore I'd never come back to it and—"

She stopped.

But she *had* come back, she realized.

It had taken some time, but she *had* come back.

And then she realized, for the first time, that despite everything, she had never really moved—that she was still as close to the house and to her dead, beloved husband as she had ever been—that she was still in Hollywood, California, the town they had known together; still with their old friends, the people they had known together—that she had made the mistake of trying to forget the past by clinging to a place and to people too close to that past.

The tears rushing to her eyes again, she lowered her head, bringing her forehead hard against the wheel of the car.

And she sobbed, "I've got to get away. I've got to. . . ."

The change began

A few weeks later, Lauren left for a four-week tour of Europe with some friends.

As one of these friends has said:

"It was the best thing that could have happened to her. On the way over, she was moody and depressed and halfway to Madrid, our first stop, I remember her saying something about missing Stevie and Leslie, her children, and wishing she were back with them. But after a few days in Madrid, and then in Rome, and then Paris, the change began. I don't know exactly what caused it. I think it was being away from Hollywood finally, and meeting lots of new people. And the reception she got from these people—it really thrilled her. Until, at last, we got to London. And that did it!

"In one day, I remember, two important things happened. One was a meeting with an English producer in the morning. He told her how much he'd always admired her and he offered her a part in one of his pictures, to begin filming within a few months there in England and then in India. Betty thanked him for the offer, and for his interest, but she told him she wasn't sure what her answer would be. 'I'm on vacation,' she said. 'It's all so sudden. I'll let you know within a few days, if that's all right.' Then that night there was the party given for her by Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, a fan-

tastically beautiful party with everybody who was anybody in London present—about two hundred people. And—unlike most big parties where the guest of honor usually turns out to be little more than just another guest—all two hundred of them swarmed around Betty and introduced themselves and heaped more love and praise on her than she could ever have possibly imagined. I remember how after the party, over a cup of coffee, she said to me:

"'You know, nobody before—except Bogey—ever made me feel so important, and wanted.'

"And then she decided, right there, that she would take the part in that picture she'd been approached on, that she would return to the States after our trip, pack up her children, come to England, make the picture, and then divide the rest of her time between Europe and New York, her home town.

"'And leave Hollywood?' I asked her.

"She nodded. 'Yes,' she said, 'that's not the place for me anymore.'

"She added, 'I'll go home, spend Christmas with the children and then, right after that, I'll take them back here with me. They're my whole world. They're all I've really got. And maybe here—here and in New York—the three of us can get our feet back on the ground and find out what everything is all about again.' . . ."

"Good-bye, my darling!"

It was a night in January of 1959, the beginning of a new year and of a new life for Lauren Bacall.

The place was the International Airport in Los Angeles.

A crowd of people gathered at the foot of the ramp leading to a European-bound airplane.

They were friends, old friends, who'd come to see Lauren and the children off.

There was much excitement—flowers, photographers, kisses and embraces, shouts of good-bye.

Then a stewardess said it was time to leave and Lauren shooed the children up into the plane.

Finally, a minute later, she herself began to climb the ramp.

When she reached the top step, she waved.

"Come see us, wherever we are," she called out to the old familiar faces below.

"We will," she listened to them all call back, "we will."

She turned and started to enter the plane.

But then, once more, she turned back.

This time, however, she did not wave, nor even look down at the crowd that stood watching her.

Instead, she raised her eyes and looked over to the east, at the low twinkling hills there, and to a spot she could not see beyond those hills.

"Good-bye," she whispered, softly, to someone who could not hear her, who lay beyond those hills.

"Good-bye, my darling. . . ."

And then, suddenly, she turned again, for the last time, and rushed into the plane. **END**

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When it comes to dreaming up gags, Betty Grable is no slouch. One time, when her favorite band leader Harry James was filling an engagement at a popular night spot, Betty decided to drop in on him in a fancy disguise, and see if she could fool him.

Betty was making a movie at the time and she left on her studio make-up during dinner, so that Harry would think she was planning to stay home. But no sooner did he leave the house than Betty went into action. With the help of her hairdresser, Marie Brasselle, she got herself up in a black wig. Next she painted on black eyebrows and applied dark purple lipstick. Her costume consisted of a tight black skirt, a flame-colored blouse, and ankle-strap high-heeled shoes. Marie assured her she looked as sexy as all get-out. At the last moment, Betty remembered to take off her wedding ring.

Escorted by her dance director, Kenny Williams, who was in on the

BETTY GRABLE



fools her family but not her fans!

joke, Betty arrived at the night club. They walked into the dimly lit cocktail lounge, and saw Betty's sister and brother-in-law seated at a table. Williams, who knew them, introduced Betty as a girl friend from Flatbush named Lynn Kelley. There were polite how-de-dos all around. The real test came when Harry James joined the party, and was introduced to Miss Kelley.

When the band leader asked Betty what she did, she played it straight. 'I'm a dancer," she said.

"What did you say her name was?" James whispered to Williams.

"Lynn Kelley," he confided.

"She's rather attractive," James said.

Whereupon Betty broke into loud laughter and the game was up.

But even though Betty had managed to fool her family, she couldn't fool her fans. When she got outside, the autograph hunters immediately buzzed around. One of them, a brash young man, put his arm around the 'dark-haired' beauty.

"Hi, Betty," he greeted her, "may I have the next dance?"

I Will Never Forget You, Sandy

(*Continued from page 37*)

said Debbie, smiling. "Do you want to come in and watch?"

The boy looked at her, then backed away, terrified. Holding his arms up to his face, he fled.

Debbie ran after him, and finally found him in the kitchen, cowering in a corner like some trapped animal.

How frightened he looks, thought Debbie. *Why?*

Aloud she said, "I enjoyed having you watch us. Please come back."

The boy held his head down, scarcely hearing her, his face stony.

"Please," said Debbie, "please come back. I need you. I really do. I want you to tell me how you like this dance. You see, it's very important to me. . . ."

Slowly, she coaxed the child back into the den which she and Leon, by removing the rug, had converted into an impromptu rehearsal room.

Now Debbie wasn't concentrating so much on the dance—important as it was to her rising young career at the time—as she was on the boy. Always quick to sense the hurts of children, Debbie knew that this boy was suffering inside.

"This is such fun," she said, her legs twinkling in a series of taps. "Come on and join me. . . ."

She took him gently by the hand. "Come on, do this with me." Slowly, clumsily, the little boy moved his feet, stomped them in an awkward imitation of Debbie's clean-cut taps.

"Good!" exclaimed Debbie. "Oh, this is great I'm enjoying this. Are you?"

The boy became interested, followed Debbie. She looked at him and saw a flicker of a smile on his face.

Later, Leon told her, "Debbie, it was a miracle. A positive miracle. Do you know what you've done? You made Sandy smile. This is the first time in his life that Sandy *smiled.* And you did it."

And on that day, Debbie learned Sandy's story

Sandy—a troubled child

Sandy was just one of a procession of foster children who came into the home and the lives of Leon and his mother, Mrs. Maude Sperl. Mrs. Sperl, a motherly-looking woman with a twinkle in her eyes, occasionally takes care of mentally-disturbed boys in her little pink stucco house.

Debbie has always been interested in children. And her heart has always gone out to children who have known trouble. Though her own childhood was always serene, she never took its blessings for granted.

"I can't remember," Debbie told me, "the time I wasn't interested in children who needed help." In the days when she was a happy-go-lucky little Girl Scout in Burbank, her troop used to help the spastic children in the community.

But when Debbie began visiting Leon Tyler and his mother, who lived up the street, she discovered that there are children whose bodies bear no scars, but whose spirits are scarred by rejection, cruelty and lack of understanding.

Of all the children she met, Debbie's heart was most taken by Sandy—because of all of them, he needed help most.

When Debbie first saw Sandy he was only six years old. But in his six years of life he had seen more tragedy than most of us see in a lifetime.

His mother had been deserted by her husband when Sandy was born. Deprived of love herself, she turned bitter, took out her unhappiness on Sandy.

Sandy, eager to love and be loved, found himself often rejected by his mother, who hated the whole world, including herself Her hatred against the world grew so bitter that she finally had to be confined to a hospital.

In the meantime, his grandmother, a small, lively, elderly woman, took care of Sandy. She loved him deeply, and he responded to her affection like a plant turning to the sun. But tragedy struck at this valiant woman. She became ill with cancer, her frail figure withered away, and in unbearable pain most of the time, she could no longer take care of Sandy.

A world where hate reigns

Little Sandy didn't understand why he had been deserted by the grandmother who had given him affection; he didn't know why, at the age of six, he was placed in a mental institution with older boys who were potential murderers and delinquents. He didn't even know the long, many-syllabled word that spelled out what was wrong with the boys who shared his quarters at a state hospital with him. All he knew was that once he had been loved, and now he was shut out from love, and in a world where mostly hate reigned.

On the day when Mrs. Sperl first came to visit Sandy, she had heard his story from a social service worker who explained that he had been removed from his home when he had been violent to a little girl, and that he had been in a state hospital for several years. She believed that Sandy, though belligerent, could be helped if someone took a sincere interest in him.

When Mrs. Sperl started to talk to him, he backed away and cried, "You're making me nervous," and ran behind a canteen.

Unpromising as his background was, Mrs. Sperl wanted to help him, and agreed to take him into her home as a foster child.

When Sandy first came to live in Burbank, he held his head down, his eyes fastened morosely on the ground.

That was one of the first things Debbie noticed about him.

"Why don't you hold your head up?" she said, after she got to know him a little better.

"Why should I?" he said, his lips curling bitterly.

"Because, like all people, you are made in the image of God—and we who are made in God's image have a right to hold our heads up."

"Who's God?"

Touching the boy's hair gently, Debbie told him She saw his brown eyes trying to grasp the concept of the all-powerful Being who is also all loving.

"Do you understand?"

He shook his head in dumb bewilderment. The world he had known was one of violence and hatred. How could he possibly believe in a God who was the symbol of love?

More meaningful than her career

Often, thinking of Sandy, Debbie's eyes would fill up. Never did her prayers have so much meaning as now. "Thank You for Your many blessings . . . and please make Sandy well."

Debbie was at the beginning of her career at MGM then. A bright new face in pictures, she was blazing swiftly ahead and everyone said that she would become

a great star some day. But important though her career was to her, it was never quite as meaningful as what was happening to Sandy on any particular day.

Most of the time, Sandy was very belligerent. In the world in which he had been brought up, belligerence was the only way to take things. You couldn't take them with a smile, because there was nothing to smile at. And if you cried, someone might beat you for it. Other children had parents who loved them; other children lived in a world of teddy bears, toy trains and wondrous clowns. Sandy's was a world where you fought for everything and never knew what it meant to be at peace.

He was an angry little boy—too young and defenseless to know exactly what to be angry at. One day, when Debbie was visiting Mrs. Sperl's home, she saw Sandy struggling with the buttons on his shirt. In a fury, he tore the shirt off and ripped it to ribbons.

"Why did you do that?" Debbie asked.

Head down, he wouldn't answer. Finally he said, "It made me mad."

"Why?"

"It wouldn't button."

"Don't you think it was foolish to be angry at a shirt?" said Debbie. "It wasn't to blame for the fact that you had trouble buttoning it. If you promise not to tear it, I'll buy you another shirt, but you must let me teach you how to button it. Will you promise?"

Sandy promised. His face became softer; he had seen so much unkindness, so little kindness.

To Debbie it wasn't enough just to make a fuss over Sandy when she visited Leon and Mrs. Sperl. Undeterred by the fact that she had been warned Sandy was unpredictable and could suddenly become violent, she had invited him over to swim in her new pool, a gift she had given herself and her family when her first option had been picked up.

"When he's busy letting off steam swimming, he won't let off steam in a destructive way," she said to those who tried to discourage her from having a wild boy like Sandy around. Debbie would go in swimming with him, teach him new strokes, keep him occupied.

The one thing he needed

But so much hate had been built up in poor Sandy that he couldn't forget it completely, even lying in the sun by the side of Debbie's pool. One day he became very rowdy. It happened on a day when someone from the studio was at Debbie's house. Anyone else would have sent Sandy home, rather than permit him to tear around when a big shot from the studio was there.

But Debbie has always been very direct, and it didn't matter to her if her guest was a studio wheel or someone from the neighborhood; to have sent Sandy home in disgrace would have set him back.

In the meantime, she knew she had to divert him. "I'll race you," she called out to Sandy, jumping feet first into the pool. He followed. She splashed him with water, he threw some water back at her, and when he emerged from all this horseplay in the pool, he was more peaceful.

Although most people found him violent and frightening, to Debbie he was a child with a child's wants and a child's needs; and out of her great heart she gave him the one thing he needed most—love.

You cannot achieve a miracle in a day, a week, a month or a year. Only God can make a miracle. But sometimes for a while He uses a human being as an instrument of His love.

One day, Debbie noticed Sandy watching her with her two French poodles. "Want to play with them?" she asked, noticing the way his eyes were taking in every movement of the playful poodles.

"Oh, yes," he said.

Like a red light, the warning she had heard from someone who knew Sandy's background flashed across her mind: "Never give him pets to play with; he can become violent. He might harm them."

Debbie loved her two poodles. And yet in God's world, wasn't a child even more important than a beloved pet? Wasn't it possible that the gentle puppies might awaken something in Sandy that would be good for him to know?

Her mind worked rapidly: the well-being of two beautiful pets against the well-being of a turbulent, disturbed child.

"Here they are," she said, placing one of the poodles in his arms. And then she left.

The acid test

When she returned, her heart was beating fast. Had she made a mistake? She walked back to where she had left Sandy. He was leaning over the dog, fondling it gently. . . .

First it was the dog, then it was Debbie, and finally it was Mrs. Sperl. He loved them. Debbie was the only one he would permit to touch him. He followed Debbie around like a little puppy. With her, he lost some of his hostilities. She tried to get him interested in going to school, but the parents of the other children were afraid to have their children play with him. Most who met Sandy were frightened by him—but never Debbie.

Once he asked her, "Debbie, do you really believe in God?"

"Why, of course."

"Why can't I see Him?"

"Because He is invisible . . . a Spirit that flows through the world. He is our Father. . . ."



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Again, the boy was perplexed. Our Father? He had never known what it meant to have his father's arms around him, to hear a father say, "I love you, son." Was the Divine Father different?

Love can achieve miracles. We all know that. And yet there comes a time when love alone is not enough. Three people—Maude Sperl, Leon Tyler and Debbie—matched their unbounded love against a mind that had been filled with hate and rebellion.

I wish I could tell you that their love was victorious. It accomplished much, but in the end, the psychiatrists who studied Sandy decided it was time for him now to have special medical treatment that was available only under constant care in a hospital.

And so Sandy went back to the hospital.

He had known Debbie's love for two and a half years. At the thought of having it withdrawn from him, his face became tense and harried. "Sandy, Sandy," said Debbie gently, "with God's help, they'll make you well at the hospital. And I'll come to see you."

"Promise?"

"I promise."

A promise remembered

A short time later she kept that promise. It was just after she had made another sacred promise: *for better or for worse, till death do us part* . . . She had made it to Eddie Fisher. She was beginning a new life that she thought would be glorious with the man she loved. Her career was in high gear. She had just finished a picture; her day was filled with appointments, for the very next night she was flying to New York to be with Eddie.

She phoned many friends to say goodbye, Leon among them.

"I'm going to visit Sandy at the hospital tomorrow," he said.

"How is Sandy?"

There was a pause. "He's unhappy. We're worried about him. He's going back into his shell again."

Debbie gasped. "Wait a minute, Leon." She looked at her appointment book. It was crowded from early in the morning until the moment she was to step on the plane. But she remembered a promise she had made to Sandy.

She bit her lips. "Leon, please meet me tomorrow morning at eight, at Sepulveda and Ventura. I'm going with you to see Sandy."

The next morning, Debbie rode up the beautiful coastal highway that leads to a great state hospital, but she had no eyes for the majestic scenery, the waves dashing against the rocks, the winding road that skims the ocean and darts through the wooded mountainside.

There were only two thoughts in her mind: *I must leave to be with Eddie,* and *I must help that poor, frightened boy.*

Sandy was in isolation. He had lost weight; he looked remote. She tried to get him to open up. She reminded him of their swimming dates, she talked about the poodle he had loved. And when his eyes became aware of where he was and who was with him, she got permission to leave the room with him and walk up to the corridor with him.

He was proud that the people in the hospital could see him walking side by side with Debbie. "They didn't believe I knew you," he said. A small lost boy, he needed her kindness to give him back a little of his lost identity.

So proud and happy

God has created each one of us unique and different, Debbie had once told him. But the world in its cruelty had made him

feel that he was nobody. So he needed the reassurance of knowing that a woman who was very famous and very lovely thought enough of him to visit him. And little did he dream of the famous names with whom she'd canceled appointments in order to spend a few hours with him.

He was so proud and happy, holding Debbie's hand, walking by her side. Later, the doctor told Debbie, "Young lady, if you ever give up movie work, I have a job for you here. The way you handled that boy was wonderful."

The doctor offered to take her through the wards. Debbie was struck by a young girl who was sitting by herself, her head hanging as though to wipe out the world.

"This girl," she was told, "won't talk to anyone."

Debbie walked over to her. "Hello. I'm Debbie Reynolds."

A flicker of awareness flashed into the girl's eyes. Debbie touched her hair. "You have such lovely hair," she said.

A tragic little face came up slowly. "Me? My hair's ugly."

Next month

in

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"It's lovely. All you have to do is comb it right and set it. Shall I show you?"

Debbie ran her own comb through the girl's hair, talking gently to her. Then she showed the girl how it looked in the mirror of her purse. The girl sat up.

"Your hair is beautiful. Lots of little girls in Hollywood would be happy to have hair like yours. But they have to take care of it."

When the doctor returned, he was amazed. The girl's unkempt hair was combed, a slight wave coaxed on top. When they left, the girl was timorously patting her hair, holding Debbie's comb.

Afterwards, Debbie sat alone with the doctor in his office.

"I've learned a lot being here today," she said. "I've seen a lot. Tell me—what do you need to help these unhappy children?"

"We need people with understanding; we need financial help. We need a place where these children, once they get out of the hospital, can find love, care and understanding—a bridge between the hospital and normal life. We need a good clinic, staffed by fine doctors, where they can receive care very early."

"My project for a lifetime"

On the drive back with Leon, Debbie was thoughtful.

"Leon, those poor kids—those poor, emotionally-wrecked kids. The world labels them crazy. They're not crazy at all; they're unloved. If we can save any of these children, how wonderful it would be. If we can only give them that 'bridge' the doctor told me about, maybe many more of them could live like happy human beings.

"I'm lucky. In my work I meet many people who can help. Maybe one of the reasons I have been given the chance to have a movie career was so that I'd be able to meet the right people—powerful people who can help these children.

"In whatever way I can, I want to help these children." She looked out at the surging ocean. "I'm going to make this my project for a lifetime. . . ."

The night of the Thalian Ball

It was just before Christmas, 1958, the night of the Thalian Ball. The International Ballroom of the Beverly Hilton glistened with beautiful gold decorations and glamorously gowned women flanked by black-tied men. The most important people in Hollywood had paid fifty dollars a couple to come, the proceeds to be turned over to the Thalians for their charity work in building a clinic on the grounds of Mt. Sinai Hospital in Los Angeles for mentally disturbed children.

Debbie, as the Thalians' dynamic president for the past two years, had done a tremendous amount of work to put the ball across. And she looked radiant in a strapless, pale blue chiffon gown. She had come alone, but throngs of people surrounded her. Graciously, she had insisted that there be no speeches made in her honor that night, but she couldn't stop the tributes voiced by the guests among themselves. Her eyes shining, she looked around the gay, crowded room and thought, *This is helping our clinic. This ball will give us thousands and thousands of dollars to make our clinic possible.*

The ball was a magnificent success. Tomorrow there was more to do. And the day after . . . and the day after that. There were children to be helped, the new clinic to be built. Even now, before the clinic was an actuality, little children with clouded minds were being helped by a group of psychiatrists—all made possible by the work of the Thalians. But the clinic was on its way now. Soon, hundreds of children would walk through its doors and be led out of the darkness and into the light where they belonged.

Only a few couples remained to dance to the final strains of the orchestra. Debbie, shivering slightly, drew her white mink stole around her shoulders and rose from her table. She felt tired now. And alone. So terribly alone. During the gaiety of the evening, she had forgotten how tired she really was.

As she started out, Leon Tyler caught up with her and touched her arm.

"It was great, Debbie," he said. "It's going to help a lot of kids. A lot of Sandys."

Debbie smiled. She held her head up and walked lightly to the door. Suddenly, she wasn't tired. Not anymore.

She was alone, yes, but her heart didn't seem so empty now. She had something to fill her days, a project to last a lifetime . . . Long ago a strange little boy had knocked on the door of her heart and from that moment on her life was filled with a wonderful new kind of love. All because of Sandy.

"Thank you, Sandy," she whispered to herself . . . "I hope I was able to help you a little, but thank you, oh so much, for helping me." **END**

Debbie can soon be seen in SAY ONE FOR ME *for 20th, and* THE MATING GAME *for MGM.*

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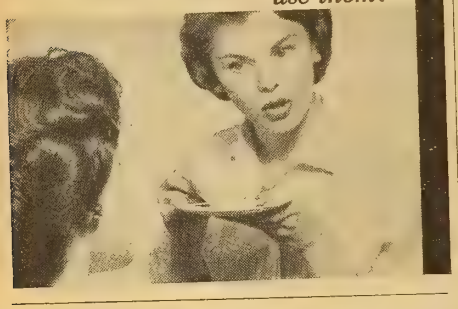
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A Hollywood Tragedy

(*Continued from page 49*)

too hard for her to explain her misery.

After all, how could you tell a man that no matter where he took you, no matter what you did, the days were empty, the nights were agony? How could you say out loud, 'You see, I'm in love with a man who has children and a sick wife. Last Christmas I didn't see him, but he called. Last New Year's I was foolish, but I had hope.

'This year, we have given each other up for good.

'This year, hope is gone.'

Inger Stevens sat motionless in her chair, remembering. . . .

She had seen him many times on the screen, but the first time she saw him in person was at the Pantages Theater in Hollywood on the night of March 27, 1957, when the Academy Awards were given out. He had walked past her down the aisle and she had thought briefly, *what a wonderful-looking person he is.* Just that—no more. For she was dating Bing Crosby then and the tangled, mixed-up confusion of that relationship was all she could think about.

But by the time she met him again on the Paramount lot, that tall, exciting man who had stridden past her without so much as a glance, Bing had married Kathy Grant and Inger's heart, a little bruised, a little empty, a little relieved—was free.

It didn't stay that way for long. Work brought them together, made them spend hours in each other's company. He didn't look through her or past her any more—and suddenly she could see nothing, nobody, but him. Wrong? Yes. Insane? Yes. He was married, he had a family, he had a position to maintain in Hollywood and in the world. They should have stopped cold before love began to grow out of their friendship. They should have understood that first wild attraction, and stayed away from each other.

But they didn't. They fell in love instead.

A secret revealed

Within weeks, everyone knew. The studio help gossiped about it. Items appeared in every Hollywood column, mentioning no names—only because the man had a wife, and she was respected. The secret was lost—and with it, discretion.

They became almost a joke. Their picture over, he went on to star in another one. There was a little starlet working in that one with him, and he took an interest in her—only professional, almost fatherly. Inger, walking onto the set to watch him work (since there was no secrecy any more) would find the two of them in a quiet corner, going over her brief scenes. Inger would smile, too brightly. He would grin back. His big, well-known voice would boom out for the entire set to hear: "What's the matter, huh? You *jealous*?" He was only teasing her, she knew, and she tried to find light, gay answers, words to show that nothing could be further from her thoughts. Sometimes the words wouldn't come. She would be forced to walk away, her cheeks red, her lips tight.

What was the use? She *was* jealous.

As always, she threw herself completely into love. He went away on location miles from Hollywood. If she could have gone with him, she would have. But commitments kept her home, so she did the next best thing: she paid him brief, fantastic visits. On one day, still talked about by those who knew, she flew down to have breakfast with him and watch him in the morning's work. That noon, she flew back to Hollywood to keep a business appointment. And that afternoon, she flew back to him for dinner.

A lonely year

But eventually she knew it couldn't go on like that.

He was not free, and he could not free himself. They had better part forever. After all, she was young and beautiful and on the threshold of a great career. He had his own work, his children. Time would heal their hearts.

She had had vast experience in saying good-bye. Good-bye to love, good-bye to happiness.

So she said it once again, and it was all over.

"I'm going to Sweden," she told a columnist, "and I'll stay as long as I can. Maybe I'll never come back. I don't know if I'll be happier living in Europe. I'll have to find out. But from now on, I'm only interested in me, in being happy. I want to find out what kind of person I am." She had smiled sadly. "The only family I have," she said, "is a little dog. He's very loyal—he doesn't leave me."

In the quiet bedroom, the hands of the clock moved on. Very slowly, Inger Stevens arose, walked to her dressing table. Before it, she lifted a brush to her hair. Her eyes met her in the mirror.

The only one I have, she had said. The only one who doesn't leave me. . . .

Was that true, the eyes asked her. Did you believe it even when you said it? Was there never anyone who loved you—and whom you left?

A lonely immigrant

She had married very young. Not in years—she was in her early twenties—but in experience. She had never made friends easily and in high school in a tiny town, Manhattan, Kansas, she had been very much alone. She felt very keenly that she was an outsider, a little Swedish immigrant girl who had traveled with only her still younger brother for companion, to join her father in America, when she was only thirteen. America had awed her, the trip had frightened her, her accent provoked laughter and her foreign clothes and shoes—which the family was too poor to replace—set her off as different right away. She wanted friends, but "I couldn't communicate with the girls," she told a reporter wistfully, years later. "And boys—boys sort of bored me. I felt all the small talk was silly—who was seeing who, who was buying what with what allowance. Of course, I know now it was just that things had been so different somehow in Sweden, and I couldn't get used to it here. . . ."

So, friendless—with no money and no contacts, with no experience with men and dates, but holding a vague dream of becoming an actress—she came to New York and set about making the rounds.

One of the first people she met was Tony Soglio. He was an agent and he was attracted to her at once. "I can help you," he told her, and he meant it. He worked hard for her, getting readings for her, taking her to auditions, opening doors that had been closed. Gradually she became his whole world; she saw it, and was amazed. No one had ever made her the center of his life before. When he proposed to her, she accepted; they were married in July, 1955. And at once, she knew it had been a mistake, that she did not know, and never would know, exactly why she had married him. But it was done, and he was a good guy who loved her. She tried to make the best of it, she tried to fight the terrible depressions that came more and more often. Tony did his best to help. He got her to talk about her-

self, her unhappy childhood, her parents who had left her to come to a new country, eventually to leave her and her brother again for new marriages and other parts of the world. The long talks into the night didn't help. (Later Tony was to say that it was not the failure of their marriage that caused Inger's unhappiness; it was her deep, old unhappiness that caused their marriage to fail.)

Inger's new love

Whatever the reason, the marriage was over terribly soon—and in terrible circumstances.

For late in the same summer in which she became Tony's bride, Inger fell in love for the first time—and with another man.

He was her co-star in a summer stock show in which Tony had placed her. He was a good-looking, talented young man, and they were thrown together a great deal, often rehearsing love scenes, often alone. Inger had never been in love before, she didn't know how to fight it, how to protect herself.

Tony came to the stock theater week ends; at those times he watched the shows and gave Inger his opinion afterwards. It was usually a highly critical opinion; it could have helped her, but Inger, torn by emotions and fears, was increasingly sensitive to criticism, unable to profit by it. For her romance, though, Tony had only patience, unbelievable patience. He met the boy; he was nice, and more than nice to him. Perhaps in his deep love he believed that if he waited long enough, Inger would come to love *him* instead. But a difficult situation became gradually impossible.

Years later Inger was to hear, from a third person, the boy's own account of what happened then:

"Tony invited me to have dinner with them—even though he guessed about me. He thought I was great in the show and wanted to sign me . . . But I felt that would be disastrous. After we got back to the city I continued to see Inger for a while. She was crazy about me but I was in no position to tell her to get a divorce and ask her to marry me. I was red-hot from that summer. Every agent in town and several movie studios were after me. But it got around about Inger and me. And I was worried if they got a divorce and it came about—well, it would hurt my chances. So I told Inger we'd have to cool it. After all, I couldn't jeopardize my career."

That was the kind of man to whom she had given her heart.

The brink of failure

If she had been miserable before, she was doubly so then. Tony wanted her to stay with him, to try again. She owed it to him, and she stayed. Somehow during the next year he managed to help raise money for a show that was to make Inger a Broadway star: it was called *Debut*. In work, they both tried to forget their problems, forget the marriage that still, despite all efforts, tottered constantly on the brink of failure.

Debut opened in New York on February 22, 1957. Inger and Tony sat up all night, waiting for the morning papers, the reviews. Finally, they came.

The most important critic, Bosley Crowther of the *New York Times* wrote for the world to read that for an actress like Inger Stevens there was no room on Broadway—or for that matter, in summer stock or anywhere else.

She received one of the worst, the harshest, the most unkind reviews any actress had ever gotten.

She was a failure in her personal life, a failure in her work. If she could have, she would have fled from the world, have hidden away—where no one could find her.

But where was there to go? She had no family, no friends, no faith in herself.

And then a woman named Lillian Small wrote to her. No matter what the critics had said, Lillian, a Hollywood agent, liked Inger in *Debut*. She could arrange a screen test for her. Would Inger come to Hollywood? Inger would. She had no hope of success. But at least—it was somewhere to go. On the loneliest Easter of her life, she arrived in Hollywood.

There she moved in with Lillian Small, and slowly, she began to get work in TV. A fear she had carried with her for years, an unreasoning fear that as soon as she got a part, she would be fired, stayed with her—but still, she worked. Across the country from Tony, she came at last to believe that her marriage to him could never be successful, and began discussing divorce proceedings. And then she met another man, her second love.

A new start ruined

He was a young actor, and he played opposite her on a television show. He too had known heartache and failure, but together he and Inger seemed to find a peace, a happiness neither had ever known. Dinner dates became more and more frequent, long talks more and more wonderful. Within months they were deeply in love, planned to marry as soon as Inger's divorce came through. All that summer they were together, swimming, riding, planning their future. True, things were slow for the boy right then, but he was a talented actor, he would get his big break soon.

But an important business advisor did not approve. Inger was on her way to becoming a star. And she should be seen with stars, not with struggling young actors. From a personal point of view also, the advisor lacked faith in the boy—what if he never made good, what would become of Inger then? Inger should not tie herself down too soon. She should date others. Inger had a chance to read for *Man on Fire*, the new Bing Crosby picture, and whether she got the role or not, it meant she was becoming somebody.

Listening, Inger shook her head. But she was frightened. She had messed her life up so many times before. Was she going to do it again? Perhaps she should take the advice experience offered. But she was in love, she didn't want to date anyone else.

Her confusion increased when she got the role in *Man on Fire*. Her confusion and her fears. The boy was delighted for her, but she was terrified. She would certainly be fired in a week. What had ever made her—or anyone else—think she could act, especially opposite Crosby? She became absent-minded with worry. Odd things, peculiar accidents happened. She developed a fear of the telephone, hated to answer it. She got sick and called in a wrong prescription to a drug store, spent days taking the wrong, possibly harmful pills. Memories of childhood accidents haunted her—she discovered that her earliest memory was of an accident in Sweden when at the age of three, she somersaulted onto a stone, covering her head with blood and leaving still visible scars. She spent sleepless nights reviewing past failures and the next day on the set Bing would comment that she looked tired, how about a quiet dinner with him, a little relaxation?

Finally she said yes.

A double life

From then on, she lived in two worlds, in two lives. In the one, she loved the boy, hoped it would work out. In the

(*Advertisement*)

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

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other, she was treated as a star, shown the world of wealth and fame. She was ill again, this time with appendicitis. The young actor rushed her to the hospital, hovered over her—but when she was well again, the glow had gone from their love.

If she loved this boy, why did she enjoy seeing Bing so much? If she married him and woke up to find she had made another tragic error . . . ?

Torn by doubts, she fled to Palm Springs when the picture was over. Suddenly Bing was in Palm Springs, too, and the papers began listing them as a huge romance. She had wanted peace and quiet; she got, instead, a frantic, wonderful whirl of fun. When she got to Hollywood, she told the boy that perhaps they had better not see each other any more, after all. She told him on Valentine's day.

She knew she had broken his heart. . . .

Yes, she had had faithful loves other than just the little dog she had talked of—other loves who had not left *her*.

Loves *she* had left.

And for what? What had she had from her romance with Bing? A good time, yes. An exciting time. A touch of the fabulous. Had he ever loved her? The way Tony had loved her—so patiently, so hopefully? And had she ever loved him with the love and joy she had given to that boy? It was ironic now, that only months after she left him, the boy in Hollywood had finally gotten his big chance. They could have had love, and security as well. Instead she had had a brief romance, a very generous gift certificate from Bing as a birthday present, a little shock to her troubled heart when—only days after he took her to an important party for his Edsel spectacular, showed her off as his girl—he suddenly married Kathy Grant. (She had sent the gift certificate, untouched, back to him as a wedding present.)

An empty life

Little troubles mounted up so hugely when she lay awake at night thinking: the infected tooth that made working in *The Buccaneer* an agony; the time, during the filming of *Cry Terror,* when they had worked in the Hudson Tubes and she had gone too near a generator, had been pulled away from a strange sleepiness just in time; the trip to Sweden that had settled nothing, cured nothing, only taught her that wherever she went, she took her misery, her loneliness, her lost loves with her; this beautiful apartment in New York that held beautiful, empty rooms; these dates that should have been fun, and were not—the unfriendly world around her.

These were the sum of her life. These were the possessions arranged around her as the clock ticked on, as the hours went by without a world, without a call from him—without hope that there ever would be a call again.

Beside her hand, on the dressing table, sat an array of bottles. Bottles of perfume for the dates she did not enjoy. Bottles of medicine, for the illnesses that plagued her. Bottles of—other things.

Inger Stevens reached blindly for a bottle. . . .

The building superintendent found her, beautiful in her pink negligee, with the tears dried upon her cheeks, and took her to a hospital to be saved from death.

Suicide, as the columnists hint?

Accident, as Inger's acquaintances insist?

Or was it one more occurrence like the wrong pills, the constant illnesses, the unwary heart that had made her life a series of tragic accidents?

Inger Stevens, coming out of her coma days later, surrounded by questions, remained silent . **END**

Inger is appearing in THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL *for MGM.*

Jim Garner

(*Continued from page 23*)

to make anyone happy . . . your own happiness and your love is showing. It's also a privilege because we know how you have felt about such a photo being taken. How your door was always shut to photographers who begged for the family group. That we are able to have this photo is something we're grateful for.

When we first heard of this gingham curtain around your home and family (as unpenetrable as any curtain the Kremlin ever had) we must admit we thought that perhaps the success of your show *Maverick* had gone to your head. After all, Alan Ladd, Esther Williams, Tony Curtis and many other great stars had allowed their public to see them and their children at home. Why should you refuse? Why, when you were asked about Kim's life at school, or whether Greta had her first tooth yet, did you always change the subject and start talking about your TV show and your personal appearance tours and so many other things which, while they were interesting in a way, were not what your public wanted to hear about. But the most surprising thing is you didn't feel this way a year ago.

When we spoke to you a year ago, Jim, we didn't know very much about you. We're a movie magazine and we're mainly concerned with movie people. So another TV western called *Maverick* didn't mean much to us. We did see you in *Sayonara,* though, and we liked you, and as fast as quick-silver it seemed that all our readers liked you too and wanted to read about you. So we questioned you.

You told us everything we wanted to know about you. You told us that you had been a carefree guy, a drifter and adventurer, who had never had strong home ties. Your mother died when you were five, and you were virtually on your own by the time you were thirteen. At sixteen you were a Merchant Marine seaman; at twenty-two, an infantryman in Korea where you were wounded twice; at twenty-four, a would-be actor. You told us you were twenty-eight and a veteran of a hundred jobs, romances and brawls when you were introduced to Lois Clark at a Hollywood swimming pool. She was a divorcee, trying to forget a broken teenage marriage, dabbling in radio acting, raising a seven-year-old daughter who had just come home from the hospital after a bout with polio.

A head start

She had noticed that all the kids were hanging around you in the pool, and she knew you had a way with kids. She had liked you at once.

Charlton Heston once told how he got the title role in "Ben Hur": "I happen to be one of two men in Hollywood who can drive a chariot. Francis X. Bushman is the other—but he's over 70."

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

You liked her, too, and twenty-five days later, in August, 1956, you were married.

We got a little nervy then and we asked if you didn't think marrying a woman with a seven-year-old child was a stumbling block. And we liked your answer: "Never for a moment did I consider it a stumbling block. It was a head start. I couldn't have been happier about it. I had only one moment of apprehension, just before I met Kim for the first time, because I knew if we didn't hit it off my whole engagement could have blown up."

Once you got started, Jim, we didn't have to ask you about Kim and Lois and the expected baby. You wouldn't stop talking about them. You kept telling us warm and wonderful little things.

You told us about the hard time Kim had when she got started at a school near your new home. And naturally being so proud of you, she told everybody in her class that her daddy was *Maverick.* Only none of the kids would believe her. In fact they didn't believe her until her teacher brought a copy of a program guide with your picture on the cover and explained to everyone that this was, without doubt, Kimberly's father.

Then you were proud that Kim was now a big wheel in school because of it. And it seemed to us that you were happy that you were going successfully because it made Kim happy and important.

You told us, too, how *Maverick* helped form a bond between Lois and your neighbors in your ten-family building. How every Monday morning the ladies would drop by and talk about the show and give their opinions, and how they helped keep Lois from being too lonely when you were away at the studio for long stretches of time.

And you told us how Kimberly was thrilled that there was going to be a new baby, and how pleased you were at her happiness. You laughed when you told us how positive Kimberly was that she was going to have a sister, when you and Lois were so sure you were going to have a son. And when you told this to Kim, she agreed to compromise and accept the idea of a baby brother . . . if you would guarantee her a sister too—at the same time.

That's the way it was with you a year ago Jim. It was almost impossible to get you to *stop* talking about Lois and Kim and your expected baby, long enough for us to find out more about *Maverick.*

Pictures . . . later

And when we asked if we could get a few pictures of you and Lois, you were so apologetic as you spoke about Lois's unphotogenic condition and about the fact that the apartment was hardly furnished. You went on to tell us that because you didn't want to get into debt you took a small place until you could save enough money to buy a house outright. You had just bought the dining room set and some furniture for the nursery and you were so pleased about it. "Wait," you asked us, "in a few months the apartment will be ready . . . and Lois will be ready."

We waited—and all your fans waited.

Greta Scott was born, and although it wasn't the son you hoped for and expected, that fact didn't dim your joy. Slowly the apartment filled up with nice, modest, serviceable furniture. You even got a new car and we heard how delighted you were that the dealer recognized you and gave you the car at wholesale price. And we heard how you scoffed when a friend of yours told you that you should have waited a little longer and you certainly would have been given one free.

Your salary went up—from $350 to $1,500 and the rating of your show went up and up and up. And still you lived in that small apartment and saved your

money. And once when you lost $20 in a poker game you quit, insisting: "That's all I can afford."

So although your fame grew, your head seems to stay that same modest size.

I guess that's why we were so shocked to hear about your negative attitude toward publicity—when it came to talking about your kids and Lois or being photographed with them at home.

You didn't mince words at first.

"I give all I can to my career, but I'll be darned if I'll open my house to a bunch of photographers."

Then you softened a little!

"I can't let them in. I've got to have time to sit and talk to my wife, and play with my kids, and watch TV!

"I once let a photographer come into the house for a half hour. They're nice, photographers are . . . but having them in the house means a lot of pressure for Lois and the kids. So I said no more!"

You were equally adamant about having Lois talk to the press.

"At the beginning, I permitted an interviewer to see Lois, and she was misquoted. So no more interviews with my wife."

That was your new attitude, Jim, and the magazine and newspaper press throughout the country felt a little miffed and disappointed. You can't blame us. After all, we have our readers to serve and our readers wanted Jim Garner and family as much as they wanted *Maverick*. After all, how much can you say about a fictitious character?

The lowdown from a friend of Jim's

We couldn't understand the attitude and we told a friend of yours so. He then proceeded to tell us your side of the story.

"I knew Jim before he was signed for *Maverick*. I still see him around all the time. Changed? Not Jim. Still has his sense of humor. Has a heck of a lot more humility than most of the fellows who made it big via TV westerns. Cooperative? You bet your life. But can you blame a guy who has just been married a couple of years for wanting some privacy in his home-life during the few hours a week he's at home to get any home-life at all?

"Do you know his schedule? Why he works eleven hours a day, and he's still tired from two seasons of work without a vacation. 'If I ever have a vacation,' he told me, 'I'd sit for a week!'

"When he comes home, he avoids talking shop. He has developed a system of studying his script on Saturdays only.

"On those rare days at home, he plays with Kim, who's nine now and very bright. Sometimes he takes her golfing. With daughter Greta, a year old, it's mostly holding her and wondering at the eternal miracle of an infant growing.

"Then he puts on TV and relaxes. When Sid Caesar's show was on, Jim thought it was the greatest. Now he has no favorites. But he has little time for TV. 'I'm too busy galloping across the screen myself,' he laughs. But, when he does see himself on TV, he gets 'a little sick' and turns the TV set off.

"Sometimes he watches two football games at the same time . . . in an effort to make up for the ones he misses.

"But even at home he finds it almost impossible to relax.

"He has been plagued by phone calls from strangers—fans, salesmen, and whatnot. Even though he's had an unlisted phone, they somehow get the number. So, each month, he changes the number, and that means he must make sure he remembers the new number, too.

"Once the new number gets out, at least fifty calls a day tie up the line. Lois, feeding the baby every four hours, often naps in the daytime . . . and the phone calls disturb her. Jim urges her to ignore the calls or take the receiver off the hook, but she always worries it might be Jim calling, so she picks up the phone.

"Because of his heavy work schedule, he and Lois have very little social life. 'We just don't have any,' he told me. 'We don't go out. Our private life is dull, real dull; nothing glamorous.'

"Sometimes, they play double ping pong against Marie Windsor and her husband Jack Hub. Sometimes he plays poker with Lee Marvin. His greatest relaxation is golf, however, and he shoots in the high seventies and is a six-handicap man.

"Because the studio often calls him in for dubbing or 'some small thing' on his day off, he delights in outfoxing the studio by getting up at 6:00 a.m., and driving to a golf course.

"When the studio calls, Lois tells the truth, 'Jim is golfing, but I don't know at what course.' Then when Jim finishes his game, he phones Lois for messages.

The change in Jim

"He takes time out to phone his Oklahoma grandmothers, Mrs. Weeks and Mrs. Baumgarner, and to call his dad and stepmother, now living in Los Angeles. He even makes time to try to help his brother Jack, manager of a Florida ball team, who has a good singing voice and, Jim feels, ought to be in show business too.

"His friends at the studio watch him when he phones the house to see if Lois is feeling all right and if the baby is well. They watch him as he makes a memo to pick up two extra containers of milk on his way home. They shake their heads in disbelief at his change from a hellraising bachelor to a contented husband, a guy who at the end of a long day sometimes doesn't even wait to remove his make-up so he can speed quickly home, hoping to get there before the kids go to sleep.

"It isn't only the hours before the cameras you know that keeps Jim away from his family. It's all the other obligations that he's forced to meet, too.

"Do you know, he's traveled more than 50,000 miles (twice around the world in mileage) promoting the show and thus his time at home was diminished even more. But Jim doesn't complain. He knows it's part of the game in show business and he's willing to go along.

"Busy as he is on these tours, he insists upon time to go to children's hospitals. He'll go anywhere to help kids.

"Then he gets back to Hollywood and is plagued by requests for interviews. He lets the studio arrange them, doing as many as he can graciously.

"But, now can you see why he balks at bringing interviewers or photographers to his home . . . ?"

Well, Jim, to be perfectly frank with you, after hearing what your friend had to say I did see.

I'm a father of two young children myself, Erika and Deej, and if I were as deprived as much as you are of the time I could spend with them, I'd be mighty jealous of the time I did have.

As a father, your edict about photographers and reporters in your home makes sound sense to me.

But as the editor of MODERN SCREEN, *I must confess again how delighted I am that you broke down for the first and last time, and we are able to have this tender family portrait for our viewers this month.*

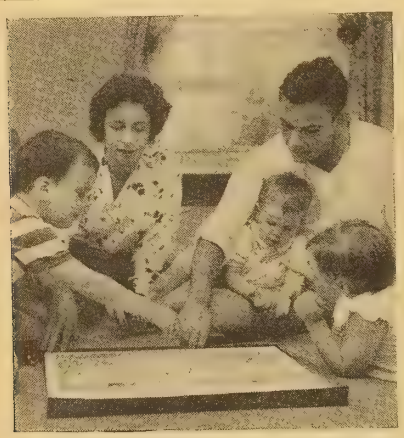
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Don't Cry, Honey

(*Continued from page 47*)

was the only solution—to save the baby's life. Little Jamie Lee would be fine, the doctor had reassured her.

Yes, Janet remembered. But she remembered something else. She knew, with a mother's deepest instinct, that any surgery on so tiny an infant is risky. No matter how minor it is—and this wasn't really that minor.

By a miracle, this baby, while Janet was still carrying it, had twice escaped death when Janet had been involved in automobile accidents. But now death's dark shadow might be closing in again. Janet shivered. Tony saw that shiver, and he realized how difficult it would be for Janet to remain in the corridor waiting, waiting—and imagining things while she waited.

There is a children's ward on that floor.

"Why don't we go in and visit the kids?" Tony suggested.

Janet brightened. They told the nurse where they'd be, and walked hand in hand into the big room.

The children, on seeing Tony and Janet, smiled and called out gaily. Tony and Janet went from bed to bed, talking to the children and signing casts.

One boy shyly asked Janet, "May I kiss you?" Janet leaned closer. He kissed her, then she put her face tenderly against his cheek and hugged him. She looked at the plucky kids, and her thoughts went back to that other room, where her own baby was undergoing an ordeal.

Soon the nurse came in. Even before she spoke, Janet and Tony knew by the smile on her face that the news just had to be good.

"Your baby came through the operation fine. She's a wonderful baby. The operation is a success, and the doctor will tell you so himself as soon as he comes out."

And with those words, the most heartbreaking time in their entire lives came to an end.

"Manny's dead!"

This terrible period had begun with a midnight phone call only two weeks earlier. Janet, heavy with child, was expecting her baby to be born within forty-eight hours or less. Tony awoke with a start and picked up the phone by their bed. It was his mother, sobbing, "Poppa's gone." Tony's father, his beloved 'Manny,' had died suddenly of a heart attack.

Tony's face was ashen.

He began to dress quickly. "But you stay home, darling," he'd told Janet. "You're in no condition to go through this."

Such sorrow on his face; his lips tight, his eyes red. She began to dress, wordlessly.

Heavy though she was with the baby, she felt suddenly strong. She could always help Tony when he was upset, just as he could steady her when she was.

Just that day she and their little girl, Kelly, had lunched with Manny. Manny adored his lively, two-and-a-half-year-old granddaughter and was looking forward to welcoming another grandchild.

"Such *glick* (happiness)," he would say.

It was a happy day for all of them. Tony was going to do a TV show, *David and Goliath*, and Manny had been delighted. "It's wonderful," he'd said. "You'll be playing David—one of our own people." His eyes were shining with joy.

Manny's early life had been one of poverty and frustration. Now he was coming into his own, basking in his older son's happiness and good fortune. He adored Janet, too, and couldn't wait for the moment—due so soon—when she would present him with another grandchild. So much to live for.

That was only this noon. And now death had cut short his dreams. . . .

"Not today, Jamie Lee . . ."

At the funeral, it was Janet who stayed by the side of Tony and his grief-stricken mother. Later, when the widow had to lie down Janet stayed there, and handled the friends who came to call, and comforted Tony. A friend of Janet's remarked, "I know it sounds ridiculous, but Janet acted almost as though she'd made up her mind she'd see Tony through this, and not have her baby that day."

The following night Janet was pooped. She'd been so busy watching over her husband and his mother, she had almost forgotten about herself. She collapsed on a sofa and Tony called the doctor.

"You've been through such an ordeal," he said, "I want you to go to the hospital and rest."

Tony drove Janet to Cedars of Lebanon, then left her, believing she would have that much-needed rest.

At 4:30 in the morning his phone rang. "Your wife's started labor. Come down," he was told.

Jamie was born at 9:05 in the morning, a beautiful baby girl with a shock of downy blonde hair and a round face.

"A beautiful baby. And I swear she's got eyes like her mother!" Tony exulted, and treated everyone in the waiting room to breakfast.

There was a blissful smile on Janet's face when he went in to kiss her. "Just like Kelly," she said dreamily. "Just like her big sister."

Tony brought Janet and the baby home Thanksgiving day. Janet had paved the way for Kelly to love Jamie Lee. She'd kept talking about 'your baby' even before the baby was born. Tony gave Janet diamond earrings to celebrate, and they both gave Kelly a baby doll and lots of special attention.

"May I hold the baby and give her her bottle?" Kelly had asked.

"Yes, darling. She's as much yours as mine."

Janet put her own steady right arm under Kelly's to bolster up the baby. Then, with knowing hands, she held the bottle at just the right angle so that it couldn't possibly slip. But Kelly's little hand was on the bottle, too. She was feeding her baby.

Tony would bound into the house at night, calling out, "How's my harem?"

Life in the big white house on top of the hill was heaven. . . .

It was a few days before they discovered that there was a darkening cloud in their heaven. Jamie Lee cried all the time. None of the soothing things Janet or the nurse did seemed to help. And Kelly cried because her baby was crying.

Janet, still weak from childbirth, had to remain in bed most of the time. She tried to smile, for Kelly's sake, but with her own sure instincts she knew something was wrong.

She recalled that Kelly hadn't cried like that when she was an infant. A baby didn't cry incessantly—only when she was hungry or in pain. Was it possible that something was wrong?

The nurse felt the baby, and her experienced hands found a slight lump on the tummy. Alarmed, Janet called the doctor. She told herself she mustn't fear—and shivered with fear nevertheless.

She and Tony were together when the doctor came, both fearing the unknown.

That was when the doctor said, "It's a

double hernia. She'll be all right, but an operation is imperative."

Operate? On a thirteen-day-old baby? Janet stared at Tony, and Tony at Janet.

Their baby's life was in jeopardy. The words of reassurance from the doctor sounded unbelievable. Tony didn't know what to think.

Janet had been home only a week, with strict orders not to go out, least of all in a car.

"I'll take Jamie to the hospital," Tony said dully. "You've got to stay here until you're stronger."

"I can't stay home," Janet said. "I want to be with my baby."

And Kelly, seeing her mother's face not happy and laughing as it usually was, and her daddy looking so different, too, burst into tears. She hadn't heard their words. But she had seen their faces. . . .

Her parents tried to comfort her with, "Don't cry, honey, our baby will be all right." But they didn't sound *sure*.

But finally the ordeal ended,, the baby *was* all right, there were no more tears.

"It's over now, thank God," says Janet. "Jamie is happy and healthy—a bouncing baby who cries only when she's hungry or wet! Because Jamie passed through such a serious emergency, we're more grateful for our good luck than ever."

Kelly smiles, her glance stealing toward Jamie kicking vigorously in her crib. "Isn't our baby pretty?" says Kelly proudly. "And isn't she good? She hardly ever cries now!"

As Tony's father might have said: "Such *glick*."

END

Tony is in SOME LIKE IT HOT *for United Artists.*

I Dig Yoga

(*Continued from page 45*)

gasped, 'Are you all right, Carolyn?' He started to pick me up, and of course I had to come out of it. Tony was white as death. 'You scared me. Did you faint?' he asked.

" 'No,' I retorted, 'You took me out of my exercise of relaxation. I was in the death trance—to calm my nerves from the fire.' Then I explained, 'I practice Yoga.'

" 'You do?' Tony looked at me rather stunned and shocked and it was plain to see what he was thinking—*How far will this wacky girl go?*

" 'Yes, I know,' I laughed, 'You don't know anything about Yoga, and like most people you think it is some sort of a cult whose members stand on nails for hours, run knives through their bodies, and walk on hot coals. I know what you're thinking—stunts and stage tricks!'

"I explained to Tony about Yoga. That it is a life science which teaches the technique of deep relaxation, which soothes away feelings of tension and anxiety. It is a system of physical exercise which stimulates and releases energy to replace fatigue. After my dissertation on these two principles, Tony stretched out on the floor beside me and together we went into a deep state of relaxation.

"A few moments passed and Kirk Douglas poked his head in the door. 'What's the matter?' he asked with genuine alarm in his voice. Both Tony and I had to come out of it, and explain to Kirk what we were doing.

"Kirk wanted to join us. Since there was no room on the dressing room floor for three, we all went outside and lay on the ground. After a while, we heard something and there was the whole picture crew standing around us and looking.

"It was embarrassing—three bodies all laid out in a death trance. Kirk opened his eyes, and his stand-in said, 'You never looked better.' The director, John Sturges said, 'Why can't you look that animated when you do a scene? Now you are easy to light.' "

"So the word went like wildfire on the Hollywood grapevine that Carolyn Jones, a strictly off-beat girl who has been most on-the-beat career-wise, was practicing the ancient weird art of Yoga?" I teased her.

"I know," Carolyn laughed. "I know exactly how people feel—the unlearned. A Yogi— Ohhhh!

"I didn't initiate either Kirk or Tony in *advanced* Yogi exercise. For it takes time and patience to master it. Naturally I instructed Aaron when I started studying from the book.

"One night our close friends Cluny and Jimmie Komack were at our house and they asked to try Yoga. Jimmie was very adept. However, about 1:30 in the morning, Cluny telephoned us in a panic. 'Come quick,' she said. 'Jimmie has his legs locked in a Yogi position and he can't get out of it.' Aaron and I went to the rescue.

I asked Carolyn to explain an exercise to me.

"The Whooping Crane—a stork pose—is one of our favorites. You fold one leg under, put your hands over your head and stand on one leg. It is very relaxing."

How she got started

Carolyn as a child was shy and oversensitive, and always sick. Even as a young woman she could never count on being well for long. All this made her a likely candidate for Yoga. Then three years ago a friend gave her a book entitled *Yoga*.

"He had been nervous and overwrought and distressed with ulcers," she explained. "He was aware that I suffered with asthma and he thought Yoga could help me as it had helped him.

"Outwardly I am always calm," Carolyn went on. "I was raised to be a lady at all costs—never raise my voice and never quarrel or engage in a heated argument because a lady never makes a scene. A lady never shouts and yells. Therefore a lady never lets off emotional steam. It is all held within, and it comes out in the form of headaches, asthma, sinus, and all other sorts of nervous manifestations.

Regarding further the subject of her secret life which has now been exposed, Carolyn admitted a vague distrust in the beginning for anything to do with cultism. And her ideas of Yogis and the practice of Yoga were only vague.

"I read the little book when I found time, and I discovered that Yoga is actually a mental science. The way our social structure is set up it is hard for people to achieve the right attitude to live a full happy life. Too many people are frustrated, unhappy, disillusioned, tense, lacking of energy. They don't have the right mental, spiritual, and physical conditions of existence. And they don't know what to do about it.

A pronounced bongo beater

"That is, most people don't. But the people of the black-leather set, the so-called *beat generation*—I think *they* have learned relaxation. They beat bongo drums, and it is something creative and at the same time a release for inner tensions. I am now," Carolyn announced



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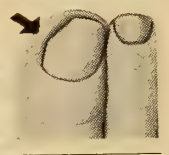
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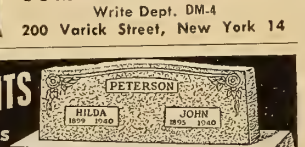
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gleefully, "a pronounced bongo beater.

"I discovered in Yoga that complexities are all in the mind. That certain unconscious actions which we perform daily could be amplified in such a way as to increase our recuperative powers. The natural functions are indispensable to human life. Without breath, you die. Without rest, you wear out. Without thought you could not be conscious. And without action you could achieve nothing.

"I began to study," Carolyn continued seriously. "You learn to visualize in your mind the perfection that you require. And you learn the four basic principles of Yogism: deep relaxations, deep contraction, dynamic breathing, and dynamic concentration. And with Yoga I have never been so well and happy. Asthma has no place in my life. And now that the secret —which I had no intention of hiding in the first place—is out, I'm being asked to appear on TV and radio and before women's clubs and schools to expound its principles. It seems there has always been a tremendous mystery surrounding it—until now."

Carolyn stopped for a moment for breath—and took a deep one. I took that moment to ask her about her new home.

"Oh, it's real crazy at our house all of the time," Carolyn giggled. In the middle of the plans I thought of doing the decor, but I thought twice. I just lost my secretary, and that's just plain murder. Without her, I can't seem to get organized.

"Aaron says we don't need a secretary, we need a keeper. It's pretty wild with Aaron at home writing scripts, and me in and out rushing to or coming from the studio—or holding conferences at home with agents, architects, builders, decorators, fans, friends, and our dogs. But we love it. We are together, building our life together. We had less than two dollars between us when we married, plus a number of anxieties and insecurities carried over from both of our childhoods. We needed each other more than any two people I know. Part of the time I exude confidence and when I let go, Aaron takes over for both of us. Our life actually is not as wacky as it may sometimes appear."

I asked Carolyn what Aaron was working on these days.

"Oh, he's got a million irons in the fire," she exclaimed. "Television, theater, films—

"For diversion he goes around the house shooting flies. Aaron has a plastic gun made for it which shoots rubber bands. When we have company, and I see Aaron suddenly alert with a grin on his face, I know what's next. He gets the gun, and zing; he's a great shot. There was a big black bumble bee from the honeysuckle on the side of the house that buzzed inside the other day. Aaron said, 'I'm going to mount his head!' He aimed and he had to shoot over a guest's head to get him. Our guest turned and said to me, 'What do you do? How do you live here?'

Get out the bongo drums!

"We have three telephone lines into our house and most of the time they all ring at once. When that happens, and it gets to be too much, I start beating the bongos, or I go into my Yoga trance.

"I admit," Carolyn chuckled, "it does present quite a picture, but Aaron insists that he does his best writing in all of this confusion. And his success proves it in a way. When he was at Fox they gave him an office. Aaron called home to talk to me, which he never does. After fifteen minutes I asked, 'What do you want?' My husband replied, 'I don't want anything. I'm just bugged—it's so quiet here. Please put Vicki (our dog) on the phone and let her bark.' Vicki barks at everyone, even people she knows well. For years it was a running-dog-barking competition between our dog and my former secretary's dog Archibald. After a few minutes I picked up the receiver to hear my love say, 'Do me a favor, get both dogs barking on the telephone.'"

Carolyn's enthusiasm for her marriage keeps her talking about Aaron. And this is unusual and nice to see in show business. While her enthusiasm for the wonders of Yoga is apparent in everything she says, somehow Carolyn kept swinging the conversation back to a 'His and Hers'—'Aaron and I.'

"Usually Aaron starts writing in his paisley pajamas with a sports car cap on his head and his feet encased in mukluks. And with a legal tablet in his hand he writes—walking part of the time with the dogs running under his feet—and he'll be writing like a maniac. At spasmodic intervals, he'll suddenly call our secretary to, 'Get so and so on the phone!' That's the way we live."

"Well, it seems to agree with you," I commented. "We've been married eight years," Carolyn said, "and at first I tried to keep very quiet around the house when Aaron was writing. I'd say, 'I'm going out shopping so you can work.' I'd stay out as long as I could, finding any excuse to allow Aaron to have complete peace and quiet at home for his concentration on his writing. And when I'd come back, he'd say, 'Stay here. I can't work when you're out.'"

Carolyn says that her marriage comes first and she means it. "I can't be away from Aaron one day and be happy. One time on location we were apart two weeks. Our telephone bill was almost the size of my salary. Aaron said *never again!* Aaron is a worry wart, and I have been a person with high tensions. We understand each other and have a mutual need for emotional security as well as the excitement and the companionship of love and marriage.

Eva Gabor saw *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, in which a beautiful young girl couldn't get her husband to find her attractive enough until the final scene. "It vould not happen vit me," said Miss Gabor. "Such frustrations. After fifteen minutes I'd say to heck vit it."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

"I was a bundle of nerves when we were first married, and then I found Yoga. And I am now healthy and happy. I learned, as I said in the beginning, that the neuroses are all in one's mind. Now I am able to relax, and lose the tensions that once sent me into a fit of asthma. Anyone can benefit from even as little as twenty minutes a day with Yoga. It's that simple.

"My career is going wonderfully, and I no longer have that fear when a role comes up that I may become sick and lose it.

"Right now," Carolyn said in conclusion, "I should stretch out on the floor for twenty minutes and practice my Yoga. I need fresh energy. But what would the people in the restaurant think? I have to run now. I have to okay the plans for the house, go and get the loans, get orders for more water heaters, and bigger electric meters and outlets, and deposit money for the gas and lights, and I'm running.

"I can't fling myself on the floor and go into Yoga now, even when it is the thing I should do. I'll do it, however, the minute I get home," said Carolyn.

And she was off.

END

Look for Carolyn in MAN IN THE NET *and* A HOLE IN THE HEAD, *both for United Artists.*



Jack Carson:

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All his life Jack Carson wanted to be a circus clown. His great opportunity came when the Clyde Beatty Circus arrived in Hollywood. A friend, who knew of Jack's secret ambition, pulled wires and arranged to have him in the show.

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Jack, in white face make-up, red, heart-shaped mouth, big putty nose and bright red wig, bounced onto the stage with the other clowns. They fell on their faces and somersaulted in the sawdust while the kids squealed and laughed. They shrieked when Jack bit into a watermelon and water spurted out. He laughed along with them, having the time of his life.

After all their clowning, the drums rolled and the announcer said: "Ladeees and Gentlemen, I present none other than Jack Carson, the one, the only, the famous motion picture star!"

That was the signal for Jack to step forward. He took off his wig and putty nose and waved at the crowd. The big-top rang with applause. Then Jack turned and bowed to the other clowns in the act. As he saluted them, a voice called out from the front row.

It belonged to a disappointed four-year-old in a cowboy suit. "Aw," said the youngster, "I thought he was a *real* clown!"

See Jack in RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS *for 20th.*



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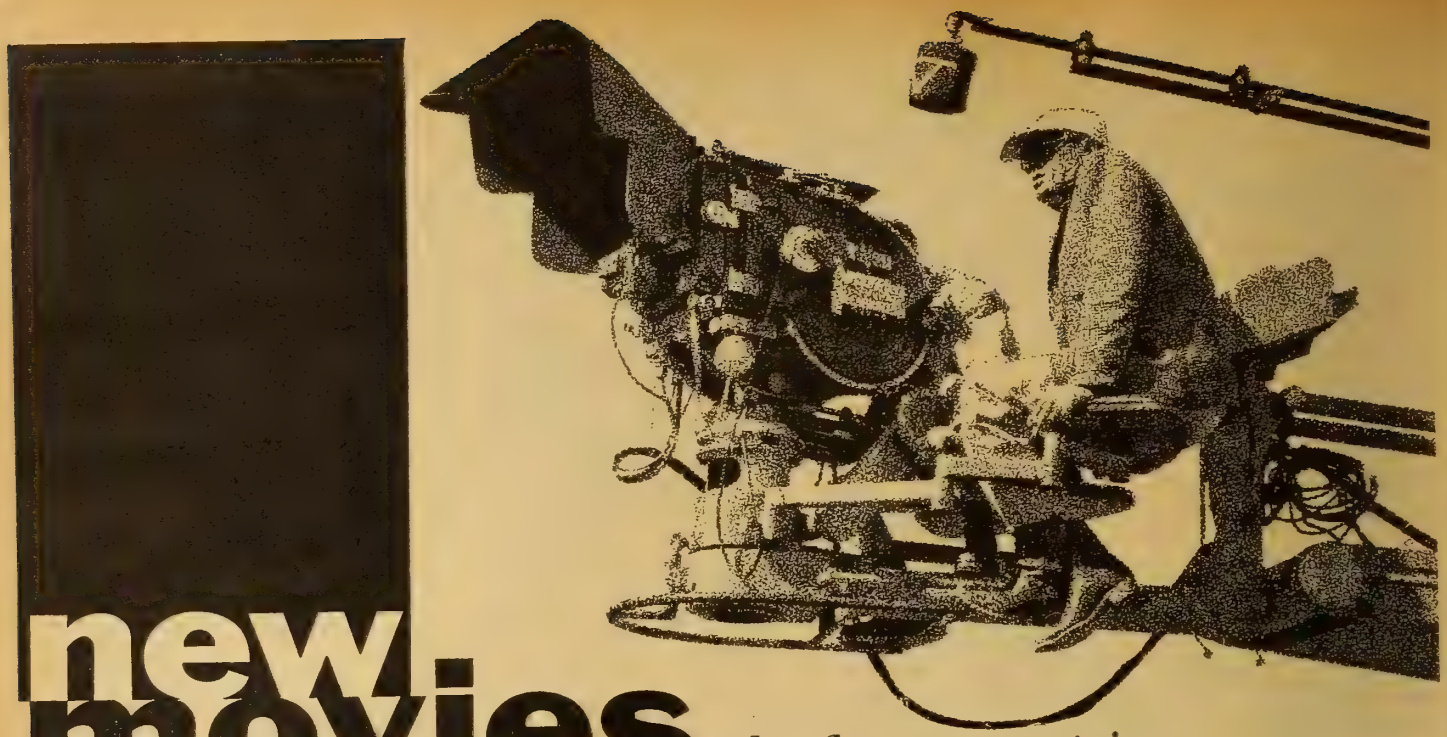
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TONKA

Sal Mineo
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Britt Lomond

Sal and his horse

■ This is the story of an Indian brave (Sal Mineo) and a horse—and of the devotion between them that survives separation, war and time. It starts one day in the 1870's when White Bull (that's Sal) and his friend Strong Bear (Rafael Campos) are out riding in the territory of the Dakotas. Sal spots a magnificent wild stallion and captures him, naming him Tonka Wakan (The Great One). Sal's uncle, the Sioux chief, is so impressed that he decides Sal is now old enough to go out on hunting expeditions. Too bad Sal's cousin (H.M. Wyant) covets Tonka; since he's older than Sal he's allowed to claim the horse. But Sal, enraged by his cousin's cruel treatment of the beast, frees Tonka and sends him back to his wild herd. Fortunately, Tonka's next owner is a horse-loving cavalry officer (Phil Carey) who decides to call him Comanche. Enter General Custer (Britt Lomond) who is not very far from his famous 'Last Stand'. Custer would like to burn every Sioux village to the ground, 'cause he thinks Indians should be on a reservation. Naturally, the Indians have other plans. One of them is to send Sal and Rafael out to the fort to count how many palefaces they're up against. There, Sal finds Tonka; but one of General Custer's men finds Sal. It's only through the intervention of Tonka's new owner that Sal isn't scalped; instead, he's sent back to tell his people to surrender. Surrender? Ha-ha! A bloody battle soon follows—that's Custer's Last Stand—and about the only two left standing are Sal and his horse!—TECHNICOLOR, BUENA VISTA.

THE HANGING TREE

Gary Cooper
Maria Schell
Karl Malden
Ben Piazza
Gordon Scott

gold, a girl, and Gary Cooper

■ Here we are in the wildest gold camp in the territory of Montana. Doctor Gary Cooper has just ridden in and set up his shingle—this makes him an enemy for life of faith healer Gordon Scott. Cooper has had a personal tragedy in his past (his wife deceived him) so now he is silent, grim, touchy and hard working. But he has a heart. When young Ben Piazza is running from Karl Malden (whom he was trying to rob) Cooper takes him in and makes him his aide. Outside of town a stagecoach has been held up and only a girl survives. A posse finds the girl (Maria Schell) temporarily blinded—and nearly roasted—by the sun. While she's in his care, Cooper is all tenderness and concern, but as soon as she's well and beautiful again he gets scared and acts cold. Determined to make a life for herself, Maria goes into partnership in a mine, together with Ben and Malden. Unknown to her, Cooper has provided the grubstake Weeks later Maria strikes it rich. To celebrate, Malden gets himself—and a lot of his buddies—riotously drunk. Then he tries to attack Maria. Cooper saves her and kills Malden, at which point the simple-minded miners, led by that wild faith healer, drag Cooper to the hanging tree—to be hanged. A lot happens in this film which, despite its air of pretentiousness, is beautifully photographed and acted by 'pros.'—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.



Sal Mineo carefully tends to his magnificent wild stallion, Tonka.

NEVER STEAL ANYTHING SMALL

James Cagney
Shirley Jones
Roger Smith
Cara Williams
Nehemiah Persoff

a gangster film set to music

■ It's not exactly a musical but there are some truly delightful songs in it. It is certainly a comedy—about a lively little 'hood' named James Cagney who swindles his way to the top—that is, to becoming union head of the waterfront. When the story opens he needs money to throw a party for the voters so he 'borrows' ten thousand dollars from a bookie (Jack Albertson) who sues him for extortion. By the time the trial comes up Jack's in an iron lung, courtesy of Cagney, and unable to testify. Still, feeling the need

of a lawyer, Cagney hires young Roger Smith, much against the wishes of Smith's wife, Shirley Jones, who doesn't like gangsters. Cagney falls for Shirley and bribes Cara Williams into breaking up the marriage. Cara says that if he'll give her a Ferrari (a very expensive foreign car) she'll agree to become Smith's secretary and work after hours. The deal is made. And the damage, you can be sure, is done. It's fun all the way—even though the trouble Shirley's beloved gets into is serious. But not so serious that it can't be solved.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS — Don Murray, Richard Egan, Lee Remick, Patricia Owen, Stuart Whitman

one man's lust for power

■ It's 1880 and when Don Murray joins a cattle drive into Montana, it's just the beginning of his drive toward money and power. Stuart Whitman—who is a 'you live and let me sleep,' boy—is persuaded to go wolf-hunting with Don, but the precious skins are lost when Don is shot and nearly killed by Indians. Lee Remick—a shady young lady who operates in the town saloon and seems to belong to gambler Richard Egan—lovingly nurses Don back to health, after which she rewards him with her life savings. That, and a loan from banker Albert Dekker, puts him and Whitman into the ranching business. Then Don goes very high-brow. He figures he's too good for Lee, marries the banker's niece, Patricia Owen, and looks forward to running for state senator. By this time Stuart Whitman has left Don to become a horse thief. In order to safeguard his votes, Don joins an illegal posse (headed by Egan) to hunt down Whitman and hang him. It's a sad business. Things get worse when, back home, Patricia coldly hands Don a note from Lee saying she needs him. (Lee needs him because Richard Egan has just beaten her to a pulp.) Well, a man who wants to run for senator—and stay married—can't very well afford to defend a shady lady's honor. Or can he? The movie will answer that question!—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

IT HAPPENED TO JANE — Doris Day, Jack Lemmon, Ernie Kovacs, Steve Forrest, Russ Brown

a very good Day

■ A widowed Doris Day supports her two kids by breeding fancy lobsters at home in Cape Ann, Maine, and shipping them to fancy restaurants. Trouble is, the railroad she ships them on has been taken over by skinflint Ernie Kovacs who is so unmindful of his customers' needs that he allows several hundred of her lobsters to die in the railway station instead of in the pot. Doris (with her suitor Jack Lemmon as her lawyer) sues the railway for ruining her business. The railway (that's Ernie who owns it) refuses to pay damages, and Doris takes possession of some of the trains (the trains happen to be parked in the Cape Ann station). This plucky move attracts nationwide attention—and also the attention of Ernie Kovacs who proceeds to charge rent for the use of the rails. Big city reporter Steve Forrest covers the story, carrying Doris off to New York for various guest appearances on TV. This is all very nice but it isn't doing the lobster business any good. (It isn't doing Jack Lemmon any good, either, for that matter.) Old skinflint Ernie carries his fight to ridiculous extremes; he should've stood in his Pullman for all the good it does him—he's got strong opponents. It's a good film with lots of laughs for the entire family.—COLUMBIA COLOR, COLUMBIA.

LONELYHEARTS — Montgomery Clift, Robert Ryan, Myrna Loy, Dolores Hart, Jackie Coogan

advice to the lovelorn

■ You think you got troubles? You ought to read that mail that comes to the desk of Montgomery Clift who handles an advice column for a big city newspaper. All he was hired to do was to answer the mail without taking it personally. But Monty takes it pretty personal. And he's very nearly murdered by the husband of a faithful reader. The real story, though, is everybody's loneliness—and sometimes, bitterness. Monty's editor, Robert Ryan, is so bitter he can't stand seeing anyone happy, particularly his wife (Myrna Loy) whom he's been torturing—mentally—for ten years. He gave Monty this particular job to torture him. (Every couple of months he pays a tortured visit to his father who is up for life—he killed Monty's mother.) And Monty's girl (Dolores Hart) although she is very sweet is a little on the unforgiving side. The reader Monty gets involved with is played by Maureen Stapleton—but I won't go into what's torturing her. See for yourself!—UNITED ARTISTS.

GIDGET — Sandra Dee, James Darren, Cliff Robertson, Arthur O'Connell, Mary La Roche

that's a girl growing up

■ They call Sandra Dee 'Gidget' because she's a girl, and a midget. Not a real midget. More like a half-pint, more like a tomboy who sneers at falsies. She's real cute, but a square when it comes to flirting. 'They' are a group of boys who spend their summers on surfboards at Malibu Beach. They even have a leader—Cliff Robertson—who lives in a shack on the beach and has no other goal than to follow the sun. 'Moondoggie' James Darren idolizes Cliff and is planning to quit college in defiance of his father and become a 'surf-bum.' Then Sandra, whom Darren has rescued from drowning, comes into their lives and won't leave until they make her their mascot. If her parents knew that Sandra's mad desire to master surfboarding had anything to do with those boys, her parents would die. But Sandra falls in love with one of those boys (guess which one) and spends the whole summer trying to get him to notice her. Aside from the slightly sinister atmosphere of this cult at the beach, it's a gay, happy movie about young love.—CINEMASCOPE, COLUMBIA.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

THE SOUND AND THE FURY (20th-Fox): Here's one southern family that's showing signs of wear. Only the cook Ethel Waters knows what's really going on. As well as running the household, she takes personal care of Jack Warden, a mute. The daughter in the family seeks wild adventure by disobeying her uncle, Yul Brynner, playing hookey and running around with a no-good guy. When her mother (Margaret Leighton) who deserted her at birth returns for a visit, Joanne learns some pretty shocking facts.

SOME CAME RUNNING (MGM): Frank Sinatra is a writer who returns to his home town after the war to face all the people he's pulled apart in his novel. But he's given up writing for another sport—drinking. He meets Dean Martin and Shirley MacLaine in a bar. Shirley can't let go of him. So she follows him around until he marries her. But things don't look rosy for this pair—in fact they get worse and worse.

RALLY 'ROUND THE FLAG, BOYS (20th-Fox): The old expression 'Go fight city hall' becomes a new one in this picture. It's 'Go fight the Army!' So Joanne Woodward sends hubby Paul Newman to Washington to do just that. Paul goes to Washington to fight the Army and, instead, has to fight off glamorous Joan Collins. When Joanne finds her husband with no trousers on—in Joan Collins' suite, wow!!! All kinds of bombshells start to burst. But the funniest explosion is when poor Jack Carson finds himself in a rocket headed for the moon.

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Introducing Connie Francis

(*Continued from page 39*)

entranced him. "Connie," he announced one day, "you're as good as the kids on that show . . . You ought to be on it!"

So he took her to Scheck's office in New York and said, "Mr. Scheck . . . this is my daughter Connie . . . She's thirteen . . . and she sings."

Scheck, who was overloaded with kid singers, started to end the interview before it began.

Franconera added, hurriedly, "But she plays accordion, too."

"That's different," said Scheck. "Bring her around tomorrow for an audition."

The next day, Scheck watched the short, plump Connie, with her big brown eyes and thick dark hair, as she played accordion and sang. He thought she was gifted, and put her on his show.

From then on, Connie Francis—she cut her name short for TV—showed up each week for the two rehearsals and the telecast, always accompanied by one parent or the other, plus a big salami sandwich. She ate so heartily the other kids on the show were completely awed.

She was never left alone for one moment. Poppa or Momma was always around. "In the old country," explained Poppa, "girls don't go with boys until they're married. That's how girls stay out of trouble."

Connie protested many times, "But, Poppa, you're so old-fashioned."

"Never mind," said Poppa, firmly, "A girl must never be left alone."

This little scene was repeated often, and sometimes Connie would say, "Oh, Poppa, you talk to me like I'm a little girl, but I'm growing up!"

Poppa would give her a hug and say, "Never mind growing up . . . To me, you're my little girl . . . Always, my little girl."

Connie moved slowly but surely ahead as a singer. She developed poise, timing, know-how.

But, at home, Momma and Poppa glowed at her and exclaimed, "You're our little girl, Connie, our *little* girl!"

Plenty of time for boys—later

When she started at Newark Art High School, the other girls her age were starting to date. They talked incessantly about boys. But Connie kept silent. She had no dates, and she knew very little about boys. Momma and Poppa, who married at twenty-two, always pointed out that young girls ought to worry about school and good marks . . . and never mind about boys. "There's plenty of time for boys and marriage . . . later."

Bursting with enormous drive, Connie turned her back on romance and concentrated on becoming a good singer on Scheck's TV show and on getting high marks at school.

At fourteen, she was not yet even five feet tall but she already weighed 138 pounds. When she got up to 140, Scheck said, "Connie, I don't want to hurt your feelings . . . but don't you think you ought to start dieting?"

But Connie was crazy about food. Poppa, who came from a country where people don't fuss so much about calories, said, "Come on, Connie, eat! You work hard, and you need strength . . . eat!"

And Connie ate like there was no tomorrow. When she became bored with salami sandwiches, she went for hamburgers, two or three at every rehearsal.

When she was depressed she would eat more. At rehearsals and performances, between hamburgers, she would sigh, "I can hardly wait till I get home, to eat."

At school, some of her friends urged her to reduce. But Connie would answer, "I'm too busy." And the truth was that she *was* busy: three nights for her TV show; editing the school paper; winning the New Jersey State Typing Championship; studying for high marks.

She excelled in debating contests and read heavy books on psychology, religion, politics. When she happened to be with a bunch of boys, she didn't moon around or hold hands. Instead, she would yak with them about religion, psychology, logic. She was strictly an intellectual.

Just as she had become a standout in school, she moved to the top of the TV show. She polished her singing, she learned a lot about cameras, lighting, wardrobe, make-up, direction. She got so smart that soon Scheck was letting her be his assistant. She even directed the show from the engineer's booth, until the Directors' Guild protested that she wasn't a member of their union.

Soon she started writing songs and one, *An Answer to My Prayer*, was published.

Around school, she was never really happy. She found it difficult to mix easily



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with the other students. She felt so much more mature than they were. She had become accustomed to adult talk and was annoyed at the teen-age jive talk.

She felt left out, and not part of the group. The other girls would come to school in Bermuda shorts and chat gaily about their dates. But Connie didn't dare to wear shorts (she was too plump) and she had no dates to brag about. She didn't have the figure to try out for the cheerleading team; but she consoled herself by saying, "I'm too busy for such nonsense!"

She didn't have any close girl friends, and she felt isolated. Even her brother, George, was too young to understand—he was three years her junior. And Momma and Poppa were too unyielding in their attitudes about dating. "Nice girls don't date," said Poppa, and that ended the discussion.

Connie knew, of course, that she had something the other girls didn't have—high marks and musical talent. But it sure didn't seem like enough.

Time and again she forced herself to mix; but she never felt comfortable. The other girls talked about clothes and boys. Connie hated to think about clothes, and she didn't know what to say about boys.

Then one day in sewing class she made a skirt and miscalculated so much that the skirt came out three sizes too small. Furious at herself, she decided she would wear that skirt if it killed her. So she dieted heroically, and dropped from 140 to 102 pounds within a period of two months.

The girls at school, startled, began to praise her and boys started to notice her, and she liked it.

But it was always a struggle. Whenever she became tense, she reverted to heavy eating. She couldn't help herself.

Her mind was very bright, very active. She questioned everything, challenged traditions, insisted on the highest ideals, and developed a hostility to hypocrites. When a girl friend phoned to say, "Connie, I can't go to church with you today . . . I haven't anything to wear," Connie was horrified. She felt the girl had missed the whole point of religion.

Conflicting ideals

She joined a sorority; but quit after two weeks. "You're all so phony!" she told the sorority sisters. "There's no real friendship here. You're just faking."

This did not win her any pals, needless to say.

Around the school, the kids knew she was a TV celebrity earning fifty dollars a week, and sometimes more. The boys were awed; the girls were jealous.

When Connie put on a real pretty green halter dress to go to a school dance, she heard a girl sniff: "Huh . . . who does Connie think she is? . . . A big shot?"

The other girls wore flats and bobby sox; Connie wore one-inch heels. So when she went to another school dance, a girl said out loud: "That Connie is always showing off."

Connie left early. She was uncomfortable, and had no boy to dance with.

Then there was the time her cousin Charlie was going into the Army, and Connie gave him a going-away party. When she kissed him a cousinly good-bye, her own best girl friend said: "Oh . . . you know Connie . . . She always thinks she's privileged."

After two years at Newark, the family moved to Belleville, a suburb, and Connie enrolled at Belleville High School. There, too, she shone as a scholar and soon became a celebrity.

Her parents were proud of her success on TV and at school, and they lavished affection on her; but Connie felt that though in a way she had everything, actually she had nothing.

At sixteen, she got up enough nerve to ask Poppa, "Can I go to the movies tonight?" Poppa said, "Sure, go ahead." Then Connie asked, "But can I go with Nick?"

Poppa stared at her, amazed. "Why take Nick? If you want some company, *I'll* go with you."

Another time, she yearned to go with Steve, a tall, husky local football hero. She asked Poppa, "Can I go to the corner store for ice cream with Steve?"

Poppa, alarmed, said, "Connie, if you want ice cream, I'll go and get it for you."

She went into her room and played listlessly with her collection of stuffed animals. "Poppa just doesn't understand," she told herself. "He doesn't understand!"

A date—finally

She told her favorite uncle, Gus, about this incident, and he was horrified. He went to Poppa and kidded him about his lack of sensitivity to Connie's needs. Then Poppa became embarrassed and admitted that maybe he had been wrong.

After three high school years of no dates, she finally was allowed, in her senior year, to accept a few.

But Poppa still wouldn't let Connie go out alone. . . .

When she graduated with high honors, she won a scholarship to New York University. She yearned vaguely to become a doctor, perhaps a psychologist . . . but she couldn't get singing out of her system.

During the summer vacation, Scheck offered to become her manager. She signed, eagerly, and Poppa approved.

"You'll be a big star, Connie," he beamed.

Scheck had her record *My Treasure* and placed it with MGM Records. After Connie had been at NYU three months, she quit to promote her record. But nothing much happened.

Then she sang for the soundtrack of the movies, *Jamboree* and *Rock, Rock, Rock.* But again, nothing happened.

When Pat Boone's movie *April Love* was about to première at the Roxy Theater, on November 12, 1957, her movie company suggested she ought to go to the première. "We'll send you tickets, and we'll have another singer from the movie, Frankie Avalon, escort you there. It might get publicity for our movie."

So on November 12, Connie's poppa put her on the bus for New York, and when she got to New York, Frankie and his manager were waiting. They got into the manager's car and he drove them around Central Park for a while.

"I'm crazy about Sinatra," said Frankie, then sixteen.

"So am I," said Connie, then eighteen.

"My first record's a flop," sighed Frankie, feeling very blue.

"Mine, too," Connie agreed. "I guess we're in the same boat."

They cried on each other's shoulder, and then Connie said, "If I don't hit with my next record, I'm quitting show business forever. I'm going back to college!"

Frankie said he would do just that, too.

No one cheered

When they got to the Roxy, Frankie looked down at his white buck shoes and quipped, "Maybe somebody will think I'm Pat Boone and ask for my autograph." But no one did.

Pat Boone and Robert Wagner entered the lobby just then and the fans cheered. But, nobody . . . not a soul . . . recognized Frankie and Connie.

"I wonder if the day will ever come when somebody asks for *my* autograph," whispered Connie, holding the tears back.

"Yes, *I'll* ask for your autograph," Frankie assured her gallantly.

After the première, they went to Lindy's for coffee and cheesecake, and then Frankie's manager drove Connie back to the bus station.

Connie had made up her mind to go back to college when her poppa said, "Connie, you've made eight records and they haven't hit; so why don't you try something different? Why don't you take an old song like *Who's Sorry Now?* and do it with a rock 'n roll beat?"

"That's silly," said Connie.

But Poppa insisted, and the recording people said, "You're nuts." But, finally, they gave in. "All right, let's try it."

Connie cut the record, but nothing happened. It just lay there.

Again, she wanted to go back to school; but Poppa and Scheck kept encouraging. Finally, to her amazement, six months later, the record started to take off.

A few weeks later, Connie was headlining (with Frankie Avalon) at a Jersey theater. Frankie's own *Dee Dee Dinah* was soaring, and now both were getting recognition.

When they saw each other backstage, they yelled with glee, and then they paused, embarrassed. Each realized the other was now a celebrity.

"May I have your autograph?" Frankie asked.

"Of course," said Connie. "And may I have *your* autograph?"

They exchanged autographs, happily.

Just before she was eighteen, Connie developed her first big crush. But her parents frowned on it. "You're a little girl, Connie," they reminded her.

Lonely birthday

So she turned her back on romance, and spent her eighteenth birthday in misery. She would not have a party; she would not see anybody; she refused to answer the phone; she locked herself in her room and hugged her dog Mambo and her rabbit Cha Cha, and played old records.

She made no attempts to date anybody until Pete came along. He was jovial, and her parents did not protest when he made her join the local teen-age crowd going to the movies and parties. He got her to laugh again. And then he went into the Coast Guard.

"It's better that he went away," her relatives said. "You're too young to become serious with boys."

Unlucky in love, lucky in her career.

Fortunately, her new records were taking off. *Who's Sorry Now?* sold 1,500,000, and then *Stupid Cupid* sold a million. *Eighteen, I'm Sorry I Made You Cry, My Happiness* and *Fallin'* all sold big, and soon Connie was being hailed the new queen of the records.

She went on long promotion tours, and made scores of personal appearances. She was glad to be busy; it made her forget certain things. And she was glad to have Momma along as companion and wardrobe mistress. Of course, there was no time for boys. She rarely stayed in one town more than a day.

She charmed the disk jockeys, and seemed the essence of confidence. But she would confess to her mother, "I'm putting up a brave front; but inside I'm shaking."

After an eight-month tour, she finally had two days off. But she frankly didn't know any boys at home well enough to get a date, so she spent the days with the kids in the local teen-age crowd. One day they went to Coney Island and the other day they had a pizza house-party.

Her relatives came around and said, "Little Connie! . . . Who would have thought she could do it . . . A famous singer!" And Poppa would explain loudly, "Connie went to England for two weeks, and they were wild about her. She was just voted No. One Female Vocalist by the *Musical Express.* Doris Day came second."

Momma would say, like a veteran of show business, "Yes, *Cashbox Magazine* named Connie The Most Promising New Female Star of the Year!"

Everybody was proud of Connie, and Connie was grateful, but she knew down deep in her heart that true happiness was evading her.

. . . Sort of left out

"All my girl friends are getting married," she told Momma. "And they're giving showers . . . and they invite me . . . But I feel funny . . . I just don't want to go. Not that I want to marry, too . . . I don't . . . But I feel, well, wistful, about seeing them marrying and sort of left out."

With time, her own aching heart eased and she could discuss her big crush with calm. "It's better it ended . . . There would have been complications . . . He was a performer, too . . . And, between two performers, there is always rivalry."

She says, "If I marry someone in show business, I'd quit show business because I'd want to be a full-time wife. If I marry someone in the business, then we'd be in trouble. It wouldn't work."

She is Catholic. "When I marry, I'd want it to be *forever.*"

The double threads of her life—career and womanhood—don't intertwine easily.

She's been so smart, careerwise, that her parents no longer tried to influence her



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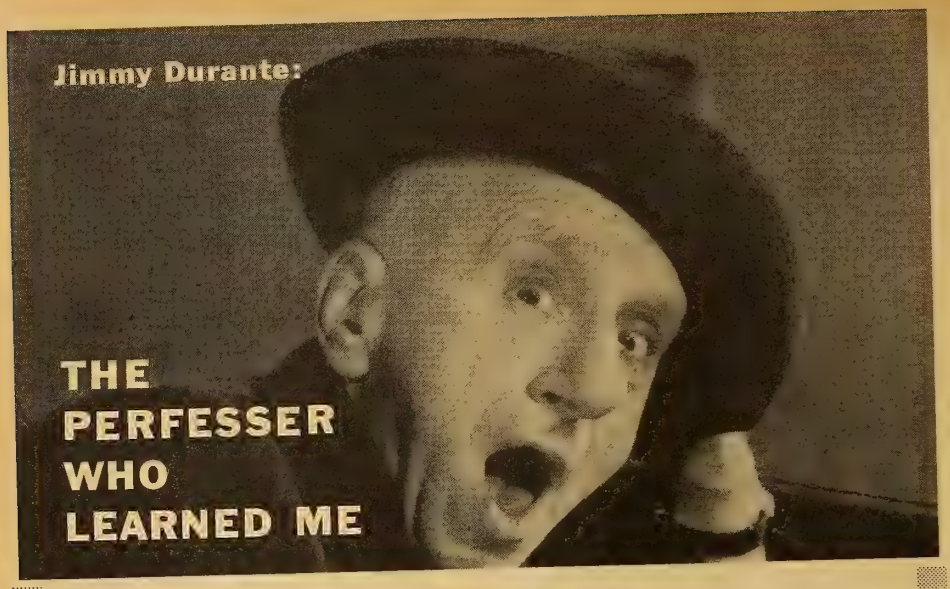
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■ Sometimes people seem a bit surprised when I sit down at the pianner and they *don't* laugh. It happens when I get halfway serious and throw in a touch of Beethoven or Bach.

The story to that goes back over fifty years. We lived on New York's Lower East Side then. My father had a barber shop there. One of his customers was a music teacher, Perfesser Fiore. So my pop makes a deal with the Perfesser: free shaves and haircuts for two free pianner lessons a week at the Perfesser's elegant studio. It was a real swanky place. Steam heat in the parlor, and the bathroom was out in the hall, not in the backyard!



I was doing pretty good with the lessons until I got a job carting newspapers to the stands along Fourteenth Street. It was hard work. I got so tired I told the Perfesser I'd have to give up the lessons—and he'd have to give up the free shaves!

Well, the idea of gettin' to look like either one of the Smith Brothers bothered Perfesser Fiore so much that he kept coming around to the house, saying I had pretty good talent and shouldn't quit studying. After a couple of weeks I realized that the real loss to the music world if I didn't start up again would be the Perfesser! If he didn't get a haircut soon he'd have to give up the pianner and buy a violin!

So I went back to the pianner lessons, and I'm glad I did, because a couple of years later it was my acquaintance with the Old Masters that got me an accompanist's job at Diamond Tony's Saloon, the pride of Coney Island!

And every once in a while, when I need a shave or just got one, all of a sudden I remember that old Perfesser. And every once in a while, just before I say my good night to Mrs. Calabash, wherever she is, I throw in a little Beethoven for my Perfesser.

decisions. "Connie, you know your work best," they conceded. "Do what you think is right."

But when it came to choosing her friends, and dating, they opposed her: "You're too young . . . Take our advice. We know best."

Many times she would lock herself in her room and put her palms to her ears, but she could not shut out the words, "Too young . . . Too young . . . Too young."

Recently, they were sitting around the dinner table, and Poppa said, "Connie, you mustn't see that girl in New York."

Connie bit her lip and said, slowly: "Poppa, you know I love you, and Momma . . . but you're wrong, telling me who I can see and who I cannot see . . . I am not a little girl any more . . . I'm a *big girl* now. . . ."

Poppa protested, "My little Connie. . . ."

"But I'm not little Connie any more," Connie insisted. "I'm nineteen, and I expect to earn $100,000 this year, and I have a manager, a publicist, and a fan club secretary . . . I'm a business woman . . . and I travel . . . and I know by now what's right and what's wrong."

Momma said gently, "Maybe Connie is right, dear."

Connie went on: "I've lived nineteen years, and I've never done anything to make you ashamed of me."

"That's true," Poppa admitted.

There was a long silence, and then Momma started to cry. Connie brushed away a furtive tear, and then Poppa said, "Maybe I am too strict . . . I'm sorry . . . We did it because we love you so much. And we don't want to see you hurt. . . ."

"I know, Poppa."

He sighed, "You're growing up . . . I know . . . I've watched you . . . You're real smart . . . I guess nobody could fool you now. . . ."

"Yes, Poppa."

"Go ahead and do what you think is right," he said, slowly. "And Connie, you look thin . . . have some more spaghetti!"

"I'm not thin," said Connie. "I'm 104 pounds and five-foot-two!"

But she wasn't really mad, and she reached over and kissed her poppa.

Really grown up

Connie became twenty on December 10, 1958, and now she makes her own decisions about dating as well as career problems. She still seeks advice from her parents and her business associates, but she feels good because she knows she makes the final decisions.

"When I grow older," she says, "I hope I'll understand why my parents were so possessive and so restricting . . . I was always in conflict. I was accepting and fighting them at the same time . . . It was terribly confusing."

Just before her twentieth birthday, she played the Paramount Theater, on Broadway, and Frankie Avalon was co-headliner. They compared notes on dating, and talked about their autograph collections. And Connie, being older, advised Frankie about his steady-dating.

Connie herself is beginning to have a new crush—David Somerville, one of *The Four Diamonds*, a group of singers.

Her wonderful feeling of being trusted reached new heights recently when the family moved into their new house in Belleville. Friends and neighbors came over, and Connie found herself fascinated by one particular boy.

They were holding hands when Poppa came into the room.

"Connie!" he exclaimed. "That's a nice young fellow you have there. Why don't you invite him over more often?"

"Yes, Poppa, I will," she said . . . and she knew, finally, she was a Big Girl now.

END

I Have No Friends

(*Continued from page 21*)

dream-come-true world. She dined—a tiny child of four or five—at Twenty-One and the other good restaurants. She wore little velvet coats and white gloves. She was adored by both parents. There were no more children and she liked that fine: "I *liked* getting all the attention and all the presents from Grandma." Her step-father's family seems to have taken her into their hearts completely.

As a child, she began to model, was a great success. The money was not a factor, of course; she loved to do it, and begged for more. Except for difficulties at school, life was perfect. Then tragedy: her step-father died. At that time, she received a Hollywood offer, which she and her mom grabbed, to take them away from New York and memories.

Personality

Sandy is, of course, very poised, very mature for her age (16). I ordinarily dislike such teen-agers, but Sandy made a good impression—seemed quite frank, quite *nice*. Thinking back, most of her talk could just as easily have come from a twenty-five-year-old starlet instead, but that would probably be due to the twenty-five-year-old's childishness rather than Sandy's grownupishness. She was in a hillbilly outfit when I saw her, and it distressed her considerably; she apologized for looking such a mess, complained resignedly about what they were doing to her hair, accepted hopefully my words of reassurance, and sat cross-legged on the couch for the interview. From time to time she seemed very young after all—but I can't swear that that isn't an overlay and the poise the real thing.

Throughout the interview, she shredded paper napkins all over the floor without noticing. She confessed to moods—mostly of boredom. All of a sudden, nothing will seem interesting. As long as it lasts, she cries. It aggravates her, but there she will sit, with the tears rolling down her cheeks for no reason apparent to her or anyone else. Philosophically: "It's a phase." Her monthly period brings on varying moods, too—she either laughs or cries.

She is nervous about her acting: *Gidget* is the first movie she didn't want to do all over when she saw it. But she enjoys acting immensely.

She has various quirks: doctors terrify her. "I run from them. If they catch me, I bite them. Once a doctor came to give me some shots. I locked myself in the bathroom. Only Mom could make me open the door—she swats me around. So I opened the door a crack and the doctor grabbed my arm around it and stuck me. I didn't mind it so much that way. It's the idea of the needle more than the pain that gets me. When we went to Europe the doctor came to vaccinate me, and when I saw it wasn't such a big needle, really, I let him."

Sandy went through a bad period at eleven—just as she was becoming conscious of boys, her figure started to change and her bust to develop. She was horribly embarrassed; none of the other girls had shown even a sign of such happenings. She took to wearing undershirts in an attempt to flatten herself out. She refused to wear a bra—the idea was disgusting. What the undershirts couldn't hide, oversized sweaters did. In the summer when bathing suits made it pretty obvious, she told the other girls that the suit was padded. Then suddenly the boys began to notice it too—and with approval. That did it; Sandy became very pleased with her 34-C bust. By the time she was thirteen the other girls had caught up anyway.

Relations with step-father

Her step-father was a remarkable man. He was wealthy, loving—and commanding. He ran Sandy's life and her mother's completely. They were not asked where they'd like to have dinner. Daddy took them where he thought proper and good. They were not consulted on larger plans either. Daddy took care of *everything*. Since he was an extremely benevolent despot, whose first thought was always for his wife-and-daughter, they not only had no complaints. They worshipped him. Sandy loved him with all her heart. It is a half-serious joke with her and her mother that Eugene married Mama only to get Sandy; it is even less of a joke when Sandy says, "*We* were married to him," and even more significantly, when she was asked, "He wasn't just a friend to you, then, but a father, a real *father?*" she replied: "He was a father to my mother and to me." Both women felt utterly protected and secure having him run their lives: his death was utterly devastating to them both.

When Eugene died, Mama went to pieces completely. According to Sandy: "She couldn't be talked to. And there were things that had to be talked about. So I took care of them—I was all right, I wasn't crying. Mom sobbed through the whole funeral. I was dry-eyed. I felt I wasn't *supposed* to cry. Then I went to the coffin to say good-bye. And I passed out. All of a sudden, *I knew* he was gone, and I walked away and fainted. People came for me and picked me up, but I was through. After that, I couldn't do anything but cry."

Going back to the apartment they had lived in in New York proved unbearable. When Ross Hunter suggested they come to L.A. and that Sandy make a movie, they said yes at once, hoping that distance and new sights and work would help. It was probably the first big decision either of them made, but it turned out to be a good one. The move helped them a great deal.

Both can now calmly discuss the man they loved so much. There is tremendous reverence in their voices when they think back. Sandy says she was even closer to him than to her mother. She brought all her problems to him and all her joys. They looked alike physically—the same big brown eyes—and they were alike mentally. The one thing she didn't discuss with him was boys—they were a trivial, if exciting, part of her life until recently. Now she would like very much to talk to him about them, but of course she can't. She remembers shopping with him, too. He had strong ideas about women's clothes—as about everything—and chose many of Sandy's himself. He also had notions about make-up. He hated it on a child. If Sandy came home with her modeling make-up still on, he'd have a fit. If she appeared with a little lipstick, he'd make her wipe it off. She did as she was told. She was a strong-willed child, but she says frankly that she was afraid of her step-father, and would never dare to raise her voice to him. She says it proudly. It is obvious it will take quite a guy to measure up to her memory of him.

As to her real father: Sandy shakes her head grimly, won't say much. Only that now that she's a success, all of a sudden they hear from him. Mama says Sandy's big brown eyes also resemble her real daddy's.

Relations with mother

Mama says simply: "After Eugene's death, Sandy started doing for me what he used to do." Sandy is a person of much more will and strength than most sixteen-year-old girls—or even most adults, and



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Mama, who used to depend on her husband a good deal now depends on Sandy.

She calls her mother 'Butch' these days; a recent innovation. Used to call her 'Mommie'—as did Eugene.

She feels she is closer to her mother than most girls. Their protected, much-fathered life fostered that, her mother's involvement with her baby helped, and then the drawing together after Eugene's death made them lean heavily on each other. Now, in fact, Sandy feels they are too close and ought to start breaking apart. It is a painful process, probably even more so for Mama than for Sandy. Mama agrees to a certain extent, hesitantly. "In two years or so she'll be on her own. I'll have to make a life of my own, too." Right after Eugene's death, friends started trying to remarry Mama off.

At first Sandy was horrified. "How can they, when they knew Daddy? We'll never go near those people again." Then one day they met a person who was 'very much alone.' Sandy was stunned by such desolation. When they left, she told her mother, "Mom, I'd never want that to happen to you. Just pick someone I can *stand*." Now Mom goes out on dates, sometimes with Sandy along. When Sandy goes out without her mother, she feels a bit guilty.

Their living together breeds quarrels from time to time, mostly over food:

Mama to Sandy: Eat.

Sandy: I don't wanna.

Mama: Eat! You're driving me crazy!

Sandy: I—don't—want—to!

They also quarrel over Sandy's messiness. On the whole, Mama doesn't mind picking up after her. But sometimes when Sandy asks her to find something for her—say, a particular scarf, she rebels, "Look for it yourself." "No," Sandy wails, "I'd only mess everything up." After a few minutes Mama realizes that that's all too true, and gets it herself. As a little girl, Mama says, Sandy always knew precisely what hair ribbon or which dress she wanted to wear and it had to be just right—but when she got out of it again, the fussed-over outfit would be left to lie on the floor until Mama picked it up.

Relations with other kids, boys, etc.

As a little girl on Long Island, Sandy says, she was not only in on everything in school, but president of most of it. She was popular, liked school. At eleven she became boy conscious all of a sudden. It was the thing in her class to have boy friends. Sandy set about getting them with a will; it used to take her three and a half hours to walk home from school every day, dawdling with crowds of boys and girls. The teachers began to send notes home: "Sandy talks too much in class—especially to boys!" It wasn't fair, Sandy protested—the teacher had assigned her to a seat simply surrounded by eligible males. Every Friday afternoon there was a dance at school, and Sandy was always there. Her tactics were successful; she got herself, she says, forty-eight boy friends, and the classroom was a veritable whirl of notes flying back and forth between Sandy and her guys. On one in particular, an older man of thirteen or so, she had a violent crush. He was very tall, a big wheel, and they had a mad romance for three days. Then he gave her his bracelet. Delighted, she took it home—and discovered that it had his name on it. Cheap, she decided; if he really loved her he'd have gotten her one with *her* name on it. End of romance.

Then Sandy began to model, and the family transferred home base to a New York apartment. Sandy enrolled in a Manhattan school, and there everything was very different. From the start, she was given special privileges, could leave early, come in late, etc., because of her work schedule. The other children resented this strongly. By the third day, Sandy was miserable, ready to leave. No one talked to her, no one answered when she spoke to them. At first she was stricken with worry—maybe these kids were right and she *was* awful. She would blush, almost burst into tears when they refused her overtures. She tried to do something about it. Decided they resented her because she ate in restaurants at lunch time while the others went into candy stores. But no one would ask her to join them in the candy stores and she couldn't walk into those small kid-crowded places alone. So she went on eating in lonely splendor. Then she thought perhaps it was her clothes—too expensive and varied. For seven days she went to school every day in her gym suit

Jean Simmons told Rock Hudson that she and husband Stewart Granger refer to the two ranches they own in Arizona as 'his' and 'hers.'

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

in an effort to erase the clothes-horse impression. Nothing came of it . . . except a burst of Sandy's natural strong-mindedness. She'd done her best, the heck with them. She no longer felt inferior, just mad. She positively sneered, walking out of school, all dressed up, two hours early. The only time it ever got her down again was at graduation. The school put on *HMS Pinafore,* and Sandy, who had been working so much she'd scarcely been at school the last few weeks, was the only girl not in it. Her father came to the exercises, which were held in a tiny basement. He was a big man, and he sat there with sweat pouring off him, just to applaud his daughter—and then she was the only one left sitting on her seat while the rest went onto the stage. She was sure he was horribly distressed, could have cried for him.

Boys dropped out of her life completely during this time, and defiant as she was, she was lonely, desperately wanted a friend. Then one day at a fashion show, she met another model, Lorna Gillam. This was a beautiful girl, somewhat older than Sandy. Sandy idolized her and they became good friends—best friends. They slept at each other's homes, talked about everything, were inseparable. Then Lorna fell in love. After that, Sandy would talk about career, Lorna would talk about her guy. Sandy used to go out with them sometimes, and found the fellow treating her like Lorna's little sister. She wasn't exactly resentful, only lonely and wistful. She wanted a boy friend and had none.

In Hollywood now one of the major troubles in her life—and possibly, she thinks, the cause of her bored periods—is that she has no girl friends at all. Why? Because she doesn't know anyone her own age. She feels confident of her ability to make and keep friends—but there's no one to know. "I met Cheryl Crane once. She could be a friend—but she goes to school. I never see her."

On the other hand, she does date. A year ago she had her first date with Johnny Wilder, and was very nervous. Now she has many dates—"Well, many for me." It's actually very few for the normal girl, but to Sandy who was cut off from boys for so many years, it's overwhelming. Her mother approves of her going out. "She even accepts dates *for* me, just to get me out." Most of her dates are for movies, or dinner and a drive. Week nights she has to be home by ten, Friday by eleven, Saturdays at her own discretion—which is good. At dinner dates, she looks first at the price list, even when she knows she doesn't have to. Sal Mineo took her to the preem of *The Big Country* and she kicked off her shoes and cried out loud through the entire movie—partly because it was sad, partly because she had no popcorn. Then Sal had to find her shoes for her afterwards; she's sure he was embarrassed.

Her biggest disappointment in boys is a direct result of her new movies. Before her face became known, fellows used to try to pick her up—and her mother—in Schwab's. Now, she says sadly, they never do anymore. Boys are very important in her life now, but it's a new field of endeavor for Sandy and she isn't sure of where it's going. Her mother has great confidence in her ability to handle dates. She never told Sandy the facts of life exactly, but is sure she knows them, because "She learned them through contact with adults, subtly." Sandy told her once that "When the time comes to kiss a boy, I'll know. It won't be just because it's good-night time, either." So far, time hasn't come.

Clothes

As a little girl, Sandy was kept in pinafores and organdy by her doting mother. This went on and on, with Mama buying the clothes and Sandy looking like a little dream in them—until she reached the age (11) when other children in school were growing up into sweaters and skirts. Sandy didn't kick her heels or sob for months to make her point. When simple argument didn't make Mama get her some sporty, older clothes, she took her to school with her one day. Mama wept, but was convinced. The next day she and Sandy went shopping. For a long time Mama continued to buy all of Sandy's clothes—except those Eugene bought. He was the one who brought her her first formal and her first heels. The shoes were white satin, the strapless dress white with red roses, the occasion the White Ball in New York. Sandy was thirteen. It was for that that she finally talked Daddy into letting her wear a little lipstick, and dancing with him at the ball, she was spotted by Oleg Cassini, who asked her to model a $35,000 necklace for a show. Sandy did, and fell in love with modeling. She didn't need the money—it was just fun.

After a while, Sandy began to go shopping often with her mother, to look at older things. She got to wear her first stockings to school one day, wanting to make an impression, by telling Mama there was a glee club rehearsal and the girls were asked to wear hose. Then when she got to school she was so embarrassed she sneaked out, bought a pair of anklets and pulled them on. Last summer for the first time she went shopping alone and, to her mother's admiring surprise, brought back 'very chic things.' Now she buys most of her own things, going for rather modified high fashion—she bought no clothes in Paris—and nothing extreme. Mama still buys her cocktail clothes, though—just got her her first black dresses. They are very soft, simple, youthful looking dresses, though, one of black net over flesh-tone silk, the other of black silk. She owns too many skirts and sweaters to count, twelve or more dressy outfits, and about thirty pairs of high-heeled shoes. In Hollywood in her spare time she wears slacks or capris with flats and wedgies. In New York she wears suits, wool dresses, heels. In general she wears mostly bulky knit sweaters, skirts, and now red and blue tights and short skirts. The one thing she owns and can't wear—it's too dramatic—is a white beaver coat with a dark mink collar. She got her chance in Paris, though, and stopped traffic even in that blasé city.

The only color she avoids is grey. "It seems to grey her out a little," her mother says. "Not that she doesn't look good in it—Sandy can wear anything—but grey isn't *as* good as everything else."

Food, diets, etc.

Sandy's skin has never so much as had a blemish on it, but she has other major food difficulties. At one point after she began modeling, she became dissatisfied with her photos—she was fat, she decided. After that her mother began to notice that Sandy was barely touching her food—meal after meal would pass by without her eating more than a scrap of what was on her plate. This worried Mama very much. She tried to tell Sandy her photos were marvelous. But Sandy never took anyone's word (except possibly Eugene's); she had to be convinced herself. Ordinarily, she was right. This time she was wrong, but Mama couldn't do much about it: "Sandy had always been treated as an adult, never lived in a child's world. You couldn't just give her orders." Eugene could, but he wasn't around then; he was on a trip. When Mama and Sandy ate out, it was the same story. She began to lose pounds. Mama consulted a doctor who said, "When she's hungry, she'll eat." Doctor didn't know Sandy. By the time Eugene got home, she was a mess but still stubbornly dieting—a subdued, quiet, hungry, stubborn Sandy. With his usual forthrightness, Eugene got in another doctor who bawled Sandy out, told her what she was doing to her health. Sandy finally stopped, but the damage to her system was done. She still must avoid rich, sweet foods and probably will always have to. This was cinched by a rash she developed on her midriff at ten; the allergy that caused it is gone now, but Sandy fears it and doubly avoids sweets. Fortunately, she doesn't like them much anyway—except for walnuts and ice cream. Some weekends she indulges herself on a binge of those.

She goes through food phases. Her father was on a salt-free diet for years, so the whole family grew accustomed to eating that way and Sandy still prefers it, has no compunctions about asking for saltless food in a restaurant. But mostly she prefers to eat at home. In fact, she will often go along on a dinner date with her mother and a friend, not eat a thing—and then come home and cook her own dinner. Sandy is an inspired, self-taught cook, and cooks for her mother also. She cuts recipes out of women's magazines just as a housewife might do. Her mother is no cook, likes to have Sandy do it for her. (Sandy mentioned with happy anticipation that she was going home that evening to make a new liver dish for her mother and herself; her mother knew nothing about it, but accepted it.)

For a while, Sandy ate steak for breakfast every morning. She liked it so rare that it made Mama ill to look at it. Now she prefers it medium or even well done—but she doesn't eat it as steak. She'll go to the butcher, ask for a magnificent filet, see that it is cut thick, prime meat—and then ask him to grind it. The poor butchers have a fit, but Sandy is on a hamburger kick.

She loves vegetables, eats them raw or par-boiled. An occasional baked potato, too. She eats quantities of fresh fruit, and raw lettuce is the one thing she has always loved, without deviation. When her father was alive, she used to make him salads; he was a gourmet, and his praise was important. She made the dressings, too. Also makes a very elaborate dish of lobster, rice, mushrooms, onions that she made up herself. She is one of those rare people with perfect pitch in tasting; she can try a new dish once and tell you what's in it.

For a while she was on an onion craze, but working in movies cured her of that. It just isn't fair to your co-star. Equally, Europe cured her of garlic addiction; she'd had enough of that by the time she got back.

On the whole, her diet seems an eminently sensible one, but Sandy is probably underweight, and these foods won't help much. Her back is so thin it has to be padded when it shows!

Make-up

Sandy learned to make up at an early age, from watching the older models. She thought it was tremendous fun, had clashes with her father, finally won permission at thirteen to wear a little light lipstick for big occasions, though he and Mom wanted her to wait till she was sixteen. She was delighted, thought she was getting away with something. Now she hates the stuff and on week ends will wear lipstick—*maybe*. If feeling very lavish, she may powder her nose. For work she wears mascara, eyebrow pencil, eye liner and shadow, and feels as if she can't even blink with it all on. On week ends she doesn't comb her hair either—just ties it back or rolls it up on top of her head and forgets about it.

Money

"Sandy has no conception of it," her mother says. She gets no regular—or irregular—allowance, but always has a little money with her "and anything she wants, all she has to do is ask for it." On the whole she asks for very little. The only two things she has wanted desperately (besides modeling, her childhood urge) are a Thunderbird and a house. She now has both. She has never known any sort of privation, of course, and is not aware of *wanting* much—she just *has*. Her mother thinks that on a limited income, Sandy would not have been unhappy, either. I suspect that when she comes of age Sandy will suddenly become extremely sagacious about money, and possibly even take over the family finances from Mama. Eugene's death, of course, left them rich—but Mama says she is completely bewildered by having to handle business details which she'd never handled before, and that were completely in Eugene's world.

School work

Her best subjects in high school are psychology and English; her compositions surprise her mother with their excellence; she did one on a little alleyway in Paris, and once turned the death of her father's mother into a story. Her worst subject is mathematics—she hated geometry. Figures are figures and triangles are triangles, and why mix them up together?

Religion

The family is Greek Orthodox. Sandy used to go to church every Sunday, light candles, pray nightly. She would ask God that things go well for her family and herself, for her career, for everyone's health. Sometimes she would ask for something she wanted badly and then go to sleep feeling safe. The only things she lost out on with God was her father's life. That threw her; she stopped praying—she was mad at God. A priest tried to help, but to no avail. Now she seems to have recovered her respect for God. She keeps an ikon that belonged to the family, and her father's cross, plus a St. Christopher medal. She says she would go to church in Hollywood, but she misses the one in New York. She does burn a candle in her room from time to time.

Sports

She hated them as a child, now enjoys

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them mildly. She likes ice skating and swimming, but isn't particularly good at them. She was taken skiing at Big Bear and was tickled to discover she didn't have to walk up the mountain (she'd started to) but could ride the lift. She loves amusement parks, goes on six or seven rides including roller coasters, without so much as a breath in between.

Her room

In the New York apartment Sandy and her mother left so quickly after Eugene's death, the walls were pink in Sandy's room, with white furniture, a deep purple tufted headboard on her bed and a purple velvet spread over a pink organdy dust ruffle. The carpet was pink, too. Wow! She also had a triple dresser, a mirror—and the bed was a huge double one. She gave all of it away to family and friends.

The room she will live in in the new house they've purchased in Hollywood has shell-pink wallpaper and a mural on one wall. Sandy hasn't furnished the rest of it yet, will do so herself.

The interesting thing is that pink is by no means a favorite color of hers, yet she always ends up with it in her room!

Her physical stamina

Sandy's actually got a good deal of stamina and energy, but doesn't look it. Leading men have been scared to death that they'll break her in half. She's over five feet four inches but weighs only a hundred and looks very tiny, fragile and short somehow.

Summary

Sandra Dee is different from the average teen-age girl in more than her career. The fact of her luxury-centered childhood makes her more poised, more socially assured than most girls; she has no worries about which fork to use, how to speak to a waiter, what to wear where, how to talk to adults.

Both her indulgent mother and autocratic step-father contributed to her social maturity. On the other hand, in specifically teen-age affairs, she knows less than most girls do, has dated less, and has shared in almost no teen-age girl life. This makes her present life lonely and difficult, and makes her work assume even greater importance than her natural ambition would give it.

She is a forceful, confident, able person. In a strange way, the tragedy of her beloved father's death probably had its good side for Sandy; as she grew older, she could scarcely have avoided tremendous clashes with him over the very things that made her adore him previously—his firm-handed running of everyone's life, his insistence upon his own way in everything. Under the circumstances, her memory of him is unspoiled.

Now both she and her mother are centered upon Sandy's career and it is Sandy who runs the house to some extent, plans the meals—does in fact whatever she wants to and finds interesting. (She doesn't wash the dishes, but does go on periodic cleaning sprees.) They are tremendously conscious of her mother's need to remarry because Sandy will be leaving her—not, as you might expect, Sandy's worrying centering on her mother's marrying and leaving *her*. (What a sentence!)

I feel that Sandy's career is the *result* of her basic difference from most girls, and not the *cause* of it.

Of course in many ways she is like other girls: she is self-conscious about her appearance, nervous and hopeful about boys, and will probably sooner or later feel very strongly the fact that she has no one to lean on, but is being leaned on instead. But I couldn't make a case for this girl as the average teen-ager plunged into the glorious upheaval of Hollywood. Because it just ain't so. **END**

Sandra can be seen in GIDGET *for Columbia.*

I Was Always Running from the Cops

(Continued from page 34)

were several other uncles, aunts and *their kids* already living with her. When we showed up, I've been told, my cousins looked at me and said, "Good gosh, not another Whitman!"

It was kind of crowded, but it was the only thing we could do. We lived there several years. I remember watching my mother leave for work early in the morning—a small, frail figure, really a kid herself. As I saw her disappear under the El trains I felt kind of lost and lonely. It was only when I saw her walking home, under the same El shadows, that I felt secure again.

Grandma had a lot to do in the house with that big mob, and with my mother and dad away all day, I felt alone. I was in a new neighborhood, a tough neighborhood, and I wanted to be noticed. A gang of boys began to pick on me because I didn't 'belong.' One day when I walked along the street the leader of the gang yelled, "*Comeeer,* sonny boy!" He was eleven, I was eight, and he looked like he could mop up the street with me. I ran.

"Sisseee—looka sonny boy run," they jeered. They caught up with me and turned me upside down, rifling my pockets of some pennies and marbles—all of my worldly possessions. When I started to cry, that made it worse. They surrounded me, calling out, "Cry baby—lookit it cry." I bit my lips and learned never to cry again.

Every day that gang kept after me. I knew I had to do something dangerous to win their respect, so I started to hitch rides on the trains. While the trains were in motion, I'd make a leap for the back car and hang on. It didn't matter where the train went. I had no place to go. I just had to hop on. It was forbidden, it was dangerous, so it was the thing to do.

I was in

Once, the conductor caught me at it and no sooner had I sneaked on the train than I had to jump off. In jumping, I fell and split my nose. The gang saw me lying there bleeding and some of the guys said, awe in their voices: "Gee, the kid's got guts." I picked myself up, and even though I was black and blue, I never felt better in my life. At last, I was one of them.

But not for long. No sooner had I become part of the gang than we moved—this time in with an aunt and uncle. I didn't know why we had to move. Maybe Grandma's place was too crowded, maybe it was because of Dad's and Mother's personal problems. But moving meant getting in with a new gang of kids again, doing crazy things to make them admire me.

The adjustments became painful. My uncle and aunt had two boys, and having a terror like me around didn't induce greater hospitality. So back we went to Grandma's in Coney Island. I had to reinstate myself with the gang, and that's when I started getting into trouble.

On a snowy day I took a sled up to the very top of the highest roller coaster in Coney Island. I looked down and got sick to my stomach. But the gang was below, watching me. I gritted my teeth and headed down. My stomach felt as though it had hit concrete when the ride was over, but I was still alive. My pals yelled, "*Criminee,* the cops!" I picked myself up and ran.

I was getting used to living with trouble. I didn't know what it was like not to be in trouble, or inviting it. Although my parents were away all day—Mother was working, Dad was trying to finish his law studies and get a foothold in politics—they'd hear about my shenanegans when they'd come home. When I was in bed, I'd overhear their worried conversations as they sat up in the kitchen discussing what they could do with me.

"Well, Stu," my father told me one morning, "we've managed to get you into a free camp—a real nice camp. Maybe being in the country will help you. . . ."

I guess I would have enjoyed camp, except that my folks couldn't come to see me. They were both busy working. Also, they couldn't afford the fare. But I didn't understand that. It just about killed me to think that I was forgotten. It gave me an odd kind of satisfaction to work off my disappointment by making life miserable for the counselors.

When camp was over and I got off the train at Grand Central Station, I saw my father, grim-faced, heading toward me. He was alone.

"Where's Mom?" I asked.

"In bed. She was in an accident."

I felt that my world had collapsed. Even after I learned she wasn't badly hurt, I still had that sunk feeling.

The slums

The phony security I had built up in being a 'respected' member of my gang collapsed, too, when my parents moved again. This time it was into a small flat in the heart of New York's slum area, surrounded by poverty and violence. As the new kid once more, I had an overwhelming need to make the other kids notice me at all costs, and I did it in the only way I knew how: by trying to be wilder and tougher than any of them. I had a lot of time to do that. I was on my own after school until my folks came home.

At school I caused so much trouble that finally I was expelled.

This meant going to another school. I couldn't play hookey forever, so I enrolled in P.S. 63, which was in an even tougher neighborhood than my last school.

To re-establish myself as quickly as possible I beat up two guys the first day. In return, they beat the tar out of me and cut my head open. Six stitches were taken over my eye, but I didn't mind. I'd accomplished my purpose. I'd made the toughest gang in that school.

We'd whip through candy stores, yelling, and grab comic books off the stands, knocking candy off the counters. There was a marble factory nearby. After school, we'd size up the trucks and hitch a ride on one. Then we'd tumble off a carton or two, divvying up the marbles. After that, we'd run like crazy.

One night I came home, my jacket stuffed like a penguin with marbles. My father ripped open my jacket and the marbles spilled out. "Where did you get them?" he demanded.

"Well, you see," I said, "there was this guy and he came to school and said, 'Look, I want to give these aggies away. . . .'

Wham—my father's hand came across my face. "Don't ever let me catch you lying again—or stealing!" Mom was crying.

I guess I split my folks up, the tensions and problems must have got her and Dad. Because shortly afterwards she took me with her to California where we moved in with my other grandma. Just the two of us—not Dad. I was too busy connecting with another gang to give it much thought, but I remember how glad I was when my mother, all smiles, said to me one morning, "We're going back to your father again. Let's pack up. . . ."

We did. We packed up and went to Atlanta, Georgia, where my dad was taking his bar exams. But he had no future as a lawyer there, so back to Manhattan we went. Because I immediately began to run around with gangs again, my parents boarded me with a minister's family in a small town in upper New York state.

There were no gangs in Fishkill. Soon I discovered I could let off steam in wholesome pursuits. I pitched hay, learned to milk cows and worked from morning until night on the farm of a local judge. And I fell madly in love with his daughter, Becky.

I was happier than I'd ever been in my life, when the blow fell: a real estate venture of my father's failed and we were moving to Los Angeles. It just about broke me up to have to leave Becky. When we got to California—maybe out of rebellion—I started to go back to my old ways.

In looking for thrills, the other guys in my gang and I got motorcycles and drove up and down hills, crashed through cornfields and tore through the main streets of neighboring towns. For added kicks, we tried to see how close we could come to running into, and just missing, each other.

All the harebrained stuff I did was finally channeled in a worthwhile direction when I joined the Army. That's where I started to get rid of my unpredictable temper. Because I could box, they made me an athletic instructor. I did all right at that, helping guys who had never thrown a punch in their lives. Then the Army detailed me to help rehabilitate the wounded and I learned some patience.

An important discovery

But I was at loose ends when I got out of the Army. I didn't know what to do with my life. I guess I still didn't quite know how to live without trouble. Groping around for some kind of outlet, I started spending days and nights in movie houses. It was then that I made an important discovery. When I watched a movie I'd find myself identifying with the characters on the screen, and the wild *go-go-go* within me would subside. I was no longer myself but someone else.

With my GI Bill allotment, I decided to take some dramatic courses. I got a role now and then, just small things, and in order to eat regularly, bought a bulldozer on time and took jobs leveling hillsides and yanking out trees.

I was working nights in a little theater in Hollywood, and spending days picking up a tan at the beach when I met Patty. There were lots of pretty girls at the beach, but Patty was a standout, with her red hair and green eyes, a figure made for a bathing suit and a million-watt smile.

There was every reason for me to fall for Patty; why she fell for me I'll never know. Patty came from a well-to-do family, long-established in Los Angeles. A fine, lovely girl attending Immaculate Heart College, she'd had all the stability I didn't have. Besides, at the time she was engaged to an All-American football star of whom her family approved heartily.

They made no secret of their opposition to me. "He's nothing—he's irresponsible—he has no future," her parents told her, not without logic. In the face of all these valid arguments, Patty continued to see me, even breaking her engagement to the other fellow.

No one can blame her parents for feeling the way they did. I used to call for her in my hot-rod. I didn't even go into the house. Dressed in levis and a T-shirt, I slouched behind the wheel and honked the horn to announce my arrival.

On one occasion, bringing Patty home from a party at 4:00 a.m., I was met at the door by her father who was furious and told me never to come around again. Two nights later, with a quarter to my name, I proposed to Patty and she said yes.

She had finished college and had taken a job, and we planned to wait only long enough to finance a wedding. Her boss, who had a soft spot in his heart for kids in love, said he would stake us to the plane fare and honeymoon in Las Vegas.

On our way to the airport, Patty asked me to stop for a moment so that she could make a call. Not wanting to hurt her parents too much, she suddenly decided to telephone them. "Mother, Dad," she told them, "I want you to know that I'm going to marry Stu—today. We're on our way to Las Vegas, but I'd like your blessing."

The police were after us

Her parents tried to talk her out of leaving. We knew we could never get their consent by waiting, so off we drove. Her parents tried to stop their daughter from making such a terrible mistake and called the police to send squad cars to stop us from getting on the plane. Somehow, I got speed out of my jalopy, and managed to give the slip to the police. We

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE JIM GARNER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE JOANNE WOODWARD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE PAUL NEWMAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE LAUREN BACALL:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE STUART WHITMAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

7. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

(see other side)

were off on the plane just minutes before the police cars screamed into the airport.

The kind of love and courage Patty displayed in marrying me continued after we got back. Patty did everything she could to make something of our marriage. And in doing so, she began to make a responsible, well-adjusted human being out of me.

We moved into a one-room place and right off the bat our married life started on a see-saw arrangement. I was acting in a little theater play; not much dough but the only thing I could do if I wanted to become an actor. When the night's performance was over, I was too exhilarated to go home to sleep. I'd join the other kids in the show and go out for coffee. Usually I'd let myself into the apartment only a couple of hours before Patty was ready to leave for *her* job. When Patty came home at night, I was ready to take off for the theater. Even though her office job wasn't paying much, it was still more than my take-home of $35 a week, and she was paying most of the bills. I began to feel like a crumb about this, and Patty was afraid I'd slip back into that awful feeling of insecurity. In order to build up my own self-esteem, she quit her job. She knew this would be rough on her, leaving her with very little, but she felt it was worth it to make me feel like the head of the house.

One afternoon, at rehearsal, the manager told us the play was folding as of that night. I wondered how to tell Patty. I stood outside our door for a long while trying to get up the courage to break the news.

When I stepped inside, Patty rushed to me and threw her arms around me. "Guess what? The doctor told me we're going to have a baby. Aren't you happy?"

In the past, I'd probably have tried to escape this crisis by going out on a tear. But not this time. There was a glow on her face; she looked up at me, believing that I'd take care of her. I couldn't let her down. I polished up my bulldozer and took excavating jobs. Whenever I heard of an acting job, I'd rush off to the nearest gas station, wash up, change into a clean shirt and report at the studio for the interview. Then back to my 'cat' tearing up mountains of dirt.

The rebellion I'd built up inside of me all these years didn't vanish overnight. My early habits took over, and I still found it hard to adjust to authority.

Labeled a trouble-maker

A break came my way when I was signed to a contract by U-I and was given a small part in a picture. When the director tried to tell me how to do the scene, I disagreed with him and didn't hesitate to tell him so. Everyone on the set was shocked to see a bit player tell off a director. The director didn't like it and told me to do it his way. I blew my top and started arguing with him. Tony Curtis, who was the star of the picture, took me aside and said, "Look, Stu, don't fight. You'll only be driving nails in your coffin. Now take it easy and do what he says."

Tony's intervention saved me my job in that picture, but I was labeled a trouble-maker and my contract was torn up.

The day I was dropped by the studio was the day Patty told me baby Tony would have a little brother or sister. She didn't cry, she didn't nag, she didn't say I was a failure when I told her I'd been bounced. She just took my hand and said, "You'll get a better break, honey. I know you will." Unconsciously, I squared my shoulders.

On my next film job, when I disagreed with the director, I tightened my fists but kept my mouth shut. I began to do better all the time, and when our third baby, Linda, came I got my big break as the lead in *Johnny Trouble*. We called Linda 'Lucky' because our luck changed from that time on.

Johnny Trouble led me into *Darby's Rangers* which led me into the role of the beatnik musician in *Ten North Frederick*, and a 20th Century-Fox contract. When I played this role I thought how much like this guy I was—wild, undisciplined, an out-and-out rebel.

While I began to play guys on the screen who were hell-raisers—like the maverick cowboy in *These Thousand Hills* and the circus roustabout who courts Joanne Woodward in *The Sound and the Fury*, changes were taking place inside me. Some of my own feelings of insecurity and restlessness died down. I stopped thrashing out at the world. I wanted to belong.

With the first money I was able to put away, I made a down payment on a house in the Valley for Patty, myself and our four kids—we had a new baby, Scott, last year. I'm a family man now. With Patty and the children to come home to, I feel anchored, secure. Week ends I paint the house, help with the kids, grill steaks on the barbecue. Patty's family and my parents come over often. Winter nights I like to sit before the fire with my wife and children. Summers, I teach the kids how to swim, take the family to Disneyland or Marineland and for drives to the beach. Just like lots of other guys.

It's swell to feel wanted, needed. To stay put.

And I never want to run again. **END**

Look for Stu in THE SOUND AND THE FURY *for 20th-Fox.*

---

8. I LIKE CONNIE FRANCIS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE JAYNE MANSFIELD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE CAROLYN JONES:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE TONY CURTIS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE INGER STEVENS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STREET.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

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First No-Diet Reducing Wonder Drug

Used Successfully by Thousands of Physicians! Lose As Many Pounds As You Like Without Special Diets, Without Exercise, Without Giving Up the Kinds of Food You Love to Eat!

Here's the electrifying news you've hoped and prayed for . . . the fabulous news you've wanted to hear! It's just been released . . . the amazingly safe, tested, no-diet way to reduce! The method you've heard spoken about in whispers, at last approved for safety by the United States Government for sale without prescription!

Yes, the same kind of safe, sure, no special diet reducing wonder drug used successfully by thousands of doctors . . . tested successfully on thousands of patients . . . yours at last!

Reports of losses up to 29 pounds the first month, up to 43 pounds or more in a reasonable length of time, *without* going on a diet, *without* exercise, *without* giving up the kind of foods you love to eat; you just don't take those second and third portions you used to . . . *without* doing a single unpleasant thing! Sounds miraculous, but it's all medically proven fact!

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With N.D.-17, without great effort, without iron will power, you'll actually be eating less and down will come your overweight, gone will be those ugly, stubborn, clinging pounds of fat!

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Before each meal you simply take one tiny tablet hardly larger than an aspirin. That's all you have to do to make pounds and pounds of ugly fat disappear . . . all you have to do to gain the slim, trim, attractive figure you want so much. One tiny tablet — just one — three times a day!

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1. N.D.-17 appeases your appetite more effectively than anything you have ever tried before. You still relish your food, but automatically you eat less, need no great will power, and down comes caloric intake and down comes ugly overweight.
2. N.D.-17 helps to overcome those gnawing hunger-pangs. Food actually stays in your stomach longer, thus helping to eliminate the major cause of those empty-stomach blues that do so much to make you overeat.

In other words, without even being aware of it, this amazing wonder drug will cut down on your appetite, cut down on your gnawing hunger for food, and safely, quickly, easily you'll lose ugly pounds and inches of dangerous, figure-marring, excess fat! And you'll feel well, too, while those pounds are coming off! This fact has been proved time and again in hospitals, clinics and in the private offices of many of the nation's finest and most expensive doctors.

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Think of what this means to you! You've tried everything. You've been fooled and fooled and fooled again. You swore you'd never try another reducing product but you did. You swore you'd never take another chance, and before you realized it you were up to your old tricks. The same old story . . . another product, another disappointment, another heartbreak.

Don't let this happen again! Forget the old-fashioned reducing remedies you've tried in the past. Forget the tablets that are supposed to bulk up in your stomach. Forget chewing gums and reducing candies and all the other so-called plans, diets and regimens. Now, thanks to the wonders of modern medical science, you won't have to keep trying one reducing product after another, because now N.D.-17, the fabulous reducing wonder drug, is yours to use without a doctor's prescription!

N.D.-17 has been exhaustively tested in hospitals and clinics all over the United States. It has been used successfully by thousands of doctors. It has been tried successfully on vast numbers of overweight patients. It has built up a more astounding record of success than any proprietary reducing product in the history of weight reducing! And now, for the first time ever, it is available to you without prescription!

YOU'VE SEEN THE EVIDENCE

You have read the facts. You have judged the evidence. You have seen the logical, scientific reasons why N.D.-17 and N.D.-17 alone will help you reduce your overweight quickly, safely, easily, without diets. If what you have read seems to make sense, ask yourself this question . . .
Do I sincerely want to lose weight?
If you're a sensible person, the answer will be yes . . .

HERE IS OUR PROPOSITION

Based on the most overwhelming mass of scientific evidence ever assembled for any reducing product ever sold directly to the public before, we are convinced, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that N.D.-17 is a vastly superior product! In every test, in every way, it was proved to the satisfaction of thousands of doctors that the ingredients in N.D.-17 are the finest in the world today. To back up that statement and to show you we are sincere, we offer you this unique opportunity. Try N.D.-17 in your own home for seven days at our expense. If, at the end of that time, N.D.-17 hasn't done everything you have been led to believe it will, you don't pay one single penny! Now here is exactly what we claim N.D.-17 will do . . .

N.D.-17 must be easier to take than anything you've ever tried before! N.D.-17 must be absolutely safe, absolutely harmless for any normally healthy persons. You must not suffer all of the side effects such as dizziness, nausea, headaches or discomfort of other products. N.D.-17 must cut down on your appetite without conscious effort on your part, thereby helping you to lose up to 29 pounds the first month, up to 30, 40, 50 pounds or more in a reasonable length of time, as other users have reported.

N.D.-17 may be safely used by any normally healthy person. It does not have all of the unpleasant side effects of other reducing drugs. But you must hurry! N.D.-17 has just been made ready for sale on a non-prescription basis. Supplies are still limited. Don't be disappointed. Send right now. Try N.D.-17 in your own home at our expense. Subject it to any test you like. Weigh yourself before you start. Weigh yourself later. If you haven't lost up to seven pounds in the first seven days, or if you're not completely satisfied for any reason, pay nothing. It's as simple as that.

If you are skeptical or in doubt . . . even if you think nothing can possibly help you, for the sake of your health, for the sake of your happiness, for the sake of your loved ones, you owe it to yourself to at least try N.D.-17.

If it works for you the way we know it will, you'll certainly agree it is worth the few pennies per day it costs. On the other hand, if N.D.-17 doesn't work the way you expect, it has cost you nothing, and at least you have had the satisfaction of trying it at our expense. Certainly that is a fair offer. The next move is up to you. If you really want to reduce you can. So once and for all determine to do something about your overweight. Right now fill out the coupon at the bottom of this page and mail it at once. Remember you have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

HERE'S PROOF!

THE ONLY REAL TEST OF A REDUCING PRODUCT IS THIS —HOW MANY POUNDS DID PATIENTS LOSE? HERE IS ASTONISHING ANSWER . . .

REDUCED

9 Lbs. In 10 Days
17 Lbs. In 19 Days
25 Lbs. In 30 Days
43 Lbs. In a Few Months

Prove that you too can lose weight safely and easily, even if nothing has ever helped you before!

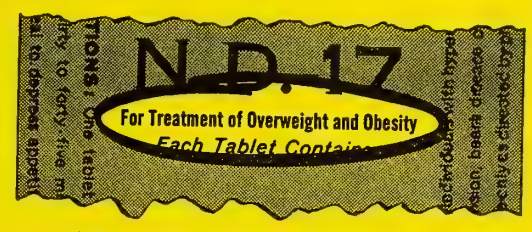
MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Try N.D.-17 for seven days at our risk! If you are not absolutely convinced N.D.-17 is the easiest, most pleasant, most effective way to lose weight you have ever tried, return the unused portion and your money back immediately, no questions asked! You must be delighted in every way, or you pay nothing!

IS N.D.-17 SAFE?

The ingredients in N.D.-17 have been more thoroughly tested over a longer period of time by more doctors in more clinics and more hospitals than any reducing product sold anywhere without a prescription. Doctors have proven time and again that N.D.-17 does not produce all of the unpleasant side effects such as headaches, nausea, dizziness, nervousness or other symptoms usually associated with reducing products. Normally healthy people may take N.D.-17 with complete confidence, content in the knowledge that the ingredients in this product have been released as safe without prescription by the United States government.

FISK RESEARCH, Inc.
Crestwood Plaza, Dept. F-25
Tuckahoe, N. Y.



ONLY REDUCING PRODUCT ALLOWED TO SAY RIGHT ON THE LABEL "FOR TREATMENT OF OVERWEIGHT"

No other product is allowed this privilege. Why? Because, no matter how cleverly they disguise it, all other products require you to follow a plan, a diet, or a so-called regimen. In other words, you do all the work! N.D.-17, on the other hand, works without any conscious help from you! You don't follow a regimen or plan. You don't count calories. Just take three tiny tablets a day and that's it! Your part is finished, your work is done! You go about your business. You eat, sleep, work, play just like any of your thin friends. And all the while, the amazing ingredients in this new wonder drug do the work for you. Without even being aware of it, this amazing substance cuts down on your appetite, cuts down on your desire for food, and safely, quickly, easily down comes caloric intake and you start to lose ugly pounds and inches of overweight!

IMPORTANT

Forget everything you have ever heard about reducing products before today!

Don't confuse N.D.-17 with any other product you have ever seen, heard of, or tried! N.D.-17 is a medical product . . . a reducing wonder drug unlike anything ever sold without a prescription anywhere! And here is the overwhelming proof . . .

N.D.-17 IS NOT A DIET "PLAN" OR DIET "REGIMEN" . . . NOT A DIETARY SUPPLEMENT

Unlike every other reducing product sold by mail or over the drug store counter, your package of N.D.-17 does not include a plan, diet or regimen!

When you take N.D.-17, you find yourself eating less without great effort . . . without willpower. N.D.-17 does the work! Your appetite is curtailed and off come ugly pounds and inches of overweight safely, quickly, easily!

ALL ORDERS PROCESSED IMMEDIATELY! QUICK DELIVERY GUARANTEED!

NO-RISK TRIAL PACKAGE

LIMITED TIME OFFER TO INTRODUCE N.D.-17 BEFORE IT IS SOLD IN DRUG STORES

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Get FREE 10 day supply (reg. price) 3.00	Get FREE 20 day supply (reg. price) 5.00	Get FREE 30 day supply (reg. price) 7.00
TOTAL VALUE $6.00	TOTAL VALUE $10.00	TOTAL VALUE $14.00
YOU PAY ONLY $3.00	YOU PAY ONLY $5.00	YOU PAY ONLY $7.00

FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK TRIAL COUPON TODAY

FISK RESEARCH, Inc. Crestwood Plaza, Dept. F-25 Tuckahoe, N. Y.

Rush my N.D.-17 at once! If I don't lose more weight more quickly than anything I have ever tried before, I may return unused portion for full refund, no questions asked —

☐ Rush 10-day supply, regular value $3.00 plus FREE 10-day supply . . . a $6.00 value. I will pay postman only $3.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

☐ Rush 20-day supply, regular value $5.00 plus FREE 20-day supply . . . a $10.00 value. I will pay postman only $5.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

☐ Rush 30-day supply, regular value $7.00 plus FREE 30-day supply . . . a $14.00 value. I will pay postman only $7.00 plus C.O.D. postage and handling.

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Salem refreshes your taste



· menthol fresh
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· modern filter, too

A Spring day at sun-up . . . morning mist hovering close to thick, fresh grass . . . A perfect setting for a Salem cigarette . . . for there's Springtime freshness in Salem's taste. Through Salem's pure-white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes . . . rich tobacco taste with a surprise softness. Enjoy new ease and comfort in smoking . . . with every puff . . . every pack. Smoke refreshed . . . smoke Salem!

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DELL

the LIFE and DEATH of RITCHIE VALENS

modern screen

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LIZ AND EDDIE'S MARRIAGE.....

insider's report
and secret photos
of the world's most
controversial couple...

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FARLEY GRANGER, STAR OF STAGE, SCREEN, TV



"You can always tell a Halo Girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"

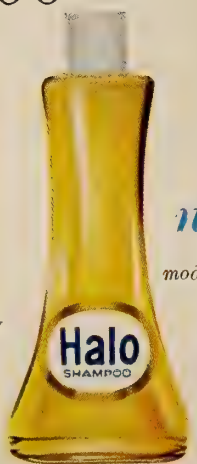
Give your hair that extra-shine, too with today's Halo Shampoo

That satin-bright, satin-smooth shine is always the sign of a Halo Girl.
For today's Halo, the truly modern beauty shampoo, has Extra-Shining Action.

- ♥ HALO shines as it cleans with the *purest, mildest, modern cleansing ingredient* possible. Halo leaves your hair sparkling clean, satin-bright.
- ♥ HALO shines as it rinses with the *fastest, most thorough rinsing action* possible. Halo leaves your hair satin-smooth, too—*so manageable.*

Brand-new beauty bottle, too. Everything about today's HALO makes it so easy for your hair to have that extra-bright "look-again" look. Try it today.

Today's HALO glorifies as it cleans ... gives your hair that extra-bright shine.



new!
smart, modern beauty bottle

RONSON HOOD 'N' COMB HAIR DRYER

Lets you wash, set, dry, and comb out your hair...in just 45 minutes!





Exclusive Comb-Dryer Attachment...combs out snarls as it damp-dries hair. Prepares it to really "take" pin curls. Perfect for children's hair...and comb-setting naturally curly hair.



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Perfect Mother's Day Gift... Comb, Hood and Dryer...all in one wonderful set. $19.95.

PERFECT GIFT FOR EVERY BUSY MOTHER WHO DOES HER OWN HAIR (AND HER LITTLE GIRL'S, TOO)

Here's the most work-saving, time-saving hair dryer ever—the new Ronson Hood 'n' Comb. It's everything mother needs to give herself and her children a professional-looking hair-do—quickly and easily!

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THE WORLD'S FIRST
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No cologne protects and prolongs daintiness like Cashmere Bouquet Talc. Can't evaporate. Won't dry your skin. Will leave you silken-smooth, flower-fresh all over for hours. Let Cashmere Bouquet, made of *pure imported* Talc, be your lasting Veil of Freshness.

Cashmere Bouquet...
The Fragrance Men Love

modern screen

MAY, 1959 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

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The cover photograph of Liz, her boys and Eddie is by UPIP.
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DAVID MYERS, editor

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 4, May 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago. Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.



This babe knows all the answers to why gentlemen prefer girls!

The freshest new face in "LIFE" in the freshest new comedy in years!

M-G-M presents

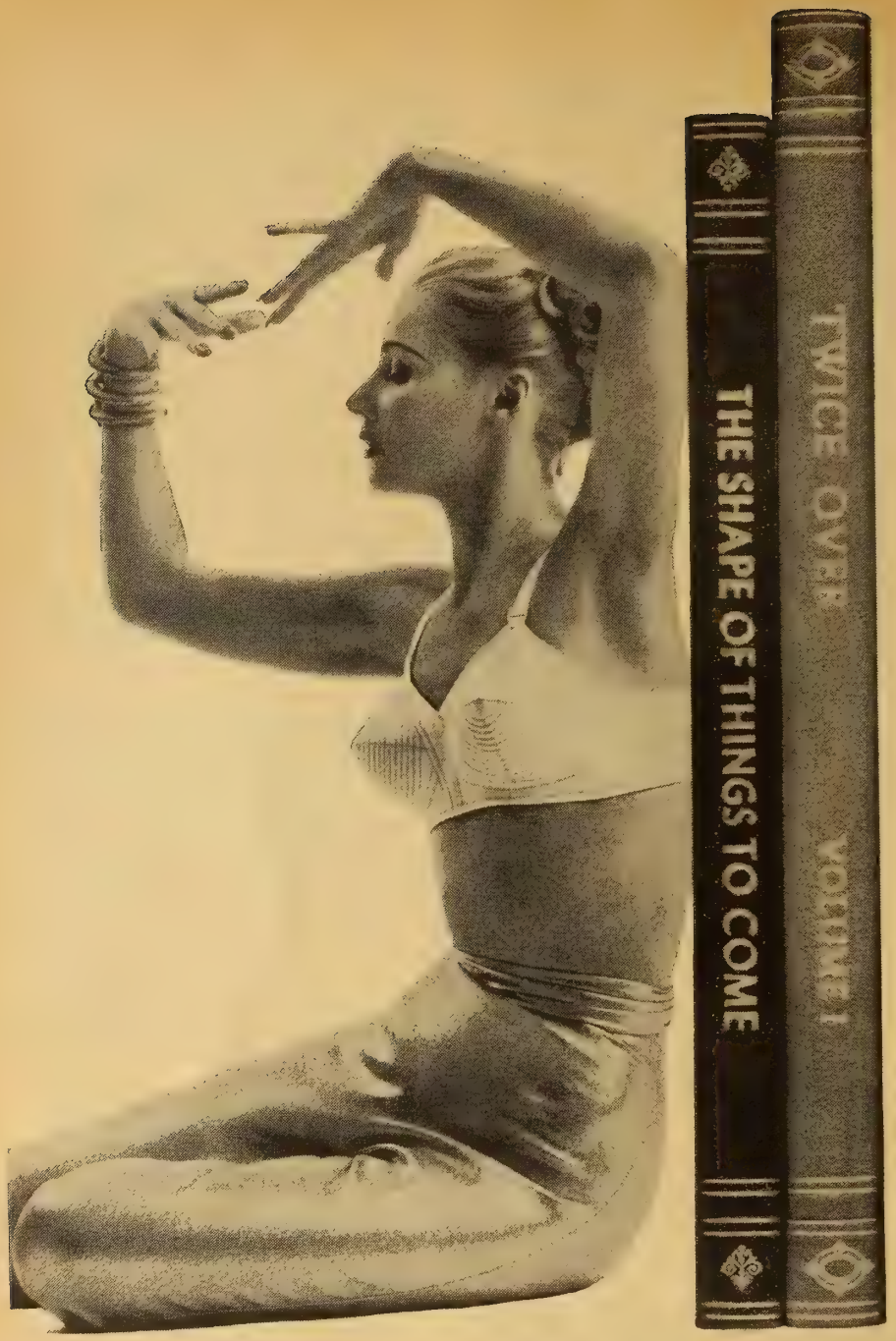
DAVID NIVEN · SHIRLEY MacLAINE
GIG YOUNG

"ask any girl"

co-starring ROD TAYLOR · JIM BACKUS · CLAIRE KELLY

In CinemaScope and METROCOLOR • Screenplay by GEORGE WELLS • Directed by CHARLES WALTER

Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A EUTERPE PRODUCTION



I dreamed
I was bookends...



Look for TWICE-OVER* with stitched broadcloth cups—in this dreamy package!

© 1959 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. NEW YORK 16, N. Y. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

It was Audie Murphy's wedding night and he and his bride were preparing to retire in the motel they had chosen. Pam opened her overnight case and took out a brush, a comb, and a robe. Audie opened *his* overnight case, and took out a gun.

"What are you going to do with *that?*" Pam gasped.

"Put it under the pillow," Audie said. "I always keep a gun under my pillow."

"Even on your wedding night?"

"You never," Audie said grimly, "know what may happen."

He was so right.

Hours later, Pam woke with a start. Someone—or something—was gently prying open the motel window!

"Audie!" she whispered. But Audie was way ahead of her.

He was sitting bolt upright in bed, both eyes fixed on the window—and the gun pointed firmly at it.

"What are you going to do?" Pam whispered frantically.

"I am going," said her new husband, "to plug him as soon as he gets it open."

"No," Pam begged. "Don't shoot him. Maybe he has a gun, too—"

Audie sat motionless. The window creaked again. He didn't fire.

"You changed your mind?" Pam whispered hopefully.

"No," Audie said. "I'm just waiting till he gets it open far enough to give me a good shot!"

At which point Pam, new bride though she was, proved she knew exactly how to handle men. Don't argue. Don't cry. Don't get mad. Don't even try to change his mind.

Change the situation instead.

So she opened her mouth and—with the full force of her Texas upbringing—let out a scream that shook the walls, rattled the window—and sent the would-be burglar crashing through the underbrush and out of sight.

And that's how married life began for the Audie Murphys!

Audie Murphy:

his bride SCREAMED



MAY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in May, your birthstone is the emerald and your flower is the lily of the valley. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

May 1— **Glenn Ford**

May 2— **Bing Crosby**

May 4— **Audrey Hepburn**

May 6— **Stewart Granger**

May 7— **Gary Cooper**

May 10— **Fred Astaire**

May 15— **Anna Maria Alberghetti**
Joseph Cotten
James Mason
Ursula Thiess

May 16— **Henry Fonda**
Liberace

May 17— **Dennis Hopper**
Maureen O'Sullivan

May 20— **George Gobel**
Jimmy Stewart

May 21— **Raymond Burr**
Rick Jason
Kay Kendall
Bill Williams

May 22— **Sir Lawrence Olivier**
Susan Strasberg

May 23— **Rosemary Clooney**
Joan Collins
Betty Garrett
Jackie Gleason
John Payne

May 25— **Jeanne Crain**
Susan Morrow
Victoria Shaw

May 26— **James Arness**
Peggy Lee
John Wayne

May 27— **Vincent Price**
Mai Zetterling

May 28— **Carroll Baker**
Sally Forest

May 30— **Clint Walker**



Anne Baxter
May 7



Lex Barker
May 8



Herbert Marshall
May 23



Elaine Stewart
May 31



in my maidenform bra!*

And what's supporting *me?* TWICE-OVER* —world's most *exciting* elastic bra—with doubled elastic *all* the way around the back. Feels, fits, *looks* like no other bra. Marvelous Maidenform TWICE-OVER*—now in *two* exciting editions! A, B, C cups 3.95—D cup 4.95



Now! A brand new TWICE-OVER* with embroidered nylon cups!

it's easy to dye in your washing machine
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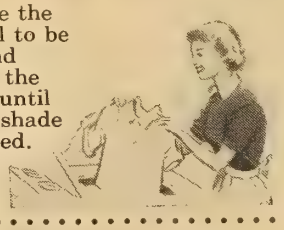
Springtime comes indoors when drapes, slip covers, rugs take on bright new color with Putnam Fadeless Dyes! There are forty beautiful *super-concentrated* colors from which to choose. And it's as easy as washing a load of clothes!

Here's all you do!

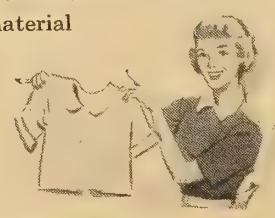
1 Simply drop dye solution into hot water in your automatic or wringer-type washer.



2 Immerse the material to be dyed and operate the washer until desired shade is reached.



3 Rinse material well.



That's all there is to it!

Yes, it's that easy! It's inexpensive as well as fun! And best of all, Putnam Dyes will *not* stain your machine! For further information, write for our FREE booklets "Easy To Dye In Your Washing Machine" and "The Charm of Color".

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QUINCY 16, ILLINOIS SINCE 1876
Makers of Putnam Fadeless Dyes



Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Who is the mystery man in **Millie Perkins'** life? I read that she's been dating director George Stevens who discovered her. Isn't he old enough to be her father?
—R.A., JAMAICA, N.Y.

A *No mystery. Millie dated George Stevens,* Junior.

Q Is it true that her desire for importance, publicity and financial security resulted in **Barbara Rush**'s decision to marry publicist Warren Cowan?
—B.P., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.

A *Mr. Cowan of the Rogers and Cowan public relations office does not handle Barbara's publicity.*

Q On a recent panel TV show, **Paul Newman** kept referring to himself as a Broadway stage star instead of a movie star. How many Broadway plays has he done?
—J.W., ELMHURST, L. I.

A *Three.*

Q I've read so little about the new **Bing Crosby** baby. I can understand Bing's reluctance to talk about his fatherhood but why is **Kathy** so coy about discussing the subject?
—L.M., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

A *Kathy's not coy. She says her life is filled with too many varieties of interests to spend all of her time talking baby talk.*

Q Is it really true that **Jane Powell**'s box office appeal has slipped disastrously and that she was really the *third* best choice for the *Meet Me In Saint Louis* TV spectacular?
—D.R., ALAMOSA, COL.

A *The fourth.*

Q What are the terms of the **Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds** divorce settlement?
—S.L., CARSON, TEX.

A *Debbie gets custody of the children, the family home, half of all the community property and $3,500 a month until she remarries.*

Q **Lana Turner** looks absolutely gorgeous in the early sequences of *Imitation of Life.* Just like she looked fifteen years ago. My friend said she had her face lifted after she made the later sequences. Is this true?
—Y.J., DURANT, OKLA.

A *No.*

Q Say it isn't so—the rumors I hear about **Nancy Sinatra, Jr.** being a 'disturbed' girl, staying out late at night and talking tough to people who try to compliment her.
—T.F., EAGLE GROVE, IOWA

A *It's so.*

Q What's the relationship between **Liberace** and his brother George now?
—J.H., MILO, MAINE

A *They say 'hello' to one another.*

Q I read that **Yul Brynner** is remaining in Europe for two years in order to avoid paying U.S. income tax. If this is his attitude, why did he become a citizen in the first place?
—D.F., MERIDEN, CONN.

A *Yul's remaining abroad for two years because his picture commitments are all in foreign locations. The tax saving is just an extra added attraction.*

Q If their marriage is all over, why did **Marlon Brando** spend all his time in the hospital with **Anna Kashfi** recently? What does this mean? A reconciliation?
—M.K., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

A *It means Marlon needs to be needed.*

Q What started the feud between **Cary Grant** and **Hugh O'Brian**?
—A.R., LUBBOCK, TEX.

A *A gal named Luba Otasevic. Hugh claims he saw her first.*

Q What are the chances of **Kim Novak** and Richard Quine making it for keeps?
—R.C., ST. PAUL, MINN.

A *Non-existent . . . at this point.*

Q Whatever *did* happen to **Sonny Tufts**?
—H.R., MIAMI, FLA.

A *He's back on the wagon trying to get back into pictures.*

Q Why do so many of the 'aging' glamour girls insist upon dating men young enough to be their sons? Don't they realize that silver threads don't mix with golden youth?
—E.D., NEW YORK, N. Y.

A *Ego-wise, the ladies are still living in the days seen on* THE LATE LATE SHOW. *The younger men help support the illusion. In turn they help to support the younger men.*

MODERN SCREEN'S
GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Louella launches a great new magazine, INGENUE, and celebrates her 15th anniversary with MODERN SCREEN.



At INGENUE party Louella and publisher Albert Delacorte start cutting Louella's "15th anniversary" cake.

LOUELLA PARSONS







A SORT OF TRIPLE PLAY

This was Peter Brown's first party since his separation from Diane Jergens. He came stag, but he made the most of the afternoon showing a lot of attention to pretty Susan Van-Wyck (left), Ingenue magazine's first cover girl . . . and just as much to Molly Bee (above). From the looks of things this afternoon, Molly's eyes were all for Les Brown, Jr. (top right).

We dance a welcome

THE PARTY OF MANY MONTHS:

Can you imagine a *Hollywood* party at which no cocktails were served? At which teenage high school youngsters mingled like pals with the younger set of screen stars? And when the big-league stars arrived later on the scene, they had a ball signing autograph books for all the teenage fans!

This, my friends, is the essence of the beautiful party given by DELL PUBLICATIONS to introduce the new teenager magazine INGENUE to the young people of Hollywood both in and out of the movies.

Al Delacorte, editor-in-chief of Dell Publications, asked me to be hostess of the charming affair which was held in the Rodeo Room, the Sun Lounge and the adjacent terraces of the Beverly Hills Hotel.

"Why *me*?" I laughed when Al first approached me about being hostess to all those high school students.

"Because you are our MODERN SCREEN teenagers' favorite columnist," said Mr. D., practically flattering me into a sure acceptance.

I'd like to say right here—I can't remember having more fun

The party hours were from 3:00 to 6:00 p.m. and promptly at three our young guests who had been selected as representatives of the various local high schools began arriving. No being 'fashionably late' for these cute youngsters.

Alice Thompson, editor of the new INGENUE MAGAZINE; Al Delacorte; MODERN SCREEN'S Western representative. Helen Weller; pretty **Susan Van Wyck**; the model whose picture adorns the first issue of INGENUE, and I stood in the receiving line.

The very first guest we greeted was Andi Kabakow, teenage reporter for the Alexander Hamilton High School paper, who reminded me of myself at her tender age. She was firmly armed with a big notebook and several sharpened pencils and she told me she is going to be a journalist. "The first thing, of course," she said with professional finality, "is to be sure everybody's name is spelled correctly." She took down all of ours—and moved off to get all the others just as soon as they arrived at the party.

And arrive they did, many of the high-schoolers accompanied by teachers and professors and all very, very interested to learn all the details about the new magazine devoted to them and subjects that interest them: INGENUE.

Before long, teenage formality was melted by the dance band that swung into the most popular numbers, our young guests were crowding the dance floor in the center of the big Rodeo Room and the punch bowls and buffet tables of sandwiches, cakes and cookies were doing a landslide business.

You must admit that mixing fans and stars is something new in Hollywood social events. And I was, at first, a bit nervous how it would come off.

When I saw **Jim Mitchum** (the image of his dad, Robert) twirling an entranced little high school youngster around the dance floor, both having a high old time for themselves—I knew the answer. The ice was broken and everyone was having fun—and how.

Let me tell you some of the younger set screen élite who attended:

There were **Gary Cooper**'s daughter Maria, looking so poised and beautiful as was **Fred Astaire**'s charming daughter, Ava. With Ava was Mrs. Fred Astaire, Jr., her sister-in-law.

Being quite grown up and definitely showing that *they* were over twenty-one were **Lindsay Crosby**, **Ronnie Burns**, **Nick Adams**, **John Saxon** (he with a long beard for a movie role that made him look at least thirty-five), Lance Reventlow (Barbara

Shelley Fabares and Tommy Cole seemed to be showing Annette Funicello a tricky new step . . . at least it looked tricky to me.







Carol Lynley and Bob Sherr (top left) were doing a dance I know quite well. It's still called the fox-trot. But I think Michael Callen (top right) was making up the dance he was demonstrating to Corlyn Chapman.

to ingenue



Ron Ely (above), dancing with his date June Blair soon captured my attention. You see, I had thought June was Linny Crosby's girl. But the most romantic couple on the dance floor that afternoon was Anna Maria Alberghetti (right) and her husband-to-be, Buddy Bregman.





But I was having as much fun as anyone. Who in the world wouldn't enjoy dancing with Jim Mitchum?

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

ADMIRING the new Ingenue cover were Barry Coe and Judi Meredith

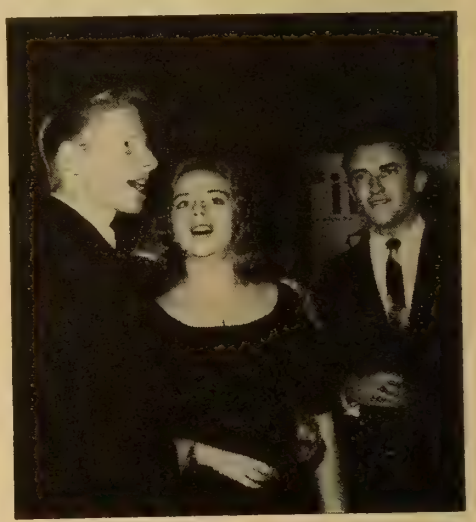


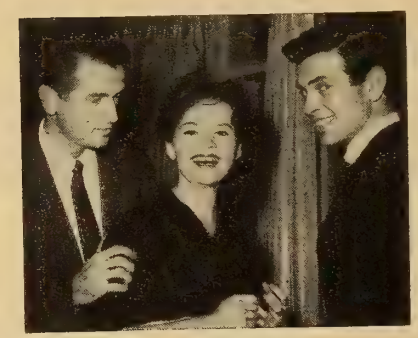




To the left was Dwayne Hickman trying to take Dorothy Provine's mind off her coffee . . . and to the right, Darryl Hickman whose pretty Fiancee Pamela Lincoln couldn't take her eyes off him.

In this picture (below) Liam Sullivan seems to be holding onto Tuesday Weld in fear Mark Damon will take her away. Jimmy Boyd (right) is holding onto Ava Astaire (Fred's daughter) because he likes to. Ronnie Burns is only looking on.





SITTING THIS ONE OUT!

Hutton's sportscar-driving son) with his best girl **Jill St. John**, Jack Jones, **Troy Donahue**, and **Linda Cristal**. **Peter Brown** came stag, his first time out since his separation from **Diane Jergens**.

The autograph books came out full force with the arrival of **Robert Horton**, the newlywedded **Ty Hardins**, **Will 'Sugarfoot' Hutchins**, **Molly Bee**, **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy**, the **Dean Joneses**, **John Gavin** with his wife and cute little fifteen-year-old sister, Reinita, **Richard Egan** and his pretty **Pat Hardy**, **Anna Maria Alberghetti** and her fiance Buddy Bregman, and handsome **Robert Dix** with his wife, Janet Lake (they had reconciled that very day).

Susan Kohner (so wonderful in *Imitation of Life*) created quite a stir. Her escort was **Nick Adams**—doing okay in his career, too.

And more and more of them came—lovely little **Carol Lynley**, pretty **Connie Towers** (making her screen debut in *Horse Soldiers*), the attractive **Elaine Donahue** with Jack Jones, **Barry Coe**, **Robert Young**'s daughter Barbara, **Tuesday Weld**, Margaret and Theresa Thomas (Danny's daughters) Alana and **Alan Ladd, Jr.**, **Judi Meredith**, Christopher and Jessica Seiter, **Frank Sinatra**'s daughter, Nancy, Jr.

With all this youth circulating around, I must say that Al Delacorte and Alice Thompson had courage to call for a bit of quiet in order to make brief speeches.

But our wonderfully behaved young guests were the essense of politeness as Alice began with a few words about the reason for the party, to launch INGENUE.

Alice said, in part: "An ingenue is an ingenuous young girl. What is ingenuous? According to Mr. Webster and friends it is *free-born, noble, frank, of a superior character, honorable, free from guile, open, artless, naïve.* These adjectives describe our readers.

"We want the pages of INGENUE to be *your* pages, pages you'll keep, refer to, mark up, even tear out and put on your bulletin boards or your bedroom mirrors. We want the magazine to be your manual for daily living—as close a *friend* as printed pages can be."

Mrs. Thompson got a big hand for these words and others about the new publication—but believe me, I was *bowled* over when Al Delacorte, in addition to the things he had to say about INGENUE, launched into one of the most wonderful tributes to me, your GOOD NEWS reporter in the pages of MODERN SCREEN, that I have ever heard.

Modesty prevents me from repeating all the things Al said, but I was sincerely touched straight to the heart when a big cake was rolled in—alight with candles, wishing me 'Happy Anniversary' on my fifteenth year with MODERN SCREEN—and that isn't all.

Al presented me with a gold charm bracelet I shall treasure always. The charms represented (1) a gold replica of the cover of the first magazine issue in which my column appeared (**Hedy Lamarr** was on the cover); (2) a set of gold frames which snapped open containing the four MODERN SCREEN editors with whom I have worked, Chuck Saxon, Wade Nichols, Al Delacorte and our present editor David Myers; (3) a gold circlet with the numeral '15'—for my fifteen years; (4) the Dell Publications YEARBOOK—in which I make my predictions annually; (5) a gold disc with the numeral '1'—for the new INGENUE. And the first editorial Al wrote announcing my GOOD NEWS column for MODERN SCREEN. Such a lovely surprise! Such a

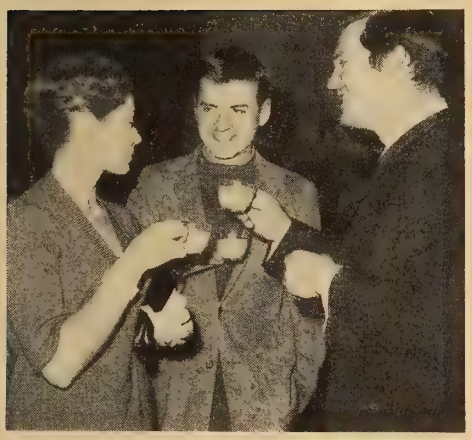


Linda Cristal (above) points out something of interest to Troy Donahue . . . could be the loving look that Jill St. John (right) gave to Lance Reventlow.





The big surprise was seeing Robert Dix and his estranged wife, Janet Lake together. They had reconciled that very day.



Gatheredatthepunch bowl Will Hutchins joined the Ty Hardins in a toast to their newlywedded bliss.

This was one of the first parties ever where fans and stars mixed freely. Autographs flowed (here Dean Jones is signing) and everyone *enjoyed it.*



thoughtful, sentimental gift.

I was so sincerely touched it was hard to make my speech of appreciation. Believe me, these Delacortes are nice people to work for and I mean Al's fine father, George Delacorte, too.

After all this, I just decided to relax and enjoy myself and the youngsters—naturally showing my new bracelet to everyone who came up to chat.

But I guess I just wouldn't have been Parsons if I hadn't noted a couple of bits of 'news.'

I couldn't help noticing that Linny Crosby's former girl friend, **June Blair** was present with **Ron Ely**. Linny was with another attractive belle—so I guess June and Linny are finished as a romantic item.

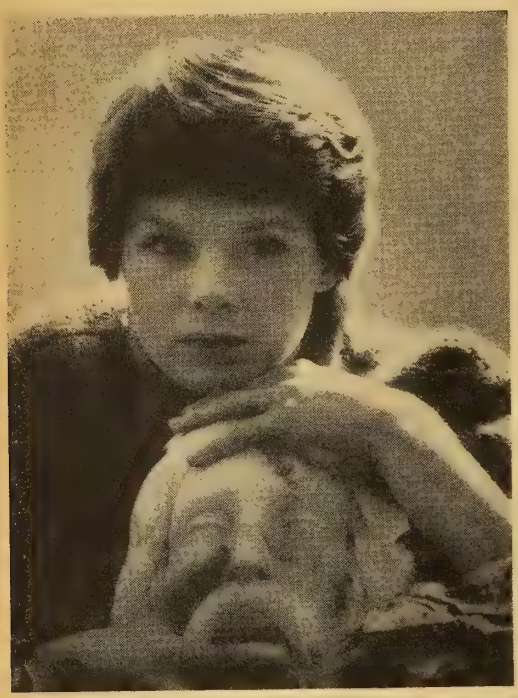
Also, Alan Ladd, Jr. brought along the girl he tells me he is going to marry—Patty Beatsley. Laddie and Patty went to USC together. She's now a dental assistant and they've been steady-dating for two years. The engagement will be announced officially this summer.

(There, David Myers—don't say I didn't get you a scoop even on such a big social afternoon!)

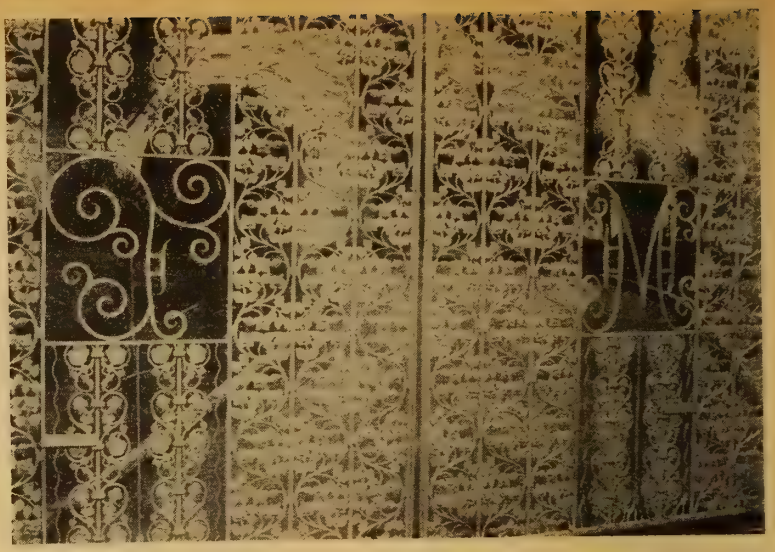


Alice Thompson, the editor of Ingenue and Albert Delacorte, the publisher, looked on as I showed my new bracelet to Jill St. John.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



I'm afraid Diane Varsi is overdoing the eccentric bit. It could hurt her very badly.



This is the initialed gate to Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay's Holmby Hills estate.



For once, Bob Hope is listening to his doctor's warning to take it easy and cure that clot.

OPEN LETTER

to DIANE VARSI:

Watch yourself, girl! You're over-doing the eccentric bit.

I know you are one of the most promising young actresses on the screen today. You proved it in *Peyton Place*. Your studio, 20th Century-Fox, has great plans for you. But remember this—you still have a long way to go.

You are not helping your career by constantly turning down good screen roles offered you by 20th and loan-outs to other companies. You have hardly achieved the position or judgment of picking and choosing stories.

And it is ridiculous that you refuse to let your employers have your home telephone number or address. I am told the only way your bosses can get in touch with you is by telegram sent in care of your agent. What kind of nonsense is this?

Also, when you were recently summoned to the studio for a conference with your producer for a TV series, you showed up in blue jeans and *bare feet!*

I am quite aware of the fact that you look upon yourself as an uninhibited character and a non-conformist. That's all right if you want to do it on your own time.

But there is such a thing as ordinary politeness—and wearing shoes to business conferences is just a matter of ordinary consideration for *other* people.

If I seem to be talking to you with no punches pulled—I mean it that way.

I think you are a rare asset to motion pictures, a young actress of authentic power. But don't ruin *everything* before you really get started. Let the Beatniks and the failures do that.

A warning for BOB

To start the clinical report—**Bob Hope**'s doctor has *warned* him to take it easy—and I couldn't be less surprised. This whirling dervish doesn't know what it is to rest—and flesh is only flesh.

After he collapsed at a TV rehearsal, it came out that Bob had also been very ill in Madrid, and hospitalized on his recent tour of U.S.A. bases.

The doctor says Bob has developed a clot of blood behind one eye and only rest will cure him. For once—Robin is listening.

Another BRANDO blowup

And, it was in a *hospital*, of all places, that **Marlon Brando** and **Anna Kashfi** staged their latest battle!

Anna, never a strong girl, became ill after finishing her movie comeback in *Night of the Quarter Moon* and was taken to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

Marlon visited her every day and all was such sweetness and honey it looked like a reconciliation might be in the offing when—*wham!* There was such a row between the Brandos in Anna's room that patients all up and down the hall heard them.

Despite the loud voices, no one seemed to know what the battle was about. But Anna's doctor got her out of there the next day with no forwarding address left for her estranged husband.

Other hospital cases:

Yul Brynner: An eye operation in London.

Gisele MacKenzie: So sad—she and Bob Shuttleworth lost the baby they wanted so much.

Christine Carere: No one at her studio, 20th, knew the little French actress was on the stork's list until word came from France that she and Phillipe Nicaud had lost their expected baby.

Gene Tierney: Re-entered Menningers' Clinic for further psychiatric treatment of her own volition because "I am too nervous to return to the screen." (Please get well soon, Gene, everyone is pulling so hard for you.)

Joan Fontaine: Still on the sidelines of her career with a blood ailment—but she's happy UCLA tests show it is not a malignancy.

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

Kathy Grant and **Bing Crosby** denied their second date with the stork. But then they denied the *first* date until they were jolly well good and ready to announce it. . . .

When they first separated, it was **Sheilah Madison** carrying the torch and hoping **Guy** would come home. Now it's Guy doing all he can to patch things up with his wife and woo her back, with Sheilah holding out to have a career of her own. . . .

It's been a long time since Hollywood has seen such naïveté as **Jayne Mansfield** and **Mickey Hargitay**'s initials inter-twined in a big heart on the iron gates of their Holmby Hills estate! . . .

There never was a cuter mother-daughter picture than that national magazine cover of **Shirley MacLaine** and her two-and-a-half-year-old daughter 'Sachie' showing Sachie all done up like a glamour girl and mimicking mama Shirley's exact expression. . . .

Louis Jourdan doesn't look a day older than he did twelve years ago when David Selznick first brought him to Hollywood from France. . . .

June Allyson seems more and more satisfied with her role of Mrs. **Richard Powell** and her closest friends are now in social—not movie—circles. Seems such a short time ago that June was No. One on the fan polls and her picture appearing three or four times a year in the fan magazines. . . .

Tyrone Power's estate proves that he was far more generous with his ex-wives than most. Far from the $5,000,000 **Linda Christian** claims he was worth, it appears Ty's estate will be closer to $500,000—a lot of money, but not for a star who made $250,000 per picture.

AUDREY'S accident

It's been a black month for serious accidents, illnesses and hospital cases.

The most serious casuality was poor little **Audrey Hepburn** who was thrown from a stallion, breaking her back, while shooting *The Unforgiven* in Mexico. The entire production had to be halted with **Burt Lancaster**, **Lillian Gish**, director John Huston and the rest of the company coming back to Hollywood from Durango to await Audrey's recuperation.

Luckily, if there was anything lucky about it, the two broken vertebrae in Audrey's back did not affect her spine and there was no permanent paralysis.

Mel Ferrer was out of his mind with worry until he reached Audrey's side. He had a terrible trip to Durango. The Mexican airlines were on strike, the plane he chartered to fly him and a specialist to Audrey was forced down miles from Durango, and with his worry about his wife—the whole thing was a nightmare.

Audrey was flown home in a special ambulance-plane and as this is written the doctors are hopeful she can resume work in five weeks.

"But she'll get back on that horse again over my dead body!" swears Mel.

EDDIE concerned for DEBBIE???

Eddie Fisher called **Debbie Reynolds** every day while she was in Mt. Sinai Hospital suffering from a blood clot on her knee!

I got this straight from Eddie who told me he was begging Debbie not to go on with her dance sequences with **Bob Wagner** in *Say One for Me* until her knee was completely healed. She had injured her leg during rehearsals with Bob.

"It's the same knee she threw out of kilter when she was on my TV show last summer," Eddie said with real concern in his voice. "She shouldn't go on with those strenuous dance routines until that clot is completely dissolved. I told her so." Then Eddie asked me to help convince Debbie that he is right.

But don't get your hopes up. Debbie didn't. Their divorce was coming up in ten days.

All she said to Eddie and to me was, "I haven't time to be sick. I have to be in Madrid (for *It Started with a Kiss* with Glenn Ford) in three weeks."



Debbie's answer to Eddie's plea that she rest was, "I haven't time to be sick."



Mel Ferrer was out of his mind with worry until he reached Audrey. "She'll get back on that horse over my dead body," he swore



Lady Beatty and Frank Sinatra—they'll be married . . . or not speaking.



That smart little Margaret O'Brien is investing her child-star savings wisely.

MARGARET O'BRIEN —a wise girl

You can bet your bottom dollar they'll never be holding any benefits for that smart little girl, **Margaret O'Brien**. Soon after her twenty-first birthday, when she came into possession of the $300,000 which had been saved for her from her salary as a child star, I talked with Margaret on the phone.

"What are you going to do with all that money?" I asked.

"One thing I'm not going to do with it—spend it," she laughed. "I'm putting it in the hands of my attorney, a trusted family friend. He will invest it carefully for me. I shan't touch it."

I am glad for Margaret, who was so crushed at the time of the death of her mother last year, that she has found love and romance. She tells me that she and young advertising man, Roger Allen, will be married late this year, sometime after the first anniversary of her beloved mother's death.

"Roger and I are in love," she said, "but we want to be sure. A waiting period never hurt real love." Smart girl, this little Miss O'Brien.

Has FRANKIE got marriage in mind?

Where **Frank Sinatra** and Lady Adele Beatty are concerned—*two* things are for sure. By the time you read this they'll either be *married*—or they won't be speaking. Your guess is as good as mine. Where Frankie is concerned, who knows what will ever happen?

As I write this he's 'in love.' Once again pictures of the dark, beautiful Adele Beatty are adorning his dressing table and the piano in his home. And you can bet that Frankie called London inviting Adele to come to Hollywood. She isn't the type of girl who would bury her pride and come tagging after him.

Not after what happened on his last trip to London. The British press each day was headlining that Frankie (there to appear at the première of **Danny Kaye**'s picture) and Lady Adele would be married.

Then came the night of the première and with Frankie standing in the spotlight and before her Royal Highness, Queen Elizabeth, he said: "I didn't come here to get married!"

That looked like the end of his 'beautiful friendship' with Adele. When he left London they were barely speaking.

Now suddenly the romance is hot and heavy again with some of Frankie's pals thinking he really has marriage in mind this time.

Who is Lady Adele Beatty? I've known her for years, even as far back as when she was Adele Dillingham, beautiful young fashion associate on *Harper's Bazaar*. Then she married good looking Los Angeles attorney Bill O'Connor and everyone thought them very happy. At this time, Adele handled some exclusive publicity accounts and frequently planted items for my column with me.

Soon after she and Bill surprisingly separated, the rich and titled Lord Beatty visited Hollywood and at one of the big parties given in his honor, Adele was seated next to him. When she married him and went to London it was a Page One story.

Since then, almost everything the American-born Lady has done has hit the front pages including the time Bill O'Connor made a flying trip to London and 'kidnapped' their son.

A few years later, Lord and Lady Beatty were involved in a sensational divorce. . . .

You may be asking—how did she and Frankie ever cross paths?

It happened this way: Last fall, Adele came here to visit her son who was attending school in California. She was the houseguest of her old friend, Minna Wallis, sister of producer Hal Wallis. Many of her Hollywood friends planned parties for her, among them **Merle Oberon**.

Frank Sinatra was a guest, stag this night—and for the entire evening Frank danced with no one but Adele.

That's the way it started. Who knows where it'll end?



Lovely Sophia Loren clowns with her three favorite actors—all in one!

SOPHIA's Choice

Asked to name her three favorite actors, **Sophia Loren** replied:

"**Cary Grant**, Cary Grant and Cary Grant."

ROCK's a real comfort

Although both loudly insist there's no romance, there's no denying that **Rock Hudson** is doing all he can to comfort Debbie (Mrs. Tyrone) **Power**. Rock will be godfather when the Power son is christened and he frequently escorts Debbie to previews.

Well, real affection has grown out of less. We'll see what we'll see about Rock and Debbie.

Untrue rumors

No one was more surprised than **Anna Maria Alberghetti** to read in the newspapers the quote from her mother, "I shall not attend the marriage of my daughter to Buddy Bregman. I said six months ago when marriage rumors first broke that I planned to be sick the day they were wed. I still plan to be sick!"

Anna Maria was almost in tears when I talked with her about this.

"Mother does not approve of my marriage to Buddy because he is a divorced man and we are a devout Catholic family. But she told me herself that while she could never approve of my marrying Buddy we had her understanding."

Mrs. Alberghetti also said, "Hollywood ruins everyone. Anna Maria was never like this before. Now she's behaving like all the others —doing as she pleases."

All I can say is that I am very sorry about this family rift. The Italian Alberghettis have always been such a close family clan. It's not up to me to say who is right or who is wrong, but I can say I'm very sorry.

LINDA's in a trance

Ever since **Linda Darnell** admitted that a Beverly Hills doctor (who refuses to have his name used) flew to Chicago to aid her through hypnotism into giving her finest performance to date in the stage show, *Late Love*—everybody's talking hypnotism!

Remember a few years ago **Jan Sterling** created a stir when she gave birth to a baby under hypnosis?

Anyway, the Chicago critics raved over Linda, whom they called 'entranced—and entrancing.' She believes a whole new career is opening before her.

I talked over the telephone to both Linda and the doctor in Chicago. Linda told me it wasn't because she was 'afraid' that she submitted to hypnosis.

"I had been treated by Dr. X several times in Beverly Hills before coming on here," she told me. "I was physically worn out and had so much dialogue to learn. I knew the doctor could help me and I asked him to come here. The hypnosis helped me in learning this very long play in a relatively short time because I was completely relaxed."



Hypnosis helped Linda Darnell learn a very long play in a very short time.

Dr. X (whom I know—he has been a guest in my house) is an M.D. as well as a psychosomatic practitioner. When he got on the phone he said there is much misunderstanding about hypnotism.

"Persons are never hypnotized by another person," he said. "They hypnotize themselves. Linda applied self-hypnosis and was just guided by me."

What an age we live in!

I nominate for STARDOM

JOHN KERR

He's the *new* top man in your fan mail this month.

Just like you, I'm a fan of this fine young actor who as the young Navy Lieutenant falls in love with the native girl in *South Pacific* (and all but stole the picture).

Before this, I was deeply impressed with John as the mixed-up college student with **Deborah Kerr** in *Tea and Sympathy* on Broadway.

You've written me to tell you some intimate details about young Kerr, so here goes:

He's happily married to Priscilla Smith, a non-professional (the date, December 28th, 1952) and they have twin daughters, five-year-old Jocelyn and Rebecca, and a little boy born in September of 1957.

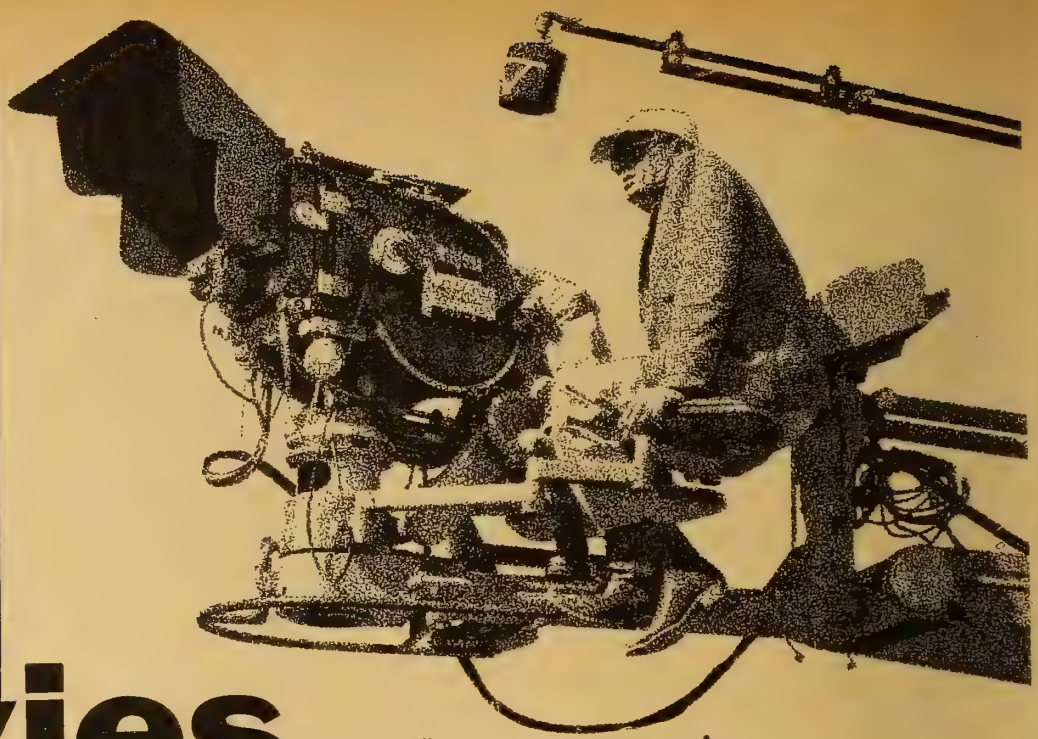
The family is rounded out with a Beagle pup named Joe, and a parrot who *won't* talk. Joe and the parrot go everywhere the Kerrs go and are hardy and avid air travelers coast to coast.

The official home is in New York although the entire clan likes California. Unlike many actors brought up in the theater, John has great respect for the efforts of Hollywood.

He was literally born to the stage. His mother, June Walker, was one of the 'greats' of Broadway and his father, Goeffrey Kerr, is a distinguished actor-writer, now residing in London. Even though it was known from the start that John would pursue an acting career, in his youth his education was a *must*. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy in New England, a military school in Los Angeles, and is a graduate of Harvard University.

He's an unapologetic intellectual who thinks Beatniks are nuts—and he'll never understand what the present generation is 'angry' about.





new movies

by florence epstein

SOME LIKE IT HOT

Marilyn and the roaring twenties

Marilyn Monroe
Tony Curtis
Jack Lemmon
Joe E. Brown
George Raft

■ Hilarious, warm and winning are the words for this. Marilyn's back. She's the singer in an all-girl orchestra—all girls, except for two. Those two are Tony Curtis (Josephine) and Jack Lemmon (Daphne). Tony and Jack don't *want* to be girls—they almost break their legs trying to walk in high-heeled shoes—they just *have* to be girls. Back in Chicago, in the 1920's when all this takes place, Tony played the saxophone and Jack the bass in a speakeasy. Since this was during Prohibition, speakeasies were, naturally, illegal. Bootleggers were everywhere and gangsters spent parts of every evening machine-gunning rival gangsters. One of those evenings Jack and Tony witness a wholesale murder by George Raft and his boys. George doesn't believe in witnesses. So, to save their lives, Jack and Tony get lost in wigs, cloche hats and flapper gowns (the only appropriate costumes for the one job opening they can find). There they are—in the upper and lower berths of an all-girl Pullman headed for Florida. What happens on that train I can hardly describe. That's where they befriend Marilyn, toward whom it is very difficult to act girlish if you are boyish like Tony. When they arrive at their hotel, Tony knocks himself out being Josephine one minute and a comic imitation of Cary Grant the next. (He imitates Cary Grant so that Marilyn will think he owns a yacht and will fall for him.) The yacht he takes her to one night is actually owned by Joe E. Brown who is mad about Daphne (that's Jack). Jack's so confused, he accepts a diamond bracelet and a marriage proposal on the theory that it will give him security. That's when George Raft blows in. Don't miss any of this!—UNITED ARTISTS.



That's Tony Curtis on the sax and Jack Lemmon behind him, but Marilyn Monroe doesn't know it yet. Some Like It Hot *is a hilarious, warm and winning film.*

COMPULSION

two college boys' nightmare

Orson Welles
Diane Varsi
Dean Stockwell
Bradford Dillman
E.G. Marshall

■ This movie is based on one of the most sensational murders (and murder trials) in our recent history. Two brilliant young college students, played by Bradford Dillman and Dean Stockwell, are sons of two of the wealthiest and most respected families in Chicago. They ruthlessly murder a child they hardly know just to see what it feels like. The murder is so carefully thought out that no one suspects them. In fact, Bradford tags after detective Robert Simon trying to help 'crack' the case. Dean, who is a quieter, more elegant type—he speaks fourteen languages and has taken up bird-watching as a hobby—carries on with unruffled poise. But when Bradford dares him to try another 'experiment' and rape classmate Diane Varsi he, fortunately, cannot go through with it. Diane is one of the few people who can reach the more human, sensitive and frightened part of him. One clue, a pair of eyeglasses, at the murder scene incredibly leads to Dean, and under the shrewd questioning by state's attorney E. G. Marshall, the boys' alibis break down. A horror-struck community would like to see them hang, but a famous lawyer (Orson Welles) delivers an impassioned (and—for that time—revolutionary) speech against capital punishment. It is a beautifully acted and absorbing drama.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THE MATING GAME

... love and taxes

Debbie Reynolds
Paul Douglas
Tony Randall
Fred Clark
Una Merkel

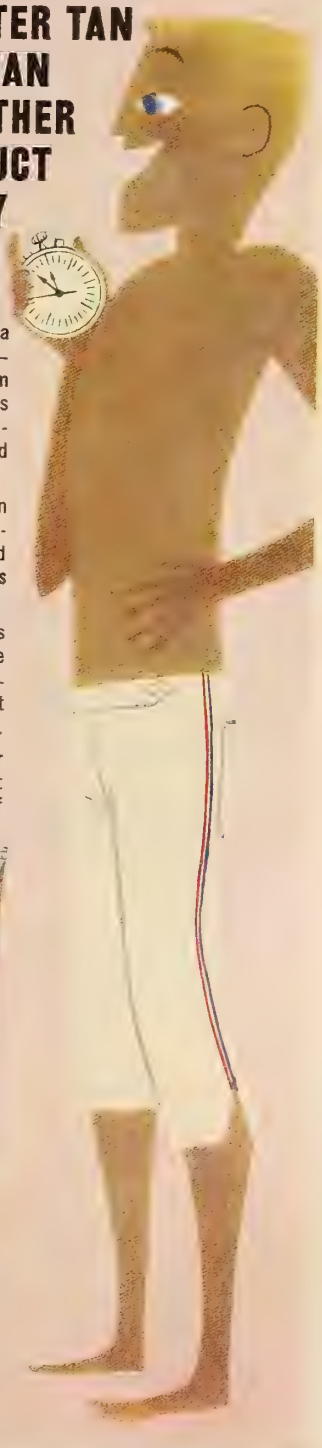
■ If you can believe it, there's a man in Maryland still living by the barter system. That's Paul Douglas who owns about four hundred acres of land—three hundred of which are filled with various pieces of junk and farm animals that he trades for food, clothing, etc., to cheer his adoring family—his wife Una Merkel and their five kids, the oldest of whom

(*Continued on page* 56)

TIME IT! IT'S TANFASTIC!

NEW! GIVES YOU A FASTER TAN THAN ANY OTHER PRODUCT POSSIBLY CAN





Tanfastic gives you a honey of a tan — faster! Protects from sunburn, too. Leaves even the most delicate skin smooth and supple.

Tanfastic contains an exclusive, new tanning booster, called **Carotactin**, that **speeds up** tanning.

It actually multiplies and intensifies the sun's tanning rays — while screening out harmful burning rays.

Tanfastic — another wonderful product from the makers of **Sea & Ski!**



Now available everywhere—in handy plastic tubes and unbreakable squeeze bottles.

LOOK, MOMMY!



Lovely Screen Star JEANNE CRAIN, and her charming daughter, Jeanine, use Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo. Why don't you and *your* daughter try it, too?



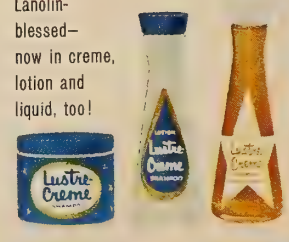
Try new
Liquid Lustre-Creme Shampoo
GET TWO FOR 99¢

A $1.20 VALUE

JUST SHAMPOO... SET WITH PLAIN WATER AND HAVE LIVELY, NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS!

Wonderful new Lustre-Creme leaves hair shining clean, yet so easy to manage, *any* hair-style is easy to set. Curls are springy, waves smooth without annoying flyaway ends, even right after shampooing. All this, thanks to Lustre-Creme's exclusive new non-drying formula!

Lanolin-blessed—now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!



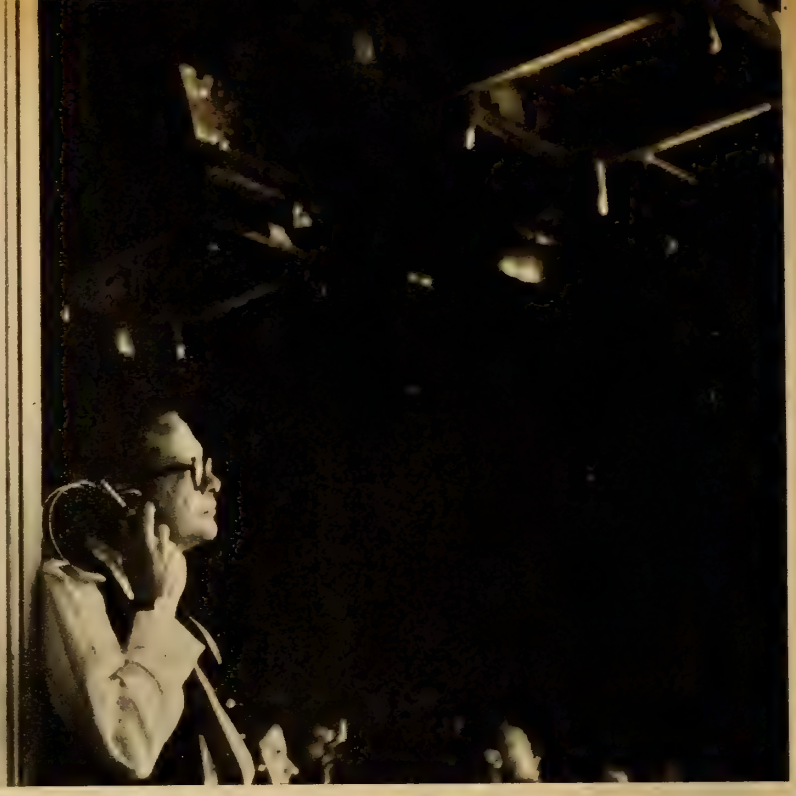
4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!



WHY WE BELIEVE IN LIZ AND EDDIE'S MARRIAGE

. . . one night a few weeks ago we looked into Liz' eyes . . . . . .













His eyes glued on the T-V camera, Eddie Fisher is singing a love song to one person...Waiting in the wings, unaware that she is being photographed, her eyes fixed in pain and excitement, stands Liz. She has not missed a show, or a rehearsal for months. That is her man on camera. That is the man she will marry despite what the world may think. In this private moment, her eyes prove what so many have denied, that hers is a very very true love...It was one night recently when Eddie announced to the world that he and Liz will definitely marry.

(continued on page 69)





for us there is no tomorrow...

the heartbreaking love story of ELVIS PRESLEY and VERA TCHECHOWA

ALL RIGHT," Elvis Presley said. "I have something to tell you now."

The reporter looked up, startled, from his notes. He had asked, as every reporter always asks El these days, how many cute frauleins he was dating at the moment. According to last reports ten, maybe twelve. And he expected, as always, that Elvis would grin, hand out a couple of additional names, and tell him he was having the time of his life, he'd never had it so good.

Like always.

Only, suddenly, everything was different. The grin was gone from Elvis' face. His eyes were serious. And there was a new note in his voice.

"All these—these romantic adventures of mine," he began slowly. . . He paused. He took a deep breath. "They're not true," Elvis Presley said. "I have one German girl friend. Only one. Her name is Vera Tchechowa." The dark, serious eyes looked straight at the reporter. "I think it's time I told somebody that. Vera is—the only one."

Fifteen minutes later he walked slowly out of the building, Private First Class Elvis Presley, United States Army. Tall and erect in his uniform, he walked down the Frankfort street to the corner where a white BMW car waited. The girl behind the wheel slid over as Elvis opened the door. For a long moment she waited while he sat, hands gripping the wheel, head bent, eyes looking—nowhere. (*Continued on page 73*)



NATALIE WOOD:

the Bride who said "NO"

Have you wondered where Natalie has been lately? Have you wondered why it has been about fifteen months (when *Marjorie Morningstar* played at your local theater) since you've seen Natalie? One of the most sought-after and popular stars in the motion picture industry has not made a film since her marriage!

For those who have known Natalie since her childhood, this fact is strange, very strange. For Natalie Wood has been working day in and day out as an actress since she was five years old. This is a girl with acting in her blood, a girl to whom constant work has been as natural (and essential) as constant breathing.

At first, no one believed that the young bride was in seclusion. Her friends, her studio, felt sure she could be tempted back to work with the right roles. This past summer, therefore, she was offered one of the great plums of this or any other season: a female lead opposite Sir Laurence Olivier, Kirk Douglas and Burt Lancaster in *The Devil's Disciple.* Here at last, they felt, was the irresistible part; what young actress in her right mind would give up a chance to play opposite three of the most powerful actors of our time, in a movie that could become an all-time classic?

Why turn that down?

When Natalie said no to the offer, Hollywood was shocked. Her friends argued with her, her studio suspended her, magazines (including ours) having no new developments to report, began to ignore her. Others, with no more to say, printed meaningless chatter about Nat and Bob. Meanwhile, young stars like Sandra Dee, Millie Perkins and Tuesday Weld were moving into the spotlight. Natalie was risking all that she'd worked a lifetime to achieve; and she knew it! (*Continued on page 72*)





There was that gal who put me down... And one who just puzzled me...

chicks I have chucked

(and other women in my life) by SAL MINEO



A crazy one preferred my brother.



The thing about me is, I respect women. I respect them and I admire them—maybe a little too much, even. I know it sounds kind of naive, but I think some women are pretty close to perfect—they have everything, beauty and cleverness and heart and intelligence—you know, the whole bit. The only thing is, I haven't met one yet. For which I'm pretty grateful. The day I meet one, I'll fall. The day I really fall, I'm a cooked goose. I don't do things halfway, and when I flip it'll be forever. Only I don't think I'm ready for that yet; if I got married now, I couldn't do all the things I have planned, I wouldn't be able (*Continued on page 52*)

. . .Then there was Sandy. She had class.





. . . .Now I'm eyeing an older woman! *No good can come of this. . .*

SLUM KID

I'm Edd Byrnes. I had a drunk for a father... a stinking cold-water hole for a pad — and a burning dream to get out. This is my story.

as told to George Christy

We lived in the heart—no, the guts—of the slums in a cold-water walk-up pad on East 78th Street in New York. The hallway of the six-story building had big holes in it, and the kids were always chipping away at the plaster. Or they'd write four-letter words on the walls. Sometimes a stray cat or dog would huddle in a corner and stink up the place with urine.

I lived with my younger brother Vincent and my mom. My sister, Joanne, wasn't born then. My dad was a staff sergeant in this man's Army, and he was never home.

Vin and I never got to know him too well. Sure, he'd get a three-day pass or a furlough, but all he did when he came to stay was drink. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not knocking him. But facts are facts. He liked his booze, and he spent all of his money on it. That left very little loot for us.

Mom had to take odd jobs in defense plants to see us through those 'hot dogs and baked beans' days. And me, if I wanted Coke or candy change, I'd hop on Sunny Boy Tony's rattletrap truck after school and help him on his rounds, hauling ice,

Next page, Edd gets out





SLUM KID *continued*

Maybe I go a little crazy . . . I date too much (Judi Meridith's my current favorite), but I'm trying to make up for lost time.



Sometimes I get a little scared. What am I doing here with a beautiful girl? I forget that the slum is far behind me.



Now I can *buy a girl ice cream . . . And when she laughs . . . Well, I know she's laughing with me, not* at *me. Not anymore. And I tell you, it feels great!*

delivering it to the neighboring saloons. Everyone called him Sunny Boy because he came from Sicily where, his mom said, '. . . the sun, it shines *all* the time.' Or, if I wanted two bits for the movies, I'd play hookey from school and joyride with the ice truck all afternoon.

Those were the days when I roamed the streets like an alley cat, or I'd loaf in department stores where I'd look at chemistry sets. I was thinking seriously about being a chemist. I was twelve or thirteen then, and I had read a comic book about a chemist who saved the world from destruction.

And out of her pinchings and scrapings, my mom bought me a set for Christmas.

When she gave it to me that cold Christmas morning, I just couldn't believe my good luck. I was so excited I started shouting and jumping up and down.

Dad had come home on a holiday pass, and he was still in bed. He wanted to know what in the world all the hollering was about.

I ran into the bedroom (*Continued on page 75*)

SHIRLEY!

she swings! she's got it made! she looks like the happiest! but...

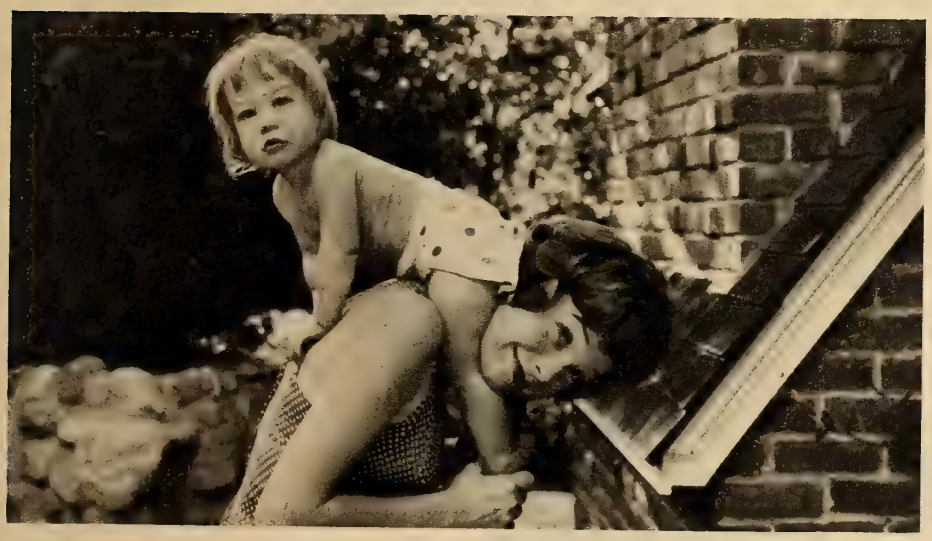
turn the page for the **poignant truth** about **SHIRLEY MacLAINE'S** private life




"our kind of marriage
isn't easy..."

"...sometimes I have to keep up a brave front—for Steffi's sake..."







SHIRLEY clowned it up that night like never before. She perched herself on the piano and sang. She jumped off the piano and danced. She joked around with everybody and she helped pour the champagne and she drank some of the champagne and she had herself a wonderful, beautiful ball.

And why not? This was the most wonderful, beautiful night of her life, wasn't it?

A few hours earlier, *Some Came Running* had been premièred and the pixie-faced freckle-covered girl from Arlington, Virginia, was suddenly the toast of all Hollywood, a great big new star. And in just a few hours from now Steve Parker, her husband, in Japan for practically a year, would board a plane in Tokyo and in less than a day he

continued on next page





SHIRLEY! continued

would be back home—for a few months, at least, in her arms again, with her again and their daughter, Stephanie.

Oh yes, this was Shirley's night, a night to be remembered and enjoyed, a night to laugh and to forget that there was anything but laughter in this life.

But then, a few minutes after one o'clock—just when the party was at its height—the telephone rang.

"Do you want to take the call in that bedroom?" a maid asked, pointing. "It's your husband."

"Steve??" Shirley called out, amazed. She brought her hand up to her face. "Oh my gosh," she said, "maybe he's arrived already. Maybe it's a surprise. Maybe he's at the airport right this minute!" (*Continued on page 77*)

THE MOST AMAZING
ADVENTURE ANY STAR
HAS LIVED
OFF THE SCREEN



ERROL FLYNN'S GAMBLE WITH DEATH



1 UNDER SUSPICION



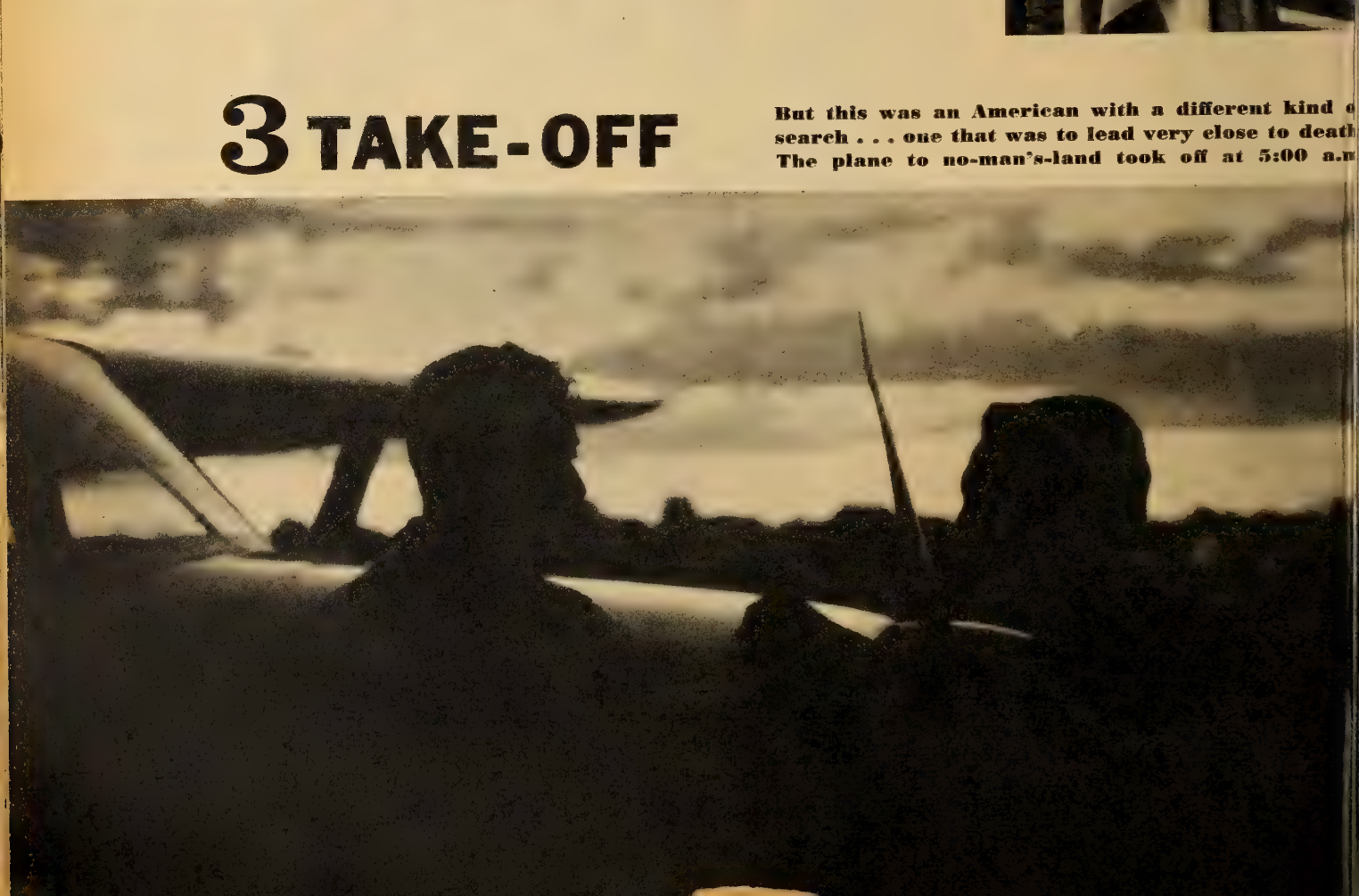
He breakfasted simply, as always: an egg and a glass of vodka; and wrote a letter to a friend: "You may not hear from me for a while," and then he thought to himself, maybe—forever. . . .

For nine days in Havana he had been followed by dictator Batista's police. Today would be no different. But today his hand dared not shake. He dared not lose nerve. Today was the payoff.



3 TAKE-OFF

But this was an American with a different kind o
search . . . one that was to lead very close to death
The plane to no-man's-land took off at 5:00 a.m









2 THE CRAZY AMERICAN

To the police, it looked like a typical day for Errol Flynn. The police report read: A boat and a pretty girl in the morning, a bar and a pretty girl in the afternoon, a cock fight and a pretty girl in the evening, the roulette table and a pretty girl at night. "He is a crazy American," said the police. "He is hunting movie locations."





4 THE TRAP

He was to join the rebel leader Castro, join the bloody revolution for Cuban freedom. For two years he had been planning this moment, but something had gone wrong. They were not Castro's troops who surrounded his plane when it landed, but Batista's. He was under arrest, and Batista arrest meant torture . . . or death.



continued

5 THE TRAP SPRUNG



Why did Batista's troops let Flynn go? Because they didn't dare hold him. Flynn was too big a hero to too many people. . . . His protector, Fidel Castro, was far away leading the attack on Santiago, but the battles that saved Errol Flynn's life were the ones he himself had fought, years ago, on the lots of Hollywood . . . fought to the hearts of all Cubans.



Errol Flynn joined Castro's troops and when the battle was won, he was one of ←the victors and one of the wounded. →



6 FREEDOM WON



He was with the troops 'liberating' dictator Batista's house . . . and barbershop, his closets and treasures . . . treasures the people of Cuba claimed as their own.









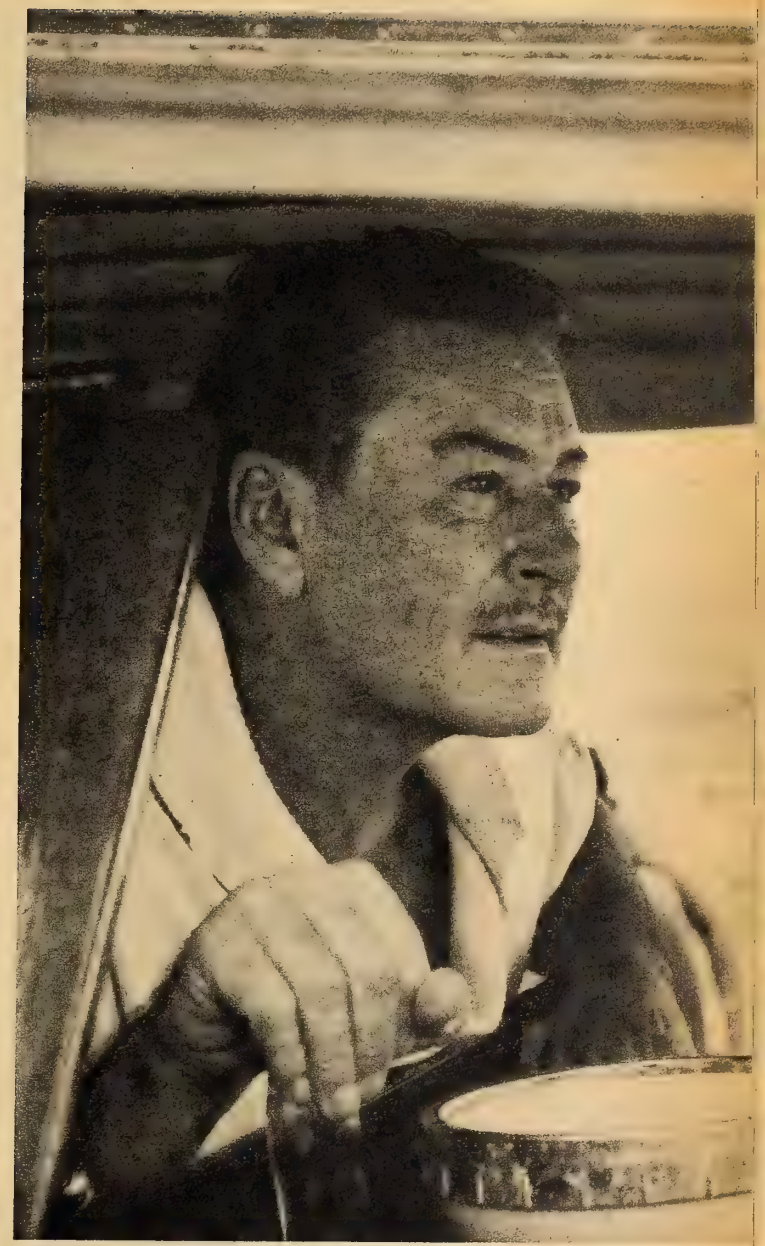






He talked with the new president and promised to take back word of Cuba's new freedom to his own people . . . that this fight was a fight all Americans should understand.





7 WHERE IS THE NEXT BATTLE?

He had been searching for an idealist and found one in Castro. He had been searching for an ideal . . . and found in it freedom.

Now gambling seemed dull . . . and cock fights seemed dull . . . and even beautiful girls had lost their allure. Errol Flynn was ready again for the next war . . . the unending search for an ideal went on. . . .

END



You have

12 days to cha

Mrs. Alberghetti

Please, Mrs. Alberghetti, please!
An advance copy of this magazine is being rushed to you on April 1st.
On April 12th your daughter Anna Maria is getting married.
She wants you to attend her wedding.
She needs your blessing, not your scorn.
Read what Anna Maria has to say. Open your heart. Go to your daughter's wedding!
Please, Mrs. Alberghetti, please!

Dear Mrs. Alberghetti,

In a few days, on Sunday, April 12, your first-born child will walk solemnly down the aisle of St. Ambrose Catholic Church, to be united in holy matrimony with the man she loves. The church may be crowded, but Anna Maria will be alone.

Her father will not be there to give this bride away; he is dead. Her mother will not be there; she will be 'sick.' That's what you've announced for all the world to know, Mrs. Alberghetti: *I said I was going to be sick the day the marriage took place. I am still going to be sick. I will not attend the ceremony.*



Buddy Bregman

She will have to hold her head high, your daughter will, her eyes unblinking against any tears, for this will be a day unlike any other for her. The happiest—and the most heartbreaking. On this never-to-be-repeated, once-in-a-lifetime day, she will go to join her husband, and to leave—since you give her no alternative—her mother . . . forever. . . .

But, God willing, you *will* be there, Mrs. Alberghetti, on the day your daughter needs you most. We pray that you will change your mind, for there is still time, still a few precious days in which to make the decision that will affect you, your daughter, and her husband-to-be for the rest of all your lives. A few days left in which you can change the bitterness in your heart to love.

We've seen this bitterness, Mrs. Alberghetti, in the candid photograph taken of you with Anna Maria. She is dreaming, perhaps of Buddy Bregman, perhaps singing one of his songs, and lost in her thoughts she cannot see your face. We looked at this (*Continued on page 64*)

nge your mind



RITCHIE VALENS



BUDDY HOLLY



BIG BOPPER

I met Ritchie Valens a few days before he left on his fateful tour. He was so happy with his new-found success, so excited, so in love with life. Ritchie told me the story of that life, of his mom, his pop, his girl, Donna. He spoke of them with unashamed emotion, and of himself with an almost bashful modesty. He couldn't understand why I wanted to tell his story in MODERN SCREEN. "I'm not a big movie-star," he said, "and there are a lot of guys who've had hit records. . . ." But I insisted, for I felt that Ritchie's life told something wonderful about America: it was living proof that a poor kid, a member of a minority race, a kid without any special schooling (even in music) *could* become a success—simply by sing-

"...their lips are quiet now

but their happy songs can still be heard in the land..."



ing what he knew sincerely with all his heart. I thought of how, in just a handful of years, a new kind of music, Rock-and-Roll, had opened the doors to a better life for hundreds of guys and gals like Ritchie; and that night I went home and pulled out a whole stack of Rock-and-Roll records, and my wife and I listened (and danced together there alone in the living room) for two or three hours. I guess we had the music on too loud, because it woke up our one-and-a-half-year-old son, so we brought him downstairs and let him swing a little too. He fell on his face a few times, but he dug the beat, for it's a happy beat, steady and true. . . . Two of the singers we listened to that night were Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper, the Texas singers who died with Ritchie on a barren field near Mason City, Iowa, on February 3. Their stories may never be written now—and the joyful story I planned for Ritchie Valens has been tragically edited by the hand of fate. **Ritchie's story begins on the next page.** May it stand for Buddy and the Big Bopper too. And may the joy Ritchie found in his life, and the wonderful message of that life, shine through even now. . . .

David Myers

EDITOR

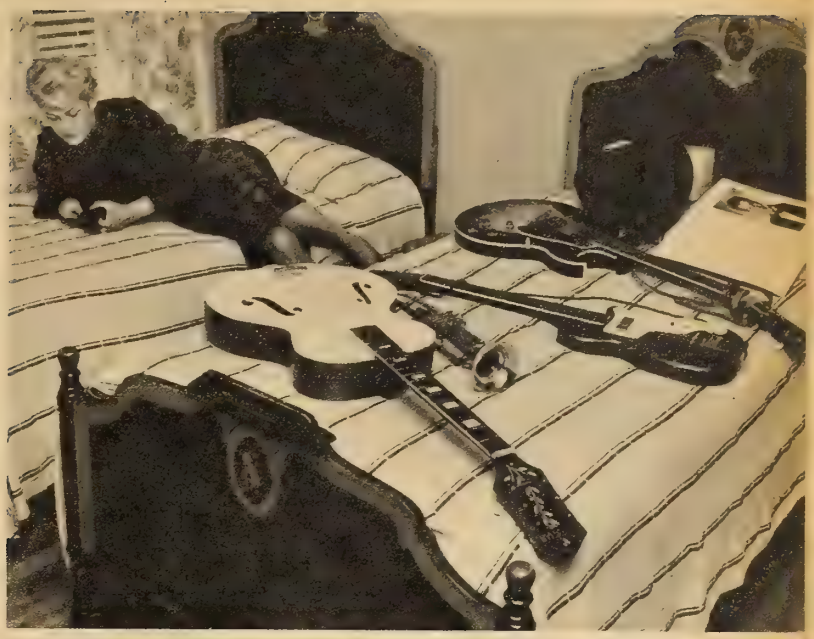
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The LIFE and DEATH of RITCHIE VALENS

1941-1959





A wonderful party, a dynamic little guy who sang his heart out, a drive-in movie —and a song, a beautiful song—these are Donna Ludwig's cherished memories . . .

"Introducing Ritchie Valens!"

The round-faced boy ambled shyly onto the stage, a dangle of black hair hanging over his forehead. His wide mouth curved into a warming grin as the eleven hundred youngsters cheered him. He stood before the microphone for a moment, then started strumming the guitar. The steady, thumping beat echoed through the Surf Ballroom of Clear Lake, Iowa, and the onlookers began to bounce to the infectious rhythm. Then the boy began to sing:

"I had a girl . . .
"Donna was her name . . .
"Since she left me . . .
"I've never been the same . . .
"'Cause I love my girl . . .
"Donna, where can you be?"

Now the whole ballroom was alive, the couples swaying and turning to the music. The applause was thunderous when the song was finished. Then the boy's guitar began thumping again, and the crowd (Continued on page 80)



(left) For Connie Valenzuela, Ritchie's mother, surrounded by her friends and family, there could be no comfort. Only the heartbreaking memory of her son's tragedy . . . and for Donna, Ritchie's girl (right), there remained only loneliness and grief—for she would never hear or see or touch him again . . .





Is it true what they say about GARY CROSBY?

Gary Crosby came to, looking over the top of his feet. Gradually the room came into focus and he saw all the white around him. He was in a hospital bed. What had happened? He didn't even remember going down. He was just standing there talking—and now he was here—

It had happened twice before. Blacking out like this. Once in Germany. Once at a television rehearsal in New York.

He watched the nurse check the chart at the foot of his bed. And he thought, *Whatever's written there is wrong. They don't know what happened to me. They don't know what's happened before. They don't know how often it has happened before. But it won't happen any more,* he told himself. *At least I won't let it bother me any more. . . .*

In his new apartment, the headlines of the newspaper told an old and familiar story: Gary had gotten into trouble again! A minor matter—if true at all—and yet the papers leaped on it like vultures. And under the headlines—the stories all made the same vicious point: "So you're Gary Crosby? What makes you think you're so big? If it hadn't been for your old man—"

And standing there, Gary looked hurt and angry. He *tried* not to let it bother him . . .

"What do they want from me?" he said finally. "Why hang me? I'd just like to know—what do they want from me?"

"It seems people want me to be exactly like my father. And if I'm not, they're disappointed and mad. But I'm a mixture of my father *and my mother*—I'm not just straight my-father. I love my old man, but—"

He paused in thought, and lit a cigarette.

"I don't mind if I do something really wrong and get knocked for it. That's (*Continued on page 56*)


BEAUTY
and
the
BEAST

The story of Audrey Hepburn's daring ride at Durango . . .



THEY'D had a wonderful week together. But now it was Sunday night and the week was over and they stood near the car, saying their good-byes.

Normally, Audrey Hepburn would have hated to see Mel Ferrer go away like this. But she knew that he had to leave her and return to Hollywood for good reason—to put the finishing touches on *Green Mansions,* a picture he'd directed, an important mark in his career.

Besides, Audrey knew, location work on her new picture, *The Unforgiven,* would be finished in less than a month and she would then be able to leave the village of Durango and be with her husband again.

And so she didn't mind—not even as they held one another now, there in the heavy Mexican moonlight, and said good-bye, and kissed.

"*Señor,*" a voice called out, suddenly, from behind them, in the middle of their kiss.

It was Pablo, the chauffeur, rushing out from the pink adobe bungalow, carrying the last of Mel's baggage.

"I told the pilot that we will definitely be there at ten o'clock," the big, friendly voice boomed on, "—and it is nearly that time now. We must go."

As he loaded the baggage into the trunk of the car, Mel and Audrey

continued next page ——————→

This is the picture the newspapers didn't get . . . taken immediately after Audrey fell to the ground, unconscious. At that moment, no hope was held for her.

"Miss Hepburn will live," said the doctor, "but I cannot guarantee she will ever move..."



kissed once more.

Then, minutes later, the car began to pull away, jauntily, over the narrow, bumpy road.

Audrey waved.

"I'll see you soon, my darling," she called out.

And as she did, a cloud high above her began to settle under the moon.

And, slowly, everything became bathed in darkness and Audrey, cold suddenly, shivered and walked back to the house. . . .

It was at that precise moment, in the dimly-lit (*Continued on page 66*)

"I'll be all right, Mel," Audrey whispered bravely from her hospital bed, "I will be."



Wild new brilliance at your lips:

stays bright longer because there's more color in it!



othing timid or tame about it: brilliant new Cutex heer Lanolin Lipstick brings more beautiful color than er to your lips...color that *stays bright* and glowing, eps its fresh just-put-on look...long after other lip- icks fade away, change color, go flat, dim, *dull!*

The secret? Exclusively Cutex. Only Cutex puts more actual coloring into every lipstick...to put more *stay-bright* color into every shade! From the softest, palest, lightest pink to the wildest, richest, ripest red...there's nothing more exciting, more alive, more beautiful *on you* than Cutex Sheer Lanolin Lipstick. Don't do without it one minute more! Only 79c plus tax.

CUTEX® Sheer Lanolin Lipstick in the new designer's case

RTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

Chicks I Have Chucked

(*Continued from page 27*)

to spend enough time with my wife. Being from a big family, I'd like to have a lot of kids of my own. But now I'm too full of that go-go-go to really settle down. I'm the type of guy that can't stay in one place too long; I've got to keep moving.

Like I say, fortunately I haven't met the right gal yet.

But I have met a lot of others. Most of them had at least *some* of those things I talked about a minute ago. A couple of them came so close to having them all—within about an inch, say—that I had to run for my life. And then there were some that were so far off—man, I remember one who turned out to have *nothing*, nothing at all. . . .

Well, I shouldn't say that. She had beauty. That's what made me ask her out in the first place; if there's one thing I go ape for, it's a good-looking girl. I won't give you her name—it wouldn't mean anything to you because she isn't an actress or anything—and besides, I'd rather forget it. I'd rather forget the whole business if I could—it's the one time I really lost my temper in front of a girl, and I'm ashamed of it. When Mineo blows up, boy, he blows—and he feels lousy afterwards.

Anyway, I took this good-looking gal out one night in New York. We went to a nightclub with a bunch of friends of mine from the Bronx. Now, I ought to say something about these guys to start off. They're a tough looking gang. In some ways, maybe they *are* tough. But they're the sweetest guys in the world at heart, they're my oldest friends, I grew up with them, I've got a lot in common with them and we'd do anything—I mean *anything*—for each other. We love each other, whether it sounds corny or not. And we protect each other, if you know what I mean. For instance, I kiddingly call them The Gang, or The Mob—and they usually call me Champ. But that's only among ourselves. When we have dates, especially new ones, we sort of lay off on wise cracks.

Which this gal didn't.

She put me down

The minute we sat down with the guys and their dates, she started in. You know, making cracks. Like, "Where'd you find your friends, Sal—on the waterfront?" At first I figured she was kidding. So did the guys. They can take a joke, they don't melt. So we just let it pass.

Only she didn't stop. She went on and on and I looked around the table and saw that the guys' dates were starting to get embarrassed. And it's lousy for a guy to be taken down in front of his girl. Well, mentally I made every possible excuse for this girl. In the first place she was a real stunner (she knew it, too) and I'll go pretty far for a girl who really knocks me out. In the second place, she was the kind who goes big for photographers and autographs and stuff, so I thought maybe she was disappointed at being out with a crowd where she wouldn't get all the attention. Anyway, I ran through all the excuses I could think of and then finally I said, "Look, I hope you're kidding with this stuff."

"Sure I am," she said.

"All right," I told her. "The joke's getting thin. Quit it and let's enjoy ourselves."

Well, she was exceptionally nice to me but for some reason she still had it in for my friends. Another ten minutes and I was beginning to burn. Her curiosity was too much.

And then she came out with: "Does Sal always pick up the check for you boys?"

That did it. I swung around in my chair and said, "I suppose you're still kidding?"

"Sure."

"Are you?"

"All right," she said. *"I'm not!"*

My head went—*BOOM!*

I shoved back my chair and I said to the guy next to me, "Would you mind moving out?"

Then I got up. I swear, steam must have been coming out of my ears. I waved to a waiter and I told him to get the young lady's wrap.

"What're you doing?" she said, turning slightly purple.

"Honey," I told her, "you're going home!"

One of the other guys put her in a cab. I didn't trust myself to be alone with her. I sat and glowered at the table till the guy came back and wiped his hands and said, "Well, now that that wet blanket's gone, let's have a ball."

And we did.

But, like I said, I get embarrassed thinking about it. Nobody else in my family would kick a girl out of a nightclub, no matter what she said, and it isn't something I'm proud of. Mostly, I keep my temper under control—a lot of people think I haven't got one. But it's simply because I'm scared to let it go. Who wants to lie awake all night hating himself?

Well, on to nicer subjects.

Sandy had class

For instance—and here's a girl whose name I don't mind telling you—Sandra Dee. That is a *doll*. The funny thing is, I would probably never have had a date with her if it hadn't been for an argument I had with another girl—only this time a nice, normal, under-control type fight. It took place in a coffee house the afternoon we were supposed to go to *The Big Country* première together, and not only did I not lose my temper, but I even paid for her coffee right while we were breaking our date for that night. Don't ask me what the fight was about—I don't remember. Actually, I hardly knew the girl. She was a very well-known star; we had met once before and I'd asked her out, but nothing seemed to click. You know how that can be—you have enough to talk about, you're both interested, everything should be fine and yet that little spark is missing, the evening's a drag. But I had asked her out again, figuring maybe it was my fault. Lots of girls I'm really interested in tell me I don't *seem* like I am—I'm too casual, too impersonal on a date. So I figured I'd give it another try and I asked her to *The Big Country* and to have a cup of coffee with me that afternoon.

Only things went from bad to worse, and we called it off. So I decided I wouldn't go, and I called this friend of mine at Universal to ask him if he wanted the tickets. Well, we talked for a while and I asked after some of the people I knew on the lot, including Sandy, whom I'd met there once or twice.

"Who's she going with tonight?" I asked, just out of curiosity.

"Well, you know, Sal," my friend said, "it's a funny thing. Sandy's about the most popular kid in Hollywood," (which I can tell you is true—guys chase that little doll all over the place!) "but she isn't going tonight—nobody asked her."

"Excuse me," I said. "I just took back the offer of my tickets."

So I phoned Sandy.

A real doll

"Well, I tell you—she was so *sweet*. I don't know any other word for it. She was so surprised I called, and pleased—and she didn't mind if I knew it. "How about seeing *The Big Country* with me tonight?" I said—and she got all up in the air with excitement—I could practically see her over the phone jumping up and down. She'd never been to a première before, it turned out. I spent half the afternoon wondering what's the matter with Hollywood fellows, that a kid like that didn't have a date for a première, and then something came up in the other half that by rights should have made me break my date. (That's something I do pretty often, actually. If I start seeing a girl, I explain to her that it can happen. I'll be sorry, but I can't always prevent it, no matter how much I want to.) But this time I wouldn't have canceled out for anything. I got through with my business as fast as I could and made a mad dash to Sandy's. I had ordered flowers for her, but I was too late to stop and pick them up, and I was awfully late getting there at all—but when she opened that door, I nearly flipped.

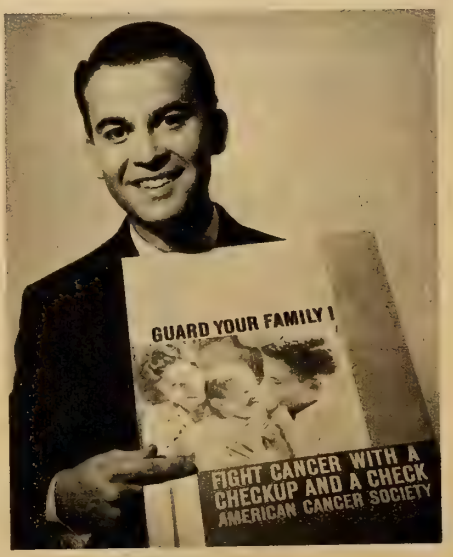
I mean, there stood a little angel. The prettiest, sweetest kid you ever saw. And just dying with excitment. We drove to the preem and she saw the mobs outside and she grabbed my arm. "What do I *do*?" she kept saying. "I'll tell you," I said. "The first thing is, get out of the car. The second thing is, smile." Well, the autograph hunters practically pulled her apart, but she came through it still grinning. After the première we skipped the party and went to LaScala for a quiet dinner. Only with Sandy around, things aren't *quiet*. We had a ball, loads of laughs—and in spite of being so bubbly, she's the kind of date you never have to worry about. She'd never do a rude thing or embarrass you. She has what I call—*class*.

I enjoy dating girls my age or younger, like Sandy or Gigi Perreau, who is also a sweet girl. The girls I date are mature for their age, and anyway the difference in age is not a problem. A girl of sixteen is sometimes just as mature as a girl of twenty-four.

I will admit though, when people mention Brigitte Bardot and Sophia Loren I get that certain gleam in my eyes!

Fortunately, I've never been really hurt by a girl, and as far as I know I've never hurt one either. I hope not. I have lots of faults and I know it. Like leaving town on the spur of the moment and not

(*Continued on page 54*)



Dick Clark asks for your help—fight cancer with a checkup and a check.



Just wave . . . and all the Sea is yours in this white lastex suit shaped to enhance your golden glow of summer . . . Garlanded with a floral spray of flame, blue or gold . . . Misses and Junior sizes. About $13.

There's not a whit of a doubt . . . you're truly royal in this princess silhouette . . . hand screened on lastex as shown in blue and flame also in green and poppy . . . Misses and Junior sizes. About $13.

Bra: Preshaped contour uplift made of pelon for the look of natural loveliness.

At better stores or write: **Jordan Mfg. Corp., 1410 Broadway, New York 18.** In Canada: Sea Nymph of Canada, 425 River St., Montreal.

(*Continued from page 52*)

getting back for six to nine months. So I try to let a girl understand this before we get serious. I think it's better for two people to really understand each other. That way no one gets hurt. I've learned a great deal from my sister. I know how easy it is for a girl to get hurt and this is why I never, as long as I live, want to be responsible for giving a girl a raw deal.

Independent and older

Maybe that's why I prefer girls who can take care of themselves a little. The independent type who doesn't let anyone push them around. I went out with one girl—in fact, I still do—who was so involved with telling me how much she *didn't* care about who I was that we talked about almost nothing else. She was an airline-ticket-taker when I met her, and naturally, the first thing she did, was pretend she didn't know me from Adam. But this kid *did* know—I could see her staring at me from halfway across the room. But while she was figuring out my plane schedule she made a big deal out of what was my name and how did I spell it and so on. She didn't fool me one bit, but I went along with the gag. So I told her, and I also told her I usually had coffee in such-and-such a place around such-and-such a time, maybe I'd see her around—?

Well, half an hour later, there she was. So we started going out. We had a lot of fun, but I had to go on a trip to New York, and she dated a fellow, got serious and got married. Unfortunately, for some reason the marriage didn't work out and she got a divorce. I see her once in a while, and the funny thing is she's changed a lot, this girl. She's matured, she's gentler, I think she understands herself more—fact is, she's an altogether lovely person. I guess the thing is—she's become a woman. Maybe it was trouble that did it for her, I don't know. But I do know that seeing that happen—a girl just blossoming out and finding herself—is about the most wonderful thing I've ever seen.

And, brother, it can happen in the *craziest* way. Which brings me to the wild case of one of the most important women in my life. She's a few years older than I am, about twenty-four, she's a beauty, she's a doll—and I never even had a date with her. My big brother Victor got there first.

I first heard about her on the long-distance phone from Hollywood.

When I'm out there, I phone home a lot. First I usually talk to Mom, then I'll talk to Pop and to Mike if he's not on the Coast with me. Finally I'll ask for Vic.

Only all of a sudden, Vic was never around when I phoned. Where was he?

At Ann's.

Who's Ann?

"Oh," my Mom would say, "a lovely girl. Comes from a big Italian family in a little Bronx house—just like us. A lovely girl."

She digs my brother

Then one night her voice gets low and excited. "Sal—I think Vic's going steady with her!"

Wonderful! I call home a few nights later and Mom's voice is even shakier. "Sal—now he's going *steadily* steady!"

So now a wedding is in the picture, and naturally I'm dying to meet this girl. So I come home specially—also because this was all during the slow period in my career when I decided I was through playing juvenile delinquents, no matter how long I went without work to convince people of it. So for a while I wasn't doing much except turning down Gang-War-Meets-Rumble kind of pictures and wishing someone would offer me something else.

Well, I came home, and of course the first thing I wanted to do was meet Ann. Vic was just as eager as I was, but with reservations. "She's never met a movie star, Sal," he told me. "You know—she's a little shy."

Of me? This was ridiculous. I'm not the movie star type, there's nothing about me that should scare her! "It's just the *idea* of it that gets her," I told Vic. "Once we get to know each other she'll forget all about it."

So comes the big day. Vic goes to get Ann, who, he tells me, is frankly scared stiff. I hang around the house waiting, in my usual at-home-in-the-Bronx outfit—a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. While I'm waiting, the phone rings. I answer it. It's some guy from the Coast calling me with a great part for me—I'm a teen gang leader on the East Side, see, and this young cop comes along—well, you know that bit, and so do I, and I wasn't having any. My end of the conversation goes something like this:

"No.

"No, thanks.

"Sure, I'd like to make—and here I mentioned a figure in the thousands—but I'm not interested. . . .

"Sorry, not for *that* much either. . . .

Further and further apart

"Nope, a percentage doesn't do it, either. Look, I'm an actor, not an animated switch-blade and I don't care how much you offer me, I'm not playing any more j-d's."

Learn Some Answers About Your Favorite Stars

*

What famous star's real name is John Lincoln Freund?

What popular star would rather go to the circus than do anything else?

What talented movie star plays four musical instruments?

*

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Enclosed please find 25 cents in coin. Please rush my copy of

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Address .....

City..... Zone....State...

I slam down the phone and turn around—and naturally, there stands Ann. And every time that kid walked into the house after that I was turning down scripts by the dozen which meant lots of money, or on the phone with some big wheel, or all dressed up for an appointment or a test—just one thing after another. And instead of getting closer to each other, like we both wanted, we're getting further and further apart.

Well, one night I had tickets for a première—a Deborah Kerr picture. It was a big-to-do—formal and all. So I invited Mike and his date and Vic and Ann and we hired a Cadillac with a chauffeur—the whole bit. An hour before the show we drove over to pick up Ann. And I tell you, that girl was a dream. Beautiful! She had on a long gown, her hair was done—my mother had been over at her house that afternoon helping her fix up. Her whole family was crowded around the windows to see their girl drive off and Ann was just about collapsing with excitement—her first ride in a Cadillac, first première—everything. I couldn't help wondering a little, you know—like how was she going to take it if they interviewed her and all.

Well, we got to the theater and sure enough, there was the announcer with his little mike, shoving it at Ann.

"Is this your first première?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"And what do you think of Sal?"

"Oh," she said, "I think he's—just grand."

Then we got away inside.

By the time the picture was over, a real big crowd had gathered and as soon as we set foot outside, I got mobbed. Which is fine by me, of course, but a shy little girl is likely to get hurt. So Mike and Vic started clearing a path to the car for the girls. They had just gotten Ann in and were starting back for Mike's date when I heard a shout.

"Look! There's Deborah Kerr!"

And the next instant the whole mob was making for the curb—and Ann!

Yup, Ann. There she sat all alone in that huge car with her hair (did I mention she's a blonde?) piled on top of her head and her gown filling up the whole back seat—and it wasn't any wonder you could take her for a star. Well, I nearly flipped. I saw that mob heading her way and all I could think of was that poor frightened kid going all to pieces when they shoved their autograph books in her face. I put my head down and started for the car, Mineo to the rescue! Beat my way through the crush—and then I stopped dead, with my mouth hanging open.

I ask you, what is it that does that to a gal? Is it being all dressed up and knowing she really looks beautiful? Is it a sense of adventure, or just kicks or—or what? I guess I'll never know.

All I know is that my shy little sister-in-law, that sweet kid who couldn't look at me without shaking all over, was sitting in the back of the car with this calm, dignified smile—and she was signing autograph books, one after another: *Sincerely yours, Deborah Kerr.*

Well, that's the story of some of the chicks I have chucked. As you see, there're more I *haven't* chucked. I'll tell you. That's because I really think girls are marvelous. They may seem crazy sometimes, but they surprise you.

They surprise you about themselves, they surprise you about yourself, they know things about you just by instinct that took you years to learn—or that you never knew. They teach you things about yourself—and then they like you anyway. Well, some of them. And as far as I'm concerned, it's mutual! **END**

Sal is now appearing in Walt Disney's TONKA.



are you an ingenue*?

ingenue
is a popular girl

ingenue
is an ambitious girl

ingenue
is a talented girl

ingenue
is a pretty girl

but **ingenue**
is a girl with problems too

read "The Facts About Teen-Age Marriage"...and about the girls who married too soon.

read about Martha, who looked for a man like her father and found one—a weakling who leaves every decision to her.

read about Linda, who at 17 married a man who was desperate for a home of his own . . . but they are still living with her family.

read about Helen, who is having her third baby at 19 and will make a go of her marriage.

read about Carol, who at 17 married a boy on parole, wants to leave him, but has four children to think of.

ALSO see "Dress to be Pretty"..."40 Ways to Get a Date"..."Is Your School too Easy?"

*The dictionary says: **Ingenue** (AN-jen-oo), n. An ingenuous or naïve girl...*Ingenuous*—of a superior character, noble, generous, honorable, artless, high-minded, possessed of candor.

THE FIRST EXCITING ISSUE OF INGENUE—ON SALE APRIL 16!

new movies

Continued from page 16

is Debbie Reynolds. Everyone's crazy about the Douglas family except their dyspeptic next-door neighbor who 'informs' on them to the income tax bureau. Serious-minded Tony Randall is sent down to check Douglas's 'books.' Naturally, Douglas doesn't keep any books. He never even heard of the income tax. He's heard of love, though, and he thinks Tony would make a wonderful son-in-law. Debbie, who likes to flirt in the hayloft, can't seem to drag him up there, but a few stiff drinks (prepared by her cooperative father) do the trick. A lens pops out of Tony's eyeglasses and he becomes a kind of nature boy —hampered somewhat by the long hours he's spent at a desk. Tony's boss, Fred Clark, keeps calling him on the phone, but all he gets back is the sound of joy and abandon. So Fred drives down to take over the reins. He does such a good job that the government winds up owing fourteen million dollars to Douglas. Wacky's the word for this colorful mob.—TECHNICOLOR, MGM.

RIO BRAVO

Ricky Nelson
John Wayne
Dean Martin
Walter Brennan
Angie Dickinson

Ricky brings his guitar!

■ Once he was sheriff's deputy but now Dean Martin's a pathetic alcoholic—and all because of a woman. One night Sheriff John Wayne tries to stop him from begging for a drink, and, in the small brawl that follows, a man is murdered in cold blood. Wayne tosses the murderer into jail which, in that tough town, is not appreciated. The murderer's rich brother (John Russell) is in the habit of buying men —and assassins, so Wayne's life is definitely in danger. Shamed into trying to cure himself Dean tries out for deputy again. While old Walter Brennan guards the prisoner, he and Wayne patrol the town. Rancher Ward Bond and some of his men (including Ricky Nelson) ride in. Just for sympathizing with Wayne, Ward gets shot in the back, and Ricky, who until this time had planned to 'mind his own business,' gets angry enough to help Wayne. (Lucky for Wayne, since Ricky is not only goodlooking and smart, he's also the fastest 'gun' in the west). The struggles of Dean's trying to cure himself, and of Wayne's trying to resist his attraction toward a girl named Angie Dickinson, add lots of interest to a very action-packed, nicely he-man Western. There's some singing, too!—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

NIGHT OF THE QUARTER MOON

Julie London
John Drew Barrymore
Anna Kashfi
Nat "King" Cole
Dean Jones

a drama of inter-marriage

■ John Drew Barrymore is the wealthy son of snobbish Agnes Moorehead of the 'California Nelsons.' He is also reeling from the effects of two years in a Korean prison camp. His brother (Dean Jones) takes him fishing south of the border and there Julie London hooks him. Julie is a refined, well-educated girl but she has a drop of African blood in her veins and that, 'My Dear,' won't do for the Nelsons. John loves her, her cousins (mulatto Anna Kashfi and husband Nat 'King' Cole) love her—but her neighbors don't; they throw stones through her window. John is hauled off to a police station for throwing himself at the neighbors and Mama comes down to throw herself at John. The poor kid thinks he's back in Korea again. Before you know it he's confessing that Julie 'deceived' him by holding back her color line. While he's sick in the mansion, Mom's trying to get his marriage annulled. Julie and her lawyer, James Edwards, fight back—in court. It's the kind of problem that deserves better treatment.—MGM.

IMITATION OF LIFE

Lana Turner
John Gavin
Sandra Dee
Susan Kohner
Juanita Moore

lavish soap opera

■ Guaranteed to make you cry (and to gasp at Lana's gorgeous wardrobe), *Imitation Of Life* is based on a once best-selling novel by Fannie Hurst. The characters are brought up to date. Lana's a widow, determined to be a great actress. One summer day at Coney Island she and her little daughter meet a warm and intelligent Negro woman (Juanita Moore) and her child. Juanita is desperate for shelter—and Lana provides it, for life. The man in Lana's own life is photographer John Gavin, but he can't compete with the ambition that takes her into the world of agent Robert Alda, playwright Dan O'Herlihy and, soon, into the world of fame. Meanwhile, her daughter has grown up into a cute, bright teen-ager (Sandra Dee) and Juanita's daughter, now a beautiful (and, as always—nearly white) girl is tortured by her Negro blood and tries desperately to pass. She runs away from home, works in cheap nightclubs, disowns her mother—finally breaking her heart. Lana, self-centered but generous, has broken her own daughter's heart, in another way. This movie spans many years, many moods against lavish settings and just as lavish problems. Go see it for yourself.—EASTMAN COLOR, U-I.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

TONKA (Buena Vista): Sal Mineo, an Indian Brave, captures a magnificent stallion and names him Tonka—the Great One. But Sal's cousin, H. M. Wyant, treats Tonka so cruelly that Sal secretly frees him to go back to his wild herd. Tonka's next owner is a cavalry officer in Custer's Army. Custer wants to murder off all the Indians and one day Sal is captured by his men. He very nearly misses becoming a dead Indian, but is saved by Tonka's owner. Sal is supposed to return to his own people and ask them to surrender. He returns—but they don't give up without a battle. And as for Custer . . . well, this really was his last stand.

THE HANGING TREE (Warners): Doctor Gary Cooper is off women for life—that is until he meets Maria Schell who needs him to help cure the blindness she got when she was left to roast in the sun after her stagecoach had been robbed. When she gets cured, he gets scared and retreats. Determined to stand on her own feet, she goes into business on a mine with Karl Malden and Ben Piazza. They strike it rich, and Malden—drunk not only with success—attacks Maria. Gary saves Maria and kills Malden in doing so. But the simple-minded miners can't understand why Gary killed Malden and they want to hang him at the hanging tree. Do they succeed? Let the movie answer that one.

NEVER STEAL ANYTHING SMALL (U-I): A real hep hood, name of James Cagney, who is union head of the waterfront comes up for trial and chooses young Roger Smith for a mouthpiece. Roger's wife Shirley Jones doesn't dig the arrangements—or Cagney. But Cagney does dig Shirley and in order to get her, hires Cara Williams to break up this blissfully wedded pair. What a commotion! There are break-ups, breakdowns, and bust-ups in this really beat movie.

GIDGET (Columbia): Sandra Dee's a cute 'Gidget' who doesn't like feminine frills 'cause she's a tomboy who spends her time following around a group of surf-boarding young men, led by Cliff Robertson. It's all because a certain boy from the group saved her life just as she was about to drown. That's James Darren. And Sandra won't leave the group alone—that is, not until she can get a good grip on James Darren. (Who came blame her???)

Gary Crosby

(*Continued from page 47*)

all right. But I hate this phony jazz," he went on. "Nailing me as a perennial playboy—as a brawling mad drunken Irishman. . . .

"I date maybe once a week—if I'm lucky," he said. "I like to go out to the clubs, to some spot where they've got a good group goin'—or where they've got a good singer or comic. I go sit in a corner and watch. I'm a great watcher—I have to be. Because of the name, I started at the top, and it's pretty tough to start at the top when you've missed all the valuable years of experience coming up. The only other way you can get that is by watching.

"But I don't go out too much. As a matter of fact, it seems I can't even go out in public any more at all." He glanced in the direction of the paper on the coffee table, to the glaring black indictment against him. "I don't go out of my way to make trouble. I don't *ever* go lookin' for trouble."

There would be no need. Trouble, in some form, has usually been there waiting for him—ever since Gary cut his tonsils in show business in the shadow of his father, Bing . . . the shadow of a beloved man who's pretty much of a legend in his own time. And it was usually the same story. Whether voiced by a swaggering school boy in a drive-in, a drunken soldier in an enlisted man's club in Germany—or a Hollywood heckler. Gary pointed once again to the newspaper on the coffee table.

"I'll tell you *exactly* what happened. There were maybe eight or ten people around—the party was really over. I was sitting in a corner with Ruth Berle, just the two of us talking. Across the room a blonde woman I'd never met started telling everybody good-bye. She waved to us and we waved back. She stopped in the door and came over to us and said good-bye again.

"Then she said, 'Oh by the way,' and she pulled up a chair and sat down and really started in. 'You're kind of a fat slob, aren't you?' she said. 'Why do you get drunk all the time?' You know—that kind of thing. I just laughed, which really got her mad, I guess. And she finally came up with the one line that kills me. She said, 'You're a disgrace to your dead mother—'"

"'Get away from me, lady, please,' I told her. 'Get your hat and get away—'

"That was when her husband walked up—that was all he heard. 'How dare you talk to my wife like that?' he said. He lunged at me and I picked him up and sat him on the floor and held him there. A minute later we were shaking hands. That's all that happened. Sometimes I think if being in show business means getting blasted in the press for every little thing, then maybe I'd better give it up and be just a normal joe nobody's going to write about. But I love show business. It's what I was brought up in. What I know. I dig the business and I dig the people. I like the way they feel, the way they talk, all of it. This is my life, and I'm not going to run away from it!"

For Gary Crosby, it's been a tough fight all the way. A fight not only with the press but with himself. The struggle between his intense love for show business and the burning desire to make his own name there—and wondering whether he will ever perform well enough, whether he'll *ever* sing the way he really wants to sing. He resembles Bing physically and

he has the same tone quality and rhythm, Bing's casual delivery and sharp timing with a line. But much of him is his mother. The sensitivity, the self-criticism, the agonizing doubt. As a family friend has said, "His mother never felt she did *anything* well—Gary's the same way."

"When I was nine years old I knew I wanted this business," Gary says now. And he'd been playing living room performances for two years then. When old friends would drop by the Crosby home, Bing would put Gary on. "Gary, sing *Apple for the Teacher,*" Bing would say. He got a big boot out of the way Gary imitated him performing that one.

The Crosbys were living in North Hollywood then. Bing and Dixie were determined their sons would have a normal life, but that wasn't too easy to arrange even then—with tourists forever driving up in front of the big white Colonial homestead and shooting pictures of the house, or of any young Crosby who might happen to be playing outside.

One day Gary talked to his mother about it. "What's different about our house?" he said. "Why do they stop and take pictures?"

"I don't know," she shrugged. "It's just an old two-story house."

Another day he came home from school with another question. "Are we rich?" he said.

His parents exchanged glances, and gave him a very firm answer. "You'll be working for a long, long time," they said.

"Then I'll work as a singer!" he said.

At Christmas Bing and the young Crosbys would go caroling around town, and Bing would kid about how he had to really jump in there fast if he ever beat Gary to the lead. Young Gary was enchanted with the warm merry musical world Bing and his pals like Phil Harris and Bob Hope worked in, and he knew he wanted to be part of it.

With his first record, *Sam's Song*—billed *Gary Crosby and Friend*—sixteen-year-old Gary served notice on the public that another Crosby was on the way. When the record sold well Gary was quick to say, "Oh, that's because of Dad." When he went on Bing's radio show and sang *Dear Hearts and Gentle People,* he got another smashing reception—including a wire from his mother that read, JUST HEARD YOUR SHOW. DIDN'T EVEN RECOGNIZE THE VOICE. YOU SOUND LIKE AN OLD MAN—AND I DON'T MEAN YOUR UNCLE EVERETT.

Gary's closest confidantes during this exciting time were the firemen with Engine Company No. 1 in San Jose, California. Gary was on the football team at Bellarmine Prep, a member of a musical group called *The Happy Inmates,* a star-performer in the school variety shows—prominent in all school activities. But he was also a sensitive teenager who wanted desperately to be liked and acknowledged for *himself!* He didn't want to be just the rich son of a famous singer. "You're my best friends," he'd tell the firemen. In the evenings Gary would stay around the fire station across the street from school. He often ate there, and he'd help wash dishes or answer the phone. Gary felt comfortable around the firemen—they weren't impressed by his name nor did they resent him for it.

"When it happened," said Gary, "I'd just look the other way and try to talk about the weather or something . . . and feel like slinking down into my coffee cup."

After graduation, Gary went through the motions of going to school at Stanford University for three years, but he had only music and show business on his mind. Occasionally he'd guest on his dad's taped radio show, and he took a lot of friendly razzing in general from his Zeta Psi fraternity brothers. When he knew his show was coming up, Gary would never listen to it at the frat house. Saying nothing, he'd drive up in the hills above the campus, park the car, turn on the radio, and listen attentively. His frat brothers would kid him about not listening to his own show. "Where you been, Crosby? What's her name? Come on, give—"

Her name was show business, and finally he quit school to marry her—for better or worse. He headed for Hollywood. One more day—one more hour—away from the entertainment world seemed wasted time.

Nobody in show business would have given Gary's spot to their worst enemy then. He'd had almost no experience, and there was nowhere a Crosby could get experience without the spotlight. He sang on Tennessee Ernie's radio show for a while, then plunged into his own thirty-minute CBS show.

Bing worried about him more than Gary knew. He was disappointed when Gary quit college, but since he was so determined to have this career—he surrounded him with his own top production crew. "He's had no experience working in front of people, like I had or Sinatra or the others had," Bing would worry. "None of that training in vaudeville or nightclubs or burlesque or singing with a band. This is an abrupt jump for him." But Bing was very proud of the way Gary went in swinging—trying to make up for the missed years.

Both the blessings and the cross of the Crosby name were brought home to Gary that first year. He got breaks no newcomer could ever hope to have. But his was a less friendly press and public now that he'd turned pro, and there were the constant comparisons with Bing. There was some inevitable jealousy around Hollywood, too. He was disliked by others who mistook Gary's shyness for arrogance.

"Who do you think you are?"

Gary was very sensitive to any antagonism and he seemed to be finding it everywhere. He spent a lot of time in clubs and joints trying to absorb as much show business as he could. "When I go in some place, right away they don't like me," he said then. "I know it—I can feel it. Then later some wise-guy comes up and starts in on me—"

He was beginning to get a lot of the belittling routine that was to stay with him from there on. "Gary Crosby, huh? Who do you think you are? What makes you think you're such a big shot? Where do you think you'd be without the name?"

Gary didn't think he was anybody. But he was *trying* desperately to be somebody—to build his own identity. All he asked was the chance. A chance delayed further when the Army intervened. . . .

In Germany, one of the C.O.'s welcomed Gary overseas with, "Crosby—if you're looking for *publicity,* you're not going to get it here!"

Dick Janik, who as Acting Sergeant managed the show Gary was with overseas, and who's now with Decca Records in Hollywood, was an eye-witness to what happened over there.

Gary was starring in the Seventh Army Soldier Show, *Get Happy.* The troupe traveled in a bus to Service Clubs all over Germany, and for Gary Crosby, from Munich to the Bavarian Alps—it was the same old story. . . .

In Garmisch, Germany, the Army recreation area in the Alps, the troops went to the Partenkirchnerhof Hotel for dinner after the show. "A drunk came up to our table," Dick recalled. "He made remarks to Gary about the show, about his father, and about his late mother. The Canaries, the male colored singing group with the show were sitting with us, and he made cracks about the color of their skin. Suddenly he leaned across the table and took a swing. He hit a girl who was sitting next to Gary, and Gary started toward him—but the guy ran outside. Some of the other guys ran after him—and I broke it up. The next day the guy had the nerve to try to press charges against Gary.

Landstudt, Germany—different setting—same story. . . .

Gary had been in the big Army hospital there for tests. On Saturday night he got a pass. "And I didn't know anybody there, so I went to the EM Club," Gary recalled. A couple of G.I.'s came up to his table with a familiar look in their eyes. Uninvited, they pulled up chairs and joined him. Then the smaller of the two started in on him. "Think you're a wise guy—Crosby's son—"

"Now get away from me," Gary told him. "Let me alone."

But the needling went on, and finally the smaller one made a lunge for him. As Gary recalls, "I reached down to pick up the table to put it between us—and the big guy hit me across the ear with a beer bottle and I went down. I rose again, however, and retaliated. In my position the other guy always has to make the first move—then you counter it."

At a Service Club outside Nuremberg, Germany, Dick Janik said he'd finally had to stop the show because of the rudeness of the audience. "When Gary went out on the stage they started heckling, 'Aw get off the stage—You'll never be as good as your old man'—that kind of thing. We'd driven sixty miles to put on the show for them, and we had a bang-up show. They kept on heckling and throwing paper and popcorn on the stage—until finally I walked out in front of Gary and told the emcee to cut the whole show."

"But this was great experience," Gary was saying now, "and I'm glad I had it."

When Gary Crosby went on Pat Boone's television show after he came out of the Army, there was no doubt he was vastly improved. But if this is true, he says, you can credit his overseas audience.

"It's tough—but it's a great experience working seven nights a week playing to guys who come in not liking you. Where the emcee says, 'And *here* is Gary Crosby!' —and instead of getting a hand you get a boo and 'Get 'em out of here.' I'm glad I had it, because you loosen up so much—and you don't care as much—"

But Gary Crosby will always care—did care. Tension caught up with him over there too. So much nervous tension he blacked out. . . .

"The first time it happened, I was visiting a Sergeant and his wife," Gary recalled. "I was standing in the kitchen having a bowl of beans and rice—and I fell right on my head! When I came to I was staring over my feet at the Sarge and his wife—in a hospital in Munich. They gave me a lot of tests and said it came from extreme nervous tension. And they gave me medicine I still take now."

During a dress rehearsal guesting on Bob Crosby's TV show in New York, back before the cameras again, facing another kind of audience—and wanting to do a great job—Gary blacked out again.

"Here he is now, my nephew—Gary Crosby—" his Uncle Bob said. Gary took two steps out—and fell on his head.

"They took me upstairs," Gary recalled. "My Uncle Bob covered beautifuly. While I was passed out he got ten minutes of music worked up with the band to take the place of my spot. But I came out of it in time . . . and made the show—"

"You can't—" his Uncle Bob worried.

"I'll be on there—if I can stand—" his

wobbly nephew said. And he made it!

When the newspapers front-paged his Las Vegas hospitalization, they didn't carry the true story—they didn't know it. And Gary would never be one to volunteer it. "I hadn't been taking the medicine," Gary said now. "The hotel doctor didn't know what was wrong with me, and my brother Phil wasn't around to tell him. And so I wound up in a hospital in Henderson, Nevada—layin' there lookin' at my feet again."

"Speaking of Phil," Gary said suddenly. "Will you excuse me? I've got to call him about something." He dialed the family homestead and there was no answer. A puzzled Gary shook his head and dialed again. "There's just *gotta* be somebody home at Bing Crosby's house," he said. "That's like callin' the Ambassador Hotel." Then he added, "Good thing nobody else heard me say that—I'd probably read that I moved out of the house because it was getting too crowded up there.

"I can't even kid any more," Gary went on, seriously. "You say things meaning 'em as a joke—and they're twisted around and made to sound like it was said seriously. I've read where I don't like my Uncle Everett—that I don't like my grandmother—that I go around knocking good friends like Pat Boone

"This Pat—I really dig him," Gary said now. "I not only admire and respect him as an entertainer, but I respect him as a man too. And as opposite as our lives are, this guy's a great friend of mine. But from the beginning, a few members of the press have tried to make enemies out of Pat and me all over the place.

"This is how something gets twisted around," Gary went on. "Originally there was a dream sequence pencilled in for *Mardi Gras* where I pictured myself as a leading man and made love to Christine Carere. Later, production cut it out of the script. Just kiddin' I said, 'If Pat don't get kissed—*nobody* gets kissed.' The next day I read in the paper, 'Gary Crosby's griping about he can't neck with Christine Carere because Pat Boone is too religious.'" Gary says slowly, "Can you imagine that?

"I've been accused of being mad at my father for getting married again," he went on grimly. "Simply because I didn't send him a wire of congratulations. I didn't know he was married until three days after it happened. The only news you get overseas is *Stars and Stripes* and that's always at least a day and a half late. And we were all over Germany doing the show. And when you go out on the road in Germany, you can be places where they never even heard of Western Union."

They came back to Frankfurt, and one of the boys with the vocal group went up to Gary's room with the message that a guy from *Stars and Stripes* was looking for him. "He says he wants a statement."

"What about?" said Gary.

"Your dad just got married," he said.

"And that's how I knew. I didn't know anything about it until then. I was very happy about the whole thing. As long as it made my father happy—it was great. And certainly he's benefitted by it.

"I just want to put everybody straight on one thing," Gary went on quietly, "and that's this—I love my father. And something else—there's more roses than thorns that go with the name Crosby. The name opened the door for me. There's a lot of wonderful talent waiting to get their foot in that door. Once they get the foot in, they're made. But they just can't do it. And here I am on the threshold with the door open—because my name is Crosby."

But there's another part to that story. There's the challenge of staying there.

The challenge

"When you start at the top—the door is thrown open and everything is wide and roses. And that's beautiful. But you'd better have something on the ball to stay there," Gary was saying earnestly now. "Otherwise people aren't going to put up with you. If you haven't got it—you go right down the tubes again."

Gary, who never believes he does anything well, was surprised by his good reviews in *Mardi Gras*. But he got out of those with, "You can thank Hal Kanter for that—he wrote the script. That part was just written for me—that fast talkin' Sergeant-Bilko-type-cat—always talkin' and workin'—all the time shuckin' and jivin'—"

A modest guy.

Who knows where he would have been now without the Crosby name to open the door so quickly for him? But one thing sure to anybody who knows Gary—he would have been *trying*. He wouldn't have been waiting around for any pennies from heaven to fall.

Not Gary.

"I know my potentiality," he said. "I'm not a great singer. I don't match up with people like my father, like Como or Nat Cole—any of those boys. I'm a showman. I do a little comedy and a little singin' and a little shuckin' and jivin'. And I'll try to make just as big a man out of myself as I can do with that." **END**

Gary can next be seen in Twentieth Century-Fox's HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS.



if you are

UNDER 21

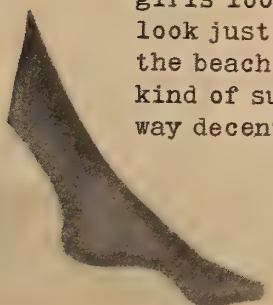


And You're Scared of Summer.....

Dear Editor:

I wish I could find a cave to hide in until summer is over. I love summer because I really dig swimming, but I dread it like a final exam in math. It's just that I don't ever dare go to the beach because my hips are too large to look like I want in a swimming suit. And to make it worse, I'm 5'7" and I look like a beast stomping in the sand. Little girls look so cute and petite but I look just awful! I so want to go to the beach this year. Is there any kind of suit I can wear to look halfway decent?

Fonda Texas



Under 21 is prepared with the cooperation and assistance of Hollywood's leading experts: Edith Head, costume designer for Paramount Studios; Helen Hunt, hair stylist for Columbia Pictures; Ben Bard, director of new talent training at Twentieth Century-Fox Studios; Gordon Bau, head of the makeup department at Warner Brothers Studios; Pat McNalley, director of the makeup department at Walt Disney Studios; Frankie Van, figure consultant for Universal-International Studios; Pauline Kessinger, commissary director of Paramount Studios.

if you are UNDER
21
And You're Scared of Summer...

you need a disguise!



On this page, left to right: French bra cups build the fit of a cap-sleeved sheath of stretch nylon; printed in orange-yellow, jade-green, blue, black or red with white, this suit emphasizes the bustline; at about $20 by Jantzen. Draping slims the midriff of this suit of multi-colored paisley print, hand screened on olive toned Lastex at about $13 by Sea Nymph. A perky knife-pleated skirt highlights a printed cotton swimsuit with button tabbed bodice; in dominant blue, chocolate, poppy, or green prints, at about $8 by Sea Nymph. Vividly colored plaid handbag is shaped from imported Italian hemp, lined in faille, at about $13; tiny leather drawstring pouch with chain-attached cigarette lighter is around $4. Both handbags are designed by Rolfs.

Dear Fonda:

Hips or height? Waistline or bustline? Too thin or too fat?
Everyone has at *least* one figure problem. Dresses are great because they can *hide* faults. But swimsuits are more likely to advertise problems than to disguise them. Unless you are pretty tricky . . .

Believe it or not, Jo Morrow has the same problems, Fonda. She used to dread summers, when her perfect figure would look less than perfect . . . in a swimsuit. But she has learned that suits *can* camouflage figure faults. All right, her hips could be slimmer: you and I are the only ones that know it. You don't see hips in a pleated skirt suit. Feel too tall? That's ridic. A willowy look is great on the beach. But Jo felt the same, Fonda, too tall for a bathing beauty. The illusion suit she wears on the right does the trick: Wide horizontal stripes whittle her down to Lilliputian petite. Simple isn't it?



Left to right on this page: Contrasting midriff stripes mark a slim, knitted Lastex sheath; solid panels are of turquoise, yellow, or magenta, at about $11 by Sea Nymph. Loose middy overblouse is worn over matching cotton knit shorts, in black, navy, or red, with striped inserts; at about $20 by Cole of California. Japanese-styled fitted tunic covers separate knit briefs, in a textured loop-knit swimsuit combining pink-red, orange-gold, or blue-green; at about $25 by Jantzen. Little boy shorts highlight this elasticized Bengaline suit with white inserts accenting cocoa, turquoise, or black; at about $17 by Marina del Mar. Bottom: Wide vertical stripes accent a two-toned mio sheath of nylon helanca with laced bodice; in shaded tones of blue, pink, or green, about $18 by Cole of California.

Illusions can hide any figure problem, so what's *yours*? You can choose a suit to disguise any fault, *if* you know how to use camouflage . . .

Small bust? Shirred bodices and built in bras, best with pellon or foam contour lining, are styled to make you *look* better endowed . . .

Spare tire? Draped or tucked midriffs control and *disguise* extra you . . .

Thin? Middy blouses are high fashion and *hide* a million figure faults . . .

Irregular waist? Two piece suits with fitted tunic tops *adjust* to either long or short waisted figures with more versatility than hard-to-fit sheaths . . .

Heavy thighs? Little boy shorts or skirts *conceal* and disguise thickness . . :

Short? Vertical stripes give the *illusion* of length to your torso . . .

Chubby? A suit with built-in stays *controls* extra curves like a girdle . . .

Hips or height? Waistline or bustline? Too thin or too fat?

The right suit will *disguise your problems* and get you out on that beach this year!

Maxine

if you are UNDER 21

Just Shout for Help...

JO MORROW can be seen currently in "Juke Box Rhythm," a new release from Columbia.

Terry cloth towel on previous page is "No Trespassing" by Jantzen, about $4. Shoes are Kedettes in washable sailcloth or poplin, in varied colors and trims, $4 to $5. Flower-bedecked bathing caps of water velvet or aqua foam in high fashion colors and styling; from $2 to $6 by Howland of U.S. Rubber.

DEAR EDITOR:

Yes, I'm under 21, and I have a problem I would like to solve. I just don't know what to do with my hair! I would very much like to be attractive to people. My hair is blonde and I want to know if I used a blonde shampoo, would this ruin my hair for me? Also, if I put a permanent in my hair, would it do any harm? When I set it, it either comes out too kinky or else the set doesn't take at all. I hope you can help me on how I could wear my hair.

LYNDA—CALIFORNIA

DEAR LYNDA:

Relax, kid, your problems are about to disappear with Helen Hunt to the rescue. Miss Hunt, hairdo stylist of Columbia Pictures, suggests that you go ahead and bleach if you really dig a blonde look. "No, a bleach shampoo will not damage your hair and neither would a permanent," she declares. "But to make sure your hair is properly done, select a competent hairdresser and get a professional bleach job and permanent." As for the setting problems, just keep the Stars in your eyes. Miss Hunt says that "if your hair is fine, like Kim Novak's, use small sections of hair and make very smooth curls. But if your hair is heavy, like Doris Day's, make larger curls in thicker sections. Just make sure the curls are smooth and round!" Here's a tip from Hollywood for you, Lynda, so you can wash those worries right out of your hair . . .

DEAR EDITOR:

I dig Rock Hudson the most. The neatest boy in school who looks almost like him has asked me to the dance and I have to buy a formal. But there are going to be three dances at my school this year and I just can't get my folks to buy me more than one dress. Should I just stay home from the others or is it okay to wear the same dress each time?

JOANN—ALABAMA



DEAR JOANN:

No. And no again. Don't stay home from the dances and *don't* keep showing up looking like a carbon copy of the last dance. Nobody can afford three new formals in one year, but you *can* afford to be pretty clever about it. Get a very basic gown that you can *completely* change with inexpensive accessories; nobody will know it's the same dress. But it must be a simple style and a very flexible color, white or a pastel tone. Edith Head, fashion designer for Paramount Pictures, suggests three great ways you can adapt it: "One time tie a slim black velvet ribbon around the waist and over the shoulder straps, and baste delicate pink roses in the bodice; next time, add a rich Empire bow and sash in a vivid color that contrasts with the dress; finally, try stitching pink net butterfly bows to the shoulder straps, like sleeves, and ice the skirt with a pink net apron or overskirt." This way you can have three luscious gowns for the price of some ribbon and net, JoAnn, plus a little ingenuity. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:

I am fifteen years old and it seems that every time I get a boyfriend, a story goes around school that I am *pregnant*. The boy doesn't believe it but we stop seeing each other until it stops. What can I do? I know I am fat but the reason for it is that there were seven kids in our family and we never used to get all the food we wanted. Now I get all the food I want, but I get so hungry that I eat a little too much and I put weight on. Mostly in the hips and the stomach. I don't know how to get rid of it so they say I am pregnant. They said it last year and now this year. How can I lose the fat?

MARGIE—MINNESOTA

DEAR MARGIE:

Sometimes it seems that teenagers can be more vicious and deadly than atomic bombs, Frankenstein's monster, and Jack the Ripper combined! And those kids at your school really take the cake. Wow! Margie, you *can't* put up with that kind of nonsense! You have to put a double stop to it by losing some weight and killing those rumors, probably easiest by having a talk with the principal. Sounds drastic, true, but it seems necessary! As to the weight problem, Pauline

Kessinger, director of the commissary at Paramount Pictures, explains that "you are very young and it's *much* easier to lose that weight now than later! If you are much overweight, have your doctor put you on a high protein, low fat diet." Miss Kessinger declares that Hollywood stars face that battle of the bulge. "I have seen many young actresses become much more lovely after trimming those pounds. They munch carrot or celery sticks to stay hunger pangs between meals . . . very low in calories. Exercise is good too, but the best one is pushing yourself away from that helping of potatoes, gravy, pie or cake."

DEAR EDITOR:

I'm so unpopular that it isn't funny. But I've been told by millions of people, mostly boys, that I'm cute. It's probably because I don't *like* kids in my class because they are so childish. They're all my age and seem horribly young. Yet older kids won't have anything to do with me because I'm not in their classes. People my age make me nervous. I'd much rather be around older people. Another thing that makes me unpopular is my glasses. I have to wear them all the time and they really bug me. You said to write about any problem, so this is mine: what can I do to get more popular?

DOLORES—NEW YORK

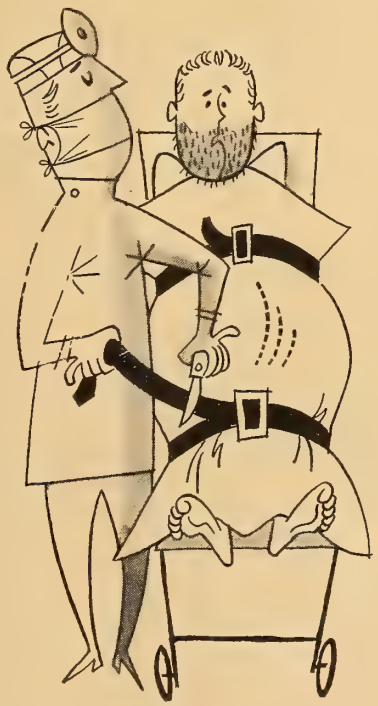
DEAR DOLORES:

Sounds like you're putting your hand in the fire and wondering why it burns. This bit about not liking the kids your own age is just a form of snobbery gal. You're trying too hard to grow up too fast. That kind of behavior is resented by *everyone* so it really kills popularity! Take a tip from Ben Bard, director of new talent for Twentieth Century Fox Studios: "Our young stars like Tuesday Weld and Carol Lynley take advantage of the opportunities that youth has to offer. If they just associated with *older* people, they'd soon be thinking older and deny themselves the chance to be and act as teens. Believe me, Dolores, enjoy young people while you are young." Mr. Bard goes on to cite Shirley Temple and the great impression she made because "she grew older normally, instead of hurdling over her teens." As for worrying about glasses, that sounds like a lame excuse to yourself. Today glasses are so jazzy that they can really look great. Besides, as Mr. Bard says, "Quite a number of our teenage stars wear them. It makes them see better. Put them on; you'll see yourself in better focus and more clearly see the virtues of the kids *your own age*."

DEAR EDITOR:

I've been shaving for almost four years but in the last two it's become a haunting menace. I shave and look worse than before I shaved. I shower, shave and dress up, raring to go to a dance, a party, whatever the occasion. Then the remarks begin: "Hey, man, whatsa matter, too lazy to shave?" "You'd be a nice looking guy if you'd shave once in a while." I try to cover it up by saying I was in a hurry and *pretend* I don't care. I've shaved heavy, light, used different lotions and powders, electric razors, straight razors, the works! I meet a girl—she smiles as her eyes meet mine—we begin talking. Gradually her eyes drift to my chin and you can just see the quick frown on her face. It's not my imagination or a complex because it happens constantly. It's ruining my life! In this modern day of plastic surgery, can that be my answer? If I could just get it over with, it would be like saving a life!

AL—OHIO



DEAR AL:

Hold on there Al! Don't throw yourself under the scalpel, man. Your wild beard can be tamed *without* such drastic action. Pat McNalley, head of the makeup department for Walt Disney Productions, says that you're not alone. "We run into this problem every day. I suggest that Al try the same method we use. After a very close shave, he might go over his beard area with one of the popular covering materials on the market, using the shade which matches his skin most closely. There are a number of them, handled by major cosmetic companies. It works for us, both on the screen *and off*. With a little patience, Al can get very good results!" This is a lot cheaper, easier, and less drastic than plastic surgery, Al. It's what the stars do to get that very close shaven look. Give it a whirl and it should make *you* a real smooth character too . . .

DEAR EDITOR:

I am a girl who just *can't* gain weight. My height is 5'3" and my weight is 100. I eat a lot but I still look the same. My friends say I am very skinny and they kid me when they see me in a bathing suit and say I look like a toothpick. It's awful but I don't know what to do to be like them and look nice. My arms and legs are too bony to wear sleeveless blouses or shorts. What can I do about it? I'm helpless!

MILLY—NEW JERSEY

DEAR MILLY:

Buy yourself a new pair of very short shorts. And check the previous pages for swimsuit tips. You can look great in them by summer. All it takes, Milly, is the right diet and exercise. Frankie Van, figure consultant for Universal-International, declares that "Dorothy Malone had almost your same problem and she whipped it," with Mr. Van's prescription: "First, do 10 squats a day, using a chair for balance, to develop your legs and thighs. For your arms, stand up straight, feet together, arms straight out from the sides at shoulder height. Now stiff armed, make little circles going clockwise 30 times without stopping; reverse, and do 30 counterclockwise. Do this once a day and watch for a big change in six weeks!" Of course, you must eat three good meals a day, with snacks in between. Mr. Van suggests that "a peanut butter sandwich with milk before bed is good." So go buy some bright new shorts! They'll look neat on you soon. . . .

Something still bothering *you?* Hollywood's top authorities will find the answers for you, if you write to:

Maxine, Under 21
Modern Screen
750 Third Avenue
New York 17, N.Y.

Maria Alberghetti

(*Continued from page 41*)

picture, Mrs. Alberghetti, and we were shocked. Shocked that a mother, as loving as we know you to be, could have grown so far from her child. She looks like you, Mrs. Alberghetti; no, maybe not in this picture where all that you feel is unveiled for the camera to see, but we have seen pictures of you in other days. Days when your husband was there.

And we do not condemn you, Mrs. Alberghetti; we know you to be a good woman, a wife and mother who wanted only the happiness of her husband and her children. A woman left too young a widow, and trying, not really knowing how, to take the place of both mama and papa.

But think back, Mrs. Alberghetti, think back to the words of your own husband, speaking about the very man soon to be your son-in-law, the man you now scorn. . . .

. . . You had just come to Hollywood from Italy, the 'musical Alberghettis.' Singing was a family affair; Papa had taught Anna Maria to sing when she was a tiny child, to make singing her life. You yourself were often her accompanist. Your daughter was just sixteen then, preparing her night club act. Papa had called in a 'tall, dark, handsome, young musical genius' to help with her arrangements. And what was Anna Maria's reaction to this young man? Did she fall headlong in love with him? These are her own words:

"I was disappointed. I thought he was too young. I thought, *He's so handsome and sure of himself; he must be terribly spoiled and conceited.* I told my father and mother, 'No. I don't want that young man. I don't like him.' It was my parents who insisted that he was right . . . My mother liked him very much . . . My father said, 'He's so talented; he's so serious about his work. . . .'"

You have told the press, ". . . They warned us at home in Italy that this sort of thing would happen to our children if we took them to Hollywood . . . This would never happen if my late husband were here, I assure you!"

And yet, Mrs. Alberghetti, it was your late husband who said to Anna Maria when she kept protesting that she didn't want to have anything to do with this conceited Buddy Bregman, "You should get to know him better. Give yourself a chance. This is the kind of boy you should marry. He is in the same business as you. He will understand you. He's smart."

The kind of boy you should marry . . . How did this romance begin? This is what Anna Maria told us:

Your daughter's own story

"When I met him, Buddy was married to Gloria Haley, Jack Haley's daughter, and had a baby boy. He'd married when he was nineteen. I didn't think of him at all as a boy I might ever be interested in.

"I ignored him. I treated him terribly. He smoked a pipe, and this, to me, was affected. I hated him! I thought, *I guess he expects me to fall over over him, the way every other girl does, I guess. . . .*

"However, as soon as we began to work together, my respect for him grew immediately. He's an artist, magnificent. I don't think my night club act would have been the success it was without his guidance.

"But I still thought he was conceited—away from the piano.

"I went to Italy to make *10,000 Bedrooms* and thought myself in love with Count Alberto Mochi. He was a doctor in Rome—young, handsome, a blue-eyed blond Italian of my faith, wealthy, prominent and distinguished. When it appeared to my mother that it might be getting serious, she thought of a dozen reasons why I shouldn't consider marrying him. Actually, my mother has never been happy with any boy I've gone with seriously, even when he was a Catholic.

"I returned to Hollywood and realized the Count was not for me. He wanted me to give up my career and live in Rome.

"Some time later, I got a call from Buddy. He told me he was divorced. I knew that because he was dating Gia Scala, Anne Francis and other beautiful girls.

"I still thought of him as brash and conceited, so when he asked me for a date, I thought, *Hummm, he wants to add me to his list of conquests.* I told him I was busy. I was very chilly. He called me four days in a row. Finally I made a date with him.

"I had just bought a beautiful, modern home in the hills where I have been living with my mother, sister Carla and young brother Paulo. Buddy called for me there and was so charming. My mother thought he was wonderful. But I was so suspicious that when I saw how thoughtful he was to my mother, I thought he was doing that only to impress me.

"We had dinner at the Villa Capri and he asked if he could see me the following night. I said, 'Frankly . . . no.'

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

9—Globe; 12—Globe, Paris Match, and Wide World; 13—Wide World, Topix; 15—UPIP; 22—Topix; 24—Topix; 29—Gene Trindl, Topix; 31—David Preston of Topix; 32-34—Curt Gunther; 35-39—Bill Crispinel, Jr.; 42—Wide World; 48—Phil Stern of Topix.

"He seemed so surprised, and I got a kick out of that! I thought I was probably the only girl who'd ever turned him down.

"He said, 'Why?'

"I told him, 'I'll tell you frankly—I think you're a very spoiled person. You've had success at an early age and you probably think every girl considers it a gift from heaven if you take her out. Well, *I'm* not one of those girls. I don't think you're the answer to my dreams at all. . . .'

"And on and on I went. I let him have it. I kept this up for half an hour and when I got through I was surprised at the way he took it. Instead of being angry, he looked thoughtful and humble, and then turned to me and said, 'You know, you're absolutely right . . . Success did hit me young. I took it all for granted . . . I was unhappy as a kid . . . Since then I've been searching for happiness and maybe I do it the wrong way. Maybe that's why I got married at nineteen, without thinking . . . I haven't found happiness yet.'

"Well! When he was through, I had egg all over my face. I never expected him to be so sweet about the whole thing. . . .

"Then came the Academy Awards affair last March. At the last minute I quarreled with my date. I called Buddy.

"He was going with another girl, but said, 'I'll call you right back. I'm going to break my date.'

"Five minutes later, 'I'll pick you up in an hour!'

"My fingers were trembling when I dressed; I wanted to look my very best. I wore a gorgeous black velvet sheath gown Don Loper made for me. And I discovered to my surprise that my heart was pounding when I opened the door for Buddy.

"That night was one I'll always remember. We fell in love. It happened on the dance floor at the Beverly Hilton, at the party after the Academy Awards. I thought Buddy loved to dance. But he told me later he hates to dance—he danced every dance with me, just so we could be together . . . No one else existed when he held me in his arms and we danced.

"We dated every night from that time on. We were in love. Magically, unmistakably, joyously in love. I've never felt so happy in my life; never felt this way about any other man. Buddy told me he never felt this way with any other woman.

"Even when we were apart, we felt together. When I had to go out of town for a singing engagement, Buddy hated the separation—but so great is his understanding and respect for my career that he never suggested I break my date.

"Instead, he worked with me, way past midnight, helping me with my arrangements. When I was away, he called me long-distance every half hour. . . .

"It wasn't easy to be apart, for our love was growing all the time. I was to open at the Eden Roc in Miami Beach on the same date as his new show, so he couldn't join me. We were so unhappy that we both wanted to cancel our engagements. We knew how much we were in love; our careers meant so much to us, yet being together meant more.

"Buddy asked me to marry him. I should have been very happy, but I was not. In my heart I wanted to, but I was afraid. I knew I couldn't say yes right away. There were too many barriers. And I felt that we were heading for trouble.

"Buddy wanted to get married right away. My mother told me she was against it. This made me miserable. I'd always been close to my mother, respected her judgment. Like all Italian girls, I'd been brought up to respect my parents' opinions. I am independent by nature, but not so independent that I could overcome the way I'd been brought up. My mother objected to Buddy because he was a divorced man and because he was not of my faith. She saw only unhappiness ahead.

"There was a decided coolness between my mother and Buddy now. When he came to call for me at home there was no enthusiastic welcome. Meanwhile, Buddy kept asking me when we could get married. It was hard for me to say, 'Let's wait.' He would ask me, 'I'm sure of my love for you; aren't you sure of your love for me?' And I'd reply, 'I love you, and I know I love you, but I must wait. After all, you have lived; you have been married; you have dated many women; so you know what you want. But I have never been married. I have never dated much. I have never seen as much of the world as you have. I must be sure because I am not as experienced as you. You must give me time, darling.'

Anna Maria tested him

"He was very patient. Once, I was so confused and had so many mixed emotions that I thought I would try not to see him for a while. Maybe if I stopped seeing him we would find out if we were really in love.

"I was at NBC rehearsing for *Roberta*. He was busy with the Eddie Fisher show and couldn't be with me.

"So I had dinner with a friend. I was miserable. I thought of Buddy every moment.

"When I got home my sister Carla said, 'Where have you been? Buddy's called twenty-five times. He's out of his mind with worry about you!' My heart leaped. The phone rang. It was Buddy. 'Where have you been?' he asked. 'I've been trying to get you all night! I thought something

happened to you, my darling. Are you all right?'

"If I needed any proof we couldn't be apart, that was it. I knew Buddy would be part of my life; I couldn't live without him. Next day he came to my rehearsal and I felt so happy and secure having him there. We belonged to each other.

"But still I said, 'What is another few months? When we marry, it will be for a lifetime.'

"Soon he began to tease me. He told me, 'I had one bad marriage. I won't make another mistake. I know ours will be a good marriage. If there are any doubts in your mind, if there are any little question marks, tell me about them.'

"After that, when he phoned, he'd ask, 'Well, how are the question marks?'

"The question mark for me was still: *would I find happiness if I defied my mother and married Buddy . . .*

"Now many of the barriers were disappearing. Buddy told me he was perfectly willing to have a Catholic ceremony; he was willing to have our children brought up in my faith. He would not relinquish his own Jewish faith, but was willing to have our children reared as Catholics. He was sincere in this; his son by his previous marriage is being raised as a Catholic. And as for that marriage—he was only nineteen, a wild confused boy who didn't know his own mind. I feel he was entitled to a youthful mistake.

"It was very important to me to be married in the Catholic Church, in the Catholic ceremony. We waited, quietly, to get the wheels moving so we could get permission from the Church to be married Catholic. When that permission was granted, I told Buddy I would marry him. . . ."

And that is Anna Maria's own account of her love which began from nothing and grew, through sharing, through understanding, to a love which will not die.

Our message to you, Mrs. Alberghetti

Mrs. Alberghetti, please listen to these words: "I love Anna Maria as if she were my own daughter. The two of them have a wonderful relationship and I'm sure they are so well suited that they will be happy."

That is Buddy's mother talking. Mrs. Claire Bregman may well have thought, when she found her boy was going to marry out of his faith—and for a second time—*Marriage to a Catholic won't work for you. You made a mistake before, son; do not make it again.*

She said instead, ". . . they are so well suited that they will be happy." *So well suited* . . . Each of us has some special need which must be fulfilled if we are to find lasting happiness with a life-partner. The special need of Anna Maria and Buddy is one few people can really comprehend. Yet you yourself, Mrs. Alberghetti, are one of those few who can understand that music is a way of life.

Anna Maria and Buddy Bregman are like the creature in the old Greek legend who had been made with four arms, four legs, then was divided and spent its whole existence searching for the love of that one right person, its other half, trying to become whole again.

In each other, they have become whole. Anna Maria says, "We are of the same mold. Buddy is very understanding about my career. He knows it is a part of me and he loves me all the more for it. Even if a man and I had every surface thing in common, such as religious backgrounds, if he didn't understand my feeling toward my career, our marriage wouldn't stand a chance. I respect Buddy's work as much as he respects mine. We are not only a boy and girl in love; we are two professionals."

Anna Maria has found her completeness, her whole self in Buddy. In her last interview before the public announcement of the forthcoming marriage, she said, "Was it a difficult decision to make? Yes, because I love my mother and didn't want to hurt her. But I realized I loved Buddy more, loved him as a woman must love the man with whom she intends to spend the rest of her life."

Anna Maria is terribly hurt that you refuse to be with her when her union is solemnized, but she has defended you, Mrs. Alberghetti, and publicly. "Some of the things my mother said I'm sure she didn't mean . . . My mother is a wonderful woman and I love her very much . . . She thinks no man is good enough for her daughter . . . I'm sure she wants the same thing I want. She wants me to have a happy marriage." Then she added, softly, with all her conviction, "And I will."

Next to the bride, the mother of the bride is the most important woman at the marriage ceremony. The *Wedding March* does not begin until the mother—the last of the guests to come into the church—takes her place in the left front pew. On Sunday, April 12, everyone will be looking for Anna's mother. We pray that you will be there, Mrs. Alberghetti, on the day which should be the happiest of Anna Maria's life. And as the ancient vows are exchanged, that you will say in your heart, *I do give my eldest daughter in holy matrimony to the man she needs, wants, loves; I do give them my blessing . . . I do. . .*

Sincerely,

David Myers

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Beauty and the Beast

(Continued from page 50)

doorway of a stable only a mile away, that the two boys looked up from their game of cards and stared at one another.

"Did you hear that?" one of them asked. "How Fuego began to kick, just as the moon was covered by the big cloud?"

"That horse is nervous lately," the other boy said. "Maybe it is because he knows that he will become a movie star in only a few days, that the beautiful Audrey Hepburn will soon be riding him in front of all those cameras. . . . Maybe it is because soon he thinks that he will be asked for his autograph—and he cannot write."

The two boys roared with laughter.

But in the midst of their laughter, from the stall, they heard the kicking again—violent this time—four angry hooves slamming against the boards in heavy, stupendous fury.

"It is just a bad night for him," one of the boys said then, his laughter gone. "He is really a good horse."

"Yes," the other boy said.

Uneasily, they got back to their game. . . .

Audrey loved Fuego from the minute she saw him. And she felt enraptured now, sitting atop the handsome stallion, alone, way out in the middle of the windy, sun-filled field.

She was glad, she thought to herself, very glad she hadn't let the director talk her into using a stunt girl for this scene. True, she'd had her private doubts at first about doing her own riding. She wasn't a very good rider. She didn't even like horses, particularly. But one look at Fuego that morning—so proud-looking, so white, so beautiful—and what fears she might have had were gone.

Sitting atop him now, she waited for the signal. Half a mile away, on the other side of the field, she could see the cluster of men and women—the movie's production crew—getting ready. In a few minutes, she knew, Burt Lancaster, her co-star in the picture, would mount his horse and the director would fire a gun and the action would begin.

Waiting, she went over her instructions:

At the signal, your horse and Burt's race toward each other. As you approach Burt, you turn your head and look at him. You pass one another. After you pass, you turn your head forward again and keep riding until—

The gunshot sounded.

The marvelous gallop

"Here we go," she said, aloud. "It's just you and me now, Fuego."

She patted the horse's head, gently.

And then she gave a quick short tug at the reins, kicked Fuego's sides and they were off.

The gallop across the field was marvelous. Swiftly, surely, the stallion sped through the sun and the wind, and Audrey began to feel her heart beating fast inside her, excitedly, joyously, and she knew—for these few moments, at least—that she and this magnificent creature on which she rode were one.

She looked down at one point, at the blur of brown earth below, spotted with fleeting rocks and cacti, and she began to laugh, like a happy child.

When she looked up again she saw Burt, on his brown horse, approaching.

She knew that she was in camera range now and that in a few seconds they would pass.

She got ready.

But then, an instant before they passed—very suddenly—Fuego stopped and reared and threw her.

And Audrey could hear herself screaming, flying backwards through the air. . . .

She had no idea how long she'd been lying there when she came to. She knew only that her face felt heavy with sweat and that her back felt heavy with pain and that a lot of people were talking—some in Spanish, some in English.

She didn't open her eyes.

But she listened to the voices.

She realized after a while, from the talk, that she was still lying on the spot where she had fallen, that no one had dared to move her, that they were all waiting for the local doctor to be driven out from Durango.

She was afraid. "Mel!" she called out.

The talking around her stopped.

"Mel!" she called again.

"*Señora,*" she heard a voice answer her.

Shirley Booth is buying no new clothes at the moment. She explains: "I'm between movies, between shows—and that means I'm between weights!"

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

She opened her eyes.

A man, dark and old and gentle-looking, leaned over her.

"I am the doctor," he said. "I have just arrived. If I may examine you—"

It seemed to Audrey that he had barely begun his examination when he stopped and looked into her eyes, sadly, worried, as if he too were afraid now.

"Will you give me your right hand?" he asked, after a moment.

"Yes," Audrey said.

She tried to move the hand.

But the nerves inside it seemed dead, and she couldn't.

Straining, she tried to move her other hand. But again, she couldn't.

"My body feels numb," she said, finally. "The only thing I can feel is my back . . . the hurt. It hurts so much, doctor."

She took a deep, obviously painful breath.

She closed her eyes again.

"I cannot move," she said.

"I cannot move."

The doctor took a handkerchief from his pocket. As if there were nothing else he could do for her at this moment, he wiped some of the perspiration from her forehead.

"We will get you to bed, in your house," he said. "You will be more comfortable there, my child. You will see. . . . And then we will see what we must do for you. . . ."

The phone rang in Mel's office at the studio just as he was about to leave for lunch.

"Audrey?" he shouted, happily, when he heard her voice. "Darling, I was going to phone *you* tonight. . . . Are you working today, or off, or what?"

"Mel," he heard her say—and just by the way she said it that time, he could tell that something was wrong. "Mel, when you read the papers tomorrow . . . about the accident . . . please don't worry."

"Accident?" Mel asked. "What's wrong, Audrey? What's wrong?"

Audrey told him a little about what had happened that morning.

"But you're all right?" Mel asked.

He waited for an answer.

But instead, for those next few moments, he could hear only a voice moaning, then a few other voices talking in the background.

"Audrey!" he called into the receiver.

"Audrey darling—are you still there?"

"Darling. . . ."

It was her voice again, very weak now.

"Darling, please don't worry . . . And I know—when you read the newspapers, all exaggerated, the way they always tend to exaggerate something like this—you're going to want to come down here, to be with me . . . But don't . . . Please don't . . . Right now your work, the picture, *that's* the most important thing in your life—and you must stay—"

Mel heard her voice trail off into another long moan.

And then, a moment later, he heard another voice say, in a low whisper:

"Mr. Ferrer? This is Marcia, from publicity. I'm afraid your wife can't talk anymore right now."

"What's *wrong?*" Mel asked, the receiver beginning to tremble in his hand.

"It's her back," came the answer. "She was thrown on her back . . . She can barely move anything but her head. Ever since we got her back to town she's insisted on phoning you, so you wouldn't worry when you heard about the accident. And in order for her to talk, I had to hold the phone to her mouth. Because she can't even use her hands, Mr. Ferrer. . . ."

Dazed, Mel hung up a few moments later.

Then, frantically, he picked up the receiver again and phoned a friend, a doctor.

"Audrey's been in an accident, in Mexico," he said. "Can you drop everything and fly down with me this afternoon? It sounds bad. It sounds very bad."

The doctor said he'd meet Mel at the studio within the hour, ready to leave.

Then Mel phoned another friend, Jim Hill, a producer. He told him about Audrey and what had happened. "There are no commercial flights to Durango, Jim, and to rent a plane takes hours and I was wondering if I couldn't borrow yours—?"

Hill interrupted to say that his plane and pilot were always available to Mel at a moment's notice.

Finally, the two calls made, Mel slumped into a chair.

Helplessly, he began to cry.

"Oh God," he mumbled, "help her, help her . . . please God, please help her. . . ."

At Durango

Mel listened as his friend, the doctor, spoke.

"My examination shows that two of her vertebrae are broken, that we probably won't know for some six to twelve hours whether the paralysis caused by this breakage is temporary or not. . . .

"The Mexican doctor has done a good job. What little there is to do in cases such as this, he's done . . . Meanwhile, I've given Audrey something to make her sleep. It'll do her good."

He looked down at his watch.

"It's after midnight, Mel," he said. He smiled. "I don't think a little sleep would hurt *us* any right now, either."

Mel shook his head. It had been a rough trip, all right—the weather had been bad, the plane had been forced down by fog at one point, for a while it had looked as if they might never make it.

But now that it was over, and he was here, one room away from Audrey, he knew that no matter how exhausted he was he would not be able to sleep.

"*You* catch a nap," he said. "I'd rather wait up."

The doctor shrugged and went to the room that had been prepared for him.

And Mel turned and looked at the door that led to the room where Audrey lay.

"*Señor?*" he heard a voice whisper, a couple of moments later.

It was Pablo, the chauffeur. He had been waiting in the kitchen, for a moment



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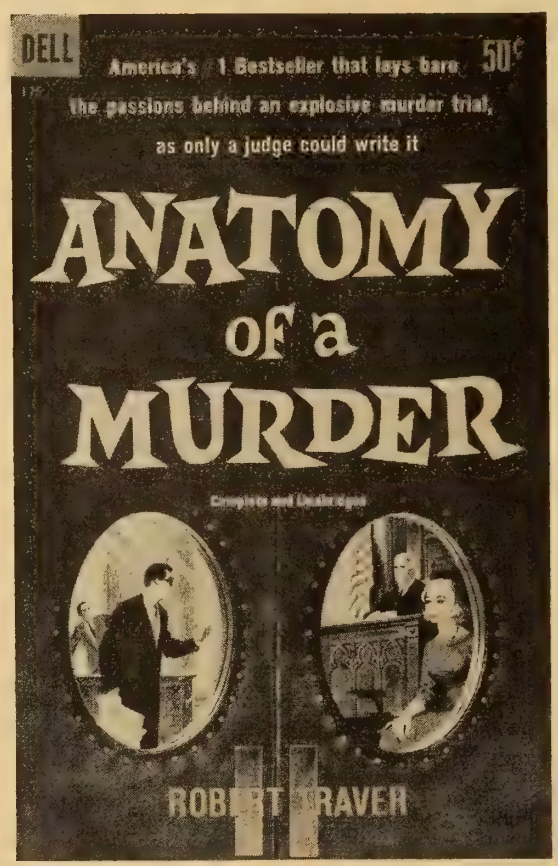
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alone with Mel. He glanced at Mel.

"*Señor,* before I go home for the night, maybe I can get you some coffee?"

"No . . . thank you," Mel said.

"At least *these* I hope you will take, then," Pablo said, handing Mel a tiny bunch of flowers. "I took them from the church just now. They are part of many offerings the townspeople have brought there today for your wife . . . You see, *señor,* the people of Durango love your wife very much. Not only because she is beautiful, and an artist. But because she is kind. We all heard today of what she said in the car as she was being driven back here this morning, sick, in such terrible pain. We heard how she said, 'I feel so sorry now for all the people here. They are so poor. And many of them were working in my movie, earning a few extra pesos. And now, with the picture stopped, it will be a long time before they can look forward to earning extra pesos again!' . . . Yes, *señor,* we heard how in her pain she thought of us. And in gratitude today, in the hope that the Lord will hear our little prayers and help her, hundreds of us have gone to the church. Many of the men have brought their best ears of corn from their farms and laid them at the foot of the Virgin Mary. Some of the children have brought the hard candy they always save for Sundays. And the women have brought flowers from the little gardens they tend . . . These flowers you hold are only a few of all those now in the church. I thought you might like to have them."

Too moved to say anything, Mel carried the bouquet into the room where Audrey lay asleep and placed them on a table. And then he sat on a chair, at his wife's bedside, for hour after hour after hour, until finally his shoulders hunched forward and he, too, fell asleep. . . .

The hand at his brow

"Mel?"

He heard the voice, in his sleep.

"Mel?"

At first, he thought that he was dreaming—about other mornings when he had been asleep and when Audrey, lying next to him, had awakened him by placing her cool hand on his head.

But then, for a third time, he heard the voice and his name. And he knew now that he was not dreaming, that he was awake, still sitting in that chair, next to her bed, his head resting on the bed.

And he knew, too, that it *was* her hand that lay resting on his head.

He couldn't believe what he thought was happening.

Slowly, he moved, reaching for the hand on his head and grasping it, and raising his head at the same time.

He looked at Audrey. She was smiling.

"You're here," she said. He nodded.

Then he looked down, at the hand he was holding.

"Yes . . . I'm going to be all right," she said. "Don't worry, Mel—not any more. Did you see? My hand? . . . I moved it, and I'm going to be all right."

"You are," Mel said, nodding again.

And, believing now, he kissed the hand he held—lovingly, gratefully. . . . **END**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following day, Mel flew Audrey back to California. She spent a few days in a Los Angeles hospital, and was then taken home. According to doctors, the temporary paralysis that set in after the accident is completely gone. And she is now completely recovered and back at work.*

Audrey is appearing in M.G.M.'s GREEN MANSIONS *and will soon appear in Warner Brothers'* THE NUN'S STORY *and United Artists'* THE UNFORGIVEN.

We Believe in Liz and Eddie's Marriage

(Continued from page 21)

He phoned a reporter to make that announcement. Earlier that day, Debbie Reynolds had gone to court to file officially for divorce. Eddie hadn't appeared. A few days before, with his lawyers and Debbie's, he had agreed to go full-way on a financial settlement—Debbie could have their $150,000 home, his $100,000 life insurance policy, $40,000 a year alimony. Debbie could have anything, Eddie had said, just as long as he got his divorce and was free to marry Liz Taylor.

Now, that settled, he announced the marriage.

But he didn't say when.

And so the rumors began to fly.

Two rumors led the rest.

One was that the couple would wait the full year required by California law for a divorce to become final and that they would marry in February, 1960.

The other was that Eddie and Liz would go to Mexico and marry there, pronto.

MODERN SCREEN decided to find the truth—*at any cost.*

We went where we shouldn't; we talked to people we had no business talking to; and we learned from these top-secret sources that *both rumors are false.*

First: Eddie and Liz are too much in love to wait a full year.

And second: Liz does not want to marry Eddie in Mexico, the same place where she married Mike Todd and where Eddie was their best man. . . .

These are the outward facts.

What follows is the inside story of two people who have been already married in spirit these past few months, a spirit fused by their undeniable love for one another, their love for their children, by the manner in which they have faced a basically hostile world together, in which they have helped one another fight the fears and hurts and—yes—the sadness in their hearts.

Our information comes straight from three people very close to Eddie and Liz.

Here is what they had to say. . . .

A FRIEND OF LIZ'

I hadn't seen Liz in nearly a year. I was asked to her house in Bel-Air early the other night to discuss the possibility of writing the script for her next picture. As soon as I walked into the hallway I sensed something different about Liz. Actually, she was upstairs feeding Liza, the baby, and hadn't come down yet. So it wasn't Liz, the person, who gave me this feeling. Rather, strangely, it was something about the hallway. . . . The last time I'd been there was one day a few months after Mike's death. Then, I remember, I'd walked into the hallway and noticed a big steamer trunk sitting against one of the walls. "Are you leaving town?" I'd asked Liz. "I don't know," she'd said, "—the trunk's packed; if I decide to go away tomorrow it's there, near the door, ready to be moved; I'm restless, I guess; the way I feel now I don't know if I ever want to stay settled anywhere again. . . ." This time, however, there was no trunk near the wall. Instead, I noticed, the hall was cluttered with toys—a teddy bear, a push-pedal car, some stray blocks, a tiny catcher's mitt. Liz, I could feel immediately, had lost her restlessness. This gorgeous collection of rooms she lived in, I felt, had become a home once again.

When Liz did come down a little while later she looked radiant—softly, beautifully, completely.

We said hello and then we went into the living room to sit and, over a cup of coffee, we began to discuss the script.

We'd been talking for about thirty minutes when a nurse walked in holding Liz' sons—Michael and Christopher—by the hand.

The woman told Liz that the boys were —ahem—behaving just a wee bit on the naughty side that night and didn't seem to want to go to bed.

"Liza is a *good* girl," the nurse added. *"She's* asleep already."

"But she's a baby," said Michael, age six.

"A baby," chimed in Christopher, all of four.

It was fun watching Liz those next few minutes. listening to her talk to the boys, trying her darndest to coax, cajole and convince them of the fact that they'd had a busy day and were indeed tired.

It worked—on Michael, at least.

He began to yawn, then he rubbed his eyes and finally he kissed his mom goodnight and walked out of the room.

But Christopher wasn't to be fooled.

"Not *me*," he said. "I'm not sleepy. I wanna stay up with you, Mommy. Yes? Okay? Yes?—"

His plea was interrupted by a ring of the doorbell and the entrance of Eddie Fisher.

(I'd never met Eddie before, but this was obviously no time for a formal introduction. So we simply nodded at one another. And then Eddie—looking from Christopher to Liz and back at Christopher again—got down to the business of the moment).

"Is something wrong?" he asked.

Liz explained.

Eddie stifled a smile. "Mmmmmm, I see," he said.

Christopher rushed up to him and threw his arms around his legs.

"I'm not sleepy," the boy said.

"Well," said Eddie, looking at his watch, then crouching, "it isn't exactly early, you know . . Maybe if I gave you an airplane ride upstairs—"

With that, he swooped the boy into his arms and up over his head.

"I'm not sleepy, though," the boy repeated, shrieking, looking down.

But Eddie was brrrRRRrrr-ing away like a four-engine job by this time and pretending not to hear.

And within a minute Christopher had stopped his complaining and was laughing gayly, and the two of them zoomed out of the room.

"You know what'll happen now?" Liz said to me, when they were gone. "Eddie'll sing Christopher to sleep. He'll be out like a light in ten minutes . . . Do you know *Ruzhenkes und Mandlin?"*

I told her I didn't.

"It's an old Jewish lullaby," Liz explained. "Eddie's grandmother used to sing it to him when he was a boy and wouldn't go to sleep . . . Now Eddie's been singing it to Christopher, on evenings when he's here and my son decides he'd like to wait up for the dawn."

She smiled.

Then she got up from the couch and walked across the room, to a piano.

"It's such a beautiful song," she said, beginning to pick out the melody with one finger.

She began to hum it as she played, and then she spoke the words:

Under the child's crib sits a little white goat
Together in dreams they will go shopping and buy sweet raisins and almonds
Ruzhenkes und Mandlin

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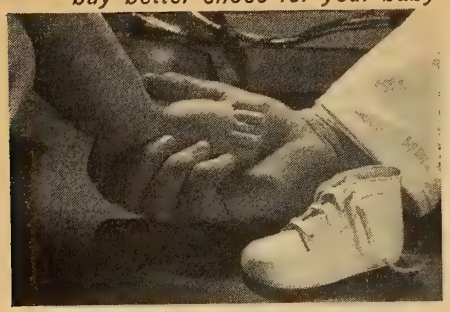


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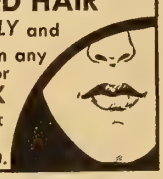


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Ruzhenkes und mandlin. . . .

"Isn't that nice?" she asked me when she'd finished the song.

"Very nice," I said.

And to myself, I added, "Yes, how nice it is for *you*, Liz, to have found somebody to make you so happy again. . . ."

SOMEONE INSIDE EDDIE'S OFFICE

It makes me sore when I hear people say Eddie is neglecting *his* children ever since he's been going with Liz. I've been working with him in this office for four years and, believe me, he was a wonderful father before his split-up with Debbie Reynolds and is just as wonderful a father now.

Why, at about three o'clock every afternoon he picks up Carrie Frances at the house. Then he takes her to Uncle Bernie's Toy Store or to Wil Wright's for an ice cream cone. And then they come here to the office and for more than an hour Carrie Frances bangs on the piano and sings with her daddy and they play peek-a-boo or hide-and-seek and then Eddie sits her down for a while so she can catch her breath and he uses that time trying to teach her how to spell. And then, just before they leave, it's pumpernickel time. Would you believe it, but that little doll is crazy about bread—and pumpernickel's her favorite. So every lunch time Eddie brings a slice back from wherever he's eaten and presents it to his daughter, and the way she holds it and eats it—with her little pinky raised—you'd think it was one of the greatest delicacies that had ever been created.

Of course, Todd, Eddie's son, is still too young to come to the office and eat pumpernickel. But he must have a pretty hefty appetite, too. Because every time Eddie sees him and has a chance to take him up to his place for a few hours, he asks me to phone Willard, the houseboy, ahead and order about twenty jars of strained foods.

And you should hear Eddie when he's back in the office, after being with the children.

Right away, the first thing he does is pick up his phone and call Liz and start to brag.

That's when it gets real funny.

First you hear Eddie say something like, "Do you know what my daughter did today?"

And then you can just hear Liz kid him and say something like, "Well, that may sound great to you, but let me tell you what my sons were doing at that very same age."

Because then Eddie says, "Oh yeah?—Well, let me tell you what else she did, my good woman."

And they laugh and laugh.

And it makes me feel good to hear Eddie laugh like that again, after such a long time.

Except that when he's laughing, sometimes, I can't help feel sad—thinking that even while he and Liz are having so much fun talking about Carrie Frances and Todd and Liza and Michael and Christopher, they will probably never be able to have a child of their own after they're married.

I mean, after all, Liz has had three children by Caesarean and practically any good doctor will tell you that to have a fourth child by Caesarean section is dangerous, terribly dangerous.

And when I think that they both love children so much and that they'll never have a tiny baby of their own they can look at and hold together, that they can never say "This is *ours!*"—I don't know, but it makes me sad, like isn't it enough that there are so many other things against them . . .?

A MUTUAL FRIEND

How would I describe their love? I'd say it's perfect. For the simple reason that they both need one another.

Take Eddie and his needs. In the past, he's always been a very moody fellow. Recently his career hasn't been going too well, especially following all that unfavorable publicity. And normally this kind of turn would have put him way down in the dumps . . . But Liz has done, and is doing, everything in her power to avoid this.

She makes Eddie feel like a man. She flatters him, she builds him up, she fusses over him, she goes out for him—all the way. And where Eddie was at one time a pretty belligerent fellow, he is now very calm. Where he was at one time tense, he is now amazingly relaxed.

It's not always easy for Liz, either. She's a pretty sick girl, you know. Her spine has never really healed from all those operations she's been through and she's in terrible pain a good deal of the time.

But knowing that Eddie is very sensitive to anyone's being sick—the thought of anyone he loves being in pain upsets him and, oddly, makes him ill, too—*and* knowing that keeping him happy at this point in his life is a full-time job, Liz never lets on about how *she* feels.

Why is Rock Hudson on next month's **MODERN SCREEN** *cover? You'll know when you read about* **ROCK** *and* **DEBBIE** *in the June issue —on sale 1st week in May*

It's strange with Liz.

She's really such a courageous girl in many ways. Yet recently she'd become terribly afraid of one thing, of millions of people she doesn't even know, of the people who used to be her fans.

Oh yes. to the public she has often appeared as brazen and uncaring these past six months. Some pictures of her in newspapers and magazines have shown her beautiful face as hard, even arrogant.

But deep down, I know, she is afraid.

Eddie knows this, too.

He knew it the other night when he felt it was his turn to help *her*, the Sunday night he forced her to go to the movies.

He'd sat with her from time to time these past months as she read some of the unflattering mail she's received.

He'd sat with her as she read things like:

I used to think you were great Liz Taylor. But you're a home-wrecker and no good. Now I wonder why you don't just get lost and leave nice families alone. Recently, a petition

was passed around my high school. Exactly 128 girls—including me—signed. Our vow is never to see you in another movie again, or even mention your name.

He'd watched her read letters like this, hundreds of them, and he'd watched her after she'd read them, quiet, hurt, crying sometimes, afraid.

And the other night he decided, once and for all, to snap Liz out of her fear.

It happened as they sat looking through a newspaper together.

"This is what I'd love to see," Liz said, pointing to an advertisement on the entertainment page. *"Auntie Mame!"*

"Let's go tonight," Eddie said.

Liz looked at him surprised, as if to say: *Me go to a public movie and take a chance on being hurt just a little more? Huh-uh. Dinner at Chasen's or Romanoff's once in a while is all right—places where people see you and nod at you and look away and that's that. But a movie?*

Eddie pretended not to understand.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I'd just rather not," Liz said.

"Well, *I* want to go tonight," Eddie said. His voice was firm.

Liz said nothing for a moment.

Then, uneasily, she whispered, "All right . . . if you really want to."

When, a little while later, they neared the theater—Grauman's Chinese on bustling Hollywood Boulevard—Eddie made a point of passing it and parking in a lot about three blocks down the street.

"Why are you doing this?" Liz asked.

"I feel like walking a little," Eddie said.

Again his voice was firm.

Only a few people recognized them as they walked down the street, from the lot to the theater.

But those who did stared at them strangely.

"Oh, Eddie, why'd you do this, why?" Liz asked, as they continued walking.

"Everybody looking?" Eddie asked.

"Yes," Liz said.

"Let them look," Eddie said. "I'm a guy out walking with my girl—and if my girl's pretty enough to stop traffic, well, let it stop!" He smiled as he said this.

But there was something in his voice now that was not quite so firm and sure as before. Secretly, he thought that maybe he had done the wrong thing, that maybe Liz wasn't really ready for what he had planned. . . .

It was just before they got to the entrance when the woman came rushing up to them.

"Miss Taylor," she said, putting her hand on Liz' arm. "I was standing here looking at the old stars' footprints and autographs in the cement, and then I saw *you* . . . Miss Taylor, I always thought you were so terrific. And I want you to know, between us, that I still do."

Then the woman squinted and looked over at Eddie.

"Mr. Fisher," she called out, "*you* here, too . . . Oh," she went on, "this gives me a chance to wish you both good luck."

She didn't wait for an answer.

Instead, she simply wished them good luck again and rushed off.

"Funny old lady," Eddie said to Liz inside the theater a few moments later, as he handed the usher his ticket stubs.

"A wonderful old lady," she said.

They began to walk down the aisle.

"Eddie," Liz went on, as they walked, "I'm glad we came tonight, real glad."

Eddie smiled now, his first real smile of the evening. His little plan had worked.

Liz was happy. He was happy.

And that's the way he wanted it to be for the rest of their lives, together. . . .

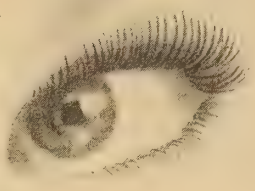
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Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

The Bride Who Said No

(*Continued from page 25*)

Why did she give up a great part, in a great picture? There was only one hitch. The picture was to be made in Europe and when she married Bob, she made a secret, binding vow not usually included in the marriage rituals. *Never*, she promised herself and her husband, *will I allow anything to separate us for more than a few hours.*

To Natalie, the bride, no career, no monetary compensation, could substitute for the happiness she had in her marriage. Nor would she allow it to cast a shadow over the life she hoped to make for herself and R.J.

If R.J. had been free, Natalie would have accepted in a minute. But R.J. was about to begin work in *In Love and War.*

Natalie said no. Simply, quietly and firmly. *No.*

The next script submitted to her by the studio may have been in the way of a retaliation. The role was more suitable for a starlet, new to the studio, than to its brightest, most popular young actress.

Natalie read the script and suddenly that old, bad feeling returned. It's a feeling almost impossible to put into words but almost everyone who has ever been forced to do something that was not right, that violated a principle they strongly believed in, has experienced it. That awful churning in the pit of the stomach, a listlessness, a desire to remain in bed all the day, rather than facing the compromise.

Natalie remembers when she first had that bad feeling. It happened several years ago when she was submitted for a picture that she felt was terribly, terribly wrong for her. But she accepted the role, anyway. She accepted it because her dad was ill and needed an operation, and the money she was to earn would help the family through a difficult and crucial time. *I can't think about myself or anyone else now*, she told herself. *The main thing is that Dad get well—without the worries of medical and hospital bills that might put him into debt.*

She did the picture, hating every moment of it. But when she woke in the morning, reluctant to face the day ahead, she reminded herself: "This is for Dad This is important. This is a compromise that *has* to be made."

Such was *not* the case a year and a half ago.

First she discussed her problem with Bob. He was very understanding but he would not exert any influence over her.

"Nat, dear," he told her. "I promised never to try to interfere in your career. They're two separate entities, our career and our marriage. This is your decision and I have enough faith in you to know that whatever you decide will be right.

Natalie met with her advisors. For hours they remained closeted in deep discussion. Then later that afternoon when she walked out into the bright sunlight of Beverly Hills, the bad feeling was gone. . . .

She had agreed to take a suspension; to go on strike until such time as the things she wanted, both as an individual and as an actress, would be taken into consideration.

She knew there would be criticism. She knew that many people would interpret her actions merely as a demand for more money, or as being rebellious just for the sake of being rebellious. But she couldn't worry about what 'they' would think.

In her heart she knew what her reasons were. And she knew they were good ones.

There was, for one thing, the obligation to herself as an actress, which could be fulfilled only if she were allowed to select roles that would permit her innate creativity to flourish. But there was more too. There was an obligation to all her fans, who for the last four years had set her up as a shining example of what they would like to be. Nat didn't want to do anything that would let *them* down either.

She knew she was taking a gamble. It was possible, she figured, she could have everything settled in a month, at the longest six months.

As it turned out, fifteen months went by before her strike was ended.

Fifteen months is a long time in Hollywood. Kids who were unheard of then are teen-age favorites now. Others who were big names, are now all but forgotten.

Walter Slezak had to lose forty lbs. for a movie role. He sighed: "Every time I lost a few pounds it was like saying good-bye to old friends—but, like old friends, I'm sure they'll be coming back."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

The letters poured in from fans reassuring her, asking what they could do. Should they write to Mr. Warner, should they write to the newspapers? Those who understood the situation from reading about it congratulated her for her stand.

Whether Natalie would have been able to take her stand and stick to it if she hadn't been newly married, if Bob hadn't been there to provide her with emotional sustenance, is something even *she* is unable to answer. But Bob *was* there. And it is impossible for Natalie to think of her life—working or not—without Bob.

And throughout the first year of the marriage, her freedom from working gave her the opportunity to do the things that were so important to her as a wife.

Each morning at 6:00 she would awake with Bob and they'd breakfast together.

Then they would be off to his set, sharing his day and his work, piling up a hundred different memories.

The week ends, they would spend on his boat. The evenings, at home together or maybe with a couple of their closest friends.

There was the time for growing, for reading, for learning a great deal about life and the living of it.

And there was a time for planning and dreaming: Planning for the trip they hope to take by freighter to New York and Miami and Bermuda, planning for the new home they just bought in Beverly Hills—the first *real* home that they will own since their marriage. A home that belonged neither to Bob first or to Natalie first, but to the two of them together. . . .

A few days ago Natalie Wood returned to Warner Brothers. Professionally she had won her fight. And personally she knew that her marriage had grown in strength, as she herself had. With her head high, she drove through the massive gate leading to the Warner Brothers studio lot.

George, the gateman, greeted her with his widest grin.

"Good to see you back," he called.

"Good to be back," Nat answered gaily.

And to this we add, MODERN SCREEN is glad you're back too, Natalie. **END**

For Us There Is No Tomorrow

(Continued from page 23)

"Did you tell them?" she said finally, her soft voice hardly breaking the silence.

Elvis nodded. "I told them," he said. "I told them you were the only one. I told them I see you whenever I can. I told them that we understand each other, that we are friends.

"I told them," Elvis said slowly, "you're my girl."

"Thank you," she said gently. In the cold German afternoon, she waited quietly while the motor caught and roared, and the car moved smoothly away from the curb.

He had told them she was his girl.

Forever and ever, at least she would have that. . . .

They had met only months before. It was a strange meeting, an unlikely one—he the famous American singer, always a little different from the other GI's no matter how hard he tried to be like them; she an anonymous little girl from Munich, trying wistfully to make a living as an actress. An unlikely pair—but still, at a Munich party, someone introduced them and hurried off, and they found themselves alone for a moment, staring at each other. She could still remember it because of what she had thought then: *So this is Elvis Presley, the American singer, playing at being a soldier. The one who told everyone when he got here that he wanted to meet German girls because "I've heard a lot of rumors about them." Someone asked him what rumors and he grinned and said, "I'd better not answer that question." Cocky,* she had thought, *arrogant. Expecting us to fall at his feet. Well, not me, Mr. Presley, sir. . . .*

Richard Egan on marriage: "I was surprised to have certain freedoms I'd never known before. For instance, freedom from freedom."
Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

And then he had smiled at her.

"Do you speak English?" he asked, speaking very slowly. "I don't know much German."

He sounded almost—almost apologetic. But she kept her guard up. "Why don't you learn?" she asked, her English careful and accurate, and very cold.

"I'll tell you," he said. "I never was very good at languages. The grin widened, and deliberately he broadened his drawl. "Some folks back home say Ah don't even do so well with mah own."

And she found herself, suddenly, laughing. Partly because he was funny. And partly because of relief. He was nice after all, and she was glad. It was against her nature to dislike people, even strangers, to feel that little cold hardness around her heart, to hear herself being cool and sarcastic. Because actually she was a very gentle girl, Vera Tchechowa—gentle, even a little shy. So she laughed and sat down with him to talk a while, and later when someone across the room called to him, she held out her hand to say good-bye.

To her surprise, he didn't take it. Instead he looked at her oddly. "I'll only be a minute. Would you wait for me?"

"I can't," she told him politely, "I'm sorry, but it's time for me to get home."

He had glanced outside. "It's dark out," he said. "You can't go alone."

Her eyes had followed his, out to the dark street below. "I'll be all right."

"I know you will," he said. "Because I'm taking you."

He found her coat, he waited while she twisted a scarf around her head and neck. "But you can't go with me," she protested. "The party's for you."

He had shrugged into his overcoat. "The party'll keep . . ." He smiled down at her. "You sounded kind of snippy back there for a while," he said. "But I get the feeling—you need to be taken care of."

And as simply as that, they had gone.

What happened on that long, moonlit walk through the Munich streets that night? Neither of them knew. . . .

How love comes about

But the next morning when the telephone rang she knew it would be Elvis.

"Vera, my pass is up, I have to get back to Bad Nauheim. But—I'll have some time off next week end. Not much, just a little. I thought—if you could come to Frankfurt for the week end—I could see you there."

He paused. She said nothing, holding onto the phone, wondering.

"I know it's a lot to ask," he said. "I know well-brought-up German girls don't go away like that. But you could stay with friends of mine, a married couple. Or you could bring someone—your mother, anybody. I wouldn't want to hurt your reputation or anything. I'd come here if I could, if there were time. But there isn't. And—I want to see you—so much."

She felt her heart turn over. *The cocky American millionaire,* she thought. *This lonely boy . . .* "I will come," she said softly, into the phone.

Who knows how love comes about? On those week ends in Frankfurt—for there were more than one—they discovered each other slowly, and almost always with delighted surprise. She found him intelligent, eager to learn, wanting to know about her childhood, her feeling for her country. He found her honest, shy, frightened of the crowds that haunted his hotel for a glimpse of him. "Why?" he asked her when she insisted on meeting him only alone, away from the reporters and the autograph hunters. "You're an actress—publicity is good for actresses."

She raised her head proudly. "Not if they can act."

He had laughed. "A lot of people would disagree with you, honey. Publicity never did me any harm. . . ."

"That's different," she said eagerly. "Yours was publicity just for you, for what you are. But for me to be famous for *going out with you*—that is different." Her eyes were serious. "Someday I will be very good on the stage. And I do not want people saying I achieved success because for a while I dated a famous American."

He had never seen her so in earnest. "And after you get famous on your own," he said gently, "are you going to run away from the cameras then, too?"

She nodded, still serious. "I don't like that sort of thing. It makes me uncomfortable, nervous. A crowd in the theater—yes. A crowd in the street, chasing after you—I will always run from that."

Love and fear grew together

So they met, for her sake, in quiet, out-of-the-way places—in small restaurants; at the zoo where children gaped at animals, not celebrities; in the home of his sergeant where they played with the babies of the family, and served as sitters now and then.

And love grew.

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And with it, fear. Fear for the future. Fear for the unasked questions, the subjects they never discussed.

For with all the ways in which they were wonderfully alike, there were so many in which they were different. He loved the glamour of his life, the excitement—she remembered wistfully the quiet countryside where she had grown up, the tiny village where everyone knew everyone, where life went on, unchanging, from year to year. And there were the other, subtle, differences that came because he was American, she was German, had been born to a different culture, had known war and trouble in different ways, had received different educations, had different ideals.

One Sunday night, driving her to the Bahnhoff in time for the train to Munich, he said: "You know, I've got to tell them *something*, Vera."

Contented, curled in the corner of her seat, Vera had stretched a little. "Tell what to whom?"

"Well, it's the reporters, honey. You know—they keep asking me who am I seeing, what am I doing, who do I date—well, you never wanted me to mention you, so I don't. But I've got to give them *something* to write—they've been good to me a long time and they need news."

Vera shrugged. "Tell them a lie. It's all lies they print, anyhow. I read once how you drive like a madman always. When I myself know you drive like a saint, so careful."

Elvis grinned. "When I'm with *you*, I drive like a saint. When I'm not . . . well, anyway, they only print lies when nobody tells them the truth. Soon, if I don't give them something to write, they'll be saying I'm secretly married. Then they'll hunt you down, take your picture, follow you around—" The grin grew wicked. "How will you like that?"

"I won't," she said.

For a long moment she was silent. Then, slowly. "Elvis," she said, "I watched you one day, you know? You were late to meet me, so I walked over to your hotel, and I stood outside, across the street. I was there when you came out, into the crowd. I saw how they greeted you, with shouting and waving. And I saw your face, how you looked at them."

Elvis guided the car through the narrow, cobblestone street. "Yes?"

Give it up while it's still good

"I saw the love in your eyes," she said. "I saw how you came alive, how you waved to them and signed the books. I saw how you loved them. You could not live without them, the crowds, the shouting."

Elvis stared ahead of him, down the street. "No," he said slowly, "I couldn't."

"And I," the girl said softly, "I could not live with them."

They sat in silence. Then, casually, Vera said, "You know, I had many friends who were married to Americans."

"And—?"

"Oh, they would write home how difficult it was to make the change, to adjust to a different country, different life, different language. It must be hard, don't you think, to have your own children grow up to speak another tongue, in a world so different from your own." She took a deep breath. "And then too I read about Hollywood. How even the best marriages are in trouble there. That is true, is it not?"

"Sometimes," Elvis said. "But—"

"Oh, there are so many ways," Vera said, "in which love is made to die, even when all things are right. But when many things are wrong—like a different country, a different life, all that—then sometimes I think it is better if people give up love while it is still good, and not kill it in misery. Anyway," she said, very lightly, "that is what I think some of my friends should perhaps have done."

Simple words. a casual conversation. And yet, in the long silence that fell between them, they knew that the questions had been answered, finally and forever.

And the answer was—*no*.

In her corner of the car, the girl sat staring out the window. Without turning her head she said: "I think perhaps you should take other girls out. Then you can tell the newsmen about them."

"I don't want to take other girls out."

She turned to look at him. "And I don't really want you to. Do you think I will not be jealous when I read about you and them? I will—I will probably tear the papers to shreds and jump on them. But it will be better for both of us. I will have my privacy and I will see you week ends. You will have news to tell, and something to do on week nights."

When director Jean Negulesco asked starlet Pat Mitchell what her rich boyfriend does, she answered: "He inherits!"

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

"Is that all?" he said.

"Of course. What more could there be?"

"I don't know," Elvis said.

But both of them knew. It would be also a preparation, a step toward the day ahead when he would go home to the life he could not live without—the life she could not live.

It would be the beginning of good-bye.

At her train, he lifted her suitcase to a rack and stood in the compartment door. "About these dates I'm going to have," he said, looking down at her. "Read the stories carefully, you hear? Maybe they won't make you jealous after all. . . ."

Within a month, she knew what he had meant. For the papers were suddenly full of Elvis and his dates, Elvis and his girls. On one front page after another, he was kissing them or being kissed by them, with that look of roguish glee on his face. And who were these girls. . . ?

They were fifteen-year-old, pony-tailed American high school girls, five years too young for him. They were awe-stricken, blonde-banged German girls, who confessed in confusion that they spoke scarcely ten words of English. "Why sure," Elvis would beam, "we have a great old time. She brings along a dictionary and we manage to talk a little. Sometimes we go to a movie—only depending on which language it's in, one of us doesn't dig it much." "And what do you do after the movie?" the reporters would ask, pencils poised. Elvis would shake his head. "Well, thing is, she's got to be home by eleven and I have to be at the base early, so mostly I put her in a cab. . . ."

Elvis dead!

No, she would not be jealous. She would not feel, as she thought she might, the tightness around her heart at the sight of his name coupled with someone else's. They had each other for now. The future did not matter. The secrecy did not matter. If he were just anybody, how proud she would be to tell her friends, to boast of him. But as it was, it was enough that she knew, that her heart knew.

Until the day she turned on the radio and heard that he was dead.

"GI Elvis Presley," the announcer's voice proclaimed, "died today in an automobile accident in Frankfurt. Private Presley, on duty in Germany since—"

"No," she whispered. "No. Please, no—"

Hours later, the phone rang. She picked it up and an anxious voice said, "Vera?

It's me, honey, Elvis. I called as soon as I heard about that rumor—I was scared you might have heard it, too—"

"It's all right," her voice said slowly, deadened. "I did hear it, but later, I heard it was not true. They said so on the radio." Softly, she began to cry. "I was so—so afraid."

"It's all right now," Elvis said. "Don't cry, honey. Listen, I'm fine. I'm having a beer. It tastes great when you've been dead a while."

He waited for her to laugh. Instead he had to strain to hear her at all.

"Elvis—I—I must talk to you. I have changed my mind. About being so—secret. I thought it didn't matter that no one knew, but it does matter. What if you had really been hurt, what if—"

"Honey," he said, "talk slower. And don't cry. I can't understand you."

"I'll try," she said. She took a deep breath. "You see, this way—I have no—no claim on you. If you were to be hurt, no one would think to call me, no one would know I would care. If you had died—I sat here and all I could think was, what if they won't let me come to the funeral to say good-bye? What if you needed me and nobody told me? I was wrong, Elvis. If it isn't too late—if you still want to—then I would like you to tell them. . . ."

And so on that cool spring afternoon, he told the reporters the truth. That he had one girl in Germany and only one, that her name was Vera, that she was his girl. He did not tell them the rest, the things that were too deep for words—that they loved each other but they would not marry, that they were too different to live together, that each had a world the other could not share. He did not tell them that their love was the kind that knows when it must end, that cares more for the happiness of the other than for itself. He did not say that they would give each other up when the time came with their love still intact, still fresh, still beautiful. He did not say what a special girl he had, that most women ask for something from a man—jewels, or wedding rings, or at the least, promises—but that his girl was different indeed, for she asked nothing of him, nothing of the future.

She asked for only one thing.

A little thing.

A memory.

"She is my girl," he had told the reporter, told it for all the world to hear, for her heart to treasure.

When the time came, as it would come, to say good-bye—she would still have that.

END

Slum Kid

(*Continued from page 30*)

and showed him my chemistry set. How much did it cost, he wanted to know.

"Mom got it for me," I told him.

"But how much did she pay?" he grumbled.

I said I didn't know.

He leaped out of bed and began shaking his fists about 'wasting money.'

Then he grabbed my mother and chewed her out for spending five bucks on such junk. "Why didn't you buy the kid a jacket or a pair of shoes?" he shouted at her.

She stayed calm. She told him it was Christmas, and she wanted me to have what I wanted. But he continued to rage at her. Then he stormed out to tour the neighborhood bars. When he came back at the end of the day, he saw me playing

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with the chemistry set. He took it all, the thin glass test tubes, the colored powders and the piles of litmus paper, and—yelling at the top of his lungs about what fools we were to waste money—he tossed the whole kit out the window, and I heard all my test tubes and bottles shattering on the sidewalk.

I wanted to cry, but I fought with myself to hold back the tears. Later that night, when I went to bed, I bawled like a baby. I hated him for doing that, hated him more than I like to admit. . . .

None of us really understood

Now that I'm older I realize something was eating away at him, something troubled him; otherwise he'd never have gotten drunk the way he did. He's dead now. But while he lived, none of us really understood him.

But, then, in the slums there isn't time to understand people. Everybody spends their time worrying about their next buck. Everyone's so worried about how they're going to feed their families from day to day that they take it out on each other—and on the kids along the block. Once, on a hot summer day, when I was playing ball in the street with a bunch of neighborhood guys, our ball bounced over against one of the tenement windows. It didn't break anything; but a big fat man, a mill worker, came out in his undershirt and overalls and grabbed me, even though I wasn't the one who threw the ball. He shook me up and down and told me never to do that again. He got so angry he ripped my St. Christopher medal off my neck.

So you learn to expect anything, and yet you expect nothing—if you dig me. After a while you learn to play it cool. Nothing matters. If you want to play stickball and a cop chases you, you make a face at him and laugh and run!

I'll tell you what saved me. Movies. And girls! Not my *first* date, though. Man, that turned out to be an A-bomb. Though in a way it was that first bad experience that got me started on my career.

For three weeks I had stashed away my ice-truck money to take Angie out. She was in the same school with me and one day in history class I wrote her a note and asked her if she wanted to go to the movies with me on Saturday night.

She didn't send me an answer right way, and I figured she didn't want to go. She was poor, too; but not as poor as we were. Nobody, Daddy-O, was as poor as that! So, just about when I was giving up hope at the end of the day because she never answered my note, she came up to me and said, "Okay, Edd, I'll go out with you. But don't pick me up at home. Meet me at the drug store."

I had saved two bucks. And, man, they felt like a million, and I wanted to spend it all on her. I had known Angie for some time. Her hair was dark blonde and curly, and she had greenish-blue eyes like mine. She always dressed in ruffled dresses with wide skirts.

I was flying high

Well, the night of the date came, and I got all decked out in my white shirt and blue tie, dark pants—the one pair I had that wasn't ragged or too small—and sports jacket. It was spring, and there were warm breezes in the air, and my heart—well, it was flying high.

I had told my mom I was taking Angie out, and she was even more excited than I was. She wanted me to look good, and she pressed my pants for me so they'd have a clean crease.

She even slipped me a quarter.

I met Angie at the drug store, and she was dressed in a frilly white blouse and pink skirt, and she had a pretty pink jacket thrown over her shoulders.

I asked her if she wanted to see *The Bad and the Beautiful* which was playing at the Loew's on 72nd Street.

"Sure," she said. "But I'd like to have a Coke first. I'm thirsty."

We sat down in a booth, and I ordered two Cokes. I asked her if she'd told her mom and dad about our date.

"No," she said. "I decided against it. They wouldn't understand."

"But, gee," I said. "You should have told them. I'll bring you back early."

"It's . . . it's not that," she said. "It's . . . it's just that I didn't want to tell them *anything*."

I wondered why.

Then she added, "Oh, it's too messy to explain. Let's forget it. . . ."

I paid for the Cokes with the quarter Mom gave me. Then we walked to the Loew's. The April air was fresh and breezy, and I felt like a king. I may have been the poorest boy on the block, but when there's a sweet-looking girl by a fellow's side, he's prouder than a Rockefeller.

We saw *The Bad and the Beautiful* and it broke me up. To this day, it's my favorite movie. I've seen it over ten times. I love movies about Hollywood and what goes on behind the scenes. Kirk Douglas' acting moved me so much that he's been my favorite actor ever since.

I had to tell her

After the movie, I suggested we have another Coke, but Angie said she wanted a banana split.

Well, the movie cost ninety cents for each of us, and the drugstore Cokes we drank before the movie cost twenty cents. Subtract that from $2.25, and it leaves two bits.

I tried to sound matter-of-fact. "Gee, Angie, why don't we just take a little walk? It's a nice night. And it's not late."

"I'm not in the mood for walking," she said. "I'd love something to eat."

I didn't know what to do. We passed a brightly-lighted luncheonette, and she looked at me, waiting for me to ask her to go in.

I didn't.

At the end of the next block, we passed a Palace of Sweets. She was the one who spoke up. "Let's go in here," she said. "They make the best banana splits. And they have homemade peanut clusters!"

I fumbled for a minute, then I decided I *had* to tell her. What else could I do?

"Angie," I began, feeling the blood rush to my face as I lowered my voice to a whisper from embarrassment, "I . . . I don't have enough money."

She didn't hear me. "What?" she said.

I had to tell her again.

She looked at me for a minute without saying anything. Then, she said, "I think I ought to go home."

I walked her home, and neither of us said a word. As we walked I couldn't think of anything to say, and Angie—well, I guess she wasn't talking to me. As we walked, I watched our shadows that the streetlights cast on the sidewalks. I couldn't look at her. I wished I were a shadow without all these troubles. She was right, I had no business asking a girl out if I couldn't even treat her to a sundae or a banana split. . . .

When I brought her to the door of her building, she said, "That's what I didn't want to tell you before . . . in the drugstore. I didn't tell anybody, not even my mom and dad, I was going out with you because I didn't want them to know I was dating the poorest boy in school!"

Was it too much to ask?

She turned and ran inside. I was so upset I couldn't swallow. I gagged on her words.

I walked away, toward the East River where the April winds carried the salty scent of the sea along the city streets, and I walked and walked along the waterfront for what seemed like miles.

What was I going to do with my life? Were we going to be poor forever?

I wasn't asking much out of life. But, man, a warm pad, at least, in a clean building, some decent food once in a while, enjoying a Coke and a movie without having to save up for it, an easier life for my mom . . . was that too much to ask? I knew nobody was going to reach out and hand me a sou on a silver tray. I'd make my way myself. I'd be an actor, I decided. And I'd work hard, study hard, till I made it.

First thing I'd have to do was go back and see that movie. See how Kirk Douglas made that part come alive so. I'd learn from him. I'd have to get some money in a hurry and get started on my training course, so the next day I went to see Sunny Boy Tony. I asked him for a buck in advance. I'd work it out next week, I told him. With that dollar I went back to the movies and saw *The Bad and the Beautiful* again. From then on, every time I had money in my pocket, I went to the movies. I studied the actors.

But that day when I went over to Sunny Boy Tony's place, something happened to make me more determined than ever. Tony was a guy who always had a smile and a pat on the back for everybody. And this kind of treatment was new to me. He introduced me to his whole family, to his wife and his mother and father and all his kids.

They asked me to sit down and have something to eat with them. I never really had enough to eat so I sure wanted to. But I didn't know if they were just being polite.

To play it safe, I said no, I couldn't.

But they all shouted, "No, no, you sit down with us!"

Somebody turned on the radio—I think it was Tony's mom—to an Italian radio program, and we listened to some jumpy Amapola-like music while Tony's wife fixed the feast in the kitchen.

A real home

Then, we all sat down and ate antipasto and spaghetti and some apples with cheese. We all drank red wine that Sunny Boy Tony poured for us from a big gallon jug.

Then, Tony's small and wrinkled mom took me aside and she showed me all the picture postcards she had saved from the old country.

I liked their apartment. It was small like ours, but it was brighter. There were religious paintings on the walls and artificial flowers on the mantelpiece and there were fancy lace curtains in the front room.

I played with Sunny Boy Tony's kids for a while and then I went to the movies.

When I went home that day, I told my mom about Sunny Boy Tony and his family. "They're so happy," I told her.

I realized too late I never should have said that. Mom tried so hard. It wasn't *her* fault we didn't have a happy home. She looked at me, and her eyes filled with tears. She started to talk, but then she broke down and sobbed, and I went over to her and put my arm around her and said, "Don't cry, Mom." But she couldn't stop. "You wait and see. I'm going to work hard, and everything's going to be all right."

And I meant it. I wouldn't let her down. . . .

I got a job in a defense plant in Long Island. Every day when I worked in that assembly line, doing the same thing, hour after dragging hour, I dreamed about the promise, dreamed about the future. During the lunch hour, I'd go to the locker room and eat my sandwich while I studied the movie magazines. I was getting to be quite an authority on films and actors—especially on how they got their start. I began thinking about California, and one Sunday when I went to visit Tony and his family, I told him I was going to hitchhike out West.

"Ah," Tony's mom said in her broken dialect, "Is where the sun shines all the time . . . ?"

The sun really does shine

So I left New York and came out to dreamsville where—she was right—the sun shines most of the time. Sure, it took a while to get started. The slums had taught me that nothing comes easy in this crazy-man-crazy world.

Besides, I promised my mom I'd look after her. So I took whatever odd jobs I could find to earn enough money to send home. To this day I mail part of my paycheck to Mom and Sis in New York so they can live comfortably. My brother Vincent's in college on a scholarship, studying to be a teacher.

And me? Well, I'm making up now for all the things I missed when I was a teenager in the slums of New York. The pad I've got is big and clean and bright, with a balcony overlooking the Pacific Ocean and this sunshine town. I've got a barbecue pit and I can charcoal-broil steaks three times a day if I feel like making up for those hot-dogs-and-baked-beans days. I go out for sports now I never had the time or the money for: waterskiing, tumbling, and driving at a fast clip in my white Thunderbird. I've got a good collection of popular and classical ballads. I look over my wardrobe today, all those suits and slacks and sports jackets, and I can't help remembering that day my mom tried to make my one decent pair of pants look new for that date with Angie.

The girls in my life now? Man, there are plenty of them, and none of them like that chick. No one special yet, though. Before I settle down, I just want to enjoy these things I dreamed about back when I was a slum kid. . . . **END**

Watch for Edd in Warner Brothers' UP PERISCOPE.

Shirley

(*Continued from page 34*)

She stood frozen to the spot for a moment. And then, crossing her fingers, she raced across the room and into the bedroom and picked up the phone.

"Steve darling?" she asked, catching her breath. "Where are you?"

A flash of static cut off his first words.

"Steve?" Shirley asked again.

She heard his voice now.

It was barely audible.

". . . Tokyo . . ." she heard him say. "I'm still here. . . ."

"Are you getting ready to leave?" Shirley asked.

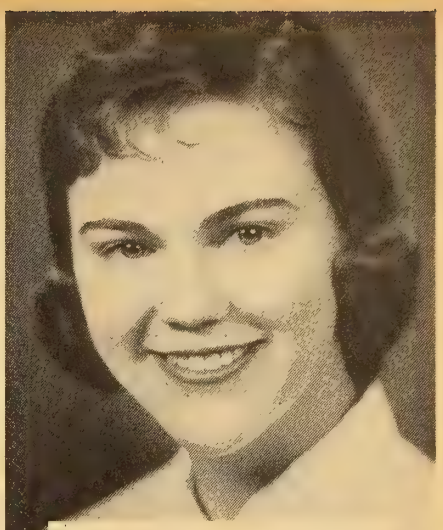
For the next half minute there was a garbling of words.

And then, for a moment, his voice came over clear again.

"I'm sorry, honey," she heard him start to say, "but I've got to stay here another three—"

Suddenly, the static hit the receiver again.

The smile vanished from Shirley's face,



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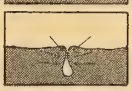
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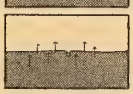
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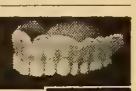
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the laughter from her voice.

"Three *what?*"

There was no answer this time.

"Steve—" Shirley said, louder this time, "how long will it be before you come back to me? Please tell me. How long do I have to wait now, this time? Three days? Three months? Three years? How long, Steve, how long?"

She held the receiver tight against her ear, despite the terrible static.

When the line did clear, finally, it was not Steve who spoke but the operator, who politely explained that there was bad interference on all lines to the Orient at that moment and would she please hang up and wait a few minutes till the interference was gone. Shirley put down the receiver.

She walked across the room and sat down. As she did, there was a knock on the door.

"Shirl," a voice—her host's—hollered, "is everything all right in there?"

"Yes," she managed to say.

"Tell Steve hello," the voice hollered.

"Yes," Shirley said.

"And come on back out when you're through," the voice hollered. "We miss you."

"All right," Shirley said.

She closed her eyes.

She kept them closed, until the moment a flood of trapped tears caused them to open.

"Oh God," Shirley called out suddenly.

She wiped away the tears with the back of her hand, hard, angrily, and she stood up and opened the window.

Things that were meant to be

It had begun to rain sometime during those last few minutes, Shirley realized now, a thick and heavy rain. And below her, way down in the ravine below the window, she could hear the tiny gurgle of a new-formed stream racing from somewhere to somewhere.

She listened for a while.

Then she looked down.

It was black outside, tar-black and wet, and she could see nothing.

Then she called out to the black night, "Oh God, why does it have to be like this, all the time, all my life? I thank You for what I have, for my success. But why must I sacrifice so much to get the things I've gotten? . . Now, tonight . . . Last year . . . The year before. . . Even when I was a child!"

Somehow, staring like that, down into the vast nothingness, the scene around her seemed to change and the time seemed to be slipping away from her and she could see a stream, clear and sparkling with sundots and filled with darting minnows and with green, fresh-fallen leaves floating lazily on its surface.

Even when I was a child—the words echoed through her brain again. *Why?*

And then a voice from the past came to her.

Now Shirley, you get away from this stream and come home and get out of those overalls and get dressed, she remembered her mother saying. *You're a big girl of seven now and you've got to understand that it's all well and good for you to want to be a tomboy and play down by the stream all afternoon . . . but there are afternoons, you know, when I've got to take you to your dancing classes. How many times do I have to tell you, Shirley, that those feet of yours are weak and these dancing classes are good for you . . . Now you just try to realize that there are things in life you've got to do, things that were meant to be.*

That was the beginning, Shirley realized now—getting used to *things that were meant to be*—right there, right at the beginning, when poor health of a sort had caused her to give up the part of her childhood she most relished, those hundreds of hours she'd liked to have spent with her brother Warren and his pals, playing pirate down by the stream, playing baseball with them and football—anything but having to go to that old dancing school all the time, just to correct her feet.

'Nudged by fate'

Then there was that period in high school, she remembered, when she was forced to give up her friends and her teenage fun. Not that 'forced' was exactly the right word, Shirley knew—because, after all, nobody had pushed her into a dancing career at age fourteen. Maybe 'nudged by fate' was a better way of putting it. Anyway, at fourteen, Shirley remembered, she'd turned out to be a very good young dancer—despite all those years of not exactly liking it. And at fourteen, she remembered, she began appearing on television shows out of Washington, D.C., and at fifteen she found herself in New York City as a summer chorus replacement for one of the dancers in *Oklahoma!*, and at sixteen there she was back in New York again, this time spending her summer vacation dancing her way through *Kiss Me, Kate* and—

That was a time—boy, she thought now, as she stood there, still looking out the window, at the rain. *Shirley MacLaine, big-time Broadway kid, former sorority president who didn't have enough time for her sorority sisters anymore . . . Everybody in Arlington thinking,* She must guess she's pretty hot stuff by now! . . . *But none of them realized that I would have given anything if I could have spent my summers at the beach with the other kids . . . That last year in high school, after* Kiss Me, Kate, *when I was offered a chance to dance in Europe and I said,* 'No, I want to go back to my home town and finish my senior year with the kids I grew up with, I want to have a normal year with my home town friends'—*did any of these friends believe me. . . ?*

Shirley remembered now the promise she'd made herself at the end of that year, when she graduated—that she would go back to New York, that she would work, that she would try to make a success of herself, but that she would never again allow this drive—implanted so deep inside her—to interfere with any personal happiness she wanted out of life. . . .

It was in New York, about two years later, when Shirley met Steve Parker and the happiest period of her life—before or since—began.

Partnership

She was a chorus girl—still.

He was a part-time actor who wanted desperately to become a producer someday.

Shirley fell in love with him, from the start.

Steve, a friendly but very reserved type, didn't let on how he felt about Shirley personally. But professionally he let her know he thought she was terrific.

"Someday," he would say to her, "I'm going to produce the finest picture ever and you're going to be my star."

"Me?" Shirley would laugh back. "I'm just a dancer—not an actress."

But Steve thought differently. And after a while, he convinced Shirley to take dramatic lessons, to polish what he realized was a great natural talent.

Shirley took the lessons—until she tired of them.

Then Steve stepped into the picture, even more.

"*I'll* teach you," he said to her over the phone one day. "Do you mind if I come over to your place tonight after the show and give you a few pointers. . . ?"

So night after night, for the next year,

Steve tutored Shirley in every phase of show business he knew. He taught her how to read lines, he taught her how to sing, he taught her stage poise, he taught her—most important—how to have confidence in herself.

It was work, lots of hard, tiring work.

But it was worth it to Steve, because he was helping build a talent he believed in.

And it was doubly worth it to Shirley, because she was learning so much and because at the same time she was able to be with the one man on earth she really cared for.

"Me number-one student!"

Steve, still reserved, didn't talk much about himself, before or after these sessions.

But when he did, Shirley was fascinated.

One night he got on the subject of Japan.

"I was born there," he said. "I loved it there as a kid. It's the kind of place, Shirley, where people would rather travel five hundred miles to see a sunset than go five blocks to find out about a used-car deal . . . In a way, I guess I look forward to going back."

"Back?" Shirley asked, gulping. "You don't mean back to stay or something, do you?"

"I don't know." He shrugged. "I've been thinking. I'm not getting anywhere as a producer here, that's for sure. In Tokyo I stand a good chance of forming my own company—TV or movies, or both. Maybe—"

"You'll go then?" Shirley asked.

Again, Steve shrugged. "Probably," he said.

Shirley tried to smile. "And leave me in a lurch?" she asked. "Steve, me number-one student. Need number-one teacher."

Steve smiled back.

He bowed slightly.

"By the time I leave, Shirley, you will be number-one star—mark my words. . . ."

It was a little less than six months later—in the fall of 1954—when Shirley got her first fantastic break.

The show was *The Pajama Game.*

It was the third night after the opening.

A few hours earlier Carol Haney, one of the comedy stars of the new hit, had broken her ankle.

Shirley, her understudy, was told to go on.

Nervous, deathly afraid, she asked for a rehearsal.

No, she was told, there wasn't any time.

"But I've never even had one—" she said.

No, came the answer.

Shirley rushed to a phone and called Steve.

"I need you, Steve," she said. "Please come over and be with me now, tonight. Please."

It won't be easy

He arrived at the theater in ten minutes.

For the next half hour he simply talked to Shirley and calmed her.

Then he got hold of a script and cued her on her lines, still giving suggestions as to how to read them, how to say this, how to do that, how to make the audience laugh at you one moment and sympathize with you the next.

Finally, it was 8:40 and Shirley was on-stage—and on her way to one of the brightest debut triumphs in recent Broadway history. . . .

The proposal came quietly.

It was two weeks later—a Wednesday. Shirley and Steve were having dinner and Shirley was telling about her meeting with director Alfred Hitchcock that afternoon, how he had caught the matinee, had liked her and had signed her to do *The Trouble with Harry.*

"Wow," Steve said, "a contract with Hal Wallis last week, now a deal with Hitchcock." He nodded, proudly. "I guess my job is done."

Shirley knew what he meant, suddenly, just by the way he'd said it.

For a moment she didn't speak.

Then she asked, "Are you going to Japan now, Steve? Has that deal come through for you?"

"Yes," Steve said.

He looked away for an instant. "Actually it came through a couple of months ago," he said, "but—I don't know—I just wanted to stick around for a while."

Then, quickly, he said, "Shirley, I know this may sound crazy—but will you marry me?"

"Steve—" Shirley started to say.

"I know, I know," he said. "It wouldn't be easy. You'd be here, doing what's been cut out for you to do. I'd be there, thousands of miles away, doing what I have to do now. There'd be long periods when we won't see each other, when we might wonder about what we'd done. But I love you and I want to marry you."

"Shirley," he said, "I—I mean—I guess I should have asked—how do *you* feel about me?"

"Oh darling . . . oh darling," she said.

How long, how long, how long has it been since I've seen you, Steve? she asked now, half to herself, standing there at the open window. *How long?*

Everybody out there thinks that I'm the happiest girl alive tonight, she thought. *And look at me.*

She could visualize the success story about her in the paper the next morning when the *Some Came Running* reviews were printed.

Suddenly Shirley remembered something Steve had told her the night he'd left, something she had almost forgotten.

"Baby," he'd said—she recalled exactly how he'd said this now, how he had put both his hands on her shoulders and looked deep into her eyes, "Baby, I hope it's only a few months this time. But no matter how long I have to be away, always remember one thing. I love you. There will be times when we'll miss each other terribly. There will be times when it'll be rough, on both of us. But remember—I love you. I told you that for the first time the night I proposed. I've told you that since. I'll write it at the bottom of every letter I send you, every day. I'll think it so loud you'll be able to hear me. And remember it. It's important. It's as important when we're separated as it will be when we're back together, for good, some day. Remember it. Remember it well. I love you. I love you. I love you. . . ." The phone rang.

Shirley jumped up from the bed.

She lifted the receiver.

"Tokyo calling again," she heard the operator say. "Go ahead, Tokyo."

It was Steve. The line was clear this time, his voice strong. "Shirley?"

"Yes," she answered.

"I'm sorry, honey. I miss you and Steffi so much, but I've been delayed," he told her. "There's been a production tie-up and I can't get away right now. But I promise, I'll be home in three weeks. Okay?"

"Okay," Shirley said.

"You're not too disappointed?" Steve asked.

"No," she said.

"Shirley," Steve asked, "—you're sure? You sound as if you're crying."

"I am," Shirley said, softly.

She smiled through her tears.

"I was just thinking how lucky I am to be married to you," she said. "That's why I'm crying, darling, that's why. . . ." END

Shirley is now in MGM's SOME CAME RUNNING *and can soon be seen in MGM's* ASK ANY GIRL.

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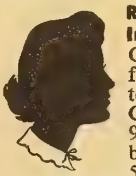
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In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H.** Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee. *Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

JAMES DARREN'S WANT AD

ED NOTE: When James Darren visited MODERN SCREEN last month—he left the portrait below for us—he confided his problem to us and asked for help. Seems he's been getting more fan mail than he can answer, most of it asking how to join his fan club. Well, there isn't one yet—he needs a fan-club president before a club can get rolling. So we offered to insert a want ad in our column here, hoping that one of you will fill the spot. Good luck!

—THE EDITORS



HELP WANTED, FEMALE

PRESIDENT TO ORGANIZE FAN-CLUB FOR JAMES DARREN

SALARY: None. HOURS: Many, but flexible.

YOU'LL NEED: Enthusiasm, loyalty, ability to get along with people.

EXPERIENCE: Before you start a club of your own, it helps if you have belonged to at least one active fan club or school organization.

DUTIES: Act as contact between star and his public, publish at least two fan journals a year about him, help increase membership and keep fans everywhere interested in James Darren.

Are you a Darren fan already? Is this job for you? If you're interested in applying, send complete details about yourself and your activities, along with your age, to:

James Darren
MODERN SCREEN
750 Third Avenue
New York 17, N. Y.

See Jimmy in Columbia's GIDGET.

Ritchie Valens

(Continued from page 45)

was transported once more into a rhythmic ectasy.

Late that night, the happy couples streamed out of the ballroom into the bitter Iowa winter. The three stars of the show met in a dressing room. Ritchie at seventeen was the youngest. The others were Buddy Holly, twenty-two, and J. P. Richardson, twenty-eight, who called himself the Big Bopper.

"Man, I can't face that bus ride to Fargo," said one of them. "Why don't we charter a plane so we can get there early and catch some rest before the show?"

"Okay with me," said easy-going Ritchie.

The arrangements were made. Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Anderson, who ran the Surf Ballroom, drove the trio to the airport at nearby Mason City. The exhilaration of the show pervaded the conversation.

"We had as much fun as the kids did," the singers remarked.

They drove to the hangar of the Dwyer Flying Service and met a young pilot named Roger Peterson. The three singers joined him in the Beachcraft Bonanza, and the Andersons waved good-bye as the plane taxied out on the runway. The temperature was 18° and a light snow was beginning to fall.

The Bonanza hurtled into a 35-miles-per-hour wind and lifted slowly into the air. Within seconds, the plane was lost from sight amid the flurries of snow.

The engine began to fail. The pilot worked the controls desperately, but he was losing altitude. The plane was veering crazily toward the blackness of the earth. Then it hit.

The left wingtip cracked against the ground and flew off. The plane came to pieces as it plunged along the length of two city blocks until the wreckage piled against a wire fence. On the frozen, windswept field nearby lay the lifeless form of Ritchie Valens.

Death can be a friend to the old, but it is an unwelcome stranger to the young. The tragedy is even greater when the young person has shown a glimmering of talent that will never be realized. The loss of Ritchie Valens has touched us as deeply as anything since James Dean snuffed out his brilliant young life on a California highway. At least Dean left behind three films that would forever attest to his greatness. He was twenty-four when he died.

Ritchie was still four months away from his eighteenth birthday. He had been in the big time of show business scarcely six months. Yet he had enjoyed more acclaim and brought joy to more people than many entertainers do in a lifetime.

He was learning fast the tricks of an entertainer. Yet he didn't need to rely on tricks. His was a natural talent that seemed to spring from deep within him. He was expressing the basic feelings of being young and elated or disappointed in love. In another time, in the country of his ancestors, he would have been a folk singer. In the mid-century United States, he expressed himself through the folk music of the time—rock 'n' roll.

"Everything Ritchie felt, he expressed through his guitar and his songs," a close associate of his told us. "That was his life, his everything."

Somehow, this intensity of feeling came across to audiences. Where did it come from? To find the answer, you have to know about Ritchie Valens.

He was born Richard Steve Valenzuela in Los Angeles' General Hospital May 13, 1941. His father, Joseph Valenzuela, and

mother, Concepcion, made their living by packing machine gun bullets in a munitions factory. Their home was a crude shack near the railroad tracks that ran through the town of San Fernando.

If the Valenzuelas suffered from poverty, they didn't show it. Like many of the Mexican homes in the neighborhood, the place rang with music. Ritchie's folks taught him to sing before he could talk.

Mrs. Valenzuela remembers one day when she went shopping and left Ritchie outside the store. When she came out, she saw a crowd gathered on the sidewalk, but no Ritchie. Fearing he had been hurt, she rushed to see what the crowd was watching. It was her six-year-old Ritchie playing the harmonica while his dog howled.

When Richie was nine, his father gave him a guitar and it became the boy's life. He strummed at it for hours, trying new chords and inventing his own songs. He hurried home from school so he could play on it. His feelings seemed to come out freely as he expressed himself in song.

Tragedy first struck his life when he was ten. His father died of diabetes, leaving his family poor. Mrs. Valenzuela married again but it didn't last; so to keep her children fed, she took a job as housekeeper.

Tough neighborhood

Ritchie ran wild. It wasn't hard for a boy to do in the north end of the San Fernando valley where there were plenty of tough kids for companions. More than once, Ritchie came close to having run-ins with the authorities.

"I don't know what I'm going to do with him," his mother sighed. "I tell him to be a good boy, but he doesn't listen to me."

"Give him to me for a few months," said her cousin, Henry Felix. "I'll see that he gets straightened around."

So Ritchie went to live with Henry Felix, who gave him the benefit of old-fashioned discipline. The treatment was all that Ritchie needed. When he returned to the family home after a few months, he was a changed boy. He was still tough —no one at Pacoima Junior High school dared challenge him. But he was through as a hell-raiser. He knew that music was the life for him.

His mother, too, knew that music was a part of him. She encouraged him when he formed a small combo called The Silhouettes. They played some of the school hops, and the students rocked. They got Ritchie's message. So hopeful was Mrs. Valenzuela that she neglected the $65 mortgage payment on their tiny house to rent the Legion Hall in Pacoima for $74. That included a janitor to sweep out the place and a policeman to see that the rock 'n' rollers didn't get out of hand.

The dance was a success, and others followed. The teen-agers flocked to hear the rocking guy they called Little Richard of the Valley. Ritchie was pleased with the comparison; Little Richard was his idol among singers.

The word spread. One day, Bob Keene, energetic young head of Del-fi Records, was picking up some labels from a printer. He told Keene about Ritchie, and a meeting was arranged.

It was Ritchie's seventeenth birthday. He went to Keene's house and stood with his guitar before a tape recorder. For a half-hour, he played and sang, moaning out the songs in a wistful style. Most of them he had written himself—snatches of ideas without beginning or end, but all with a steady, thumping beat and an honesty of expression. Keene marveled that anyone so young could play and sing with such depth of feeling. He realized later that such music had been born in Ritchie.

"You're good," Keene said. "I want to make some records with you. I think you have a real future. But I want to change your name so you won't get typed as a singer of Mexican songs. We'll just shorten it a little and call you Ritchie Valens."

His first record was *Come On, Let's Go*. Keene took a couple of boxes of the recording out to a record shop in the San Fernando valley. The owner played the disc, and the kids started to gather around. When they realized the singer was Ritchie, they started buying. Keene watched the two boxes being sold out before his eyes. He realized he had a star.

Come On, Let's Go quickly sold 225,000 copies, and Ritchie began getting engagements all over California. Then came the big time. He was signed to appear on Dick Clark's show from Philadelphia. Next came Ritchie's biggest hit.

Ritchie meets Donna

They met at a party given by a car club called the Igniters. She was a striking blonde named Donna Ludwig, a student at James Monroe High School in Sepulveda. She seemed mature for her sixteen years.

Ritchie was attracted by her beauty. And she was taken with the dynamic little guy who could get so much music out of a guitar. They talked the same language and soon they were going out together.

They went roller-skating and bowling, and they cried together in sad movies at drive-in theaters. Afterwards, they stopped for chili and Cokes. . . .

As often happens, they broke up. Neither could remember what the fight was about, but it separated them. Both started dating others. Then one night, Donna answered the telephone.

"Donnie, this is Ritchie," the voice said.

"Hello, Ritchie," she answered coolly.

"Listen—I'm really sorry what happened. . . ."

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE BOB WAGNER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE SAL MINEO:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE EDD BYRNES:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE SHIRLEY MAC LAINE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

(see other side)

They talked on and on. For an hour and a half, Ritchie poured out his heart. Then he started expressing himself the best way he knew. He sang:

"I had a girl. . .
"Donna was her name. . .
"Since she left me. . .
"I've never been the same. . ."

He made up the song as he went along. When he had finished she was crying.

Ritchie told Bob Keene about the incident, and Keene asked him to sing the song. It sounded like a natural, and it was. The disc became Ritchie's gold record.

The songs kept coming from the open heart of the young boy. . . . *That's My Little Suzie* taken from a line in a Little Richard disc. . . . *In a Turkish Town*, which resulted from a dream Ritchie had about a flying carpet. . . . *Ooh, My Head*, dreamed up during a coffee break in a recording session. . . . *Dooby-Dooby-Wah*, a nonsensical tune he plunked out on the guitar. . . .

He was developing as a performer, Though there were times when he backslid. Once he had a spat with a girl and he felt depressed. He had to appear on a local television show in Los Angeles, and he didn't put out. Afterwards, Bob Keene reprimanded him for walking through a performance

"Aw, I didn't feel like singing," Ritchie said.

"That doesn't matter," Keene replied sternly. "If you want to be an entertainer, you've got to take the good with the bad. When you're on TV, a whole lot of people are watching you and they expect you to be good, no matter how you feel. Don't forget—the average popularity of a rock 'n' roller is very short. Would you rather sing or be driving a truck?"

"Singing is the only thing I know."

"Then see to it that you give your best every time. Then you might last longer than the others."

That was all Ritchie needed. He applied himself after that. He realized that every performance was a chance for him to grow as a singer. When he was signed for a tour with Buddy Holly and the Big Bopper, he was happy, even though they had to travel through bitter cold. At least he had a chance to study the technique of the older performers.

His last call to Bob Keene was between Duluth and Green Bay. The exchange reflected the relationship that had grown between them: Keene had become almost a substitute for the father Ritchie had never known, and Ritchie seemed like a son to the record executive.

"It's 35° below back here," Ritchie said. "I'm freezing."

"If you're not happy, Ritchie, then just come on home."

"No, I just wanted to tell you," Ritchie said excitedly. "Tonight I got two curtain calls! How about that!"

"That's great, Ritchie. I'm real proud of you. I want to cut a new album when you get back to the coast."

But the album was never to be made. Ritchie Valens was to leave behind merely a handful of records that exhibited the amazing vitality of this young man.

We feel he left something else behind. He left behind the example of how a boy could capture the hearts of a nation's youth merely by the sincerity of his expression. Ritchie Valens was unschooled in music. But what he played and sang came from so deep within him that his message was unmistakable. That's what will keep his memory evergreen.

They brought Ritchie's broken body back to the San Fernando valley where he had spent most of his short life. There was a misty rain that day, but the hundred youngsters who could not crowd into St. Ferdinand's Church stood in the dampness unconcerned. The bell in the tower tolled as Rev. Edward Lynch recited the Requiem High Mass.

"He was a good boy," his mother said between tears. "He was always a praying boy, and he came to church to light his candles." Her other children crowded around her: Bobbie, 17; Connie, 7; Irma, 6; Mario, 2. They would be well taken care of; Ritchie's first earnings went to buy them a new house, and his record royalties would insure the future.

Donna Ludwig was there, too, and she comforted Mrs. Valenzuela.

Several hundred of the young mourners went on to the old San Fernando Mission cemetery to see Ritchie buried. Tears mingled with the rain as the last rites were said.

Bob Keene was getting into his car when five boys approached him.

"Mr. Keene, we're members of the Drifters Car Club, and Ritchie was an honorary member," the leader said. "We wrote this, and we thought you were the one who should have it."

He handed over a sheet of paper. On it was a poem, Our Boy—in Memory of Ritchie Valens. *The rhymes were unschooled, but the sincerity was unmistakable. It read in part:*

As sudden as the wind and rain,
On a cold winter's day,
The Lord of ours chose to take
Our dearest friend away. . . .
On the steps of fame he stood,
This guy so real, and true and good.
He had to leave, we know not why,
Tho' in our hearts he'll never die. . . .

END

Watch for Ritchie in Go Johnny Go *for Hal Roach Studios.*

---

7. I LIKE ERROL FLYNN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

8. I LIKE ANNA MARIA ALBERGHETTI:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE RITCHIE VALENS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE GARY CROSBY:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I READ: [1] all of **LOUELLA PARSONS**
[2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE.....**NAME**.....
ADDRESS.....STREET.....
CITY.....**ZONE**.....**STATE**.....

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BONDED OFFER!

JUN -5 1959

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Never before! Now an amazing wonder drug contained in RX-120 available without a prescription! A miracle drug prescribed and tested by thousands of doctors for over 10 years! Take off ugly fat without special diets, without habit-forming drugs, calorie counting, exercise, hunger pangs, massage! Your own doctor can tell you about this great new victory over obesity!

Of all the problems that have baffled medical science, obesity has been one of the toughest to lick! Think of it – there are 67 million overweight men and women in America and nothing sold without a prescription–until this electrifying discovery . . . has done any good! Do you wonder why the whole medical profession is enthused about this amazing development that has produced such astonishing results when tried by thousands of doctors . . . when tested with brilliant success on thousands of patients? Do you wonder why the United States Government was happy to release this formula as SAFE to sell over any drug counter in the United States WITHOUT A PRESCRIPTION? This is tremendous news . . . news that can change your whole life, lengthen your life span, make you healthier, happier, more active, younger looking . . . slender and glamorous instead of "matronly."

Yes, RX-120 is the fabulous formula scientists have sought for since Dr. Nooden published his report on obesity back in 1900. Everything offered without a prescription since then has failed miserably–chewing gums, liquids, powders, crackers and hundreds of other so called reducing preparations. You can take your doctor's word for it, the wonder drug in RX-120 does work . . . it helps you take off up to 49 pounds. The most extensive clinic testing ever devoted to any drug is back of RX-120. There's never been such overwhelming medical evidence, such convincing PROOF! There are no "ifs, ands or buts" with this miracle drug. In fact, we are so positive we will pay you $14.00 if you don't take off up to 49 pounds. Never before has any pharmaceutical company put such a daring guarantee in WRITING! The truth is no one could make such a guarantee because up to now there never has been a wonder drug sold over the counter that does such an amazing job of taking off unattractive excess weight!

HERE'S HOW YOU PROVE IT YOURSELF!

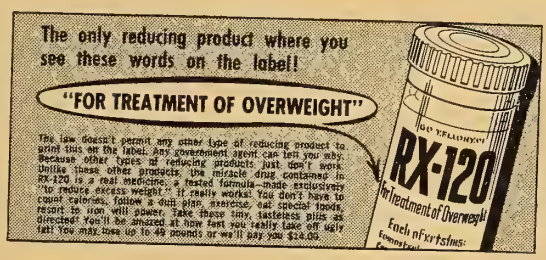
We don't have to tell you all the products you've wasted your money on trying to gain back your youthful figure are either frauds or too dangerous! You know this. Think back – you tried tablets that were supposed to put bulk in your stomach, you nibbled on cookies, ate crackers, swallowed liquid drops, tried chewing gums, ate candies, vitamin mixtures, went nearly out of your mind with calorie counters, pages of special diets! You got nervous, jumpy as a cat on risky drugs that many doctors condemned because of dangerous side effects! You'll be happy to hear all this is a thing of the past! Amazing new RX-120 contains such an advanced wonder drug it makes all other so called reducers old fashioned. RX-120 is an honest product. It really works! It's backed by more medical evidence than any other product ever sold to take off fat! No other effective product has proven so SAFE . . . that's why the Unit States Government released it safe without a prescription in every city and hamlet in 48 states. It's true RX-120 will positively take off up to 49 pounds of excess weight caused by overeating or we'll pay you $14.00. There's no doubt about it. Here's one product you don't risk one cent to PROVE! It really works!

Think of it! You must lose 9 pounds in 10 days . . . 18 pounds in 20 days . . . 27 pounds in 30 days . . . and 49 pounds in 8 weeks . . . or the medicine is FREE. Now here's our unheard of offer–read it carefully. You must lose the minimum number of pounds stated here with RX-120 or we'll give you back every cent you paid for each vial of RX-120 tablets!

PROOF POSITIVE!

You must lose **49 POUNDS** in 8 weeks or we'll pay you **$14.00**	You must lose **27 POUNDS** in 30 days or we'll pay you **$7.00**
You must lose **18 POUNDS** in 20 days or we'll pay you **$5.00**	You must lose **9 POUNDS** in 10 days or we'll pay you **$3.00**

Let's make this perfectly clear. If you take RX-120 for 10 days and don't lose at least 9 pounds, we'll send you a check for $3.00. If you don't lose at least 18 pounds in 20 days, we'll send you a check for $5.00. If you don't get rid of at least 27 pounds in 30 days, we'll send you a check for $7.00. If you don't lose at least 49 pounds in only two months, we'll send you a check for $14.00. Did you ever read an offer like this in your life? No–and you NEVER WILL – because only a good product that does everything claimed could be backed by such a guarantee!



HERE'S HOW RX-120 WORKS!

Unlike other reducing products you may have tried, new RX-120 works on an entirely different principle. It does four amazing things starting the very second you swallow the first tiny tablet–

(1) It depresses your appetite,
(2) It acts on your central nervous system; decreases your desire for food.
(3) It acts in your intestinal tract–fights hunger contractions–telegraphs a "stop signal" to your brain when you're tempted to overeat or indulge in between-meal snacks!
(4) It makes the food you eat stay in your stomach for a longer period.

Just think what this means to you! With this amazingly SAFE formula–that does not have the terrible side effects of other reducing drugs – your body will oxidize fat automatically as you eat less food . . . excess weight will literally vanish into thin air! Yes, your weight goes down, down, down every single day. The exciting part is you don't have to torture yourself with starvation diets! You don't have to take food supplements, habit forming drugs! You don't have to follow long winded reducing plans! You don't have to bore yourself counting calories! You don't have to exercise, spend miserable hour after hour in reducing salons! A whole new world will open up as you discover you can eat and enjoy the thousands of delicious, nutritious low calorie foods! You will live an active normal life–feel better than you ever did in your life–while you TRIM down to a glamorous figure in days, weeks! For now at last you can get RX-120 containing the new doctor tested wonder drug–without a prescription!

HELPS YOU RETRAIN YOUR EATING HABITS!

Doctors tell us that in most cases you are fat because you overeat. It's as simple as that! You may not realize it but fat people have what amounts to an abnormal craving for food. YOUR appetite is aroused by the VERY smell and sight of certain foods. Be honest now. How many times have you started to reduce only to find you just can't stop or even CUT DOWN between-meal snacks? Over-eating soon becomes a deeply ingrained habit you can't break. "But why do I have this craving for food?" you ask. There are many reasons. Good food and lots of it may have been a family tradition. Some consider rich food a symbol of success.

What can you do about it? The answer has been a difficult problem to solve until the development of the wonder ingredient in RX-120. You know how hard it is to change long established habits. You know self-denial is not easy. You know how almost impossible it is to develop a will power of iron! But with new RX-120 you can change your habits – practically overnight. You can eat less without giving up the foods that taste so good. Down comes caloric intake–off comes excess fat. You don't have to rely on strong will power. You don't have to fight yourself every time you're tempted. Now you can take off that excess weight . . . without your ever being conscious of it!

GET YOUR RX-120 BEFORE IT IS RELEASED TO DRUG STORES!

Remember, RX-120 is not a diet, not a dull plan or regimen that tells you what to eat! It's not an ordinary dietary supplement–it's a clinically tested, doctor approved medicine that has been PROVED effective when tried on over 2,000 overweight patients! . . . according to published reports. We'll be glad to send your doctor medical literature. RX-120 has been released as SAFE by the United States Government for sale without a prescription . . . but supply is limited. It won't be shipped to drug stores until November 15, 1959. But you can order direct from Wilson-Williams Inc., 273 Columbus Ave., Tuckahoe, N. Y.–if you act now! So hurry–order your RX-120 right NOW. Just fill out the coupon today and mail it while you're thinking about it. RX-120 is sent to you on a no risk 10-day trial.

Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in 10 days or we pay you $3.00. You must lose 18 pounds in 20 days or we pay you $5.00. You must take off 27 pounds in 30 days or you get $7.00. You must PROVE you can lose up to 49 pounds in just 8 weeks or we pay you $14.00. You have nothing to lose but ugly fat!

SEND NO MONEY! FREE 10 DAY TRIAL!

Fill out coupon below. Be sure to indicate the size of RX-120 you want us to rush to you immediately! Start taking RX-120 the day it arrives. Check your scales every day. Keep a careful record of your weight losses! Remember, you must lose 9 pounds in just 10 days or we pay you $3.00. You can just as easily take off 18 pounds, 27 pounds or up to 49 pounds depending on the number of days you take this new wonder drug! Don't forget, you must lose the minimum number of pounds claimed or you get every cent back. If you don't lose 9, 18, 27 or up to 49 pounds–merely send us proof of purchases. Yes, you must lose up to 49 pounds with NEW RX-120 or we will rush you a check for $14.00. Don't wait–check the quantity wanted, fill in the coupon today and mail it right now. You don't have to send any money–your first bottle will be rushed to you. But do it NOW!

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I'm a new me for the new fashions

All it took was a new point of view! And now I'm all enthused over the new spring lines and styles! Now I'm having a gay time shopping for the *right* frock to "go" with my way of living! For I'm a *casual* kind of girl. I like to feel *free, be natural.* That's what governs my choice of fashions. And *that's* what governs my choice of sanitary protection, too.

Because I want to feel free, comfortable, poised on "problem days"—I choose Tampax® internal sanitary protection! Puts an end to chafing pads and twisting belts. Prevents odor from forming. Is wonderfully simple to insert, change, dispose of. Wonderfully convenient to carry. No other sanitary protection is better suited to modern living—to *my* way of living!

Thinking back on it—it took a new point of view for me to change to Tampax, too—a view toward *better, nicer* ways of handling those days. Why don't *you* change to Tampax, too? In Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies, wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

modern screen

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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 5, June 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada.

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Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey.

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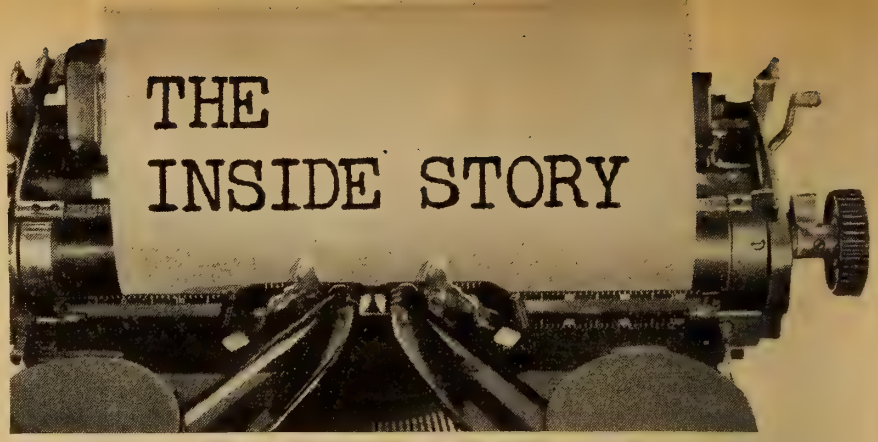
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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Several months ago MODERN SCREEN said that they thought **Johnny Saxon** and Vickie Thal were secretly married. Then the newspapers and other magazines said they broke up. Now I see pictures of them together. What goes?
—M.V., TORONTO, CANADA

A *According to their close friends who have spent many week ends sailing with Johnny and Vickie, they* are *Mr. and Mrs.*

Q Is it true that **Yul Brynner** is slowly going blind?
—P.D., WATERBURY, VT.

A *Yul recently had an operation for a serious eye ailment. His doctors are hopeful that his sight will be saved.*

Q I read a TV review which said that **James Garner** had someone singing for him when he appeared on the **Bing Crosby** show. Who dubbed his voice?
—B.B., LONG BEACH, CALIF.

A *Jim did his own singing. He's now set to record for Dot Records.*

Q Did that very revealing picture of **Suzy Parker** in a bikini that has appeared in a men's magazine have anything to do with the problems that Suzy is now having with her husband?
—D.R., STRAWBERRY POINT, IOWA

A *Very little.*

Q What's the lowdown on the relationship between **Debbie Reynolds** and Mike Savage? Are they in love?
—F.L., BROOKLYN, N.Y

A *At the moment they are just good friends.*

Q Do you know anything about the alleged **Richard Burton-Susan Strasberg-Laurence Olivier** triangle? Isn't it true that neither men have spoken since both showed an interest in Susan last year?
—Z.C., AKRON, OHIO

A *Olivier and Burton are still very much married. And both men were frequent cocktail companions when they were in Hollywood on picture assignments recently. Their interest in Susie was fatherly.*

Q Anything to the rumors that **Janet Leigh** is retiring from films?
—F.F., ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

A *Nothing—except publicity.*

Q Now that **Bob Mitchum** is well over forty and the father of two teenage sons, has he calmed down any from his own wild ways?
—A.M., NEEDLES, ARIZ

A *Mitchum is a great believer in the phrase: Life Begins at Forty.*

Q Is **Ann Blyth** so hard up for a job that she had to take a role in the TV *Western Wagon Train*? Won't any of the movie studios hire her?
—W.R., COPAIQUE, L.I.

A *Ann would rather take a TV role that will keep her near her home and family, than a movie role that will take her to Europe, or on a long vacation.*

Q What weapon did **Anna Kashfi** use against **Marlon Brando** to get such a huge amount of money from him when they divorced?
—S.H., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

A *Marlon wanted to be sure his son was well provided for at all times.*

Q Isn't the real reason **Lana Turner** bowed out of *Anatomy of a Murder* because of designs newly-divorced director **Otto Preminger** had on her?
—M.D., DES MOINES, IOWA

A *It was only the designs he had okayed for her wardrobe that caused problems.*

Q Do you think there is any chance of **Diane Varsi** ever returning to an acting career?
—P.S., HUSTON, TEXAS

A *Every chance.*

Q Whatever happened to **Jean Peters**? I haven't read a word about her since she became Mrs. Howard Hughes. Is she still in Hollywood?
—C.E., JAMAICA, B.W.I.

A *Jean resides in a well-guarded bungalow in a Beverly Hills hotel. She seldom goes out.*

Q Was it just me . . . or was it my local movie house or what? But *Green Mansions* seemed terribly disjointed and confused. I loved the book—but what happened to the picture?
—D.U., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

A *Fifty per cent of* **Audrey Hepburn***'s scenes were cut out as were* **Lee J. Cobb***'s.* **Mel Ferrer,** *who directed, was furious.*



Paul Newman *as one of today's angry young moderns breathing hot for a claw-hold in the world!*

"The Young Philadelphians"



WITH ALL THE BOLDNESS OF THE SMASHING BEST SELLER!

CO-STARRING

BARBARA RUSH • ALEXIS SMITH
BRIAN KEITH • DIANE BREWSTER
BILLIE BURKE • JOHN WILLIAMS



SCREENPLAY BY JAMES GUNN • FROM THE NOVEL BY RICHARD POWELL • DIRECTED BY VINCENT SHERMAN • PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

Anne's WRETCHED



PERIODIC PAIN

Menstrual pain had Anne down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster, more complete relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues".

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW" a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-69, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Anne's RADIANT WITH MIDOL





HOW 10,000 FANS KEPT A SECRET

By Merry Stevens as told to Nancy Streebeck

One afternoon last January, a popular young singer was entertaining for a group of teenagers at Santa Monica High School. Suddenly a familiar TV figure interrupted him in the middle of his first song. It was Ralph Edwards. He had selected Jimmie Rodgers as his principal subject for the *This is Your Life* television program.

Jimmie's wife Colleen had learned early in October that Ralph Edwards was interested in presenting Jimmie's life. She supplied them with details about his personal life and career. Arrangements were made with the high school officials to have him perform for the students and only the principal knew what would really take place.

As Jimmie's secretary, one of my duties is to keep his national fan club informed of all his activities. But I was hesitant when Colleen asked me to inform all the members our star would be on *This is Your Life.*

"That's impossible!" I shouted. "With so many people knowing about it, someone is sure to spill the beans."

"I know that Jimmie would want all the members of his club to share this special event with him. I'm sure they'll keep the secret if we ask them to be very quiet about it . . ."

Once the notices were run off, the next step was to keep Jimmie out of the office. Colleen solved this problem by telling him that she had lost her key to the office and would have to borrow his. Once she obtained it, she simply forgot to return it.

One morning, Jimmie dropped by unexpectedly. About 500 notices were sitting on a tray attached to the mimeograph machine. Jimmie decided to examine the machine. I might have known—for he likes to push all the buttons and gadgets. I held my breath while he diddled with the machine—but for some reason he just didn't notice the notices!

Colleen and I agreed to send the notices by first class mail, so that each member would receive his announcement one day in advance, or on the very day of the show.

I was still afraid, though, that someone would give the secret away. But I was wrong. Because on the afternoon of January 21, Jim was the most surprised guy in town. Not one member of his club had tried to call or contact him to give the secret away.

At the moment I know of at least 10,000 fans who are the most loyal and sincere kids I've ever run across—and, wow, can they ever keep a secret!

ENTER FREE!

NEW MOLLÉ QUICKIE CONTEST!

HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN JUST **14** DAYS

FIRST PRIZE **$1500.00 Cash!**

$150.00 SECOND PRIZE | $50.00 THIRD PRIZE | 4th through 20th PRIZES, each $5.00 | 21st through 100th PRIZES, each $1.00

100 PRIZES Altogether!

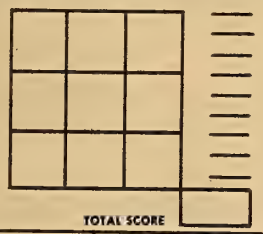
YES, YOU ENTER FREE! — AND THERE ARE NO JINGLES TO COMPOSE, NO STATEMENTS TO WRITE!

HERE IT IS—the NEW Molle Quickie Contest—it's FAST, it's FAIR, it's FUN, and it costs you nothing to enter. No wonder the Quickie Contest has, almost overnight, become America's favorite puzzle game for the entire family! Study the Sample Puzzle at right—there are NO Tricks, NO Catches—this is a contest based on SKILL ALONE with winners selected on the basis of their point scores...not on the whim of judges. Send in your Free Entry Coupon today and within 14 days we will mail to you personally the High Score for this puzzle! QUICK enough? FAIR enough? FUN enough? Don't delay—Act today! Think of the CASH that might be yours!

HOW TO SOLVE THIS OFFICIAL PUZZLE

1. First identify the object shown below.
2. Enter the name of this object somewhere in the puzzle frame.
3. Then select other words from the Official Word list to complete a solution to this puzzle. Three words must read **across** and three words must read **down.** Each of the letters used is worth a certain number of points as determined from the Table of Official Letter Values. Add up the Letter Values for the **nine** letters used and you've got a Total Score for this Official Puzzle. The idea is to get the highest score possible.





TOTAL SCORE

OFFICIAL WORD LIST

ABB	BEG	DUN	NET
ACE	BIS	DUO	ORA
ADD	BOO	EAT	ORE
ADZ	DEN	EGO	PUP
AGE	DID	ERA	SEA
ALA	DIE	GET	TEA
ALB	DIG	HUM	TON
ATE	DOE	ICE	TOO
BAT	DOG	JUS	ZOO
BED	DUG	LOO	

OFFICIAL LETTER VALUES

A — 10		N — 10	
B — 10		O — 10	
C — 5		P — 5	
D — 10		Q — 0	
E — 10		R — 10	
F — 7		S — 2	
G — 10		T — 10	
H — 9		U — 8	
I — 3		V — 7	
J — 1		W — 5	
K — 8		X — 4	
L — 10		Y — 2	
M — 6		Z — 10	

BONUS PRIZE! GET SOMEONE ELSE TO ENTER THIS CONTEST AND YOU WILL RECEIVE A BONUS PRIZE OF AN EXTRA $500 CASH IF YOU WIN FIRST PRIZE!

To prove you were responsible for your friend or relative entering, have him print your name on the back of his or her Free Entry Coupon. Send in your Free Entry Coupon NOW—have him send in his Free Entry Coupon in a separate letter including his own stamped, self-addressed envelope.

EASY RULES

1. ENTRY COUPON. Send in your solution on one of the Free Entry Coupons below. 3 words must read Across and 3 words must read Down. One of the words used must be the identity of the object illustrated in the Official Puzzle. Each of the 9 letters used is worth a certain number of points—add them up and you've got your score. That's right—add the values for the 9 letters—**but add them only once as shown** in the sample! The 6 words must be from the Word List—the Letter Values are listed beside the Word List. Use no word more than once.

2. PRIZES. The highest scoring contestants, in accordance with the official rules, will win the prizes, which will be awarded in order of relative scoring rank.

3. WHO MAY NOT ENTER. This contest is closed to employees, agents, relatives and others connected with this contest, including anyone who has won over $500 in a single puzzle contest before entering this contest.

4. TIES. Ties are to be expected, in which event, tied-for prizes will be reserved until ties are broken. Such tied contestants will compete in as many additional free puzzles as required to break ties, but not to exceed nine more, after which if ties still exist, duplicate prizes will be awarded. Tiebreakers will be more difficult and values may also be given for combinations of letters, and the puzzles may be made up of more than one frame each. Tie-breaker puzzles will be required to be solved and judged only if ties still exist after judging of preceding puzzles. No payments or purchases of any kind will be required with tiebreaking submissions **to compete for the $1,500 1st Prize and the other basic prizes listed in the headline, including the Bonus Prize** At least 3 days will be allowed for the solution of each mailed tiebreaker. If necessary, tied contestants may be required to do one or more tie-breaking puzzles under supervision and without assistance in a 2-6 hour period per tiebreaker. The right is reserved to make such further rules as deemed necessary for proper functioning of contest and to assure fair and equal opportunity to all contestants, and all contestants agree to be bound by same.

5. DATES. Entries must be postmarked not later than July 4, 1959. Everyone in the family may enter—but only one entry per person. Each entry must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **Original and tie-breaker solutions NOT accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!** You may draw by hand a copy of the Free Entry Coupon and use it to enter. The right is reserved to offer increased, additional or duplicate prizes. Contest subject to applicable State and Federal regulations. No submissions will be returned and no responsibility is assumed for lost or delayed mail or delivery thereof. Judges' decisions final. Prize money on deposit in bank. Full list of winners available to all contestants as soon as final judging is completed. HIGH SCORE FOR THIS PUZZLE WILL BE MAILED TO EACH ENTRANT WITHIN 14 DAYS OF DATE ENTRY IS RECEIVED.

SAMPLE SOLUTION

Here is a Sample Puzzle which shows you how to get a score of 70. This is not a very good solution as it is easily possible to get a higher score. Now try the Official Puzzle at left.



B 10	A 10	T 10	10
I 3	C 5	E 10	10
S 2	E 10	A 10	10
			3
			5
			10
			2
			10
			10
		TOTAL SCORE	70



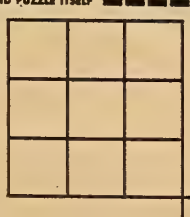
NOW AVAILABLE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

YOU ENTER ON ONE COUPON—LET A FRIEND OR RELATIVE ENTER ON THE OTHER

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON
(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)





MY TOTAL SCORE

1. My Name.....
2. My Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST
Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

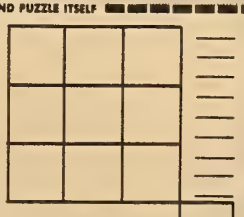
147

✓ *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!*

SEND IN COUPON ONLY—DON'T SEND PUZZLE ITSELF

FREE ENTRY COUPON
(PRINT NAME CLEARLY)





MY TOTAL SCORE

1. My Name.....
2. My Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
3. ☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MAIL TO: QUICKIE CONTEST
Box 430, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N. Y.

147

✓ *Entries NOT accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope may be disqualified!*

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE

So flattering
SO FASHION-RIGHT



Color your Hair
QUICKLY • SAFELY
WITHOUT BLEACHING OR DYEING

Nestle Colorinse glorifies your natural hair shade with glamorous color-highlights and silken sheen. Colorinse also removes dulling soap film, makes hair easier to manage, unbelievably lovely! 12 colors that rinse in...shampoo out! 29¢
NESTLE COLORINSE

Nestle Colortint intensifies your natural hair color OR adds thrilling NEW color. Colortint also blends-in gray hair to youthful new beauty! More than a rinse but not a permanent dye—Colortint lasts through 3 shampoos! 10 fabulous shades. 35¢
NESTLE COLORTINT



Nestle
HAIR COLORING SPECIALISTS
FOR OVER HALF A CENTURY

new movies

by florence epstein



THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK

Millie Perkins
Joseph Schildkraut
Shelley Winters
Richard Beymer
Ed Wynn

under Nazi terror

■ This picture is based on the diary of a Jewish girl who was thirteen when the Nazis invaded Holland, and fifteen when she died in a concentration camp two months before the liberation of her country. For two years Anne (Millie Perkins), her father (Joseph Schildkraut), mother and sister were hidden by Dutch friends—who were not Jewish—in an attic apartment from which they dared not stir. With them was another Jewish family, the Van Daans (Shelly Winters, her husband and son). Soon to join them was dentist Ed Wynn. All weekday long they lived in silence, without moving for fear of being detected and reported by the workers in a factory downstairs. At night, they came to life—and most alive of all was Anne—playful, moody, poetic, brave. She even found love, and loved the whole world. Always in danger, at times on the verge of being discovered—as, in the end, they are—these people are, most of the time, themselves. This is what makes the story so touching and unusual.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.



Millie Perkins and Ed Wynn both star in the stirring wartime drama, THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK.

GREEN MANSIONS

Audrey Hepburn
Anthony Perkins
Lee J. Cobb
Sessue Hayakawa
Henry Silva

jungle love

■ *Green Mansions* was a truly enchanting novel that left you with a sense of mystery and wonder. It's hard for a movie to capture all that, and this movie doesn't. Anthony Perkins, running away from a Caracas revolution, is captured in the wild and beautiful jungle of South America by a tribe of savages. These savages are very impressed by courage—and Anthony impresses them by talking twenty-four hours, uninterrupted. Chief Sessue Hayakawa makes Anthony his son, and asks him to go into a forbidden part of the jungle and kill the evil bird girl there. The girl is Audrey Hepburn. But in the movie she can't just *be* there—ethereal, strange, lovely; she has to have a history, and *we* have to hear it. She lives with her grandfather (Lee J. Cobb). Actually, he's not even related. He used to be a thief, part of a gang that sacked Audrey's village home for gold. But all these years his guilty conscience made him take care of Audrey. Finally, the three of them leave the forest and head for the village. But Sessue's savages aren't going to let them off that easily. Of course, Audrey discovers love with Anthony. That's the whole point. But there are so many *real* things in this movie that the tender, haunting *fantasy* which it was *supposed* to be got lost somewhere.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

THE NAKED MAJA

Ava Gardner
Anthony Franciosa
Amedeo Nazzari
Gino Cervi
Lea Padovani

an historic romance

■ Beautiful backgrounds and costumes (it is Spain at the end of the Eighteenth century) form the setting for this movie. Goya, the great artist, plays very second fiddle to Goya, the great lover—both (*Continued on page 10*)



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "*Empirette*". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in ***style-support*** with the ease and softness of a setting



The lifted crown of "*Rising Star*" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.

Bobbi's curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "*Aureole*".



The only pin curl permanent with sponge rollers, neckline rods and pin-curlers ...waves in the style you want with the support it needs.

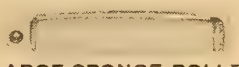


The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and, of course, there's no resetting. New *improved* Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50.

ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS
for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".

6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

"Of course, unmarried girls can use them!"



New tiny tampon

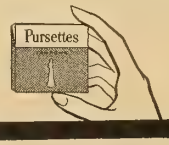
25% MORE ABSORBENCY

No bulky applicator

A wonderful new, safe kind of internal sanitary protection—that's Pursettes tampons. The exclusive pre-lubricated tip does away with bulky cardboard applicators—makes insertion easy, gentle, medically correct. More comfortable to use than ordinary tampons.

Designed by a doctor, Pursettes are daintier and smaller in size, because they are compressed in a unique way. Yet they are 25% more absorbent than regular applicator-type tampons. A box of 10 tucks into a tiny purse. 40's also available. At drugstores now.

Pursettes®



By CAMPANA

Free Offer

CAMPANA, Box DM-6, Batavia, Ill.

Please send me a FREE supply of Pursettes. I am enclosing the K, M or T from a box of my present sanitary protection plus 15c for postage and handling.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

ZONE_____ STATE_____

new movies

(*Continued from page 8*) are played by Anthony Franciosa. The Inquisition is still going on; girls are being burned for witches; and Anthony is helplessly enraged. Also enraged is the Duchess of Alba (Ava Gardner) whose sympathies are always with the people. When she first meets Anthony he is with the people; he is sitting, sketching, in a saloon. Some bullfighter there insults Ava and Anthony defends her honor. So she invites him to her palace. He can't make it because he's busy painting frescoes for a church. By the time he's appointed Court Painter it's obvious that he and Ava are mad about each other. But there are so many other things to be mad about (the ineffectual king, the corrupt court, the Queen and Prime Minister who betray Spain to France's Napoleon) that they can hardly enjoy each other's company. They have a few happy months when Ava is sent into exile. But she has to send Anthony back to save his life (politics, you know). He thinks she doesn't love him any more. When they finally get together again someone in Ava's palace is busy poisoning Ava. It's an ill-fated affair.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

ALIAS JESSE JAMES

Bob Hope
Rhonda Fleming
Wendell Corey
Mary Young
Jim Davis

Bob Hope rides again

▪ Bob Hope is the worst insurance salesman in history. To prove this he sells a $100,000 life insurance policy to notorious gunman Jesse James (alias Wendell Corey) whom the law wants dead or alive. Hope's apoplectic boss sends him out West with orders either to buy back the policy or to become Wendell's personal bodyguard for life. Bob can't buy back the policy, because on the train going out he and everybody else are held up by Wendell and Company. So he befriends Wendell and his mom (who polishes her son's arsenal every night). Just for fun Bob puts on one of Wendell's cowboy outfits. This gives Wendell the idea that if Hope is found dead, and identified as Jesse James, then he—Wendell—can collect the policy money and go to California with Rhonda Fleming. Amazingly enough, Rhonda loves Bob, and Bob is not so dumb that he doesn't wear a bullet-proof vest in case of emergency. The emergency happens very soon.—TECHNICOLOR, UNITED ARTISTS.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL

Harry Belafonte
Inger Stevens
Mel Ferrer

after the atom bomb

▪ Trapped by a mine cave-in, Harry Belafonte feels justly proud when he manages to dig himself out. Climbing way up to the surface, he notices something peculiar. Nobody's there. It turns out nobody's anywhere. This is the way the world ends. Atomic poison. Harry helps himself to a car and drives hundreds of miles to New York. Nobody's there, either. Never have you seen such a deserted city. To keep himself from going crazy he drags a couple of store-window dummies into his apartment, plays and sings to them on the guitar. He spends the days collecting things of value—paintings, books. Somehow his hope hasn't died; he thinks life will come back again. There is another person alive—Inger Stevens, who's been watching him for weeks, afraid to come close. They finally meet. One would think that mankind had learned a lesson about living together. No, indeed. In the old world Harry was Negro, and in this world—which is all his and Inger's—he can't forget it. Otherwise he's very bright. Before long he's got the telephone working and the radio fixed so that he can send out messages other survivors might pick up. So it goes until Mel Ferrer pops into view in a little boat on the East River. Mel is white—and mad for love. He's even willing to kill for it. (Guess who he's willing to kill!) This movie is based on a very exciting idea, and the photography's great—but the people in it act as if nothing unusual had happened.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL

James Cagney
Don Murray
Dana Wynter
Glynis Johns
Michael Redgrave

about the Irish Rebellion

▪ Ireland is not the safest place to be in 1921. The British have sent in the Black-and-Tans—an irregular but tough army—to subdue the rebels fighting for independence. The rebels don't subdue easily—in fact, not at all. Led on raids by fiery James Cagney they're not afraid to die. During the day Cagney is a respected medical professor. One of his students is American Don Murray, who doesn't believe in violence, even though his father was a rebel hero. But he soon finds himself faced with a choice: to be hunted down by the Black-and-Tans or to leave Ireland (he's already decided not to join the rebels). When he's captured by the army, tortured for information and saved by the rebels he decides not to desert them—and becomes involved in perilous missions. He helps kidnap Dana Wynter, daughter of a British official, and holds her hostage until the old and aristocratic Dame Sybil Thorndike, who has been arrested and imprisoned as a rebel, is released. Meanwhile there is talk of peace. But it's not the kind of peace Cagney wants. By this time he's become a dangerous fanatic. The climax is exciting—and so is the whole movie.—UNITED ARTISTS.

WARLOCK

Richard Widmark
Henry Fonda
Anthony Quinn
Dorothy Malone
Dolores Michaels

a passionate Western

▪ Warlock's a town where nobody wants to be sheriff, because the sheriff doesn't live long. A wild gang, led by rich Tom Drake, rides in every so often to get drunk and shoot up anything that moves. Desperate, the townfolk hire a gunman (Henry Fonda) who has straightened out a lot of towns in his time—always with the help of a crippled gambler, Anthony Quinn. These two boys are brave and inseparable. Once Quinn was in love with Dorothy Malone, but she threw him over for someone else (whoever it was, Quinn arranged for Henry to kill him). Now Dorothy hates them both, and is coming to Warlock for revenge. She brings the dead man's brother along, but Quinn shoots him on the road. He makes it seem as if one of the gang did it, but Dorothy knows better. She seeks help from Richard Widmark, formerly of the gang, presently the only man in Warlock willing to become deputy sheriff. Fonda doesn't mind giving up his power—since he's planning to marry Dolores Michaels, but Quinn minds very much. He figures Fonda—not Widmark—has to be top man, and he doesn't want Fonda to get married, either. There are gun fights galore in this Western. —CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

(*Continued on page 12*)



I dreamed I got a lift in my maidenform bra!



Look for new Dec-La-Tay in this gay little package!

Wheeee . . . look at me! I'm carried away by Dec-La-Tay*, the new *front-close* bra with smooth, airy all-elastic back! I can't possibly slip, nor can Dec-La-Tay (inner grip bands keep it up to *stay!*) Cool nylon cups, foam-rubber firmed. The skyline (and *my* line) have never looked lovelier! A, B, C cups 5.95.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1959 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe? use **Arrid** to be sure!

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new movies

(Continued from page 10)

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS

Deborah Kerr
Rossano Brazzi
Maurice Chevalier
Tom Helmore
Martin Stephens

married love—French style

▪ Deborah Kerr is English, she's engaged, and she has a high moral code. Into London comes Rossano Brazzi and sweeps her off her feet. She wakes up in Paris, married, and Rossano's off to war (World War II). His uncle Maurice Chevalier is there to keep her company. Besides, Deborah gets to know Brazzi better. After the war she gets to know that he met a nurse in Indo-China and now the nurse is in Paris, in an apartment that is like a second home to him. Deborah loves him enough to get used to the idea (maybe) but now they have a little son who is very clever. He decides to keep Mama and Papa apart so they will feel sorry for him and will simply drown him in love.—CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

PORK CHOP HILL

Gregory Peck
Harry Guardino
Rip Torn
George Peppard
James Edwards

heroism in Korea

▪ Everybody's talking about the war in Korea being over—except the soldiers who are still fighting it. A peace treaty is being haggled over at Panmunjom, but seventy miles away Lieutenant Gregory Peck is ordered to lead his troops up Pork Chop Hill, and to take it. This hill is of strategic value to the enemy. They've flooded it with men, and a Chinese Red pleads over a loudspeaker for Allied surrender. Peck's men are not eager to fight, considering it may be the last battle of the war. But up they go and it's brutal. Our side is greatly outnumbered. Accidentally, *our* searchlights open on the hill making Peck and his men easy targets. As his soldiers die, the Hill acquires great value to Peck; it is a symbol of the fight for freedom which is always a fight against terrible odds. The battle scenes are tense, dramatic, revealing the characters of the men in it.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE WILD AND THE INNOCENT

Audie Murphy
Sandra Dee
Joanne Dru
Gilbert Roland
Jim Backus

a mountain boy grows up

▪ Audie Murphy comes to town to sell beaver pelts with mountain girl Sandra Dee. The townsfolk point and giggle at them. Sheriff Gilbert Roland can always spot a pretty girl, and he becomes Sandra's protector. Roland owns a dance hall which employs shady ladies. Audie wouldn't know a shady lady so he urged Sandra to take a job at the dance hall. Once Audie wises up he races to save Sandra from a terrible fate.—CINEMASCOPE, U.I.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

THE MATING GAME (Warners): When the U.S. government discovers that Paul Douglas has never paid taxes, it sends Tony Randall out to discover why. It seems that Douglas doesn't believe in using money for trade—he barters. When Debbie Reynolds spies Tony, she decides to hook him for herself. Debbie gets her man and the U.S. government ends up owing Douglas fourteen million dollars.

RIO BRAVO (Warners): John Wayne is sheriff of a town of gangsters. A murder is committed by one of the gangsters. Wayne imprisons the killer and employs alcoholic Dean Martin to help protect the town. Even Ricky Nelson joins Wayne's side.

JUNE BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in June, your birthstone is a pearl and your flower is a rose and here are some of the stars you share it with:

June 1—**Joan Caulfield**
Marilyn Monroe

June 3—**Tony Curtis**
Paulette Goddard
Carol Ohmart

June 4—**John Barrymore, Jr.**
Rosalind Russell

June 7—**Dolores Gray**
Dean Martin
Carlos Thompson

June 8—**James Darren**
Dana Wynter

June 9—**Mona Freeman**

June 11—**Richard Todd**

June 12—**Vic Damone**

June 14—**Gene Barry**
Dorothy McGuire

June 17—**Ralph Bellamy**

June 18—**Maggie McNamara**

June 19—**Pier Angeli**
Marissa Pavan

June 20—**Errol Flynn**
Audie Murphy
Rosanna Podesta

June 21—**Judy Holliday**
Jane Russell

June 22—**Gower Champion**

June 25—**Charlotte Greenwood**

June 26—**Eleanor Parker**

June 30—**Susan Hayward**



Charles Coburn
June 19



Louis Jourdan
June 19



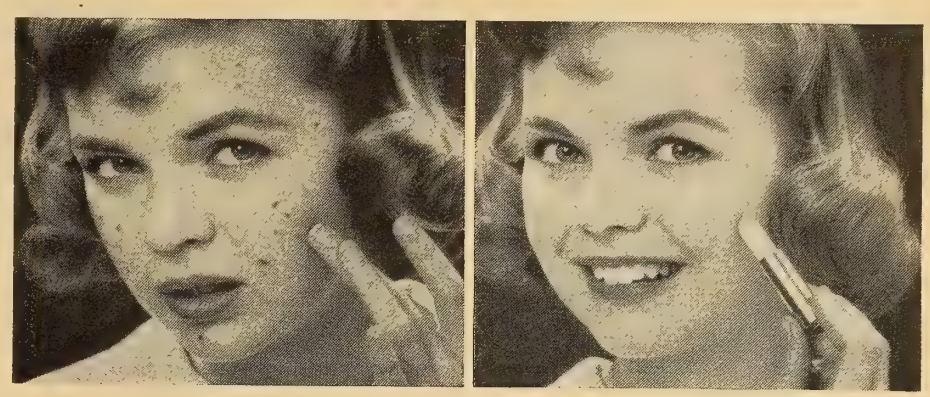
Robert Cummings
June 9



William Lundigan
June 12

New medicated acne stick

nips pimples in the "bud"



Acts fast to stop pimples from "blooming" and spreading...conceals and helps heal pimples in all stages

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Today's most effective treatment for pimples. From the very first time you dab it on, Sentor does *more* to help heal pimples than any other product you could buy before. For only Sentor contains this new combination of four ingredients that skin specialists prescribe for their patients. Sentor Stick works so well—*so fast*—pimples just seem to melt away.

Easy, convenient to use. Just a quick dab with Sentor Stick is all you need—nothing to get under your nails. No telltale medicinal odor.

Ask your own doctor. He knows this new *greaseless* formula is so effective and so *safe*. Try Sentor *Medicated* Acne Stick—you'll be so glad you did.

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2. **Dries up pustules**—absorbs the oil that pimples thrive on.
3. **Helps prevent scarring**—helps heal tissue *a safe new way*—before permanent scarring or pitting begins.
4. **Combats re-infection**—combats the bacteria that make pimples grow and spread.

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OBEY THAT IMPULSE









EVER feel like doing something on the spur of the moment?—like following a hunch? . . . acting on intuition? . . . obeying an impulse? Of course you have! But is it a good idea?

We checked with some of your favorite stars on impulses they did—or didn't—obey. Here's what they say about it!

TONY FRANCIOSA—"I obeyed an impulse that I'd advise any eighteen-year-old fellow to obey, too if he's in the fix I was in. Living in a tough neighborhood that was going further downhill every day, running around with a crowd that carried beer can openers as weapons instead of utensils! If a guy's parents can't get out of such an environment it's something he should do for himself.

"Luckily, I had a *Streetcar Named Desire* to hop on, for I wanted to become a professional dancer and there was no chance for it in East Harlem. So one day I packed my cardboard suitcase and simply left. It was an impulse—with a lot of wisdom behind it."

KIM NOVAK—"One summer in Chicago I worked in a dentist's office as his assistant. I wore something like a nurse's uniform that we got fresh from the laundry each day. But one day the delivery man left the wrong uniform—a couple of sizes too small. I knew I looked—well, shall we say conspicuous in it? I wore it anyway, pretty much on impulse.

"Sure enough, that was the afternoon the dentist's wife had an impulse to drop in at his office! She glared at me

in my skimpy uniform, and even harder at him. When we closed at 6:00, he apologized and said he wouldn't need me any more.

"At first I regretted obeying my impulse, but the next day I got a modeling job which was my start toward Hollywood.

"So who can blame me for following my impulses quite freely?"

TONY CURTIS—"When I got out of the Navy in 1945, I used my GI educational benefits to attend the Dramatic Workshop in New York City. After a year of studying, a group of us thought we were ready and we pooled $400 to rent an old theater in Newark, New Jersey, so we could put on our own production of *Dear Ruth*.

"We went broke, but in the process the Cherry Lane Players noticed my work and signed me for the title role in *Golden Boy*.

"So you see I'm glad I obeyed that impulse to put my last fifty bucks into the Empire Players that brought 'culture' to Newark—and a movie chance to me!"

ELVIS PRESLEY—"Man, I'm glad I've resisted a certain impulse every time it showed up! I mean the impulse to propose! Believe me, I've had that impulse—not just once or twice but at least a hundred times, from Memphis to Mobile, from Hollywood to Bremerhaven!"

JOAN COLLINS—"I married on an impulse when I was nineteen—and soon wished I had listened to my mind instead of my heart. It took me three years to undo that mistake, via the divorce courts.

"I've obeyed many an impulse since then, but a quick marriage is one impulse I'll resist from here on in. The next time it has to be for keeps!—and that means thinking hard, not merely breathing hard!"

MAMIE VAN DOREN—"There's an old saying about a burned child being very careful about the fire. I don't agree with it at all, when it comes to falling in love.

"My marriage to Ray Anthony was an impulsive one. It didn't work out, but that won't stop me from falling in love again."

PAT BOONE—"Right after we got married, Shirley and I obeyed an impulse that we've never regretted. We moved away from our folks—far away. It wasn't that we didn't love them. Not that at all. But we knew there would be problems to face—lots of them—and we wanted to solve them on our own."

TOMMY SANDS—"I'm glad my mother obeyed an impulse! It was right after I finished doing *The Singing Idol* on television, and everybody said it was wonderful.

"When the celebration died down, I phoned my mother in New York to see how she liked the show. At first she said it was fine, but then she hesitated.

"'Tommy,' she continued, 'maybe you won't like this, but I'm going to say it anyway. You weren't *yourself* on the air tonight. You were trying to be Elvis Presley—and you won't really get anywhere just imitating someone else.'

"I think she spotted something that I hadn't noticed. Anyway, I took her advice, and neither of us is sorry she gave it."

JANE POWELL—"I'll never forget the moment Pat proposed. We were both divorced, and I was afraid to take another chance on heartbreak or happiness, so I had postponed my answer for months.

"But this particular night he had worked late and he reached my house about 11:00. I went out in the kitchen to fix him a hamburger. Pat followed me there and put his arms around me very seriously. He said he'd ask me to marry him just once more—and this was it.

"That's when I stopped listening to the voice of caution and obeyed the wonderful impulse to say yes."

CLARK GABLE—"When the Jewell Players Stock Company of Kansas City ran practically out of funds in Butte, Montana, we split up what was left of the 'treasury' among us. That gave each player enough for coach fare back to Kansas City, where the company intended to reorganize.

"Instead, though, I headed west to Oregon where I got a good paying job and saved enough for a try at Hollywood.

"Why did I pick Oregon? That's the way the freight train was headed!"

CLIFF ROBERTSON—"When I was seventeen, I cured an impulse of mine—the hard way. I was on my way to a job in summer stock at Dallas, Texas, when the bus I was on stopped for repairs in Roswell, New Mexico, and I found there was a gambling game going on at the crummy restaurant I drifted into for lunch. I sat in, on a feeling I'd have some luck. I had it—all bad, and I blew the $23 I needed for eating money and a room.

"The next ten days were a lifetime. Getting through them on stale hamburgers I was able to mooch, and sleeping in a parked car the owner let me call home sure cured me of following any more impulses just because I happen to feel lucky!"

END

Kim will appear in **The Middle of the Night** for **Columbia. Tony** is in **The Naked Maja** for **United Artists** and will appear in **Career** for **Paramount.** You can see **Joan** in **Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys** for **20th-Fox. Mamie** will soon appear in **The Big Operation** for **MGM, Guns, Girls and Gangsters** for **United Artists,** and **Warners' Born Reckless. Clark** is in **Paramount's But Not for Me. Cliff** is in **Gidget** for **Columbia.**



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LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

A new love for Kim

A surprise for Liz

A fancy costume ball

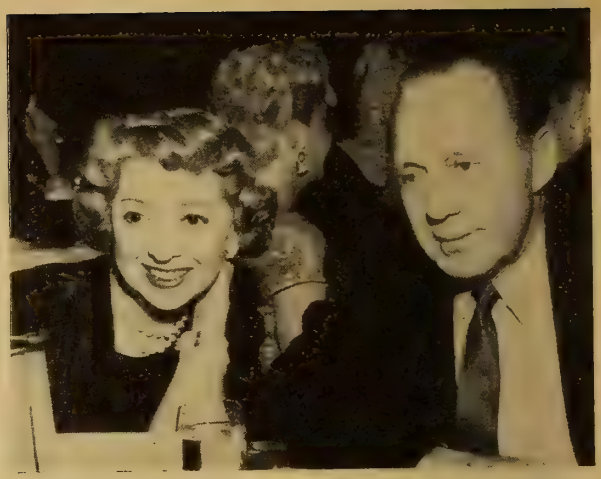


Kim Novak and director Richard Quine may marry sometime late this summer.

LOUELLA PARSONS

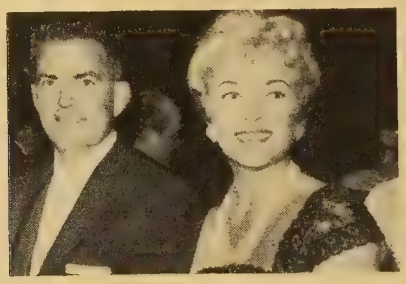
I've never seen Liz so touched as she was by the surprise birthday party Eddie Fisher gave for her.





Among the happily marrieds at Liz' party were Jack and Mary Benny (above) . . . as well as lovely Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker (right), Ronald Reagan and Nancy Davis (lower right), and George Burns and Gracie Allen (below).





Lana Turner and businessman Fred May (left) looked really happy . . . and Lana admits that she likes him.

Surprise party for Liz

"The house is dark, no one is home," **Elizabeth Taylor** said to **Eddie Fisher** as they drove up in front of the home of her agent Kurt Frings the night of her twenty-seventh birthday.

They had been headed for the beach where Liz thought she and Eddie were going to have a quiet dinner alone.

"Oh, someone must be here. Maybe in the back," Eddie insisted, helping Liz alight.

The door swung open—bright lights blazed up—'Happy Birthday' caroled the one hundred guests whom Eddie had invited and sworn to secrecy for his big surprise for Elizabeth.

Several days before, Eddie had called and cautioned me to be at the Frings' house early and not to have my car visible within blocks of the place "because I really want her to be surprised."

And take it from me, she *was!* I've never seen her so obviously touched by a sentimental gesture.

There was a misty look in Elizabeth's eyes as she said to everyone, "This is the first—and the best—surprise party I've ever had."

Before I tell you who was there, I know you want to know about Eddie's gift: It was a gold purse with twenty-seven diamonds (one for each year) spelling out *Liz* on it. Also, Eddie had personally designed the rose-topped (Liz's favorite flower) birthday cake.

The list of guests sounds like a movie star's convention. Among the first I saw were **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**, holding hands and looking happy as usual (but not as happy as Natalie would look a few days later when her long drawn out contract battle with Warner Brothers was finally settled).

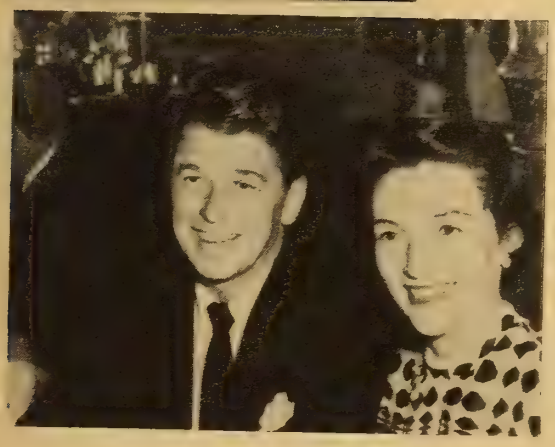
The ever charmin' **Cary Grant** was stag as was director **Otto Preminger**. But the 'happily marrieds' were all over the place including **Mary** and **Jack Benny**, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**, **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis**, the **Ronald Reagans**, **Shirley MacLaine** and Steve Parker.

Talk about happy—Tony Curtis was still in a daze over being nominated for an Oscar in *The Defiant Ones*. Janet told me, "I was afraid he wouldn't survive the shock!"

Rock Hudson and Debbie (**Mrs. Ty**) **Power** weren't far apart for the entire evening but still insisting they are just good friends. Rock had been chosen by Debbie to be godfather to the Power baby.

Obviously in a romantic mood were **Lana Turner** and Los Angeles businessman Fred May whom Lana admits, "I like very much.





Deborah breaks her silence

At long last **Deborah Kerr** broke her rigid silence about her tangled marriage situation with Tony Bartley and future marriage plans with Peter Viertel when she wrote me from Klosters, Switzerland:

"I want you to know that I will not disregard the California divorce laws which demand a year before remarriage and I have no intention of remarrying before the required period is up.

"I would be extremely grateful if you would clear this up because it has led to a great deal of confusion in an already confused situation."

This is the first time Deborah has discussed her unhappy situation since Tony named writer Viertel in a suit charging him with 'enticing the affections' of his wife.

Deborah's letter went on: "I go to Australia in September with **Bob Mitchum** and Fred Zinnemann to do *The Sundowners* and I'm looking forward to the project.

"Meanwhile, each week end I visit London to see the girls who are in great form despite a hideous English winter.

"I am very thrilled about my Oscar nomination for *Separate Tables* and also the Foreign Press Golden Globe award, particularly as so many people were against my accepting the drab role of the spinster in the picture.

"I shall be in Hollywood before taking off for Australia and I do so want to see you at that time. Meanwhile—my affection and love to you always—*Deborah.*"



Deborah Kerr wants to clear up an already confused situation.

But I hope everyone doesn't spoil it for us by rumoring marriage talk."

Among the top producers and directors wishing Liz happiness were David Selznick (**Jennifer Jones** was in Europe), Joe Pasternak, Benny Thau and Richard Brooks. Brooks directed Liz in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* which won her an Oscar nomination and all evening long Liz kept telling him how grateful she was for his help.

And, for all those people who have been rumoring that Elizabeth and her parents are not on friendly terms, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Taylor were very much present and so were her brother and sister-in-law, the Howard Taylors. Her family had motored up, at Eddie's invitation, for the birthday party from La Jolla—and may I add, a good time was had by *all*, but most of all by Elizabeth.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

PARTY *of the month*

The Golden Nugget Ball in Palm Springs is always a big night of fun and fancy costumes. But the 1959 party was the *topper*. First, it's for a wonderful cause in the popular desert town (proceeds of the Jimmy McHugh Charities go to the Palm Springs Desert Hospital). Secondly, everybody gets all dressed up to let their hair down!

My bungalow-suite at the El Mirador Hotel is quite large, but before the party started I hostessed a cocktail party for our Hollywood clan and every nook and cranny was filled with cowboys, sequined dance-hall girls, Floradoro girls, Sheriffs, country lasses in gingham (and diamonds), outlaws and about every known refugee from a Western.

There were Rosemarie and **Robert Stack** (she as a gorgeous dance hall girl); **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy**; 20th Century-Fox boss Buddy Adler and his wife, Anita, and the **Mervyn Le Roys** (both Anita and Kitty Le Roy wore gingham dresses with necklaces of golden nuggets—very effective); the Sonny Whitneys, William Perlbergs, and last but far from least, that TV 'reel' Westerner, **Clint** ('Cheyenne') **Walker** and his pretty wife.

I had never met Clint before—but now I know why he is so popular with the fans. He's a charmer *plus*—as well as being a solid citizen. The Walkers were late arriving for cocktails and were very apologetic.

Clint said, "We were trying to get a baby sitter. You see, our little girl goes everywhere we go and we couldn't leave her until the woman arrived to take care of her."

Later, Clint told me he really felt like celebrating for the first time in months. After sitting out a long drawn out dispute with Warner Brothers, all the problems were solved, and he was once more back in the 'Cheyenne' TV series he's made so famous.

The Ball was underway when our party arrived at the El Mirador dining room, turned into a typical Western setting for the occasion.

Among the first merrymakers I saw were the entire Gabor family, **Zsa Zsa**, **Eva**, Magda and 'Mamma' Jolie Gabor. Eva whispered to me, "Mamma called and told us to be here for Jimmy's party—and here we are!"

Then came the highlight of the evening—the arrival of Governor Pat Brown of California with the band swinging into *California, Here I Come*, and everybody getting to their feet to hail the popular Pat. I had talked to the Governor earlier in the day and he had promised to put in a surprise appearance! He kept his word and what a reception!

Just as he had done at the Ball last year, Monty Montana again rode his trained horse into the ballroom and right up to Governor Brown's table. But there was no lassoing of the celebrities—for which many of the gals were grateful. Those ropes don't feel so good over bare arms.

Much money was raised beyond the price of the tickets for the dinner dance, Mervyn Le Roy paying $750 for a John Morris painting which John had donated to the auction.

It was a big night for a big cause—and I can't remember having more fun.



Zsa Zsa Gabor and her escort Hal Hayes were at the Golden Nugget Ball, together with Eva, Magda, and 'Mamma' Jolie Gabor.



Clint Walker and his lovely wife (standing) stopped to pose for a picture with me, Jimmy McHugh, Shirley Jones and her partner in marriage as well as in song, Jack Cassidy.

Linda Christian and escort Floyd Simmons (right) looked very Spanish in their get-ups for the ball... While director Mervyn LeRoy, and Bob and Rosemary Stack (below) just went in Western style costumes.





I nominate for **STARDOM**

SUSAN KOHNER:



—The word is around that two of the new girls destined for *big* stardom are **Millie Perkins** and **Susan Kohner**. I've already nominated Millie in this department—and since then I've seen her debut picture, *The Diary of Anne Frank*. I can only repeat, Millie is *sensational*.

Another beauty coming up fast is Susan, a dark-haired, dark-eyed beauty who turns in a wonderful performance as the rebellious girl in *Imitation of Life*. If heredity has anything to do with it, Susan was born to be a star. She is the twenty-one-year-old daughter of my long-time friend, Hollywood agent Paul Kohner and former star of Mexican and Hollywood films, Lupita Tovar.

Susan once told me, "It never occured to anyone that I would be anything but an actress." Despite this, she was brought up in Los Angeles with the strictness of most Latin mothers. Her education came first and it was not until she graduated from the exclusive Westlake School for Girls that she was permitted to accept professional engagements.

Of course, she went in for dramatics at Westlake and later at UCLA where she 'majored' in Theater Arts. Accompanied by her mother, she went to New York for her first break, the lead opposite Tyrone Power in *A Quiet Place* on the Broadway stage.

From there on, Susan followed the prescribed pattern, TV, summer stock and then back to Hollywood films opposite **Richard Widmark** in *The Last Wagon*, **Sal Mineo** in *Dino*—and the best break of all, the young Negress in **Lana Turner**'s *Imitation of Life*.

Many people think she looks like a young **Ava Gardner**. But Susan is rapidly proving that her talent is distinctive and very much her own—and the girl is on her way to big things in Hollywood.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



? PERSONAL OPINIONS

It's too bad that **Ingrid Bergman** made that statement, "Half the people I work with in Europe are Communists and no one thinks anything about it" (on Ed Murrow's TV show) just before she left for Hollywood to appear at the Academy Awards. Ingrid seems to have a gift for arousing antagonism just as she is about to inspire sympathy and admiration. . . .

Don't make any bets that **Frank Sinatra** will patch up his 'peeve' with his old pal **Sammy Davis, Jr.** Frank is hopping mad over an interview Sammy gave in Chicago accusing him of bad manners—among other specific things. Sammy's idol is Sinatra—and I don't think he realized how his words would sound. . . .

The smartest move Hal Wallis ever made was giving **Shirley MacLaine** a whopping bonus check thus ending Shirley's 'hurt feelings' that her contract-producer wasn't treating her right financially. A contented actress is much more valuable than a pouting star. . . .

It's no surprise that exotic **Linda Cristal**'s marriage to Bob Champion, brother of Gower, broke up in less than a year. Three weeks after their marriage Bob's firm stationed him in Venezuela and Linda's remark at the time was a surprising, "We'll try to spend some time together if we can. . . ."

I feel sorry for **Sabina Bethman**, the little blonde actress imported from Germany to play opposite **Kirk Douglas**, **Laurence Olivier**, **Tony Curtis** and **Charles Laughton** in *Spartacus*. Before she appeared in a single foot of film, she was replaced by **Jean Simmons**. It's a real heartache for Sabina, a good actress and popular in her own country. Her explanation is that when director Tony Mann was replaced by Stanley Kubick, Kubick 'just didn't like me.'





Too bad such statements were ever made: Ingrid's (far left) about Communist co-workers and Sammy Davis, Jr.'s, (above) about Frankie's manners.



A change in directors on Spartacus *brought Jean Simmons a leading role, here with Kirk Douglas (left) and Peter Ustinov.*



"We'll try to spend some time together," Linda said when she was Bob Champion's bride, "if we can."

Jack's spoiled evening

During my Palm Springs week end, I had a wonderful time with **Shirley Jones** and **Jack Cassidy**. They had just completed their triumphant nightclub engagement at the Cocoanut Grove (I saw it and believe me they are just great—what voices!—and charm) and they had sung number after number at the Golden Nugget Ball, bringing the house down.

That's why I am so sorry that a very silly woman nearly spoiled our evening the next night.

We had gone to the Racquet Club for an early dinner. Yet, during the short time we were there, a woman old enough to know better kept coming over to the table, kissing the unhappy and surprised Jack and trying to sit on his lap!

He was so polite trying to get her to go away—but back she would come. Finally, as soon as we possibly could, we left.

I mention this embarrassment because it is one reason that celebrities have good cause to 'dodge' the public. I know most fans are too well behaved to do this sort of thing—but when it does happen it's awful.

Shirley and Jack are sweet, kind and considerate people—and do not deserve any such treatment from a stranger.

OPEN LETTER

to Bob Hope:

Bet you never knew you were so well loved, boy. Ever since the news broke about the serious blood clot in your left eye, messages have poured in to me and I know to you and Dolores, hoping and praying for your complete recovery.

You who have always taken everything with a laugh or a *bon mot*, who are not particularly sentimental about being home for holidays—you must be deeply touched at this out-pouring of affection from strangers.

That's because you don't know how much your superb humor and clowning has meant to the whole distressed world, Robin. Even presidents of the United States and heads of foreign governments, when things have been dark and times dangerous, have paused to chuckle over some nonsense of yours.

Mostly you have taken it all in stride without the adulation going to your head. Just as you have traveled all over the world to entertain our GIs and Navy boys without any thought of personal sacrifice.

It is typical that you insisted on going ahead with your recent Christmas tour of military bases even after you had to be hospitalized in Madrid with the first indication of the eye blood clot. And your wisecrack—"I felt dizzy, but I've been dizzy for years"—is just like you.

I know it will be hard for you to follow the specialist's advice and rest and take it easy for maybe a year. Taking things easy isn't *your* specialty.

But please do take care of yourself. You are very important to a tired old world.



Messages have poured in to Dolores and Bob Hope, praying for Bob's recovery.





What a row over one dress Lana (left) objected to wearing in Anatomy of a Murder. *Director Preminger insisted she wanted to look glamorous in a part that wasn't, and replaced her with young Lee Remick (right).*

The Lana-Otto row

Wow! What a row between **Lana Turner** and Otto Preminger for whom she was supposed to star in *Anatomy of a Murder!*

Before Lana ever set foot in front of a camera she bowed out of the film based on the bestseller because, "Thank Heavens I'm not so hungry I have to listen to his screaming! Mr. Preminger carried on like a madman because I voiced an objection to one dress he had selected for me to wear.

"He said, 'You're not dealing with MGM or Universal-International in *my* picture. You'll wear the clothes I select—or you won't be in the picture.' Of course, I couldn't take that from anyone!"

Preminger's side is that Lana wanted to appear like a glamor girl in a part that calls for anything *but*. And he adds she made a point of being late to conferences "giving us the movie star treatment which went out of style with silent pictures."

Whoever is right or wrong, the battle was a dilly.

The girl who replaces Lana is **Lee Remick.** Remember I nominated her for stardom in this department several months ago? She's an excellent young actress and really going places, I believe.

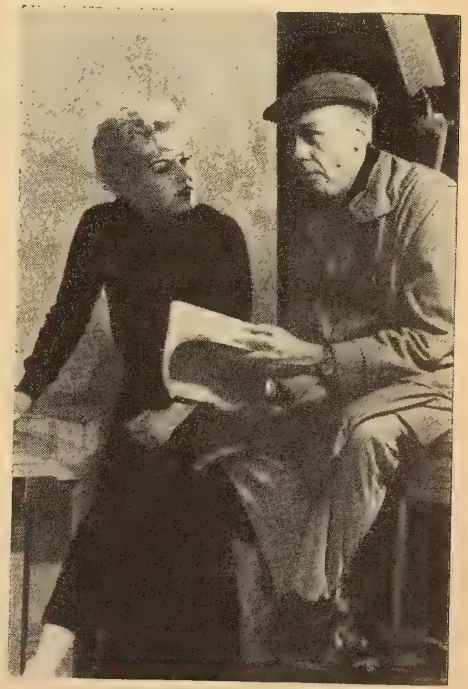
As for Lana, she won't be out of an important picture for long—not after the fans see her in *Imitation of Life*, one of the crying best movies of this or any other year. The gals will love it.

Tell you a little secret:

If **Kim Novak** and director **Richard Quine** feel the way they do now—when he returns from making *The Image Makers* in France, they'll be married late this summer when his divorce is final!

All those battles Dick and Kim were having over her dating other men while she was in New York making *Middle of the Night* were patched up before he took off for Europe. This romance is really serious.

Dick is handsome, young and very talented. He'll go far in his career—and he takes no nonsense from Miss Kim. She likes that!



Director Dick Quine (right) takes no nonsense from Kim Novak — and she likes that!

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Out of the mouths of babes

Patti (**Mrs. Jerry**) **Lewis**, who is expecting, thought the time had come to tell her oldest son Gary, age thirteen, about the new arrival in the family.

Calling the boy into her room one day, she said, "Honey, I'm going to have another baby—and I wanted you to know."

Gary puzzled this over for a minute. "Mother, there's something I want you to know. Dad is in Chicago—so how can you be going to have a baby?"

Despite this young skeptic in the family, Jerry was a happy boy when he long distanced me from Chicago where he was playing a nightclub date to tell me about the approaching big event.

"This time I'm not even *hinting* it'll be a girl," he laughed, "But if it *is*, we won't have to buy any new nursery fixin's because I stocked up on everything pink when the last boy was born."

Jerry thinks if everyone just sort of forgets about the new arrival and doesn't talk too much about it, a girl might sneak in! Need I add the Lewises have four sons?



A reader is "never disappointed" when she sees Paul Newman and wife Joanne Woodward isn't either!



Teenagers protest that Tuesday looks asinine with the cigarette in her hand.

LETTER BOX

More yips and yowls in the mail this month than usual—and I don't mean **Liz-Eddie-Debbie** pros and cons, although there is still plenty of that.

Tuesday Weld has stirred up a storm of protests from parents and fellow teenagers by admitting that at fifteen, she smokes! DIANE WILLIAMS, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA, speaks for many in writing: *This silly young lady should take a lesson from well-behaved* **Sandra Dee** *and* **Carol Lynley.** *Does she know how asinine she looks with the cigarette in her hand????*

Who does **Ricky Nelson** *think he is, skipping his college education because he's so rich from records, movies and* TV? snaps DON BARRINGER, ATLANTA. *Doesn't this ill-advised young man know that the soul-satisfying benefits of being an educated man can't be bought with* all *his money?*

And a quite cynical young lady from DENTON, TEXAS, who signs herself merely SIMONE, asks: *I'm disappointed that* **Rock Hudson**, *friend of* **Tyrone Power**, *is dating the widow Power. The newest thing in Hollywood seems for the deceased's best friend to start consoling the Widder—as witness* **Eddie Fisher**'s *solicitude for grief-stricken (Ha!)* **Elizabeth Taylor**!

Susan Kohner has caught on big with the fans in NEW YORK CITY, the first to see *Imitation of Life*: *What a fine young artist—the best of the new young actresses,* postcards CAROLYN TOTTER and her sister, VIRGIE. . . .

I'll never understand why adorable **Leslie Caron** in GIGI *didn't win an Oscar nomination and then win the Oscar,* opines disappointed DIDI BARR, DALLAS. Many people were surprised that Leslie and also **Maurice Chevalier** weren't nominated, Didi. . . .

PENNY PARKER, ST. LOUIS, makes it short and pertinent: *Do you dare deny that* **Dinah Shore** *is the Queen of* TV? I have no intention of denying it, Penny, so set your mind at ease. . . .

MRS. ROBERT RICHARDSON, HONEOYE FALLS, NEW YORK, is an out-and-out **Paul Newman** fan: *Since my marriage and the arrival of two babies, I can't see all the movies that come to town as I used to do. But I am never disappointed when I spend my money to see a film starring Paul.* Paul continues to rate much praise in the mail. . . .

When I sent **William Wellman, Jr.**, *twenty-five cents for his photo and praised his work in* DARBY'S RANGERS *and* LAFAYETTE ESCADRILLE *he returned my money with his photo saying 'I cannot accept your money but I am delighted to accept your fine encouragement,'* says JANIE RAND of JAMAICA, N. Y. I've known your favorite since he was a little fellow tagging after his director father, Bill, Sr., and he deserves your praise. . . .

ESTHER BONAPARTE (is that your real name, girl?) who hails from DULUTH, sets up three cheers for the advent of comedy: *And those very nice and talented comedians,* **Tony Randall** and **Gig Young** and **Jack Lemmon**. . . .

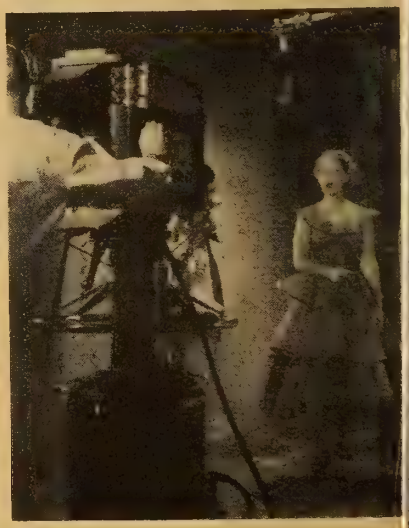
A comparison between **Ricky Nelson** *and* **Elvis Presley** *is an insult to Elvis who is away in the service of his country,* howls JAYNE CLARKE, MONTVALE, NEW JERSEY. Who compared 'em, Jayne? . . .

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



Is Ricky Nelson skipping his education?



No denying, Dinah's queen of TV.

believe it or not

"My wife and I get along fine"



Now that Andy Griffith and Barbara have adopted a baby boy, Samuel Andrew, they feel it is time to correct those stories about their marriage being in trouble.

Like that item which said Barbara and he were going to reconcile for the sake of the *children.*

Andy's reply to this was: "Barbara and I have been married nine years, and we don't have any children. We've never been separated—so how could we be reconciling?"

One interviewer asked how he got started in show business.

Andy explained how he'd been a high school music teacher and Barbara was a church music teacher . . . and how she had suggested that they quit teaching to become professional entertainers.

The interviewer asked, "How do you feel about a *pushy* wife?"

Once Barbara was visiting their home in Manteo, N. C., and Andy was alone in their New York apartment finishing *A Face in the Crowd,* when a reporter did a feature story.

The story that came out told how Andy's finger was absentmindedly tracing "an aimless pattern through dust on the table."

Andy was grateful for the fine, perceptive, sympathetic story. But when Barbara saw the story, she accused Andy of neglecting the apartment and letting dust pile up.

Andy sighed: "The story made Barbara look like a poor housewife who had abandoned her husband."

Andy admits, "I admire purty gals, and I admire them loudly, with exclamation points, and Barbara knows this. She laughs and says I can look but not touch. I won't run around and risk my marriage.

"I've got Barbara, and I ain't letting go." Barbara agrees!

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when you use Noreen COLOR HAIR RINSE

When the phone rings with an unexpected invitation, you'll be glad your hair is silky shining and colorful ... a few minutes to tidy your hair and yourself and you're ready for anything from a surprise party to a friendly get-together at a friend's home.

Your best insurance against being caught unawares is a Noreen rinse after each shampoo. Your hair will always look lovely ... always have an attractive even young color sparked with highlights and a lustrous sheen ... always flatter you and show you at your loveliest.

With fourteen flattering shades to choose from ... with ease and speed of application and modest cost ... Noreen is your simplest and best approach to modern hair beauty.

Write for literature and FREE sample offer:
Noreen, 450 Lincoln St., Denver 9, Colo., Dept. J-1

at cosmetic counters everywhere
39¢ and 69¢
(plus tax)



a letter to ELVIS from:

TIM JOHNSON
MARIANNE GABA
CARMEN PHILLIPS
YVETTE MIMIEUX
RAFAEL CAMPOS
KEN MILLER
STEVE ROWLAND
DON SUTTON
DOROTHY JOHNSON



Dear Elvis,

First—we miss you. Second—Happy Anniversary!

It's a little over a year now since you've been in the Army. In a little less time than that you'll be back home.

We wanted to send you something to celebrate the mid-term. But we couldn't figure what you might need. Besides, the shops around here don't exactly specialize in khaki.

So we thought we'd just sit down and write you a letter—all of us.

Before we forget, two of the old gang—Yvonne Lime and Ricky Nelson—aren't here today. Both are working, but both send their best and a message.

Yvonne's is:

"Tell Elvis I'm writing a script for his first movie when he comes back. It's going to be very unusual, since only the two of us will be in it. The plot is simple. I'm a salesgirl in a music store. I sell guitars. One day this dreamboat of an ex-GI—guess who—walks in. He wants to buy a new guitar. I sell him one. Meanwhile, of course, we've fallen madly in love.

Ricky's message is in two parts.

One is that he's mighty happy about something he heard happened in London. It seems, El, that the president of Ricky's fan club there got in touch with you and asked you if you'd like to join. You wrote back to her that not only would you like to, but that you'd appreciate it if they made you "Number One Member" of the club. Well, you can imagine how much this means to Ricky. You are, after all, a great idol of his. And Ricky wants you to know that he wrote to *your* English fan club yesterday and asked if *he* could be listed as "Number One Member" of that club.

Also, Ricky wants you to know he may pop by your camp and see you one day soon. Ricky made a picture called *Rio Bravo* recently. Lots of it was shot in Mexico. Rick got a bug on bullfighting. Since it so happens that the best bullfighting school in the world is located just outside Seville, Spain, Ricky may just head thataway soon.

What else is new?

Well, thank God, we're all healthy and well, as we know you are.

We did gasp when we heard that radio report about a month ago that you'd been killed driving your snazzy new Borgward. The news got around faster than a hound dog. But we all settled back when we learned, after much phone-calling, that the report was false. We laughed, too, when we learned how you yourself reacted to the report, opening a can of beer and saying, "This tastes pretty good when you've been dead for a while."

There's a new gal in town, El, who you've gotta meet when you come home. Her name is Tuesday—that's right, Tuesday—Weld. In years, she's a child—fifteen. But age is strictly relative with her, brother. She's no child.

Practically single-handed, and in less than a year, Tuesday has set our little town hopping. She's outspoken. And she's got every worrywart around wondering what she'll do next.

Also, she's a beatnik.

And if—when you come home—you notice that practically every girl in town is wearing long black stockings and very soulful expressions, blame Tuesday.

Tommy Sands was in New York. He enrolled in one of those Brando-type acting schools there. He's also concentrating on folk songs, which he hopes to record in the near future. *Also* he's been concentrating on some pretty Eastern girls.

And, speaking of pretty girls and the East, Dolores Hart—who got to kiss you in her very first movie—has kissed Hollywood good-bye for a while and is now appearing on Broadway, in a play called *The Pleasure of His Company.*

Carolyn Jones is building a big new house in the Valley and says she isn't going to have a housewarming until you're back and can attend.

"Elvis made me have a lot of fun while we were making *King Creole,*" she says, "so I'd like to surprise *him* with some fun when he comes home."

We miss you, El.

We don't want to get mushy about it.

But you might like to know that around the studios where you worked, the so-called little people—the electricians, grips, make-up people, waitresses in the commissaries, messenger boys and gals—all still talk about what a swell, natural, friendly guy you were, the best they've ever known.

Also, everybody's so proud of you.

The other day, for instance, we read that a general in Germany went out of his way to say that you are a credit to our Army—a guy who minds his own business, does every job assigned him well and without griping, and is the most popular boy in his outfit.

"He never asks for favors," the general said. "He is a good soldier."

Also we think it's great how the RCA Victor people have handled your latest album. No title. Not even your name. Just your picture. Is this an honor . . . ? By the way we've all bought the album and our personal favorite is *Poor Boy.* And we're still flipping over *One Night With You,* too. It's a gas!

That's all for now, El. Hurry back.

Affectionately,

The Gang

Ricky can be seen in RIO BRAVO *for Warners.*
You can see Tuesday in THE FIVE PENNIES *for Paramount.*
Tommy has appeared in MARDI GRAS *for 20th-Fox.*
Carmen Phillips is in ASK ANY GIRL *for MGM.*
Rafael Campos can be seen in TONKA *for Buena Vista.*
Carolyn is in Paramount's THE LAST TRAIN FROM GUN HILL.

TIME IT! IT'S TANFASTIC!

NEW! GIVES YOU A FASTER TAN THAN ANY OTHER PRODUCT POSSIBLY CAN



Tanfastic gives you a honey of a tan — faster! Protects from sunburn, too. Leaves even the most delicate skin smooth and supple.

Tanfastic contains an exclusive, new tanning booster, called **Carotactin**, that **speeds up** tanning.

It actually multiplies and intensifies the sun's tanning rays — while screening out harmful burning rays.

Tanfastic — another wonderful product from the makers of **Sea & Ski!**

Now available everywhere—in handy plastic tubes and unbreakable squeeze bottles.

IS IT TRUE...BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN?



Oh to be a blonde
now that
spring is here!

To see how much fun life can really be . . . be a blonde, a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the soft touch and tone of it . . . the sheer blondeness of it . . . the exciting way it lights up your looks! And it's so easy! Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes!

New Instant Whip Lady Clairol is the amazingly gentle creme hair lightener that feels deliciously cool going on . . . works its magic in minutes, leaves your hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever! So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde, or mousey brown, don't just sit and dream. Toss your hat in the ring. **Be a beautiful blonde, it's spring!**



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is **NEW INSTANT WHIP* Lady Clairol® Creme Hair Lightener**

*T. M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada



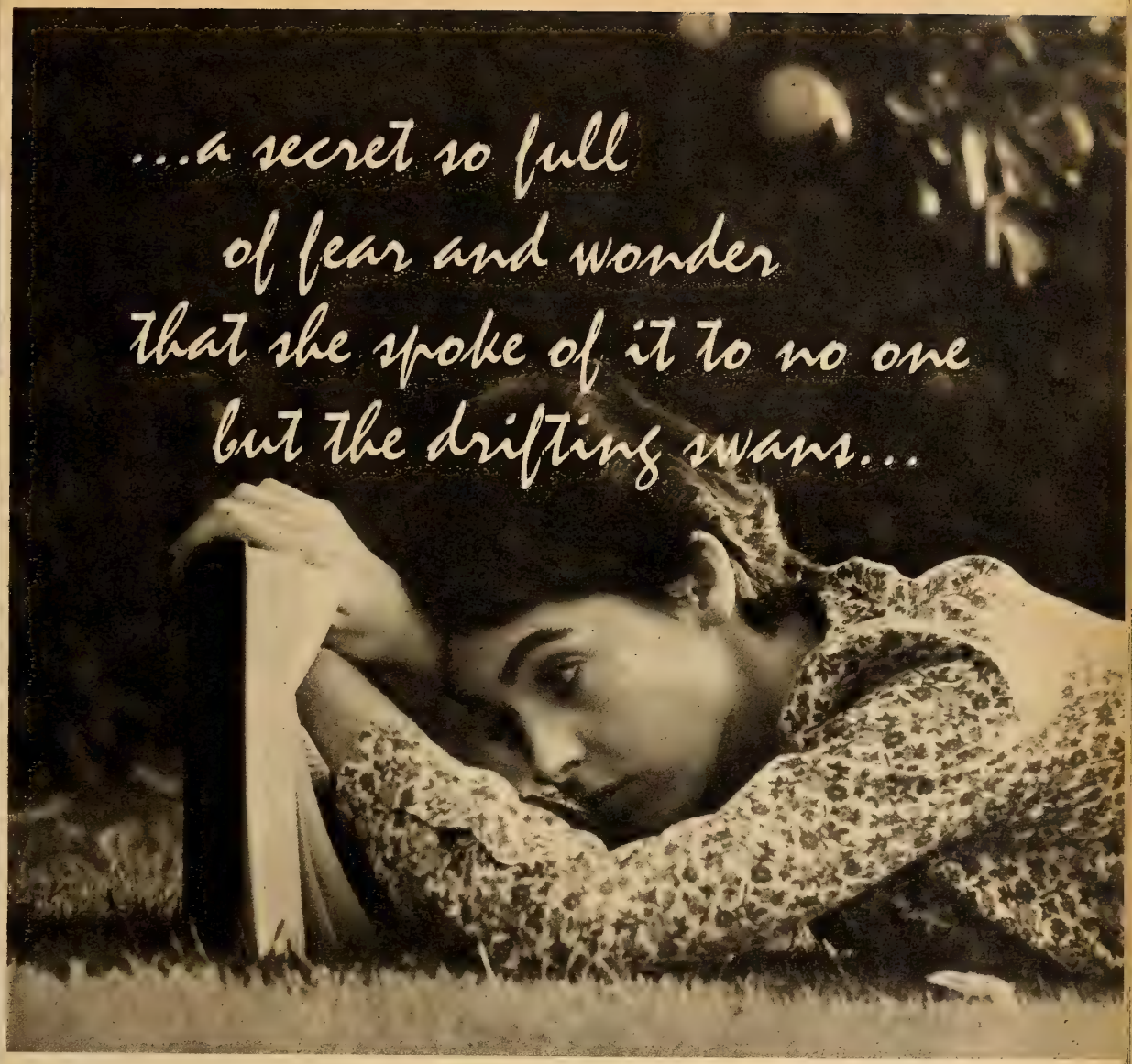
No one in Hollywood
understood **MILLIE PERKINS...**
She never went to a party.
She was never seen on a date with a boy.
They felt sorry for her. She was the
loneliest, strangest little girl they'd ever seen.
How could they know she
was treasuring a delicious secret...

For months she carried the secret deep in her heart...





...a secret so full
of fear and wonder
that she spoke of it to no one
but the drifting swans...



...but her heart
was bursting, bursting
to tell the world...



photographed exclusively by LAWRENCE SCHILLER

continued



...Millie's secret!

Millie's secret is love, and the boy she loves is Dean Stockwell.

Millie and Dean have been inseparable since they met, many months ago. At that time, Millie was in the middle of making *Anne Frank,* and had not been seeing anyone at all, but leading the quietest of lives. Frightened by the responsibility of handling a star role without acting experience, she kept to herself.

Before Dean came into her life, she received many invitations from young fellows in Hollywood. As the "new girl" in Hollywood, she could have been rushed off her feet. Every young guy in Hollywood wanted to take her out. She said no very wistfully to them all and retreated to her little apartment, eating frozen food dinners every night when she could have been dining in the nicest restaurants in town opposite a young man who could tell her how lovely she was. Dick Sargent asked to take her out—he's a nice guy, but she said no. He promised it would be only for dinner and he'd get her home early; still she said no. Barry Coe, Dwayne Hickman, loads of guys tried to date her; to all of them, her demure no.

The only person who meant anything to her was George Stevens, her director. He was like a father to her—maybe the only man she felt she could lean on because she scarcely knew her own father, who was away from home all the time. She respected Stevens, listened to him and knew he understood her. She had Christmas dinner at his home—wore her one and only dress-up dress, a black velvet sheath. Let his son, George Stevens, Jr., pick her up and take her home, but there were no sparks between her and Stevens, Jr. Hollywood, anxious to tie Millie up with a young man, puzzled by her nun-like life, tried to tie her up with Stevens, Jr. There was nothing to it. George, Jr., was working for his father on the picture, had lunch with Millie in the commissary, but as she said, "We didn't (*Continued on page 35*)



EXCLUSIVE!

debbie tells all in this FIRST PRIVATE INTERVIEW since the divorce

by Bob Thomas

I talked with Debbie on the day after her divorce, and I drew some insight on what her new life is going to be like. It was on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot where she was making *Say One for Me*. She seemed eager to talk. I have never known Debbie to be at a loss for words, but now she seemed readier than ever to make her feelings clear.

"The divorce was the most difficult thing I have ever faced," she confessed. "I worried terribly about it. Thank heavens it was fast. It was all over before I knew it. . . ."

Her case—*Fisher vs. Fisher*—had been assigned for 8:45 a.m., before many of the reporters and gawkers had arrived.

Debbie recalled the exchange she had with her lawyer:

Q. *You have alleged in your complaint that your husband treated you in a cruel and inhuman manner. Will you tell the court briefly, please, of what that treatment consisted?*

A. Well, my husband became interested in another woman. . . .

Q. *As a result, did he receive considerable publicity* (Continued on page 69)


I'm
working
so hard now
I'm
too exhausted
to date.
Why?
Because
I need
the money...

Authentic accounts straight from the lips of two Hollywood stars who might have been you. Tony Perkins confesses to his night with "the lead-pipe gang." Judi Meredith tells of her gripping battle with a sex maniac.





TONY PERKINS

I was walking away from the bright lights of Broadway that night, walking aimlessly down New York's West 47th Street, along the garbage-strewn sidewalks, past the rundown brownstone buildings, the shabby tenements. Why I was walking in that dark neighborhood, I don't know exactly, but I had just come from seeing *Look Homeward, Angel,* the play I'd acted in only a year before. It had been my favorite role and now I was feeling a little useless, a little depressed. I just wanted to get away from the sights that would bring back so many sentimental memories. . . .

I was between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, when I noticed a sleazy nightclub (*Continued on page 80*)



JUDI MEREDITH

I've heard and read about girls who were followed by men, cornered in dark alleys, overpowered in their own homes, mistreated even in broad daylight! But somehow I never thought that I would ever go through an experience so frightening that I still wake up some nights screaming.

Heaven knows, I've had ample warnings. I remember a girl in high school—she must have been fourteen or fifteen at the time—calling me frantically one morning to tell me a fellow had pulled up alongside of her as she walked to school, and offered her a ride. She had accepted, but instead of turning off on the street where our school was located, he kept going—heading right out of town to an isolated area. And when she protested he pulled out a knife, and threatened her.

What happened after he stopped was so awful she could hardly talk about it. (*Continued on page 71*)

FAB



IAN!

It was Labor Day of 1957. A tall, husky, handsome boy stood on the stone steps of a tan brick house, one of a block of such houses, in a quiet South Philadelphia street.

Ordinarily the boy would have been digging out his white and orange jersey marked '40' and the yellow helmet, and hurrying to meet the rest of the guys who made up the sandlot league football team, The Vikings.

Instead, he was staring silently at the ambulance in front of the house, and he felt small and helpless and suddenly—all choked up.

He was too stunned to notice a neatly-dressed man of about twenty-eight, who stood on the sidewalk watching him.

The man was Bob Marcucci, who lived around the corner and who was being hailed by the theatrical trade papers as the genius from Philadelphia who wrote songs, published music, co-owned Chancellor Records and a management firm that handled Frankie Avalon and other singers.

He was very much impressed by the boy's appearance. He made a quick mental note of the lad's fine athletic figure, about five-foot-ten, his football player's body, his nice blond-brown hair; his bright, intense blue-green eyes; his regal bearing.

Then he hurried next door into his friend Johnny's house to find out what in the world the ambulance was all about.

Johnny told Bob the ambulance was called in to pick up the policeman next door, who just had a relapse, following a recent heart attack. The boy standing outside had been the policeman's eldest son, Fabian, a student at South Philadelphia High School.

For the next few days, Marcucci couldn't get out of his mind the picture of that handsome boy standing on the stone steps, sorrow stricken but dignified.

He made discreet inquiries about the boy and discovered he was considered by everyone in the neighborhood as a 'good kid.' He worked at the pharmacy nearby every day after school, got good marks at school, went big for sports, kept out of trouble, did favors for everybody in the neighborhood.

"When there's snow to be shoveled, Fabian is the first to (*Continued on page 67*)

by Paul Denis



GALE STORM'S ROAD TO HAPPINESS

A story every woman should read

IN the white-walled room of Los Angeles' Queen of Angels hospital, Dr. Bernard Hanley was leaning over Gale Storm when she came out of her anesthetic after a recent stomach operation, an operation far more serious than the daily press had indicated.

"You are going to be all right," he assured her as she opened her eyes.

"Thank you, doctor," Gale smiled weakly. "Thanks for all you have done. . . ."

"I didn't do it alone," he insisted.

She knew he was referring to the help from his colleague, Dr. Robert Hope, from the anesthetist, the assistants, the nurses, and as with all operations, the Almighty. . . .

Yet to Gale, his remark took on an even broader meaning. "I know," she murmured before the sedatives took hold of her once again and threw her back into a state of semi-consciousness. "I know—none of us ever does it alone," she said. (*Continued on page 64*)





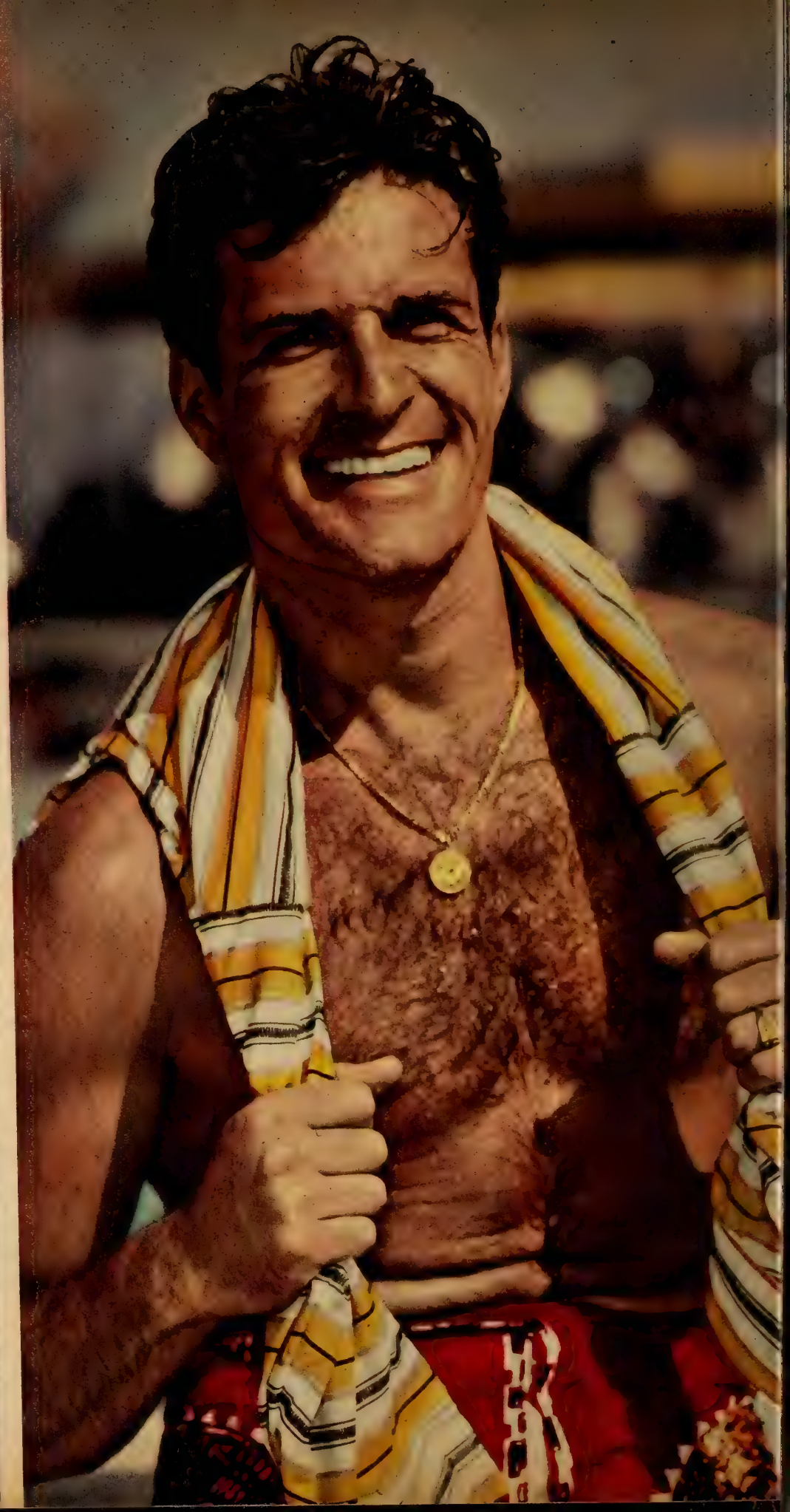
Nothing is worth the struggle without the loving arms of an adoring husband, the tender advice of a wise mother (left) and a helping hand when a new baby arrives.



"No woman can live alone"

by Peer J. Oppenheimer





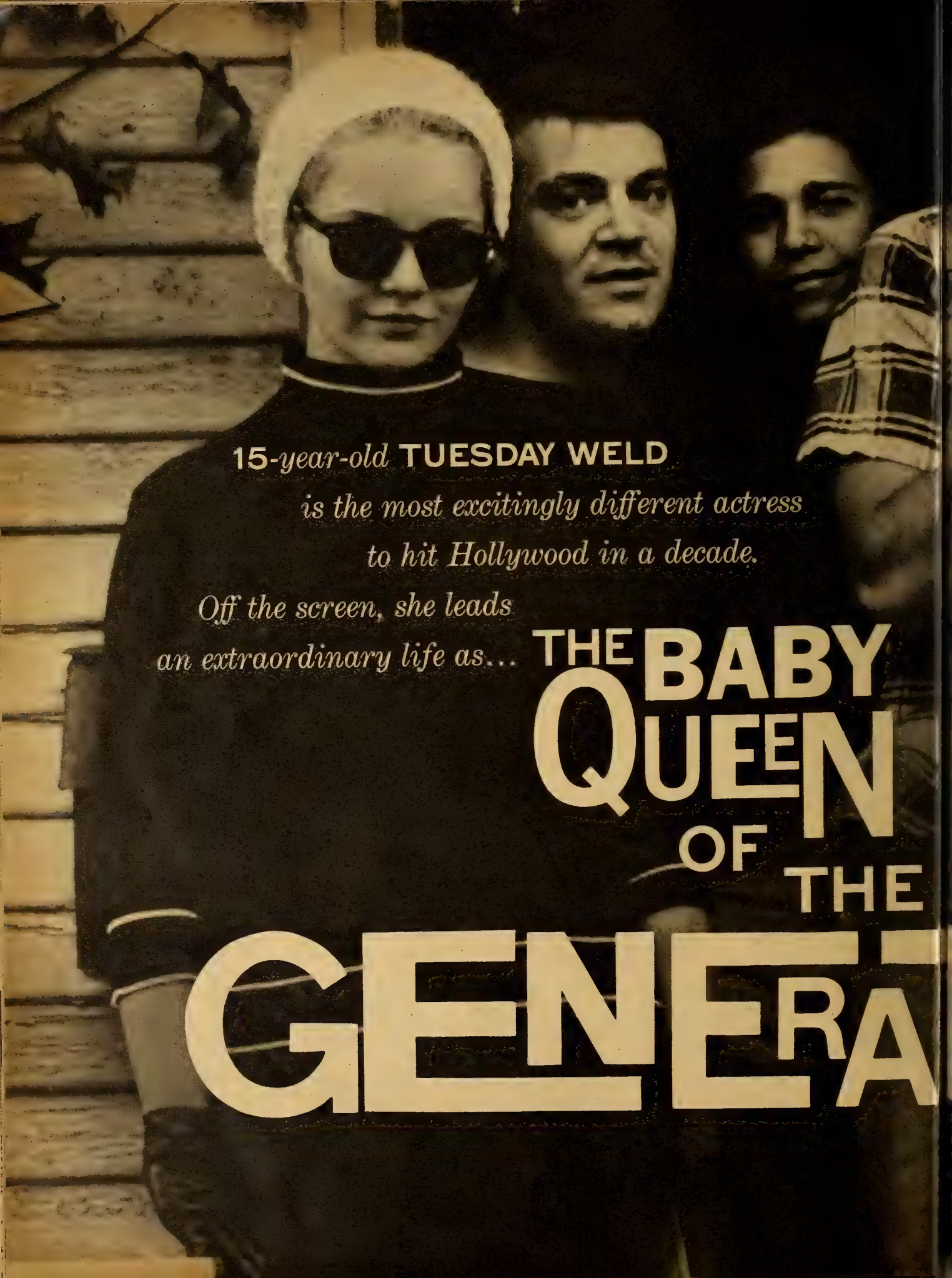


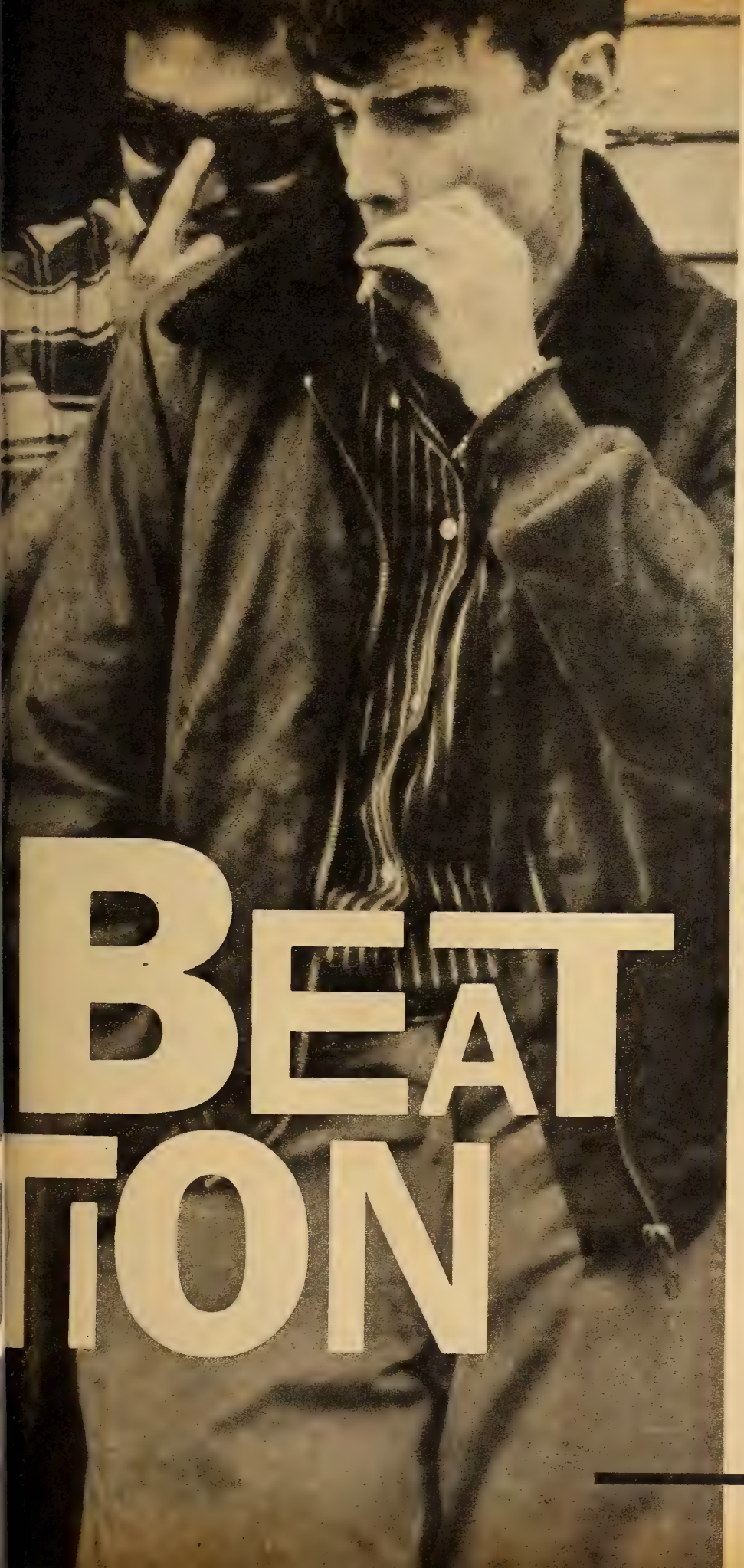
if you're a teenager
Hugh O'Brian is offering
you the opportunity
of a lifetime

You can spend the SUMMER with me!

I'm going to open up a ranch and you can spend the summer with me! Who can? A whole passel of very special guys and gals who read this article can. What's this all about? Well, let me begin by telling you how I got this idea of mine, the idea to start the Hugh O'Brian Youth Foundation Ranch. . . .

It was a chilly morning last winter and I was due in an hour at the TV studio in Hollywood. The dark California sky rumbled with warnings of rain. I walked out to the garage for my steel grey Thunderbird. I turned my car key in the ignition, backed out of the driveway and drove off to the treacherous (*Continued on page 82*)


15-year-old TUESDAY WELD
is the most excitingly different actress
to hit Hollywood in a decade.
Off the screen, she leads
an extraordinary life as...
THE BABY QUEEN OF THE GENERA



BEAT TON

I'M Doug Brewer, Hollywood reporter.

One afternoon about eight months ago I stopped by one of those beatnik coffee houses on Sunset Boulevard for a sandwich.

Three young fellows sat at the table next to me.

Two had beards; one had gravy stains on his shirt—from supper the night before.

They were talking about a young actress—a redhead, in her twenties—who'd just been signed to a seven-year contract by one of the major studios.

"The freap," one of them was saying, "she's sold out to those old bags of bacteria."

"Whaddya expect?" another asked, with a frown. "She's a fake. She's only out here to find some dough and a Daddy-O who can take care of her for the rest of her life."

Suddenly, I noticed, they

(continued on next page)

THE BABY QUEEN OF THE BEAT GENERATION



Weird cars
and palmistry,
strange dances,
coffee shops,
pool halls and
bongo drums through
the night... **THIS IS TUESDAY'S BEAT KINGDOM**













(*Continued from preceding page*) turned to the door of the cafe and they smiled.

"Hail, the Queen," one of them said. "Now here's a kitten who is really cultured."

I followed their gazes.

Walking in was a young girl—very young, very pretty—with long blonde hair down to here, long black stockings, a black dress.

"Boom," she said, as she approached the table. "Whooshshhh . . . ," she hissed.

continued


TUESDAY
is every inch a QUEEN

THE BABY QUEEN OF THE BEAT GENERATION

(*Continued from preceding page*) She sat.

She signaled a waiter away.

"I just dropped by this pad for a sec," she said. "I'm on my way to shoot some pool."

"Where'd you get the locks?" one of the fellows asked, pointing to her hair.

"It's a wig," she said. "Got it yesterday. You dig?"

"Man," they all said, in chorus.

For the next few minutes the kitten jabbered away with jazz —I mean, she talked.

The talk was fascinating.

"I got proposed to last night, by a BTO," she said, at one point. "Did I say, 'No'? Of course not. I said. 'We'll see.' Don't ask me why."

"Hollywood," she said at another point. "I hate the time I have to waste making words with the jacks out here. I hate making with the small words. But it's a must here, a necessity of the biz—if you wanna swim, you gotta keep beatin' the choppers."

After a while, she left.

I followed her.

Sure enough, she walked down Sunset a few blocks, turned right, then walked to Santa Monica, until she came to a poolhall—called Dad's.

I watched her shoot for a while.

She was good.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Tuesday's the name," she said.

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Going on fifteen," she said.

"Shouldn't you be in school?" I asked.

"I put in my time today," she said.

She got back to her game.

I talked next to a young fellow shooting at another table.

I pointed to the girl.

"Know her?" I asked.

"Sure," he said. "That's the coolest. Her name's Tuesday. Tuesday Weld. She's gonna be a big actress someday. She's gonna be Queen of this here world."

That night I checked with some personal friends.

"Yes, there was a kid recently arrived in Hollywood named Tuesday Weld.

"And what a kid," they all said. (*Continued on page 86*)

...*but* TUESDAY *is a*

QUEEN WITH NIGHTMARES



ROCK!



This is the period of Debbie's life that you may not know about, Rock...





At fourteen Debbie was already a voluptuous woman, a year later she married and bore a child.

ARE YOU GOING TO MARRY DEBBIE?



Dear Rock,

What you are about to learn about Debbie Power in this letter may surprise you.

It surprised us.

Debbie doesn't talk much about herself, and we wonder if *you* know the facts about this girl with whom your name has been linked recently.

All the facts. . . .

To go back a little—You first met her in June of last year, a little less than a month after she married Ty Power.

It was a Saturday, remember?

The day before your good friend Ty had given you a call asking you to come down to Balboa to spend the week end on his boat—to relax a little, to get some sun and, most important, to meet his new bride.

You said no. You didn't think you could make it, you said. You were feeling depressed and gloomy and you didn't want to spoil anybody else's fun by being around.

Ty didn't ask any questions. He knew how the pile of publicity about your divorce from Phyllis was hurting you at the time. But he didn't mention this.

He (*Continued on page 62*)



I must go back to the world of normal people

the courageous story of **Diane Varsi's escape from Hollywood**

SHE walked toward the ramp, holding the baby in her arms. She was a tall girl, dressed in black, face blotchy, tan hair cropped short, eyes fixed on the open door of the plane ahead. She never looked back at the man who'd been her husband; she never waved goodbye.

Diane Varsi was leaving Hollywood, and Hollywood was shocked. Diane had made a big impression on the town, yet the town had not touched Diane. She had not been moved or changed by a single person in the motion picture industry. She'd let herself be built into a star, but she wouldn't go to premieres ("I hate being on display") and she wouldn't come out from behind her black stockings and shabby sweaters ("I'm getting paid to act, not to dress") and she'd said that she would rather meet Aldous Huxley any day than Clark Gable. (*Continued on next page*)



CONTINUED







Exclusive photos of Diane Varsi's last moments as an actress. After making this scene for Whodunit, a 20th Century Fox television film that may never be released, Diane, physically and mentally exhausted, gave up Hollywood and acting—forever.









DIANE VARSI continued

When she announced that she was quitting her career to go live in Bennington, Vermont, Hollywood gasped, and fought back like a lover spurned.

One advertising executive blamed the whole thing on "the wrong kind of companions. I've seen her walking with strange-looking people who looked cheap and actually unwashed."

A reporter claimed Diane didn't have "all her marbles. Her mental processes seemed those of a fourteen-year-old child. You would ask a simple question and she would wander off into a commentary on her 'mental image' and how she waited for 'messages' on the right thing to do."

Two publicists, so Hollywood-oriented they believed the stuff they wrote, simply couldn't entertain the idea that anyone would voluntarily flee their golden city. "She's either a crackpot or it's all a publicity stunt," said the first, and the other gave odds that she'd be back—"because *nobody* gives up this business."

A top dress designer flatly stated that Diane was "a mental case. I don't know the name of her malady, but periodically she hated everyone. She was not really terribly attractive physically; she was about as sexy as a stalk of celery."

A magazine photographer, more compassionate than some of his fellow commentators, worried about Diane's future. "The sad thing is that she can't have made enough money to provide for the rest of her life—she's not a name like Marilyn Monroe or Grace Kelly. She really wasn't a big star, and she'll be quickly forgotten. Maybe that's what she wants."

Jayne Mansfield said she'd known Diane was different from other women because all women talk to their hairdressers, and Diane never said a word to hers.

Other actors offered other opinions. Diane was "a weirdy." Diane was "sincerely (*Continued on page 83*)

"Were you pretending, Tommy?



I wasn't!"

This is Paulette Verrier, the girl Tommy Sands picked from all the thousands who sent in their pictures in response to his plea in our March issue. This is Paulette's own story of their date....









As I waited for you, I was worried we'd never find each other in the crowd at Grand Central Station. But you came right over with a big hello. I felt so shy I couldn't say anything . . . I prayed you'd know what to say, you'd know what to do. . . .





"At first I was scared to death—a little Miss Nobody on a date with *you!*"

Did you see in my eyes how frightened I was? Is that why you said, "We'll buy sandwiches and go to the park." What a beautiful, beautiful idea.

by *Paulette Verrier* as told to George Christy

Remember Tommy's story in **Modern Screen**—WILL YOU BE MY VALENTINE? Tommy admitted he was lonesome and said he would write a note to the girl whose picture seemed 'most ideal.' I sent in a snapshot, but never expected to hear from him, and one afternoon when I got home from school and I was watching the Dick Clark afternoon show on television, the telephone rang, and my mom said, "Paulette, it's for you!"

It was Tommy! He told me he'd spent days looking over the thousands and thousands of snapshots he received in response to his story, and since he liked mine so much and I lived nearby in Greenwich, Connecticut, why didn't I come to New York for a Saturday afternoon date?

I can't remember anything I said. But Tommy said that Cookie, the editor's secretary, would call me in a couple of (*Continued on page 58*)









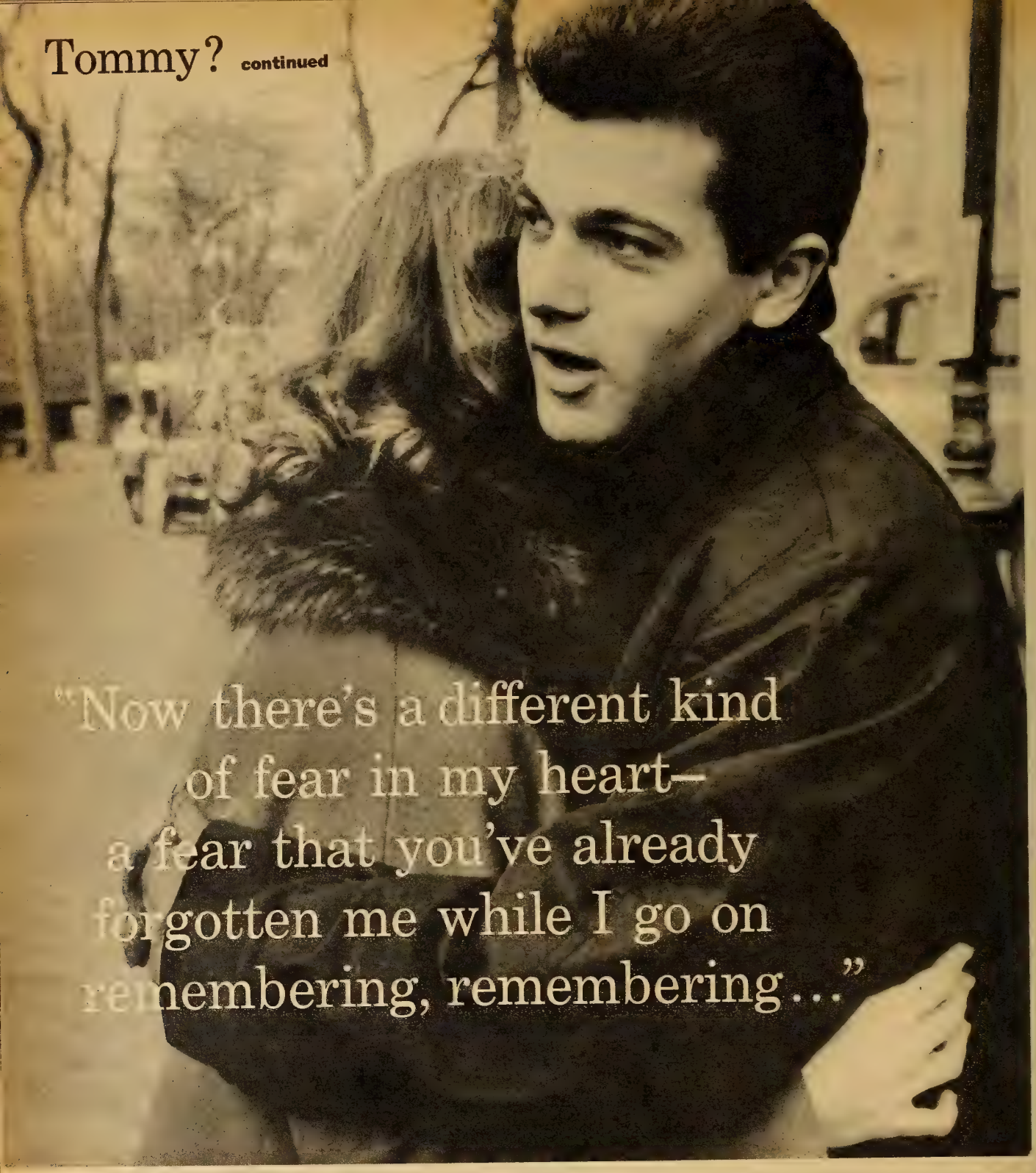
"But you were so kind, so natural– you took my hand and I wasn't scared anymore..."

I felt so happy and relaxed with you, Tommy. Do all girls feel that way–or was I... were we really going through something wonderful? When you asked the photographer to let us have some time alone together, I was so thrilled . . . but so bewildered.

continued







(*Continued from page 56*) days to find out what train I'd take, and he promised to meet me at the station.

Cookie called all right, and I told her I'd arrive at twelve-thirty. I know I shouldn't have, but I got up all my nerve and asked Cookie what Tommy was like.

"Oh," she said, with a twinkle—if that's possible—in her voice, "you'll see!" And then she laughed.

When Saturday morning rolled around, I decided to dress in an orange sweater and skirt (I remembered reading in Tommy's story that he flipped for casual clothes), and I took the eleven-thirty train to New York.

Sitting in the train, waiting for the minutes (*Continued on page 59*)

to pass, seemed like an eternity. But, to tell the truth, although I was excited over meeting Tommy, I figured the whole afternoon would be 'planned' by MODERN SCREEN. I expected it to be one of those guided dates I'd read about in gossip columns.

As the rumbling train roared into the black tunnel of Grand Central Station, I said a prayer. I asked God to help me through the afternoon for suddenly I was afraid. I was scared of being just a Little Miss Nobody. Who was I that Tommy should spend an afternoon with *me*—when all the movie starlets were at Tommy's beck and call. . . .

Tommy was waiting in the middle of the huge Grand Central waiting room. I spotted him right away in his navy blue raincoat. He was holding my picture in his hand. Bright-eyed, his dark hair shiny and brushed, he looked just as handsome as his photographs. He recognized me when I was about ten feet away from him, and he came over and said hello. He was shy, too, but his voice was so soft that I felt comfortable immediately. He asked me if I had a good trip.

I told him I did.

Then he said, "Did you order this great weather? We're really in luck. This is the first real day of spring! I wonder if that's an omen for two strangers meeting. . . ."

In Connecticut, I told him, there were traces of green on the weeping willow trees.

"Say," he said. "Are you hungry?"

"Just a little."

"Well, we'll fix that right now," he commented as we went outdoors. He hailed a yellow cab, and the two of us sat in the back seat. Tommy said, "I've made a reservation for lunch at Sardi's."

"Oh," I said, not knowing what to say.

"They have terrific Italian food. Canelloni and manicotti and chicken cacciatore. I'm sure you'll like it."

"But . . ." I hedged. "I'm . . . I'm too excited to eat a lot."

Tommy's idea

He smiled his wonderfully wide Tommy-smile and reached over and took my hand. "Hey," he said, "I have an idea. Since this is such a beautiful day, the first really warm day of spring, why don't we get a couple of sandwiches and go wandering through Central Park?"

I nodded, and he stopped the cab, and we hustled into the bustling Sixth Avenue Delicatessen with its rich smells of grilled meat. We ordered roast beef sandwiches on rye 'to go'—and Tommy asked for an order of sour pickles.

The two of us headed for the park which was around the corner. We passed a pet shop window and looked at the playful puppies. Tommy confessed he wanted a dog, but couldn't have one. "Too many tours," he said sadly, "and I couldn't always take him with me."

"Where's your next tour taking you?" I asked, hoping I wasn't prying.

"Hawaii and Australia," he said. "It's fun, touring. You get a chance to meet lots of new people, but the thing I don't like about touring is flying. After a while, flying bothers you. It makes you nervous, and you wonder if maybe you aren't taking too much advantage of luck!"

We entered Central Park and found a rock formation near the lake. We sat on the cold rock and ate our sandwiches. Then, out of the blue, the two of us started talking about our dreams.

Tommy said he wants to build a big house surrounded by a beautiful garden. "Something to look forward to every time I come home from my tours. And," he added, "I hope I'm married soon so that I'll have someone to look after me—and the house, and garden—and kids, too!"

He asked me about my ambitions, and I admitted I didn't know what I wanted. I wasn't certain if college was for me, and I was mulling over the idea with my parents. But, I told him, I wanted to be a good wife and have a family of my own someday.

"I know just what you mean," Tommy said, looking into my eyes. . . .

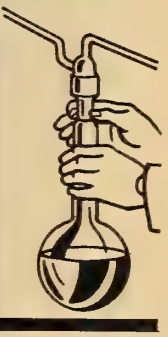
We wandered—hand in hand

In a moment we fed the gliding white ducks in the blue lake. We gave them crumbs from our sandwiches. Tommy tossed a pickle to them, and you should have seen the ducks dive for it. Then Tommy and I wandered through the dry dirt paths of the park, hand in hand, laughing at silly things like the funny shapes of some rock piles which looked like people's faces and a dog convention which some elderly women were having. But the dogs were barking so loud the women couldn't get a word in edgewise about their pets.

"I bought tickets," Tommy started to say, ". . . for a matinee for us to go to see . . ." We were walking uphill to the Woolman Rink to watch the iceskaters. "But. . . ."

HELP

THE RESEARCH ATTACK ON CEREBRAL PALSY



JOIN

THE 53 MINUTE MARCH

"Yes?" I said.

". . . But," he continued, "I'd just as soon—" He didn't finish the sentence.

"What?" I asked him.

"I'd just as soon," he said again, "spend the afternoon . . . wandering through the park . . . with you. . . ."

There was a queer lump in my throat, and I couldn't answer.

"What do you say?" he said. "Shall I give the tickets away?"

"All right," I said softly, barely able to hear my own voice.

He took the two theater tickets out of his wallet (later he told me they were for *Flower Drum Song*) and he called the photographer over and told him to enjoy the show with the compliments of Paulette and Tommy.

We watched the graceful iceskaters for a while, then we strolled through the dusty, crooked lanes of the park. We visited the zoo and laughed at the frisky chimpanzees. We bought ice cream sticks from a white-uniformed vendor with a cart who told us this was his first day on the job. We sat on a bench, licking our ice cream, and looked at the still bluegrey water of the lake and at the ruffled, ribbonlike trails of the floating ducks in it.

Later, we walked to the boat house and looked at the rows of canoes at the edge of the water. It was too early in the year to rent one. At the boat house we had candy and Cokes, and when I looked at my watch, I knew it would be time for me to leave soon, time to take the train home.

It felt so natural

But I didn't want to go. Tommy made me feel so comfortable. He was just like one of the guys back in Greenwich, Connecticut, so natural and easy to get along with. Except for the time when a gang of schoolgirls spotted Tommy and ran over for autographs, I never felt I was dating a big movie star.

Wending our way toward Fifth Avenue from the park, I said, "Gee, Tommy . . . I . . . I hate to go. . . ."

"I've had a wonderful time," he said. "I hope you didn't mind missing the show. But I wanted to spend the time with you instead."

"When will you be leaving for Hawaii?" I asked.

"Tomorrow," he answered.

Suddenly there was a strange, fierce pounding in my heart. Tomorrow! Within twenty-four hours he'd be hundreds of miles away. What would happen? Would he meet another girl somewhere next Saturday . . . and another girl . . . and another . . . every Saturday of his tour. . . ?

And I . . . Would I ever see him again?

He asked for my address and he said he'd send me some postcards.

"And when I get back," he said, "maybe we can get together again?"

"Swell," I said, hoping he would hear the enthusiasm in my voice.

I checked my watch again. It was time for me to be heading for Grand Central for the train. Tommy hailed a taxi, and the two of us rode to the station. When we got off at Forty-Second Street, Tommy said, "Just a minute . . ." and he ran to a flower shop and came back with a bunch of pink sweet peas for me as a little reminder of the first day of spring . . . and our date.

We started to say good-bye and he took me in his arms and embraced me, and I had a hard time holding back the tears. Don't ask me why, but I couldn't help it. I know it was only a first date, but . . . well . . . he's so special I just couldn't help feeling a little sorry for myself, thinking I might never see Tommy again. . . .

Were you pretending, Tommy. . . ?

And now, weeks later, I just can't forget him. Tommy's in my mind all the time. I even went and told the girls at school that I planned to ask him to our spring dance, and one of the girls started a wild rumor that Tommy accepted. True, he's sent me picture postcards from Hawaii and Australia, and I have them scotchtaped to my bedroom wall. And I've pressed the pink sweet peas in my Webster's Dictionary because I'm going to keep them forever.

But my heart. . . ? Well, I've lost it—to Tommy. It wasn't such a lovey-dovey afternoon we spent together, but it was so easy and natural and I wonder if I haven't fallen hopelessly in love. All the sweet things Tommy did, I wonder if he was pretending. . . . Maybe I'm a fool to be so free with my heart, but I just can't seem to help it. . . .

And every night before I go to bed I wonder what Tommy's doing, what girls he's seeing, whether or not I'll ever see him again. And some nights, when I think about our Saturday afternoon date on that gentle spring day, my eyes fill with tears and I cry myself to sleep because I know within my heart I've met a really wonderful and very special kind of guy.

But all the while I wonder if maybe Tommy isn't forgetting me while I go on remembering . . . remembering. . . . **END**

Enhance your special beauty with a



Sea Sweep, sarong slimmer, with a flow of drapery minimizing waist and hips. Satin Lastex leaf print with self-cord vertical seam accent..... $19.95



Sun Bask, intriguing boy leg silhouette in Ansonia's Fabulastic®. Drapery is concentrated at focal points – the V-bodice, the gathered waist... $17.95



Sea Song Sarong, faille Lastex in a seaweed hand print. Rythmic flow of drapery conceals inner figure control, gives a torso-slimming line.... $17.95

New Slant on Drapery

—a synchronized moving line of intense flattery. This is the ingenious planning behind Catalina's contoured drapery. The silhouette itself is invisibly disciplined to give complete figure control. What is apparent is a gentle easiness —unmistakably feminine, flattering. Comfortable, too. See how much more a Catalina enhances *your* special charms.

Opposite in color: **Java Sea,** a majestic sarong, gracefully draped across bra and skirt. Sheath construction in brilliant-hued Tapa print cotton... $12.95
Matching Cover-Up, collarless... $4.95
(In background, Men's Match-Ups.)

Opposite above: **Body Beautiful,** sarong simplicity of Fabulastic. Diagonally draped bra and skirt... $16.95

CATALINA SWIMWEAR LOVELIER BY DESIGN

Catalina, Inc., Los Angeles 13 • Creators of Fine Swimwear, Sweaters and Sportswear • Subsidiary of Kayser-Roth Corporation


Catalina

Rock! Are You Going To Marry Debbie?

(*Continued from page 51*)

just talked and talked instead, until he'd talked you into accepting.

Saturday morning, you showed up at the boat.

You didn't try to kid anyone as you walked up the gangway. You're an honest guy and you still didn't feel so hot and the first thing you told Ty was that you were going to park your suitcase, say hello to the new Mrs. Power and then go off and find a spot and sit alone.

But then the new Mrs. Power appeared.

She was natural and gracious and all those things Ty had told you about her just before he'd married her.

Within a few hours, she'd managed to snap you out of your mood.

She kidded with you.

She got you to go swimming with her and Ty.

Then fishing.

Came lunch and she prepared one of her special meals.

Came dinner and she did the same, only better.

Came evening and she hauled out an old phonograph and put on some records and got you to dance—with her, and with some of the gals from nearby boats who'd dropped over.

Came time to call it a day and your gloom had vanished and you were all smiles, looking forward to the next day and to all those other week ends you knew you would be spending with the Powers from that time on.

In September, Ty and Debbie left Hollywood for Spain, where Ty would begin work on *Solomon and Sheba*.

You gave a small farewell party for them—aboard the *Khairuzan*, the boat you had since bought and which you docked alongside theirs.

As the party neared an end you put your arms around Ty and Debbie and you said, "You people are really the best friends a guy could ask for. I'll miss you. A lot." You meant it.

Debbie leaned forward and kissed you good-bye.

A little while later, they were gone.

The next time you saw Debbie

The next time you saw Debbie was in late November, after Ty's tragic death in Spain. She had come back to Hollywood for the funeral. She was grief-stricken. She was nearly seven months pregnant with Ty's baby, and sick. And she didn't want to see anyone but Ty's best friends.

You, of course, were among the first to call.

You, as it turned out, were the most comforting to the young widow in this, her hour of need.

You talked about Ty as Debbie sat and listened.

You recalled some of the fun you and Ty had had—long before he'd met Debbie.

Some of the stories were very funny, and you laughed together.

But sometimes there would be a silence after the laughter and the tears would come to Debbie's eyes and you would take her hand and grip it hard and whisper kind words.

More and more, she counted on you.

After the birth of her baby did she especially count on you.

For this was the toughest period of her life—to have had her wonderful baby and not to have had the baby's father there to share in its wonder.

There were times now when Debbie couldn't take it, and had to get out of the house—plain and simple, *had* to get out. You understood this, Rock.

You took her to the beach. You took her to your boat. You took her to the movies and to dinner and, once in a while, to small parties. It was done quietly.

But, gradually, reports of your going together began to make the columns.

A little here, a little there, and people began to ask questions. Some were cruel.

"Why," they asked, "so soon after her husband's death has she begun to date another man?"

"What's with Rock," they asked, "letting himself in for this kind of publicity?"

"Isn't that something?" they asked. "Her announcing that she even wants Rock to be the baby's godfather."

They bothered you, these people and their comments. They made you angry.

But your only concern was Debbie.

Miiko Taka, the Japanese actress, says: "The fans don't care what I sign, as long as I write from the top down."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

And you continued seeing her, helping her.

She was lonely. She was your friend.

And, it seems—though you certainly didn't plan it that way—you were beginning to fall in love.

We realize this now, though frankly, we thought at first that other people who had noticed this might be wrong.

But then, as time passed, we began to change our minds. . . .

And we began to wonder about Debbie.

We figured she must be a pretty special person—in some way—to have attracted first Ty, and then you, so much.

We became very curious.

So curious that we went down to Mississippi for a few days to talk with the hometown people who knew her best, her relatives, her friends.

We found out things about her, things you may not even know—things that Debbie (remembered in Mississippi as Dorothy Jean) has been fighting, and fighting for, all her life.

We found out—first, and most important, that since childhood she has been looking for someone to whom she can give her love.

You see, Rock, she was just a little girl when her parents were divorced and left her with an elderly couple who had raised her mother. They were prosperous cotton farmers. They gave Debbie everything they could: pretty clothes, expensive toys, money for anything she wanted.

But, nice as they were, they were not her parents. And her love for them, as great as it was, could not be the same.

When Debbie was fourteen, they sent her to an exclusive boarding school. She was more mature physically than any of the other girls there. Emotionally, however, she was lost.

At fifteen, she met a boy—Don Wright. He was twenty-two, handsome and nice. Debbie thought she loved him. One week end they got married.

Debbie quit school. She kept house for Don. She would do all the laundry and ironing, even though Don had a good job and they could afford to have it sent out. She would dutifully set the table for breakfast the night before. She developed into a good cook.

After a year they had a baby, a girl they named Cheryl. A beautiful baby.

Their marriage had been smooth.

It should have been perfect now.

But, somehow, the strain of motherhood became too great for a sixteen-year-old girl to cope with.

Debbie got sick. She began to lose weight. Her nerves were always on edge. Gradually, she and Don began to fight.

"It was awful for her," says a friend. "She wanted things to go well. But it was clear that she'd just gotten married too young, that she really wasn't meant for Don, nor he for her. And so, after about a year of this, they decided to part."

Debbie was seventeen when she returned to her foster-grandparents, a divorcee now and a mother.

Making up for the lost years

For a time she stayed with them, taking care of her baby.

Her health, however, seemed in bad shape.

Her grandparents suggested that she return to school, get out a little, make up for the two teenage years she had lost.

Debbie said no at first. "I've got to be with my baby," she insisted.

But after a while she realized that she was doing her baby no good, that an unhappy mother—a would-be woman who is basically still a child herself—cannot bring up a baby properly.

So she went back to school. And then, for a while, to college.

College, everybody thought, would be fine for Debbie. Lots of fun. Lots of excitement. Lots of people her own age to become friendly with.

But college was too slow for Debbie.

And because she was a good-looking girl, and had even won a beauty contest in her freshman year, she decided to quit college and go to New York to become a model. She would prove herself.

She enrolled in the John Robert Powers School of Modeling. She went through a year-long course. She got her diploma and went out looking for work.

Work, however, was not easy to find. Most successful models get a good break. Debbie never got hers. Occasionally something would come up—cheesecake stuff, calendar art, which Debbie didn't like to do. She did, though a few times. But then she gave up.

And, with two years down the drain, she left New York for Hollywood. "They use models there, too," she told a friend. "Maybe there I'll have better luck."

Hollywood turned out to be no picnic, either.

Another mistake

Debbie stayed for a while, and was about to leave—when she met a man named Nico Minardos.

They met by accident.

Nico—then a bit player in television—had a date with Debbie's roommate one night. The roommate was out on another date when he called for her. So after some persuasion, he got Debbie to go with him instead.

They drove to the beach, where they had dinner.

Throughout dinner Nico spoke of his work, his dreams, the future, about how he hoped someday soon for a chance to get into the movies and to the top.

Debbie was fascinated.

At the end of their date, Nico asked for another one.

Debbie said yes.

After a few more dates she thought that she was in love with her young actor, and he with her.

On January 12, 1954, they were married.

But it turned out to be no marriage at all.

Nico was (*Continued on page 64*)



NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK

THE WHOLE WORLD'S AGLOW WITH THE PINK FROM PARIS

It was born for the Paris collections—a new, blazing pink with a cool touch of the blues. Suddenly, it's the rage of Paris and the whole world! For this is that once-in-a-lifetime pink that gives a woman the warmth of flame, the sparkle of champagne, the indefinable something that men love. Sounds fantastic? It *is* fantastic! There's never been a pink like The Pink From Paris. Now in glowing Nail Polish, long-lasting Sheer Lanolin Lipstick, and new, creamy, Delicate Lipstick by **CUTEX®**



(*Continued from page 62*)
a wonderful person. He was deeply involved in his acting. He's on his way today. Right now he is working in Twentieth Century-Fox's *Holiday for Lovers*, with Jane Wyman and Clifton Webb. His part is big.

But back in '54 and for a few years after that, work was hard to come by. And Nico had to spend most of his time studying, rehearsing, making rounds, trying out for parts, most of his time away from home and Debbie.

There were money problems, too.

Nico and Debbie lived skimpily, in a drab one-bedroom apartment on the outskirts of Hollywood.

Ready cash was at a minimum.

Debbie tried to help out. She got a job in a department store. Once, in an attempt to win some money, she tried to get on the Groucho Marx TV show.

"You're awful pretty, Sis," she was told, "but you're just not out-of-the-ordinary enough."

Debbie felt the walls of her life closing in on her.

It was a few years now, and nothing was going right with this marriage.

"If only we were really in love," she started to say to herself one night.

She stopped suddenly.

"Aren't we . . . aren't we?" she asked herself, in anguish. "Has this been another mistake?"

She waited for Nico to come home.

It was late when he arrived.

Debbie gave him his supper and as he ate, they talked.

By the time the meal was over they both decided to come out with it. Their marriage was wrong. It would be best for everyone concerned if they divorced.

It was, in fact, not long after the divorce when Debbie met Tyrone Power.

They met through a man named Charles Skipskey, a friend of Debbie's.

Skipskey, strangely enough, was the brother-in-law of Linda Christian, Ty's ex-wife. He had just married Linda's sister, Ariadne, and decided to ask his ex-brother-in-law if he could borrow his beach house for his honeymoon.

He and Ty made an appointment for lunch one day, to talk it over.

That morning, Skipskey ran into Debbie on the street.

He mentioned lunch, and Ty.

He noticed Debbie's face begin to flush.

"What's the matter?" he asked, laughingly.

Debbie shook her head.

"What?" he asked again.

Debbie sighed. Smiling, she told him now how ever since she was a girl she'd had a crush on Ty Power. "I used to keep a big scrapbook on him," she said. "I remember I went to see him in *Blood and Sand* five or six times. I told myself, 'Someday you're going to meet that man!' I was so young at the time. . . ."

"Come with me," he said, leading her into a nearby drugstore.

There, he made a phone call.

"Would you mind if I brought a friend to lunch?" he asked into the receiver. "She's very nice, and pretty."

Debbie shook her head.

"Please," she whispered, "I couldn't . . . I really couldn't."

Skipskey paid her no mind.

"Okay?" he said, "see you at one."

At exactly one, a stunned and nervous Debbie walked into a luxurious Beverly Hills restaurant.

Ty shook hands with her, and smiled.

For those next two years they spent together—first as lovers, then as husband and wife—Debbie was happy, for the first time in her life, truly happy.

She had found a man—a warm, gentle, wise, sophisticated man—who not only gave her love but who received, gladly, almost gratefully, all the love she had been forced to store inside herself for so long.

Finally, it seemed, all the sadness of these long years since her childhood, all the searching, had been worth it.

And then, suddenly, it was over.

That, Rock, is where you came in.

You comforted Debbie, and consoled her.

And then, it seems to those who know you both, you began to fall in love.

So far, you—like Debbie—have not admitted to this love.

You probably think people will not understand.

And so you say nothing.

It is true, in a way, that *we* might not have understood before we knew all the facts.

But now we feel we know Debbie, and understand her, and that we know why you have fallen in love with her.

Don't worry what the world thinks.

Love her.

Sincerely,

David Myers

Rock will appear in THIS EARTH IS MINE *for U-I.*

"No Woman Can Live Alone"

(*Continued from page 41*)

Gale was not speaking from delirium. We've been friends and neighbors for a long time, and she's told me the same thing repeatedly and emphatically before and since.

Nor was she talking entirely about her professional success. "Only egotists will take all the credit for their careers," she once said. And if anything, she's not that! She's often mentioned how grateful she is to Jessy Lasky for bringing her to Hollywood when she won his *Gateway to Hollywood* contest, to Alex Gottlieb who produces *The Gale Storm Show*, to Hal Roach, Jr., who finances it, to the writers, the publicists, the make-up people and hairdressers and everybody else who has helped her get ahead.

She meant primarily all the people who taught her to be happy, to appreciate the basic things in life—like love, and like being wanted and needed. "No woman can live alone," Gale said thoughtfully.

"I think Mom first showed me how wonderful being needed can be," she remarked as she recalled how she picked cotton in 120° heat on a neighbor's farm in Texas—when she was six years old.

Her father died when she was seventeen months old and her mother, Mrs. Minnie Cottle, had managed to support her family by taking in sewing.

Gale's brothers and sisters managed to add a little to the family budget by doing odd jobs here and there, but Baby Jo, as Gale was called then, was too little to bring in anything.

One day, when she walked home from the first grade, her girlfriend told her how her twelve-year-old brother had made a whole dollar picking cotton. That gave Gale an idea: why couldn't she do the same? Even if she couldn't work as fast, she might be able to bring home fifty cents, anyway.

When she told her mother, Mrs. Cottle shook her head. "Not in this heat, Baby Jo," she insisted. "You'd be exhausted for a week. . . ."

That night Gale went to bed crying.

By morning Mrs. Cottle had changed her mind. "Many years later she told me how she had stayed up half the night weighing between seeing me tired from work or feeling crushed because I thought I couldn't do my share," Gale explained. "She finally told me if I really wanted to do it, I had her blessing. . . ."

Gale worked all afternoon till she finally stumbled home at suppertime, exhausted but feeling exhilarated for having done her part to help her mother.

"I was so excited that I forgot to collect the twenty-five cents I'd earned," she remembered. It was so little that the farmer in whose field she worked forgot about it too—till she reminded him three years ago, when she recognized him on the now defunct television show, *Place the Face.*

Gale can't live without her mother

"The same feeling of being needed works both ways," Gale insisted, and then readily admitted that in spite of her present success—she still can't get along without her mother!

Just the other day her husband, Lee Bonnell, phoned her excitedly from his insurance business. "We are having a convention in Jamaica in a couple of weeks," he told her.

"I'm so glad for you, darling," Gale cried out. "You go and I'll stay home and take care of the children. Have fun!"

"Nothing doing," he insisted. "The last time we were separated I had a miserable time. Either we both go, or I'll stay home!"

Since they were unwilling to take the children out of school and have never left them with their servants, there was but one chance for Gale to go along.

"How about a trip to California, Mom?" she asked Mrs. Cottle via a long distance call to Houston, Texas.

"To see you?"

"To look after the children. . . ."

Ten days later Mrs. Cottle was on her way West. . . .

Mrs. Cottle isn't the only member of the family who is still essential to Gale. "I certainly couldn't get along without Lee. Aside from the fact that I absolutely adore him, there's the small fact that I know nothing about finances!" she grinned.

The following incident which occurred last summer is a typical example.

Gale rushed into the house about 5:30 on a Friday night. Before Lee even had a chance to kiss her hello, she exclaimed, "I saw the most beautiful table today!"

Lee seemed pleased. But he's also a businessman. "How much?"

"Forty dollars," Gale said, positively.

That didn't seem bad to Lee. In fact it sounded rather reasonable. But before he could say, 'Why don't you order it?' Gale wondered, "Maybe it was four *hundred* . . .?"

Lee's mouth dropped open. He should be used to this by now, but he isn't.

Gale changed her mind again. "No—it's *forty!* I'm sure it was forty. And I have the number of the store right here. Want me to order it?"

"Just to make sure, honey, why don't you ask them to reconfirm the price," Lee suggested.

After she was on the phone a few seconds, he could tell by the expression

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Where more than one "Wardrobe" is ordered, each is mailed separately.

(Continued from page 64)
on his wife's face that she was about to revise her estimate once again. Holding one hand over the speaker she turned to Lee. "I guess it's four hundred after all. That's quite a bit, isn't it?"

"Enough for the two of us to think about it a little while," he agreed.

They did—and decided against it.

Gale can't live without her husband

It seems fantastic that Gale, who was recently named *Most Glamorous Business-Woman of the Year,* doesn't have the faintest idea if she makes $500 a week, $5,000, or exactly what her contract does call for. Here's an incident one of her closest friends swears is true:

Lee, the boys and Susanna were still at the breakfast table when Gale, late for work, rushed through the dining room, gave every one a quick hug and kiss and ran out of the house toward her car.

About a minute and a half later they heard her start her Cadillac, pull out of the carport—and come to a screeching halt. An array of doors flew open and shut again till Gale stood in front of her husband, hand stretched out like a first grader's, asking for her lunch money. "You forgot to give me my allowance, honey. . . ."

"I'm sorry," Lee agreed. "I did forget." With that he pulled some change out of his coat pocket and gave it to her. Two minutes later Gale was on her way to the Hal Roach Studio and another episode of *The Gale Storm Show.* . . .

Another day Gale decided to shop by herself for a garden party they had planned the following Saturday. Usually the cook takes care of the food—it was the first time in years Gale took over.

When she came home a couple of hours later she sat down on the couch and cried out, "I'm a terrible wife. I don't even know how to shop. If I keep it up I'll ruin us!"

"What are you talking about?" Lee wanted to know.

"Do you know how much I spent for the party?"

Lee figured a moment. "There are about twenty of us, I would say. . . ."

"Well, I might as well confess," she cut in. "Twenty dollars! *Twenty dollars!*"

"But you did a wonderful job! No one else could have done it for that amount!"

Gale had sincerely thought they were still getting along on about that much for a whole week—like they did when she and Lee were first married.

The most powerful influences

One of the strongest influences on Gale has been, is, and will undoubtedly continue to be her minister, the Rev. Dr. Cleveland Kleihauer of the Hollywood Beverly Christian Church.

Gale and Lee first went there in 1941, before they were married. Said Gale in telling why they joined that particular church, "It wasn't just a matter of convenience because we lived in the vicinity at the time. We shopped around for it like a lot of people look at houses and cars—except that to us it was more important than either."

They became so attached and so dependent on Dr. Kleihauer that even after they moved to Royal Oaks, over twenty miles away, they still attend services in Hollywood and go to him for advice.

The biggest crisis Gale and Lee have faced in their own relationship occurred about the time she expected their third child. While Gale was doing nowhere as well as she does now, Lee wasn't either in his line of work—and he was beginning to get worried that if she continued to be the main breadwinner, she might lose her respect for him.

One afternoon as they were taking a walk, Lee suddenly turned to Gale. "Would you mind giving up your career?"

It was posed as a question—but it sounded like a demand.

Anything for Lee

Gale hesitated for a moment, then agreed. "If that's what you want, Lee, I would give it up, yes."

The next morning Lee changed his mind. "As far as I'm concerned, you can go on with your career. . . ."

She looked at him, surprised. "I don't understand . . .?"

"As long as you were *willing* to quit when I asked you, I don't mind if you go on with your work. . . ."

Gale still felt uneasy about it. If Lee's opposition occurred once, what would prevent it from springing up again, and again, and again. . . .

She took her problem to Dr. Kleihauer who agreed with Lee. "He wanted to prove something to himself as well as to you," the minister observed. "He's proved it. I don't think the problem will ever come up again."

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Gale continued with her career. Lee never brought up the matter again.

When Gale's popularity grew to its present level with her work in television, they faced an entirely different problem. "What'll I do with the boys when they realize their mother is the same Gale Storm who appears on television screens all over the country?" she asked her minister. "It may go to their heads. . . ."

"It doesn't have to," Dr. Kleihauer insisted. "After all, their name isn't Storm. It's Bonnell. . . ."

Gale wasn't sure what he meant.

"They are enrolled at school as Bonnells, they make friends as Bonnells, they should no more trade on your professional name in school and with their friends than Lee does with his clients. . . ."

How well the boys have learned to accept that status was evident not long ago when three of them met a new boy who moved into the neighborhood.

"My dad owns a department store," the new boy explained.

Not to be outdone, eleven-year-old Paul—youngest of the Bonnell boys—popped out, "My mother is Gale Storm."

"Paul, let's take a little walk," his fifteen-year-old brother Phil urged.

Peter, twelve, helped drag him away.

"What's the big idea?" Paul protested.

"We just want a little talk with you."

Ten minutes later Paul faced his new neighbor. "My mother is Gale Bonnell and my dad's in the insurance business. . . ."

"So in a way," Gale laughed when she related the incident, "I couldn't get along without the boys, either. They make sure that my career doesn't go to their heads—and they make sure it doesn't go to *mine!*"

One day Peter grew very upset after seeing Gale on the screen. "You ought'n have done it," he insisted when she kissed him good night.

"Done what?"

"Walked around like you did in tonight's episode—in a slip. It isn't right."

"But that's just make-believe," Gale defended herself. "It doesn't mean anything."

"Then why do you do it where a lot more people can see you?"

Gale thought about it, and decided Peter was right. Just how right she knew by all the letters she got, agreeing with him.

Lee's criticism—an asset

Lee's criticism of her performances is another great asset, Gale insists. Showpeople are growing so used to compliments that unless someone dares voice an honest opinion—sometimes they don't get it till it's too late. Says Gale, "Lee won't always compliment me when he likes what I do, but he sure speaks up when I do something he doesn't care for!"

And then she truthfully admits, it took her a little getting-used-to, as she puts it.

The first time she wasn't sure about her performance, and asked Lee's opinion, he analyzed it as "Too broad. You overacted dear. . . ."

Gale said nothing in reply. In fact she didn't say anything all evening!

"Why are you pouting?" he asked before they turned in that night.

"Who's pouting?" she cried out. And then she had to laugh. "I guess I am. But honestly, did you really think I played it too broad . . .?"

"Really," he smiled. "Of course if you'd rather not have me criticize you, I'd be happy—"

"Oh, no . . . I asked for criticism and I should be able to take it."

She does—now. And it's helped her immensely.

About six years ago, after Gale had left Universal-International, nothing, but absolutely nothing was happening to her career. She was offered a batch of poor scripts while the important parts were handed to other actresses. Television, at that time, was still concentrated in New York. It looked like the end of the line for Gale.

While she wouldn't have minded giving up her career as long as it was her choice, she felt differently about it when the cards were reversed. This grew constantly more apparent by a feeling of defeat and resentment that finally came to the breaking point when she and Lee had breakfast one morning. "I've had it," she exclaimed. "I might as well give up and get out my knitting. . . ."

She wasn't trying to be funny, either, because tears rolled down her cheeks when she said it.

Gently Lee took her hand into his. "You're trying too hard, honey. . . ."

She looked up at him. "What else can I do?"

"You are fighting too hard. Let go. Give God a chance to help you. . . ."

They were silent for a long time. "I guess you are right," she said at last. "Maybe if I just don't think about it, things will work out. . . ."

Three months later she got the first *My Little Margie* script which catapulted her to the top of the TV ladder.

Says Gale, "Now you'll know why I can never, never feel that I could have done it alone. . . ." **END**

Fabian!

(*Continued from page 39*)

do it," said a neighbor. "If someone is too sick to carry out the garbage, shovel the snow, or take care of himself, Fabian volunteers to do it. If he sees an older person carrying a package two blocks away, he runs over and helps. There's nothing you can say bad about him."

Marcucci thought: *A swell kid like that, with such a handsome face and such a strong personality . . . would make a fine performer . . . I've got to find out if he can sing.*

At that time, Marcucci and his partner, Pete DeAngelis, had already launched another South Philadelphia boy successfully: Frankie Avalon. Now they were thinking of handling another-type boy . . . not cute and sweet like Frankie, but big, vital, strong, like Elvis and Ricky Nelson.

The next time Bob Marcucci saw Fabian on the street, he went up to him and said, "Pardon me, but has anybody ever told you that you look like Ricky Nelson?"

Fabian said, "Who's Ricky Nelson?"

"He's a singer, too," Marcucci reminded him.

"Yes . . . Guess so . . . But I don't keep up with the singers . . . Now if you ask me about sports. . . ."

"Can you sing?" Marcucci persisted.

"Never did sing," Fabian said.

"Want to sing?"

"I don't know . . . I like to play football . . . I'm still going to high school . . . I work at the drug store. . . ."

Marcucci went to see his friend Johnny again.

"I'd like to test that boy's voice; but he doesn't seem interested."

Johnny explained that the boy's father was still in the hospital, that his younger brother Robert was also sick. "Fabian's got plenty of problems."

"Try to get him to let me tape his voice . . . I've *got* to find out if he can sing!" Marcucci urged.

Johnny did his best but Fabian wasn't interested. Fnally Marcucci went to Fabian's house and rang the doorbell.

That crazy man

Fabian had just come back from playing football, and he was still sweaty in his No. 40 uniform. When he saw Marcucci at the door, he called to his mother:

"Mom . . . that crazy man is here."

"What crazy man?"

"That man that wants to test my voice."

"Well, I know about him. He's a good friend of Johnny's. So be nice to him."

"All right."

"If he wants to hear you try to sing, let him . . . No harm."

"Okay."

Marcucci said, "Let's do it right now. You come with me. Don't bother to shower. Just change quickly."

Fabian changed quickly, couldn't find his shoes, put on bedroom slippers, and hurried out with Marcucci.

They went around the corner to Marcucci's house and Marcucci put a record on the phonograph of George Hamilton singing *Why Don't They Understand?*

"Listen to the record, and try to sing with it."

Fabian did, and Marcucci realized Fabian couldn't carry a melody.

"Well," said Fabian, "are you satisfied now that I can't sing?"

Marcucci agreed, but explained that just because he couldn't sing didn't mean he couldn't *learn* to sing.

"Here, don't give up so quickly," he told Fabian. "Take these four records home and listen to them as much as you can . . . study them . . . *then* we'll talk."

Back at the house, Fabian borrowed a phonograph and spun the records. For a couple of weeks, every moment he could steal from his homework and his job at the drug store, he listened to those records. He tried to sing along with them.

Then Marcucci went over and had his first earnest talk with the parents, Dominick and Josephine.

The father, back from the hospital and recuperating, listened carefully.

"But what if you put all your money and time into training Fabian and he doesn't turn out to be a successful singer? What happens . . . ? You'll lose your investment," the mother worried.

"Don't you worry," said Marcucci; "we'll take that chance."

For a couple of months Marcucci wrestled with the problem of convincing the wavering Fabian and the worried parents that his scheme for training the non-musical Fabian was worth the effort.

Marcucci brought Fabian into the management firm he and Pete DeAngelis had formed, and both of them concentrated on Fabian. DeAngelis got a vocal coach for Fabian and taught him songs. And then, at night, Marcucci dropped by the house, helped Fabian study his homework, and then went over the songs with him.

Anthony Quinn has this line in *The Black Orchid:* When Sophia Loren refuses to attend a movie because she's in mourning he says, "OK—so we'll see a *sad* picture."
Earl Wilson in the New York Post

Meanwhile, Fabian was still working at the drug store three hours a night. After work he'd have to walk eight blocks to the vocal teacher's studio for lessons.

Many times, as he trudged down the street, with school books under his arm, on his way to the studio, he asked himself: *What am I doing trying to get into show business? Is this really for me? I can't sing, and I might as well admit it.*

But after a few weeks, he noticed that he was really singing better, and that he felt more comfortable about it.

Some of Marcucci's friends thought he was slightly mad to invest so much money, time and emotion into an unproven singer. But he'd tell them, "Maybe it's crazy what we're trying to do. But we want to see if we can create a singer . . . We want to take nothing and make something!"

Marcucci even re-shaped his protégé. He got him to lose fifteen pounds and get a different haircut. He arranged for drama and dance lessons.

Then he took him around to record hops when Frankie Avalon was appearing. He wanted Fabian to get the feel of show business; to soak in the atmosphere; to realize some of the problems; to understand that it is not all glamour . . . and to back out if he decided it wasn't worth it.

After 9:30 to 2:30 p.m. at school, Fabian usually took his books to Marcucci's office, studied when he could, worked on his songs, then rushed to the drug store.

Around March of 1958, his parents urged him to quit his drug store job. It was just too much. Fabian then had more time for music training.

His mother reminded him, "Once you're in this, do it well, and do it with all your heart . . . or drop it."

And he did it with all his heart, and slowly and reluctantly pulled out of the school extra-curriculum activities. The week-end dances were out; no time. His days with The Vikings football team were over; no time. After having held student offices for years, he finally had to withdraw; no time.

His buddies at school, at first, were puzzled. They asked him, "How did you ever get involved in this?" . . . "How do you know you can make it as a singer?" . . . "You sure it's worth giving up all your fun?" . . . "We miss you on the soccer team." . . . "The football coach wants you to try out for the team . . . ?

It wasn't easy withdrawing from this exciting teen world of sports and dances and dating, but Fabian did it. And, to his surprise, the fellows and the girls finally seemed to understand. Nobody got sore.

"The Fabulous Fabian"

His managers then laid out a promotion campaign for Fabian. He would be billed as *The Fabulous Fabian.* He would be called simply Fabian, and his last name would never be used. It was a gimmick to get attention, they explained.

Of course, they'd have to ask his friends and relatives not to give out his full name to reporters or strangers. It wouldn't be easy, but they'd try. It was a good gimmick and worth the try.

Then, toward the end of May, the big decision was made: to have Fabian cut his first record for Chancellor (distributed by ABC Paramount).

It was tense, finding the right songs and reassuring Fabian he was good enough to make his debut . . . but he disked *I'm In Love* and *Shivers* and the record was released.

Then his managers took a daring advertisement in the trade papers, showing Fabian's photo and the statement: *This is the fabulous Fabian. Destined to be America's Latest Recording Sensation!* Then it added: *Watch the amazing rise of the fabulous Fabian.*

It was presumptuous, and people in the recording trade snickered when they saw it . . . yet the ad was remarkably prophetic! Before the year was up, Fabian had indeed become the fabulous Fabian.

During the training period, Fabian was watched more closely than he suspected. His managers watched for personality and character defects that would have to be straightened out before he could go out and meet the public. But, to Marcucci's delight, Fabian was a sensible, straight-forward, down-to-earth lad of fifteen, with no attacks of temperament and no smart aleck qualities. He did as he was told by those he respected; he listened carefully to all suggestions; he had a powerful sense of duty; he took seriously everything that applied to singing; and clowned only when the job was over.

Marcucci couldn't have hoped for a nicer protégé.

Marcucci also noticed small things, like Fabian's greeting everyone cordially, insisting on hanging up their coats and taking their packages, remembering names, standing up when a lady entered the room, thanking everybody for any interest they showed in his career.

Packaging Fabian

With the singing coming along well, with his character and personality well defined, the next job was 'packaging' Fabian. Marcucci selected his stage wardrobe carefully: cotton, silk and burlap-style striped shirts, with blue and turquoise (Fabian's favorite color) in them; brightly colored sweaters with rolled collars, plunging neckline and detachable dickeys; and gray leather loafers.

For street wear, Fabian would continue wearing his conservative Ivy League clothes; but for personal appearances, he would come out in bright colors in keeping with his youth and personality.

Fabian was brought around to record hops, and Marcucci was delighted to see

how the fans were attracted magnetically to Fabian. Disk jockeys liked him at once, and gave his record a lot of spins. Dick Clark put him on the show, and drew a tremendous response.

Marcucci admits the first record was not good, but it served the purpose of introducing Fabian into national show business.

The next record, *Lilly Lou*, was better, but it wasn't a smash hit. Yet it didn't seem to matter. Fabian caused an uproar everywhere he appeared. He electrified his audiences.

He went on the road for four weeks during school vacation, and for the first time, he felt the surge of power. His feelings of inferiority started to fade as he saw fans screech and howl their love at him and clutch for autographs.

Magazines started to compare him to Ricky and to Elvis. Editors ordered scads of stories about him. A big talent agency, G.A.C., signed to book his appearances. His third record, *I'm a Man*, climbed up to the top forty on the best seller charts, and his fourth disk, *Turn Me Loose*, started big. He was booked on the Perry Como Show.

Several movie companies want him, but his managers are not in a hurry; they know Fabian is 'making it big' and can pick his spots when he is ready.

A G.A.C. executive, Vic Jarmel, says, "Fabian is the exception to the rule that a young singer is made by a hit record. Fabian was accepted by teenagers *before* he had a strong record. They wanted him the instant they saw him or heard him. We at the agency know he'll be a great big star in the movies, too. It's inevitable."

When he became sixteen last February 6th, Fabian was playing before 6,000 people in Hershey, Pennsylvania, and the audience rose and cheered when the rest of the performers of the rock & roll show surprised Fabian with a huge birthday cake.

"This is *the* birthday of my life . . . I will never forget it," Fabian said, holding back the tears of happiness.

He has grown the past year to almost a full six feet. He has developed grace, and moves with a feline sensuality that has brought screams from fans: "You're a tiger!" His fan mail mounts to 2,000 or 3,000 on week ends alone.

A born gentleman

Yet the adulation has not undermined his instinctive good manners. When he did the Dick Clark Show in February, he was rushed out of the ABC Studios, with TV makeup still on, to a waiting car that was to drive him to Newark airport, where a chartered plane was to fly him to 3,000 fans in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

But he said, "Oh . . . I forgot to thank Dick!" and raced back to the studios. He got to Allentown late; but he had done what was more important to him.

A bit after his birthday, Fabian received another thrill: winning the *Most Promising Male Vocalist* in Dick Clark's annual American Bandstand poll, beating out more experienced singers who've had more hit records.

When he crawls into bed at night, tired but happy after a rousing performance before big crowds, he says his prayers, and then wonders at the miracle of his sixteenth year.

He was a kid around the block at fifteen, and a star singer at sixteen.

He started the year as a nobody, and wound up a somebody.

He started the year positive he could not sing, and ended being acclaimed a singing star.

And faith did it: Marcucci's faith in his potential, his own faith in himself, his parents' faith that the effort was worth it.

Yes, the year between a fifteenth and a sixteenth birthday can be a lifetime! **END**



Set pin curls in seconds with Colour Klippies. Wear these same colorful clips in public to hold straying curls...and straying glances. Campus cuties love 'em...and so will you! Lady Ellen Colour Klippies match or blend with any hair shade, hair style or costume. Select your own personal color from six lovely pastels: **Pink, Black, Shell, Amber, Crystal, Sky Blue.**

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Debbie Tells All

(*Continued from page 34*)

and subsequent notoriety?

A. Yes, there was a great deal of publicity caused by this new interest.

Q. *Their pictures appeared in the paper together?*

A. Yes.

Q. *And does this apparently continue down to the present time?*

A. Yes.

Q. *What, briefly, did he say to you in this respect?*

A. That he wished a divorce.

Q. *What effect, Mrs. Fisher, has this course of conduct on the part of your husband had upon you?*

A. Well, to say the least, I was very distressed. . . .

He upset his wife . . .

Since the law requires a witness, Debbie's longtime friend, Camille Williams, then took the stand to confirm that the actions of Eddie Fisher made his wife very much upset and that Debbie tried to hold their marriage together for the sake of their children.

Less than five minutes after it all started, the judge said with finality, "Divorce is granted."

It was all over. Under California law, the divorce would not be complete for a year—presumably so husband and wife might have a chance to reconsider. But Debbie knew there was no chance of reconsideration. She knew that a very important phase of her life had ended with the judge's three words.

She had to face a new life—and face it alone. She had no fears; she had been meeting challenges since she was a small girl. But how would her friends and fellow workers react? There were headlines everywhere:

DEBBIE DIVORCES FISHER;
WINS MILLION SETTLEMENT
MINCES NO WORDS ABOUT ROLE
AS LOSER IN LOVE TRIANGLE

As she walked toward the set of her movie, she wondered what they would think, what they would say. She didn't want their pity. Still, the situation had been too recent and too painful to kid about.

The first person she met was her co-star, Bing Crosby. He took a pipe out of his mouth, flashed the famous Crosby grin and asked, "What's new?"

Debbie laughed and walked toward her dressing room. Her other co-star, Bob Wagner, stuck his head out of his room and cracked, "Hi, Deb! Anything new?"

She knew everything was going to be all right. . . .

Debbie told me: "I must say that the reporters were wonderful to me. I really dreaded what might have happened. But they made it really easy: I could sense their feeling of kindness."

With Debbie's usual thoughtfulness, she had asked the publicity man on the picture for the names of the reporters who covered the divorce.

What were her personal feelings, now that it was all over? She expressed them with an openness that seemed sincere:

"I'm not bitter about them (Eddie and Liz). Not the least bit. I wish them every happiness, just as I want my own life to be happy.

"I'm glad that the whole thing is over now. We can start to build our own lives anew. There is a note of finality to a divorce. Now the book is closed and locked.

"I haven't forgotten what is in the book, because it meant too much to me at the time. But a year from now—when the divorce is final—I'll throw away both the book and the key. And then the chapter will be ended."

She talked a great deal about happiness, and this is a recurrent theme with Debbie. Her whole life has seemed to revolve around that word. Her early years were filled with the joy of family, of friendship, of religion. Life was a happy game, and she always appeared to be the winner.

A star is born

The most fabled example was her very introduction to the show world. That was the talent contest in Burbank which she entered as a lark, mouthing the action to Betty Hutton's record of *The Rocking Horse Ran Away*. A Warner Brothers talent scout saw her and she was signed to a contract.

As we were talking, it happened that James Garner appeared on the set. He was making some publicity photos with Bing for a TV spectacular they were doing together, and he dropped in to Debbie's dressing room. ("He's a terrific talent," she remarked to me as Jim approached.)

"Howdy, ma'am," Garner said in his best Maverick tones.

"Mighty pleased to make your acquaintance," Debbie answered in kind.

But they soon dropped the dialect (Debbie confessed she was born in Texas) and started talking about business—the acting business. And Debbie recalled her own experience with Jim's present employer.

"I did one picture," she said, "and I was making a fast $65 a week. My option came up and I was supposed to get a raise to $75 a week. They didn't figure I was worth it, so they let me go."

Jim smiled knowingly and told of his

$150 FOR YOU!

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE MILLIE PERKINS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE DEAN STOCKWELL:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

3. I LIKE JUDI MEREDITH:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

4. I LIKE TONY PERKINS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

5. I LIKE FABIAN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

6. I LIKE GALE STORM:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

7. I LIKE HUGH O'BRIAN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

(*see other side*)

own contract problems with the studio. Realizing his great popularity, the bosses wanted him to sign a new deal which would give him more money but continue his contract for a longer period. He doesn't see it that way. So he has simply refused to talk about a new deal.

"And that really bugs them," he laughed.

Debbie cited her own example with MGM: "I came to the conclusion that the only way to solve your problem is to tell them you just don't want to work any more. That's what I did, and it was the only thing they understood. That's how I got my freedom."

Lost in the shuffle

It was news to me that Debbie was free from MGM. After Garner left, she commented that many people didn't know it—the news got lost in the shuffle, and understandably so.

Then Debbie revealed—for the first time to any reporter—the focal point in the whole Reynolds-Fisher-Taylor story.

"I was involved in negotiations just at the time Eddie went east in September," she said. "Otherwise I would have gone with him. It was simply to be a business trip and he would be gone only four days." *If she had not been involved in the contract negotiations, she would have gone to New York with Eddie, and the rendezvous with Liz would never have happened. . . .*

Eddie and Debbie have two completely differing comments on their marriage.

Says Eddie: "Everybody knew our marriage was on the rocks before I went to New York. We hadn't been getting along at all. We even talked about a separation but stayed together after we found out we were having another baby."

Says Debbie: "As far as I was concerned, our marriage was a happy one. We had had our troubles, but we were working them out. Believe me, I wasn't being blind. I don't just throw away four years of my life for nothing."

But the hurt is over, to hear her tell it.

"Sure, I was angry once, but that is over with. Lasting anger doesn't do anyone any good. If you are angry, it should flare up and then pass over. To remain bitter is silly.

"I was unhappy for a while, but now I'm happy again. I've been happy most of my life. I enjoyed my career. I enjoyed my married life. And I'm happy now. I've got exactly what I need to keep me happy.

Debbie's greatest loves

"First of all, I've got my children, whom I adore. Every moment I've got when I'm not working, I like to spend with them. I get so I resent it when I have to leave them.

"And then I have my career. It has always been a great source of satisfaction to me, and it's especially good for me now. I think it's good to have so many pictures lined up to keep me busy."

"*The Rat Race* is my first real drama," she said, "and I want to prepare for that one. It has been easy for me to do comedies and musicals, because I am naturally light-hearted. But I can't go on doing the same kind of picture. I've got to get into something more dramatic."

This sounded like a long-range view of her career, and she admitted that she saw it that way. This would belie the common belief that the divorce settlement had made her independently wealthy.

"Some settlement!" she exclaimed, with the only touch of bitterness I saw her display. "Most of it was mine. I was very amused by that million-dollar figure. A million dollars over forty years, maybe. That's the only way it could be. Why would I work so hard if I didn't have to?"

And has to, she does.

Expenses Debbie has to carry

That $100,000 home she got came with a $60,000 mortgage, and Debbie has to make all the payments herself out of the alimony. And the alimony will just meet these payments.

I hazarded a guess that she'd never be happy not working. This was an error.

"You couldn't be more wrong," she corrected. "At one point when I was married to Eddie, I was just about ready to retire. I didn't work for about two and a half years, and I didn't miss it at all. I was perfectly happy as I was."

This might mean, then, that there will be another man in her future. She carefully sidestepped the issue.

"People have asked me if I'll start dating now," she said. "Right now, I couldn't care less. I'm working so hard, I don't have the strength to date. I'm finishing this picture and having wardrobe fittings for my next one during my lunch hour and after work. On the week ends, I record songs for my new albums on the Dot label. What spare time I have left over, I like to spend with the children."

Yes, she's happy now. Happy that her career is zooming skyward and that a frantic schedule and two lovely children help her to forget. But the time will come when a man will appear, and she will realize that her life is not fulfilled without him.

And we hope, Debbie, that that time will come soon. **END**

Debbie is appearing in SAY ONE FOR ME *for 20th-Fox and will soon appear in MGM's* IT STARTED WITH A KISS.

---

8. I LIKE TUESDAY WELD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE ROCK HUDSON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE DIANE VARSI:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I READ: [1] all of **LOUELLA PARSONS**
[2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

13. I READ: [1] all of **UNDER 21**
[2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

14. I READ: [1] all of **THE INSIDE STORY**
[2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

---

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE ..... **NAME** .....

ADDRESS ..... **STREET** .....

CITY ..... **ZONE** ..... **STATE** .....

Judi Meredith

(*Continued from page 37*)

She was in a state of shock for a long while. I tried to talk her into going to the police, but she was too ashamed even to tell her parents about it. Years later I understood her feelings—but not then.

I don't know what ever became of the girl. One day she was simply missing from school and I never heard from her again. Even her parents kept a mysterious silence when I called—

The first warning that no girl is immune from this type of threat came to me shortly after I first arrived in Los Angeles.

It had just gotten dark as I was driving down Wilshire Boulevard to Beverly Hills. I turned into the alley to reach the parking place near my agent's office when I noticed a car inch up behind me. When I stopped, it stopped. But no one got out.

For a moment I was undecided, then I threw open the door and dashed across the lot toward the rear entrance of the building.

The man got out of his car the instant I jumped out of mine. Before I had run twenty feet, he had caught up with me.

I let out a scream—but the alley seemed deserted.

Just as he grabbed my arm I heard footsteps. Apparently he did too, for he abruptly let go of me, ran back to his car—and tore away.

Moments later I heard my agent's voice. "Are you all right, Judi?"

I had to stop sobbing before I could answer him. I hate to think what might have happened had he waited for me in his office, as I had presumed he would.

Human nature is peculiar. I forgot about the incident soon enough, and every time I kept reading in the paper about another girl who was accosted, I pitied her in a sort of distant, almost disinterested manner. *Poor kid,* I would think, *you shouldn't have been where you were.*

And then I found out first hand that it can happen right in your own home. . . .

Isolated house

A few months ago my sister and I moved into a house about twenty-five minutes from Hollywood. She and her children occupied the main building, while I fixed up the tiny garage apartment for myself.

A couple of my friends pointed out to me how isolated it was, but I wouldn't listen. First of all I had my sister close by, although the driveway and a walk separated our buildings. Secondly, it was the only place I could find—and afford—which permitted pets and children. And she had both. Still, to be perfectly honest, I *was* a little frightened from the very beginning about the long drive back from town, and the quietness and isolation of the place.

One night—about three weeks after we moved in—my sister and her children went out to visit friends.

I just came out of the shower and had only a towel wrapped around me when I heard footsteps approach.

At first I wasn't worried. I thought my sister had come back. But then I realized they sounded too heavy for her. Before I could rush across the room to flip the doorlock—*he had burst into the room.*

He was about sixty years old—strong, brutal, balding, threatening. His sheepish grin sent goosebumps down my spine. There a stubble of grey hair on his face. And his hands, big and clumsy, were covered with hair.

"Hello," he said, almost softly.

I was paralyzed with fear. I wanted to scream, and I couldn't. I wasn't even able to move. I just stood there frozen!

"Hello, young lady," he repeated.

I tugged my towel more tightly, fearing he'd rush over and grab me.

"What do you want?" I burst out.

He took a step closer. "Just paying a friendly visit. Don't be frightened. . . ."

For some unexplainable reason, I suddenly became calm. *As long as I can talk,* I reasoned, *maybe I can stall him. I must think of something.*

The nightmare closes in

"Who are you?" I asked, trying to sound casual though my voice must have vibrated with fear.

Again that sheepish grin. This time I noticed his yellow, decaying teeth, and the space—in front—where three were missing. "I work near here, in the gasoline station," he explained, almost like this was really just a friendly social call.

Stall for time, Judi, I told myself. Stall—stall—stall!

"I haven't seen you before," I said out loud.

"Well I've seen you. I've watched you often," he grinned. "I know just when you come in and when you leave every day . . ." and then he came closer.

My composure lessened by the moment. "Please leave . . ." I begged. And thinking for a reason, "I'm busy—honestly—"

It was a stupid argument, but there was nothing else I could think of. If only my sister were in. Or the neighbors. But even if they were, I was afraid, I might force him into action if I screamed. *Keep stalling,* I told myself. *Keep him at a distance.*

"I've got to call my agent," I exclaimed.

He looked puzzled. "At this time of night?" And then he took still another step closer as I picked up the receiver.

"I always call him at this time," I insisted, and with a shaking hand dialed his number.

It seemed to take forever for him to answer, while the intruder just stood there, watching. At last I heard my agent's voice.

"I just wanted to tell you that I didn't keep the appointment today," I blurted out.

"What appointment?" he cried out. He knew as well as I did that I had none.

"You know," I persisted, "at Twentieth. . . ."

"Judi, what on earth are you talking about? Is anything wrong?"

Is anything wrong? *Here I am,* I thought, desperately frightened and furious that he couldn't understand, *wrapped only in a towel, with a lecherous ape of a guy threatening me and he wants to know if there is anything wrong!* How I wanted to tell him, but I couldn't think how. So I kept talking—nonsense, silly things, while the man kept staring at me and my agent became more confused by the minute.

And then I finally ran out of things to say and was near tears, because I was so afraid of what would happen if I hung up. "I'll see you soon?" I begged, hoping—praying he would somehow realize the desperate position I was in. But he gave no indication of it. "Sure, Judi," he promised. "I'll call you tomorrow. . . ."

Warning to girls

When I hung up I couldn't control my tears any longer. "Leave . . ." I whimpered. "Please . . . leave me alone. . . ."

After that everything went so fast I can hardly recall how it happened. All of a sudden the lights were out, he rushed over to grab me, I screeched—and he slapped my face. By then I'd lost my power of reasoning, and it was a good thing I did!

"Get out!" I yelled. "Get out or I'll kill you. . . ."

I could only see the outline of his figure as he pulled back. His voice was cold, and threatening. "Okay," he hissed. "But I'll be back! You just wait and see. I'll be back!"

And then he ran out of the house.

I remembered to bolt the door before I threw myself on my bed and started to sob, uncontrollably, hysterically.

In about ten minutes I calmed down, washed my face with cold water—and tried to think.

My first impulse was to call the police. But then I reasoned nothing really had happened to me, except for being slapped. I was too ashamed to call, and I didn't cherish the idea of the publicity involved.

I could just see the headlines in front of my eyes. JUDI MEREDITH VICIOUSLY ATTACKED BY UNKNOWN ASSAILANT! I feared what my friends and family would think. . . .

Instead, I took the easy way out. I talked my sister into moving away from the house and the neighborhood.

Why am I confessing the story now? Because now I know I was wrong. If I'd called, maybe they could have caught the man—who might well have forced his attentions on another girl by now. And also, because I hope that by admitting what happened to me, other girls, who find themselves in the same position, will have more sense than I had, and not hesitate to notify the authorities. And finally, because I hope it'll serve as a warning to girls living alone to be as careful and cautious as they know how. **END**

What famous actress' real name is Tula Finklea?

What outstanding actress never wears make-up?

What famous actor is an expert trapeze artist?

*

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if you are

UNDER 21

DR. EDITH HEAD

and your clothes make you look sick..



DEAR EDITOR:
I look just awful and I don't understand it! I got a job after school in the bakery so I could have money for clothes. But I'm thinking of quitting because it doesn't do me a bit of good. I have some really swinging dresses and my closets look like a fancy store window. But when I put anything on me, I look sick! I have a good figure, not great but not bad either; my face is nice enough, not world-shaking but okay. So how can I look so rotten in beautiful clothes? I don't know, but I sure do. When I go on a date, I can just see everyone staring and laughing at me. When I get dressed, I just haven't a thing to wear. Mama shouts that I have enough junk to outfit half of China. But what good is it if it all looks sick on me?

Carol MICHIGAN

if you are UNDER 21

and your clothes make you look sick . . . SEE THE

DRESS DOCTOR

℞

TUESDAY WELD:
Perfect in pastel colors to highlight her flower look. Very feminine, young styles. Underscore small waist with color contrast to pastel dresses, such as black velvet ribbon ties. Light colors dramatize fair hair and dark touches echo her brown eyes.



℞

MILLIE PERKINS
Wears effectively extreme fashions in spite of youth, because of her slimness and height. Vivid coloring and dramatic tone of her poster look are intensely spotlighted by understating color. Outstanding in the crisp black and white look.

℞

LIZ TAYLOR:
Highly sophisticated in youthful fashions. Regal jewelry and rich fabrics mark her extravagant look. Excellent in extreme designs in very feminine, glamorous mood. Clear, brilliant gem colors are perfect dramatic foil for her intense dark hair.

℞

CONNIE STEVENS:
Best in crisp, gay clothes. Has a scrubbed look, intensified by white accents on bright, youthful dresses. High necklines, tight bodices, and wide belts draw emphasis to tiny waistline. Also excellent are full, bouffant skirts that camouflage full hips.

℞

DOLORES HART:
Ideal in fresh, young styles but in the tailored look in everything from sportswear to evening clothes. Never ruffles or unnecessary decoration; minimum trims and jewelry. Fair coloring is perfect in light, neutral colors, beiges.

℞

CARROLL BAKER:
Needs extreme simplicity in lines of clothes. Best in lowered waistlines and very youthful yet sophisticated styles. Delicate look and coloring require minimum of dress detail, accessories and jewelry. Right in fair, pastel colors, never wear blacks.

DEAR CAROL:

Sacks of vitamins, sticky tonics, and bitter medicines can be bought at the corner drugstore when *you* feel icky. But when clothes make you *look* sick, Carol, you need a fashion prescription!

It's not a rare disease. Like flu, *everyone* catches the wardrobe virus some time, often while Under 21. Even glamorous actresses are not immune. Susan Kohner had a bad case not long ago that came to a head at an elegant luncheon.

Laughter and chatter bounced about the sunny room as Susan entered. Then suddenly the hostess stopped pouring coffee and just stared. Conversation froze as everyone seemed to watch Susan try to slip into the wallpaper. It had happened again . . . Like last time . . .

Unhappy hours later, she stood downcast in the office of Edith Head, fashion designer for Paramount Pictures. "It's a brand new suit," Susan murmered. "But I just look sick!" Miss Head, member of *Under 21's* *(continued on page 75)*

The Dress Doctor, by **Edith Head** and Jane Kesner Ardmore, was recently published by Little, Brown.

Susan Kohner is currently appearing in the Universal-International production of **Imitation of Life.**



Very smart in beige tweed of cotton and rayon, Susan wears the same Lanz Originals suit, $34. Her all-white accessories: leather pouch bag, $8, by Kadin Bros., slim calf pumps, $12, by Velvet Step; straw hat by Richard Englander; pearls by Coro; seamless "blonde" hosiery, $1.50, by Hanes.



BAD ← GOOD → MEDICINE

Advisory Board and the author of *The Dress Doctor*, listened in silence as Susan described the symptoms of her misery, as shown at the left.

Then the dress doctor whipped into action. Discarding the full petticoats, she ripped away the mountainous jewelry and accessories. Susan emerged in the same clothes, at right, now chic. "Your clothes are lovely," declared Dr. Head. "But you just *wear* them improperly!" Neat accessories and fewer of them transformed a sloppy little girl into a smart young lady . . .

Nobody can dress haphazardly *and* well; stars dress by plan *not* by impulse. Some prescriptions pinned on the opposite page illustrate major fashion-personality types. What's *yours*?

Visualize fluffy Tuesday in one of Liz's languid gowns. Ridiculous. Or picture tailored Dolores in Connie's bouffant dresses. Silly. Get the idea? Each is a type; she knows it; and she dresses to make the most of it. *That's* the true clue, Carol!

Don't dress a fashion image! Find and dress *your* type!

If you are one of the rare types analyzed opposite, follow a star's lead in dress. And *stick* with it. The minute you desert *your type* you are liable to look terrible! Most teenagers are classic types like Susan, diagnosed as overdressed! (*continued on page 76*)



if you are UNDER 21 *and your clothes*

Susan's fashion diet was restricted to pale, muted colors built around large helpings of pure white to accent her dark coloring. Susan's prescription: a wardrobe both simple and elegant. Here is how it was achieved:

Susan's staple *dress* is the basic shirtdress, shown on this page in her best color: stark white. Its full, soft skirt emphasizes her slim waistline. *Suits* were prescribed in the feminine short jacket and full skirt combination, waist accented by wide belting, shown on previous page. A more tailored look is the slim knit suit, opposite, trimmed in Susan's best tonic: white. For *dates*, the full skirted look, neither in a babydoll pastel or heavy color. Stripes, plus solid relief as shown opposite, are ideal. Scooped neckline is perfect with her long hair. Short sleeves are preferable to a sleeveless look which would broaden her wide shoulders. For *sport*, again it's that wonderful all-white look against a tan. Either shorts or long pants are good, but only in solids. Edith Head declares that print pants look ridiculous on anybody out of kindergarten. This outfit is smart yet ideal for sport; no denims needed here! The *school* dress retains the essence of Susan's prescription: scooped neck, full skirt, tailored trim, muted color.

Vitamins, tonics, medicines . . . it's easier to cure a cold than a fashion virus. But you too will stop looking sick, Carol, if you adapt your *own* prescription from the stars' dress doctor.

Maxine

A masterpiece painted all in whites, Susan wears a crisp cotton shirtdress by Mr. Mort, with a touch of the palette in multicolored French ribboned bodice, at $35. Seamless stockings are "barely white," $1.50, by Hanes.

make you look sick...

SIMPLICITY IS GOOD MEDICINE



Above, suitably suited for summer, Susan wears a gold toned cotton knit outfit with wide sailor collar and pockets piped in white edging, $12, by Smartee. Hose of "sheer gold," $1.50, by Hanes; gold link jewelry by Coro; calf pumps, $12, by Velvet Step; straw skimmer by Richard Englander.



Right, answers to a quiz seem easier in this smart school dress of delicately printed cotton, with scooped neckline and hearts and lace embroidery trim. $15 by Gay Gibson. Petticoat, $8, by Schiller.



Right, date dress in pique spreads full skirt of horizontal stripes below a dark scooped and buttoned bodice, $20, by Tailored Junior. Patent accents are picked up by slim heel pumps, $12, by Velvet Step, and large bag, $8, by Kadin Bros. Pearls by Coro; hosiery is "caribee," $1.50, by Hanes; ruffled nylon petticoat, $8, by Schiller Bros.



Right, quite sporty yet very handsome is this all-white outfit. Tapered knit pants, $9, and novelty weave knitted top, $4, both by Smartee. White leather sandles with gold nailhead trim, $4, by Trios. Natural straw hat by R. Englander.

if you are UNDER 21

Just Shout for Help...

ADVISORY BOARD

When you write to us about a problem, we'll get the answers from these real authorities. These outstanding Hollywood experts, who make up the Under 21 Advisory Board, have the answers for the stars . . . And they have the answers to solve your problems too!

EDITH HEAD
Fashion Designer for Paramount Pictures

HELEN HUNT
Hair Stylist of Columbia Pictures

BEN BARD
Director of New Talent at Twentieth Century-Fox

GORDON BAU
Head of Makeup Department of Warner Brothers

FRANKIE VAN
Figure Consultant for Universal-International

PAULINE KESSINGER
Commissary Director at Paramount Pictures

PAT McNALLEY
Head of Makeup Department at Walt Disney

DEAR EDITOR:
When I walk down the street, I look like I am balancing on a pair of *balloons*. My problem is my ankles. The rest of me is okay but my ankles are bulging, thick, and just plain fat! My father told me to exercise them and I tried but nothing happened. Could you please tell me what to do because they look awful. Especially in flats and I can't wear heels to high school so I'm terribly self conscious about them. Please help me.
SYLVIA—CONNECTICUT

DEAR SYLVIA:
Blowing up a pair of balloons takes just a minute, but if they are made of muscle and flesh it takes quite a while to deflate them. So don't expect any overnight miracles from *any* exercises. Fat ankles are usually caused by poor circulation. As a result, your ankles must be exercised constantly to stimulate the blood to carry off the fat. Frankie Van says: "There are many ways to reduce ankles but here is one that has benefited many of our beautiful stars at Universal. Using a chair for balance, put your feet together and rise up on toes and squat in a sitting position with your back straight. Then rise and return to starting position. In a fast beat, this should



be done 15 times a day for the first week and gradually increased to 50 excercises each day." Grab a chair and get started, Sylvia, and you can let the air out of your ankles and burst those balloons with exercise . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I have a spark burning inside me that tells me to look to you for information about acting. I am in a play at school called *Pajama Party* and have also been in others and had some leads. My friends and teachers say I have acting ability and that I look like Liz Taylor. I am proportioned pretty well for my weight: 36-24-38. I *could* lose weight for a real purpose. I am fifteen and have dark hair and I would like to know how to prepare myself for acting. Please help me fulfill my ambition on earth. I *do* feel I have ability. I get average grades in school, but I'm too young to go to college. I want to know if a good actor can become a star *without* taking classes or going to college.
RENEE—UTAH

DEAR RENEE:
"I do not believe that actors are born anymore than doctors are born. There are fundamentals to learn and only a competent coach can teach them. This cannot be done by telephone. It cannot be done by reading a text book. It cannot be done without work." So declares Ben Bard in response to your letter, Renee, answering your question with an echoing "no!" Mr. Bard hastens to point out that more than half of the recognized good actors are *still* going to classes and will continue to study as long as they are in show business. As for your other problems, Renee, you'd

better take a good look at yourself . . . You cite measurements which are considerably padded for an aspiring actress and then declare that you "could lose weight for a *real* purpose." Well, if acting isn't a real purpose, then forget about it; but if it is important to you, then get started now trimming that profile . . . As far as calling quits on your education is concerned: *don't!* "Whatever you do, don't give up your education!" commands Mr. Bard. Sure, go ahead and take all the drama and acting classes you can, but make them a *part* of your education and not a *substitute* for it! And when you get into drama classes, make the most of them. Listen to criticism first instead of the compliments that you want to hear. As Mr. Bard explains, "Phony compliments are destructive; genuine applause from a really critical audience, such as one that has paid admission, is the only way to measure your progress." You can progress, you see, Renee, when you start treating this whole acting idea sensibly and planning your career in advance. just especially for you. You say that you look like Elizabeth Taylor but your career will be successful only when you look just like yourself . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
My problem is freckles. Since I am eighteen years old, I'm sure they won't go away, so I try to hide them successfully. I know what you are going to say: "freckles are cute, freckles are attractive," etc. Well, I just *hate* them! I have tried powder, pancake, liquid make-up, all varieties. My problem is that I can't find anything that will hide them decently and I look just wretched. Please, what do you suggest to help me?

JEAN—CONNECTICUT

DEAR JEAN:
You sound terribly dejected for a girl in the midst of such elite company. Debbie Reynolds, Doris Day, Molly Bee and Katherine Hepburn are just a few of the Hollywood stars who *boast* liberal sprinklings of freckles. They don't even *try* to hide them. Pat McNalley explains that "there are many so-called freckle removers on the market which have helped some with this problem, but in cases where they don't help and make-up fails to cover the freckles satisfactorily, there remain but two alternatives: either consult a dermatologist for surgical treatment, or learn to live with them." Discarding the first suggestion as drastic, expensive, and unnecessary, the remaining idea is just to accept them. Okay, Jean, you don't have to dig that "freckles are cute" jazz. But they can become attractive if you treat them as an asset. Mr. McNalley cites Janet Munro, who can be seen in Walt Disney's *Darby O'Gill and the Little People.* Janet has buckets of freckles "that we permitted to be seen on the screen . . ." Perhaps that's your answer, Jean, you should "permit them to be seen." Not those trite little 'cute' spots but a part of your appearance that you have in common with a whole stack of leading stars. Those freckles are your beauty marks . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I have a long face and a long nose and I look very horsey because of it. I should like to find out how to wear my hair because it now seems to draw attention to my face and makes it all seem even longer. I do not wear a part in my hair now. Could you tell me what style would suit me best?



BARBARA—PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR BARBARA:
Put the bridle and harness away and grab a pair of scissors. No need for your pony problem. Helen Hunt suggests that you wear bangs, "preferably ones that are a bit irregular to break the straight vertical lines of your face and nose with a horizontal sweep." She suggests that you try the styling worn by Sandra Dee in *Gidget.* This cut is young and gay but has the bang feature that Miss Hunt feels would improve your appearance. But take care, Barbara, and don't cut severe bangs or you'll create a square shape that'll make you seem like a real cube. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I don't sit around and eat candy and potato chips all the time. Actually, I don't eat too many sweets at all. I've gone on diets and have even taken pills that the doctor gave me. But my problem is that I am simply too fat! And I *can't* stay on a strict diet because I go to school. I eat in the cafeteria or I bring a bag of sandwiches, but either way I put on weight. Don't you think I was just *born* to be fat?

TERRI—KENTUCKY

DEAR TERRI:
School lunches are a bit of a pain, especially if you are counting calories. But they can be managed, if you are clever about them. Beware of that cafeteria trap: the long rows of pungent stews, spicy pies, juicy sandwiches. Run, don't walk, Terri, to the other end of the counter and fill your tray with fruit, salad, crackers, soup. Stick with any of the low calorie lunches that you can eat *without* the impossibly fattening salad dressings or cream sauces that make cafeteria food sudden death to dieters. If you bring your lunch, fill that brown paper bag with containers of cottage cheese, jello, fruit, or salad, and tuck in stalks of celery, chunks of apple, slabs of cheese. It's really quite a challenge trying to avoid the lunchtime calories and keep your waist trim. Just keep one thing in mind, Terri: some people *were* born to watch their weight, to count calories, to plan meals; but nobody was ever *born* to be *fat* . . .

Something still bothering *you?* Hollywood's top authorities will find the answers for you, if you write to:

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Tony Perkins

(Continued from page 37)

with a torn striped awning, a pink neon sign in its window flashing—*Miss Lotus Leaf Now A-Peeling.* Sassy snatches of trombone jazz echoed out onto the street. It was the music that made me stop. I listened and looked up to the dark sky, a black blanket without stars or moon. Then I put my face up against the window, clouded with cigarette smoke and steamy with moisture from the clubroom's heat, but I couldn't see much except a bar. The big show was in the back, and the back room was draped off.

I've never been one for nightclubs. I don't drink or smoke. But the music held me. So I stood there, listening to that unseen trombonist blow sweet and mellow notes from his horn. The sound reminded me of Glenn Miller's, gentle and effortless.

But before I knew it, there was a gang of young guys—four of them—huddled around me. All of them were in their teens. One of them with a very cocky manner, his cap was tipped to the side, his coal black hair falling over his forehead, seemed to be the leader. He snapped at me.

"Hey, buddy," he sneered, "ain't you a little cold with only a raincoat?"

I don't like to wear overcoats—they're so bulky and uncomfortable. I always wear raincoats, even in the dead of winter, but I bundle up with sweaters and woolen scarves underneath.

"No," I answered back. "What about yourself?" He and his pals were dressed in dark leather jackets and Levis.

"What's it to you?" he snarled.

"Hey, man," another of the guys called out. He was over six feet tall, skinny and blond, without a cap. "You," he pointed at me. *"You're Tony Perkins."*

I didn't know what I should say.

"Yeah," the leader said, cocking his hat more to the side. "You're right. I never thought of it. It's *him."*

A dangerous walk

The thin blond-haired guy who recognized me piped up, "What're you doin', man, around this part of town?"

"Just walking, that's all," I said.

"Buddy," a third guy, with a chunky build, yelled out, "if I were you, I'd pick safer parts of town to walk around in!"

They all started to laugh.

"Hey, Perkins," the tall fellow said, throwing his head back in a funny way. "What's Sophia Loren like? Is she really stacked?"

The leader interrupted, "I bet you have a ball out there in Hollywood with all those dames."

This was a safe territory for conversation: women. So I told them about Sophia Loren and Silvana Mangano and Audrey Hepburn. The chunky guy wanted to know if we got a chance to practice-kiss.

It was getting cold, standing there, so I suggested we walk a little to keep warm. Suddenly one of the fellows, one who hadn't said anything before, muttered, "Aw, come on, you guys! Knock it off!" His speech was thick, and from the way his eyes looked, I could tell he was drunk. "Let's move," he said. "It's getting late, and the guy'll close up the store before we get there." He reached into his back pocket and grabbed a piece of taped pipe, about a foot long. With half-closed eyes, he fiddled with the length of pipe and tapped his foot against the pavement.

"Well," he said impatiently. "What do y'say? Are we or aren't we?"

The blackhaired leader looked at me. "Okay, Tony Perkins," he said. "If I were you, I'd take off Now. This minute."

I didn't know what to do. I knew they were looking for trouble, but what? Vandalism? A holdup? A fight?

I knew I was in the midst of an awful predicament and yet a morbid curiosity made me want to know what it was.

Hesitantly, I said, "What's . . . what's going on?"

"What is it, Perkins?" the leader asked me in a gruff voice.

"I was wondering," I said, "what was going on . . . that's all."

"Well, I'm warning you," he told me. "Move on, and you'll be all right."

No matter how gruff he tried to sound, he seemed like a good guy. In fact, so did the others, underneath their toughness.

"Okay," I said to him, and I put my hands in my raincoat pockets. The short fellow, the one who was drunk, swung out at me with his piece of pipe.

"Lay off," the leader said. "Save your fancy stuff for later!"

"Perkins," the skinny six-footer said, "don't forget to tell Sophia to look me up

Anthony Perkins believes that men often go about their jobs like automatons, just doing the jobs they're assigned, oblivious to all other matters. He decided to prove it. He placed his wrist watch inside his empty water glass. The bus boy came by and poured, filling all the glasses, including the one with Perkins' watch in it.

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

when she gets into New York. She's one movie star that's right up my alley!"

They all laughed—a crazy, almost unnatural laughter. I started to walk away.

I took a couple of steps in the direction of Ninth Avenue. In the background, the jazz trombonist from the striptease joint sounded off with a mellow rendition of *Here I Go Again.*

"Hey," the leader's voice shouted above the music of the trombone. "Perkins! Hold up a minute!"

The guys shuffled over toward me. "Look, Perkins," the leader said, his dark eyes looking straight into mine, "we don't like any trouble, see? You're an all right guy, but if you run into any uniforms, you better keep your mouth shut, because if you don't—you're in trouble!"

"No problem," I said, and I made a clamping motion over my mouth with my fingers to show him my lips were sealed.

We all stood there. I shifted my weight from one foot to another.

I knew I should let it go, but against my better judgment I said, "Can't you guys tell me what you're up to?"

They all eyed one another suspiciously.

"What do you want to know for?" the leader laughed harshly. "Do you want to cover for us?"

"Well," I said, shrugging my shoulders, "if you tell me about it, maybe I will!"

They all laughed that cackling laughter again. The short guy said, "Tell him if he covers, we'll divvy up with him."

"Okay," the leader said. "I'll tell him. What do you say, guys?"

The chunky, big-boned guy mumbled, "What for?"

But the leader motioned to me, and I walked over. We huddled together in the dark doorway of a tenement and they told me they were looking for kicks.

"Where're you going to find them?"

"Over there," the leader pointed with his thumb. "At the liquor store."

"What do you want?" I said in a low voice. "Whiskey?"

"Now, how did you guess?" the tall

skinny guy said in a mocking tone. "Man," he continued, "we don't only want whiskey. We want . . ." and he snapped his fingers loudly to indicate they wanted cold cash.

"Moola!" the short, silent one blurted out. "That's what we want. *Moola!*"

"Moola?" I repeated stupidly, a lump in my throat. "Why?" I asked. "Do you need money?"

"Are you kiddin'?" the leader said. "Perkins, we all have jobs. We're old enough to earn a buck, but when you want some fun, you have to think of something!"

He told me they had figured out the liquor store was a perfect place for a small hold-up. The owner of the store was old and helpless. "Anyhow," the leader added, "what's he going to do with all that dough he's collected today? Hide it in the bank? Well, buddy boy, we can have a few kicks and spend a little of it."

I looked out the doorway at the liquor store a few doors down. It was dimly lighted, a cubicle of a shop. The only other lighted storefronts on the block were the night club and a pizza parlor across the street from the liquor store.

"Get wise Perkins!"

But these guys weren't hoods. They weren't evil. Maybe they were trouble-makers. Everybody is sometime or another in his life.

"Have . . . have you fellows thought of the consequences?" I said, hating myself for sounding like some insipid high school teacher.

"Get wise, Perkins!" the leader barked. The night may have been cold, but I was beginning to sweat.

"All right," I said boldly. "I'm with you. I'll help. Let's go over to the pizza place where it's warm. We'll talk the whole thing over and you tell me what you want me to do—I'm buying. It's my treat."

The guys slid into the old-fashioned, wire-backed chairs around a wooden table which was carved with customers' nicknames and Kilroy-was-here comments.

A fat man with a black mustache and a soiled white apron came over and took the order. I asked for three pizzas—with the works. Then I told the fat man to serve all the fellows a round of beers.

"Them?" he said, pointing to them all. "I serve them next year when they're old enough."

The drunken kid bristled. He stood up, his fists poised.

"Sit down, Stupid," the leader said. "Can't you ever control yourself? Why get excited over this . . . this slob?"

The fat man wasn't listening. He turned around to go to the hole-in-the-wall kitchen. Stupid sat back in his chair. I started talking to the guys about Hollywood and what it was like to be a movie star. It was a safe subject.

The movie world

"Man," the leader said, "you movie stars are always dating. Who fixes you up?"

Sure, there were lots of dates, I told him, but most of them were phony ones trumped up by press agents.

"You know something?" I added. "Most of the fellows who are actors prefer to date a gal who isn't in showbusiness. Why? Well, most of these showbusiness gals expect you to take them to places where they'll be 'seen.' They're never satisfied with a ride and a hamburger at some drive-in diner."

In a while the fat man served us our pizzas, three big tin trays topped with cheese and tomatoes and salami, and I ordered a glass of milk for myself. A couple of the guys did the same. The leader told Stupid to drink some coffee to sober up.

"Oh all right," he grumbled disgustedly.

The guys wanted to know if Tony Perkins was my real name. I said it was. Sitting at the far end of the table, I was able to look out into the shadowy street through the moisture-streaked windows. Across the way, I saw the liquor store lights go out, and I knew the owner was leaving.

We continued to talk about Hollywood, and after a while, I said, "If any of you guys get to Hollywood, don't forget to look me up." I got up from my chair and paid the fat man for the pizzas, milk and Stupid's cup of coffee.

"It's late," I said.

Nobody mentioned the store

When we walked outside, I wondered for a moment if they might not gang up on me and tell me I tricked them, but nobody said a word. All of them could see the liquor store was closed, but nobody mentioned it.

They walked me to the street corner, past the burlesque nightclub where the jazz trombonist played and Miss Lotus Leaf peeled nightly, and we said good-bye.

I waved a yellow cab, and the cab-driver stopped with a screech. I stepped into it and said, "Remember, look me up if you ever come out to California."

I slumped back in the cab, exhausted, but I couldn't help thinking about how fate had sent me there, brought me to four kids who didn't really want to be delinquents. They wanted someone to talk to.

The taxi stopped at my apartment on West 55th Street where my dog, Punky, was waiting for me. He was looking out the front window, his feet perched on the window sill. It was good to be home.

END

Tony is in MGM's GREEN MANSIONS *and can soon be seen in* ON THE BEACH *for United Artists.*

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You Can Spend The Summer With Me

(Continued from page 43)

sharply twisting Benedict Canyon road.

In a moment the first drops of rain rat-a-tatted against the windshield. The grey sky was the color of old bruises, but I was happy over my forthcoming trip to London where I'd been invited to perform for Queen Elizabeth, and I said a silent prayer of thanks to God as I drove along the wet, rain-slippery road.

From my home in Beverly Hills to my studio near Sunset Boulevard, there are five miles of dangerous canyon curves. The road's a tricky one and the canyon is steep. Falling off the road into the valley below can be fatal.

That's when it happened—that morning in the rain. A secondhand beige Buick, all scarred and battered, zig-zagged its way through that early going-to-work traffic. The motor was hopped up; you could tell from its growling sound. Whizzing between the cars, the Buick carelessly passed one car after another at the break-neck speed of about eighty miles an hour.

At the crest of a grade, it pulled out to pass and nearly collided into an oncoming car from ahead. The driver of that car, trying to avoid the crash, turned his steering wheel sharply. His car swerved toward the wooden fence, broke through it and went tumbling down the steep canyon wall.

All this happened in no more than a minute's time, right before my eyes. My first impulse was to stop and look over the canyon. But two other motorists stopped before me; and, thinking quickly, I decided to let them see what they could do to help while I chased after the speed demon.

By the time I caught up with him, the police had caught up with *me*, and the three of us were, all of a sudden, in a huddle with some tall explaining to do.

The speed demon? He was a young gangly guy, no more than sixteen or seventeen. His reddish brown hair was mussed, and he had a long, pointed face with squinting brown eyes.

I was mad, so mad I almost swung at him. But the two policemen grabbed me.

"This guy," I yelled—my voice shaking with anger as the police held my arms—"this guy over here just killed a man."

The boy snorted. "Big deal," he said.

Killer

I tried to tell the two policemen what had happened. As I talked, with the relentless rain falling on us, I got a little calmer, and I began to realize that the speed demon just didn't care. He just stood there, all six feet of him, and he leered at us, the policemen and me, as if we were fools.

It wouldn't be fair to tell you his real name, so let's call him Jojo. Now Jojo didn't *resist* any of the questioning. He answered all of the policemen's demands for information, sullen and sneering. We drove back to the scene of the accident in the police car. There was a long line of parked automobiles and a crowd already gathered.

The two policemen edged their way through the onlookers with Jojo and me at their sides.

Another policeman was investigating the accident.

"Where is the driver?" we asked.

"They've just taken him," the investigator said, pointing to the wreckage below, "to the hospital. Unconscious."

After a series of routine questions and answers for the accident report, we drove back to our own cars. Then we all went to police headquarters and waited for the officer-in-charge.

Sitting next to Jojo on a long, worn, wooden bench in that green-painted room while the oppressive rain still tapped against the windows, I started up a conversation with him.

I was more controlled now, and I wondered what made Jojo tick.

"Where do you come from?" I said.

"Oh, around . . ." he said evasively, those dark eyes of his wandering from wall to wall.

Somebody in Mexico asked Dolores Del Rio how she stays so beautiful.
"Simple," the lady replied. "Plenty of exercise, sleep a lot, and fall in love regularly."
Paul Sann in the New York Post

"This part of the country?" I persisted.

"Mister," he said derisively, "what difference does it make?"

That stopped me for a moment. "What I mean," I said, "is . . . do your parents live here?"

"Ha!" he said and made a sour face.

I waited a minute. If I wasn't careful with my questioning, he might clam up altogether.

Finally, he spoke up. "Mister," he said, "if you're talking about my mother and father, they're way, way out there—swinging hard!"

"What?"

"Out there, Mister," he repeated. "Out there in no-man's-ville."

"Where's no-man's-ville?" I wanted to know.

"Brother," he said, "you are a cube! No-man's-ville is lush-land where all the boozehounds meet."

I nodded to let him know I understood. His parents were alcoholics!

"So, Mister," he added, "now that you're tuned in, what else do you want to know?"

After a couple of other questions, he told me his parents were once small players in the films who never quite made it. They got mixed up with a bunch of has-beens, a crowd of no-goodnik boozehounds. From the way he talked about both of them, I could tell he was ashamed and disgusted, and I thought, *Why do people have children if they don't care for them, if they don't love them?*

He had quit school, taken odd jobs here and there for spending money. He lived with them still. "But they're busy drinking half the night with their friends, so I go out and roam around and see what I can scare up!" He paused, then added, "The thing I live for is to get the wild man going!"

"Wild man going?" I repeated. Despite his defiance, there was something pathetic about this strange, uncaring kid.

"Yeah," he blurted back quickly. "When you get the wild man going, man, you're alive!"

Getting the wild man going, he explained condescendingly, was being daring. He'd take a girl out on a date and drive her out to some dark spot in the country and he'd tell her he was out of gas while she sat there for an hour, shivering and screaming. Or he'd go rapping on doors at night and running off. Or speeding. . . .

I was repulsed. "You know," I told him,

looking directly in his restless brown eyes, trying to hold his attention, "It wouldn't matter if you were only hurting yourself, but when getting your wild man going involves hurting others, it's criminal. This man today who swerved to avoid an accident! He saved your life—and maybe lost his own."

"Mister," Jojo said forlornly, "what do you want me to do? I've got nothing else to live for."

Finally we were called up before the officer-in-charge while the case was reviewed. I had to testify against Jojo who was placed on $5,000 bail. Of course, he couldn't put up the money.

Before I left, I asked if there was anything I could do for him.

"Yeah," he said, sneering like the old Jojo, the cocky Jojo on the slippery roadway, "get me out of here so I can get the wild man going!"

I drove to the studio. I was three hours late. But Jojo's last words haunted me: *Get the wild man going.*

All afternoon I worked in front of the cameras. It was hard for me to concentrate on my role after all that had happened that morning. At the end of the day I called the police headquarters to find out if the man in the wrecked car had survived the accident. He had—but he would be crippled for life.

I hung up the telephone and sat there, thinking . . . An innocent man's life, ruined by a youngster whose life was already ruined, ruined by a kid who believed there was nothing to live for . . . What a waste! If there had been someone to show Jojo a little love, some understanding, none of this would have happened . . . If he could have been shown what there *was* to live for, all the *good* things that teenagers accomplish every day for a better world . . . An idea began to form in my mind. . . .

Announcing the Hugh O'Brian Ranch

This is the first announcement anywhere of the Hugh O'Brian Youth Foundation and of the Ranch I'm going to start on the Coast. Instead of emphasizing juvenile delinquency, I'm going to emphasize accomplishment. *I will invite, as my guests, outstanding young people who are contributing their ideas and energy for the good of mankind.*

For the guys and gals who have accomplished the greatest good, there'll be financial assistance, and I'll ask them to serve on executive committees during the summers at the Ranch.

And for a certain group of young people especially—the kids at the *other* Hugh O'Brian Youth Foundation Ranch. This ranch is going to be for kids like Jojo, kids who believe in nothing, who think they have nothing to live for, kids who are confused, mixed-up and desperate for help. This ranch will be a place where homeless teenagers of all races, religions and creeds can come and begin to build a life for themselves, can have the opportunity of creating a self-supporting community, a place they'll take pride in.

And what of Jojo? He's behind bars now, serving time as a hit-and-run driver. Before too many more Jojos are created, I hope that the Hugh O'Brian ranches will help us to steer 'the wild man' in the right direction.

If you would like to spend the summer with me, write me for further information. Write describing what you're doing to make your school, your community, your world a better place.

My address:

HUGH O'BRIAN
ABC-TV Center
Hollywood, Calif.

END

Diane Varsi

(*Continued from page 54*)

mixed up." Diane was "immature and doesn't know what she's doing." Diane was "smart, because if she doesn't like Hollywood, she should remove herself from the situation. But I think if she goes back to Bennington, they'll treat her like a movie star, and if she didn't like that here, she won't like it there either."

They had a lot to say, little people and big people, wildly trying to justify their way of life to a girl who couldn't hear them and didn't care.

She hadn't cared for a long time, and maybe she'd never cared. This past year, she'd gone on dates with actors (Mark Damon was the most frequent) and sat, quiet, withdrawn. She'd turned off her phone so the world couldn't get at her. She'd felt a need to strip her life down to essentials, and, after a while even possessions seemed vulgar, and she lived in a house with no rugs, and had a bedroom which contained only a bed.

There's a place in Tennessee Williams' play, *Camino Real,* where a character named Lord Byron says, "I've found myself listening to hired musicians behind a row of artificial palm trees—instead of the single-pure-stringed instrument of my heart. . . . It's time to leave here! Time for departure even when there's no certain place to go!"

It must have been like this for Diane, straining to hear the music of her own troubled heart, knowing that it was time to leave Hollywood, even though she had "no certain place to go."

Why Bennington, Vermont? The answer is vague. "I knew some girls who'd gone to college here . . ." It wasn't a simple thing like a wanderer's coming home. Diane's San Francisco-born; her roots were not in New England, she'd never been East except to make *Peyton Place.*

The truth was that Diane had no roots. She'd been moving, running, for as long as she could remember. She'd left homes, parents, two husbands, jobs, towns, friends.

Once, she believed in fairies. She was seven years old. As kindly as possible, her mother told her fairies didn't exist, but she only pitied her mother. How terrible not to believe! And then she thought of a way to lure her fairy out of hiding.

She dug ten holes in a circle, in the backyard. She put a flower in one hole, and a piece of cheese in the next, all the way around. Then she sat in the middle of the circle and waited. "*I* loved flowers, and I loved cheese. My fairy *had* to come."

All afternoon, the little girl sat in the circle until it got too dark to see, and she was called in for supper and bed.

The next morning, she ran out to the yard. The flowers and cheese were still in the holes. And she cried. "That was the day the fairies died in me—"

Her father, brilliant, weak, violent—was broken by a business world he hated. She describes how he'd lock himself in a room and read all day and you think, "That's something she'd do herself," but she isn't aware of the coincidence. She never felt she was his child, she was convinced he was "disappointed in me. He wanted a son. He bought me a red sweatshirt, and taught me how to fight."

When she was nine years old, "I saw my mother and father cracking up. I watched them, and I knew what was happening. After that, whenever my father yelled at me. I knew he was scared, and I wouldn't



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cry or yell back. I'd go play my radio real loud, or I'd run up in a tree."

She remembers when her mother started "to get ill. I thought she was pretending, but her personality changed, her whole face changed, and then I knew."

Sometimes Diane's mother could rise above her own pain, and be wonderfully brave. Called to a convent school to witness Diane's expulsion (Diane had refused to inform on another girl), Mrs. Varsi stood by her child. "I've taught her to be loyal," she said. "I'm proud of her."

In that moment, Diane's heart nearly burst with joy, but such moments were infrequent. The older Varsis couldn't often rise to being parents; the emotional climate of the household was terrifying. One night Diane's father wept, and begged the now thirteen-year-old girl to help him take care of things, to do something with her mother.

"Next day I went straight home from school and said, 'Now, Mom, I'm going to cook dinner and you're going to do this-and-that.' My mother got very angry. When my father came home, she told him. Then my father slapped me and he said, 'Don't you ever tell your mother what to do. Don't you ever try to pretend that you own this house or you're even part of this house!'"

Runaway

One night she ran off into the snow. Next day her grandfather found her, wet and shivering, and brought her back.

At seventeen, she did leave home. The leaving was somehow symbolic. She burned or gave away all her possessions. She cut her hair very short. "And from that day I never again wore make-up."

Diane had bizarre experiences. She lived with five old ladies in a rest home, and kept to herself and read Yoga. She married a boy and left him, got an annulment and found out later she was pregnant with his child.

Arriving in Los Angeles with a girl friend ("It's so big it builds a fear in you"), she decided to stay for a while. She wrote her grandfather she wanted to take acting lessons. "So send me some money for them please. Also send me some more. Because I'm starving."

She decided she'd put her baby up for adoption once it was born, but whenever she really faced the idea, "I would start screaming and yelling. I'd go for walks and pick up little pieces of paper—"

Jim Dickson, the man she later married, helped her face her most pressing problems. She had her baby, kept him, married Dickson and became a movie star all in a very short time.

There was *Peyton Place*, and then the break-up of the second marriage, followed by a reconciliation and another split, and then the part in *Ten North Frederick* and Diane's collapse on the set. "I just had a nervous breakdown, I guess. It wasn't a quiet little thing. I sort of blacked out for five days."

Always mixed up

Being oddly honest, and having a sense of humor, Diane denied that Hollywood had caused her sickness. "I didn't have to get in the movies to be mixed up. I was mixed up before I got here."

She was the strangest movie star anybody'd ever seen. Nominated for an Academy Award, she took no pleasure in her triumph. "My greatest disappointment is myself," she said, and she walked along lonely beaches, weeping silently, and she read heavy books about Eastern philosophies, and she went to pick up scripts in blue jeans and her bare feet, and she said she loved spiders and bugs.

As a housekeeper she left a lot to be desired too. In a nearly empty shack, furnished with the barest necessities ("I dislike owning anything") she tried to entertain, but couldn't make it. Once, when a friend said he'd like his tea iced, instead of hot, she looked stricken. Dangling two tea bags, she stood in the doorway, hopeless—"What do I do now?"—and the sight of her—all bulky sweater and long legs and little fawn's face—melted the guest into a puree of adoration and pity.

She was drunk with austerity (the money she made meant nothing to her, convinced as she was that salvation depended on self-denial), and starved for culture. She wanted to learn all the poetry and music in the world.

"I'll never be really happy," she said. "But there are moments—"

Most of those moments came when she was with Shawn. Her son is two and a half years old now, and she's devoted to him in an almost too-concentrated way. Because of him, she worries about herself. "I'm emotionally unstable at times, and I'm afraid of that—" She's proud of his sense of rhythm, his brightness, she broods that "he doesn't behave like a child. He doesn't care at all for toys."

A normal place with normal people

Undoubtedly, the move to Bennington was partly on Shawn's account. Diane wanted to find a normal place with normal people where a little boy could grow up whole. And she wanted to get away from acting, which "exhausts me. I'm sometimes so tired from it that I literally cannot move a muscle."

Strangely, the last acting Diane did (on TV, for *Playhouse 90*) dealt with a shy young mother who skyrocketed to Hollywood stardom, and who was thereby made miserable, and who ultimately ditched her career. Diane identified very strongly with the girl in the script, so strongly that the director was afraid she might not even appear on the night of the show.

She appeared, and she got through the thing, but she hasn't acted since, and she says she never will again.

Producer Jerry Wald thinks he understands the reasons. "Her sensitivity was such that she couldn't put up with the traveling companions to success: maliciousness, deceit, slander and jealousy. She had no father, mother or husband. I think it was just too much to ask a young girl to assume such a responsibility with no one to lean on. Then there were the business problems: 10% here and 10% there, and her salary wasn't that great. You can get tired of people and the hitch-hikers who take bites of you. She has more strength of character than you'd think. It takes more courage to do what she's doing than to hang on."

In Bennington, Vermont, a tired girl, tired from twenty-two years of running, has come to a place where she wants to stop. She wants to make a home for her child, the home she herself never had. She wants to read, and play her guitar, and sing little songs, and stare across a hundred hills, and find the self she lost somewhere, way back in the beginning.

Again the words of the Tennessee Williams' character seem to fit here:

"I can sit quietly looking for a long, long time in absolute silence, and possibly, still possibly—the old pure music will come to me again. Of course on the other hand I may hear only the little noise of insects in the grass. . . ."

To Diane, the little noise of insects in the grass might sound as sweet as the pure music of her heart.

We hope, whatever she's looking for, she finds it, in a brand-new world where fairies live to eat cheese, and love is possible. . . .

END

Millie's Secret

(*Continued from page 33*)

fall in love, not anywhere near it."

When Stevens (Sr.) told Millie one day that he thought it would be a good idea if she'd go to the small dinner party at Nina Foch's house, that Nina was a fine actress and might be able to help her, she finally agreed to go. Millie would never go to a party, but if her director wanted her to, she would go for his sake.

Millie went alone, wearing her typical costume, blue wool skirt and white blouse; no make-up except mascara on her enormous green eyes.

Dean Stockwell was at the party. Everyone sat around and talked, mostly about acting, theater, etc. Millie was very quiet, said nothing. But Dean—who most people think is a moody introvert—was very talkative that night. He was very positive about everything, argued with everyone. She thought he was wonderful—such a definite personality, out of the ordinary. When she drove home—alone—that night, she found herself thinking of him.

She was too shy to ask Nina about him; even to mention his name to George Stevens. One evening shortly afterwards when she reported for her first drama class given in a cellar by young actor-teacher Robert Blake, her heart leaped. There, in the group, was Dean. Dean jumped up when he saw her. After the class, they went out for coffee, sat for hours. Millie—the lonely little girl who was never seen on a date with a boy. The flame started to kindle. She wore her usual outfit; the same hairstyle in a mop, pale face, magnificent eyes that burned in her small, thin face.

They saw each other again the following Thursday night at Blake's class; Dean and Millie immediately paired off and went to a little Russian restaurant for Beef Strogonoff and Dean talked for hours. Dean began to tell her about himself—his days as a child star; his rebellion against Hollywood; the time he took off and worked as a common laborer in Mexico; his views on acting, on the world, on people. He'd never been in love—or it seemed that he never had, he told Millie, now that he knew her. Millie saw something in Dean no other girl had ever seen—a man to lean on. Dean's such a confused, outspoken rebel that no one has ever thought of him that way, as a person of stability. This was the first time in Dean's life that a girl looked at him with such open admiration, loved him as a woman loves a man because of his strength. Millie's a troubled girl, confused; she worries a lot. She began telling Dean all of her problems; her doubts and fears about her career; her loneliness, her feelings about her family, about herself. And Dean found himself opening his heart to this girl.

They kept their secret

Shortly afterwards, Dean had to leave Robert Blake's Cellar Group, because Blake didn't want to take on any experienced actors like Dean. Millie, as a novice actress, remained. But by this time, Dean and Millie didn't need the Cellar Group to bring them together; they had each other. They were going together. They realized each needed the other; they were quietly, firmly in love. But they kept their secret from the world.

Everyone had been trying to get Millie out of her shell: Dean is the only one who loves her exactly as she is and is not trying to change her. Dean likes to dress well, but he's never tried to tell her to dress *differently*. She wears the same skirt and blouse (either white or a print) all the time. And the same car coat flung over her shoulders.

Dean had a birthday party just the other day. Millie went to his apartment a few hours earlier and cleaned up, fixed the hors d'oeuvres, cooled the champagne, got the cake, had everything ready. Dean's parents were at the party, his brother Guy and his wife, a couple of people from *Playhouse 90*. The other girls were dressed up. Dean kissed Millie and said, "That's my girl—she looks different from any other girl. She *is* different."

He goes along with her moods, her tastes, everything; he understands her. Millie was thrilled one day when she learned that her friend Larry Schiller knew the caretaker of the Huntington Hartford Estates—a large, secluded, hillside estate of many acres in the Hollywood hills. Larry introduced her to the caretaker, and she asked to be allowed to come inside the estate sometimes so that she could lie on the grass for hours, by herself, and read. This is her idea of great fun. She told Dean about it, and instead of laughing at her, he said, "I'd like to go with you." Now they both go there often, just by themselves, lie on the grass, read books to each other, Millie resting her head in the crook of Dean's arm. Or sometimes they just talk or stay there silently, just the two of them.

Dean watches over her

They call each other *honey*, and *darling;* she usually calls him *Stock*. He loves to call her *Poopsie* and often refers to her possessively as *the better half of me*.

After work, they always meet and have dinner together—either in a small dimly-lit Russian restaurant on the Sunset Strip, or in Dean's apartment, and Millie always seems to have an accumulation of problems to pour out to Dean. "The studio is having a red evening gown made up for me to wear to the premiere of *Anne Frank,*" she wept one evening recently. They were sitting close together in a booth in a little restaurant, Dean's arm around her, her head on his shoulder. "I don't want that dress; they'll make it too dressy, and I'm not the dressy type. I'm too thin to wear it without sleeves. It won't look good. If they make it *with* sleeves, it will be too much dress for me. I'll look *awful* in it." She was getting more distraught by the minute—a small problem, but to Millie an overwhelming grievance.

Dean held her close, kissed her forehead tenderly. "Look, *Poopsie,*" he said calmly. "Let the studio make it. It won't cost you a dime. Then if you don't like it, you don't have to wear it. I'm taking you to the premiere, either way, and there won't be any other girl at the premiere who'll come near you."

She calmed down.



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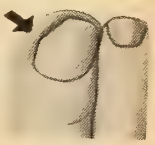
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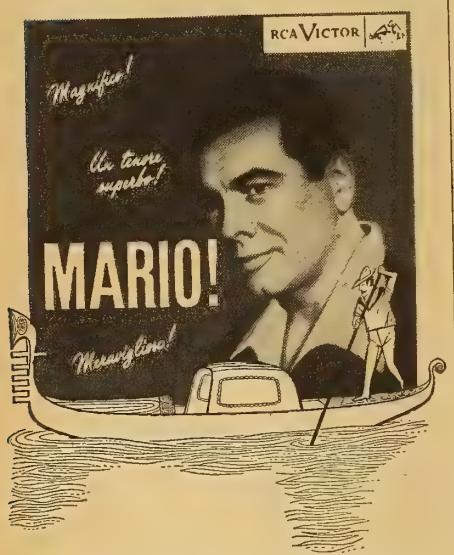
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One thing he's trying to do is get her to eat more. She'd be satisfied with a graham cracker for dinner. She hates to eat; is oblivious to food; has no feeling for it. Before Dean came into her life, she saw nothing wrong with eating a frozen food dinner every night, or going to any hamburger place and munching on a cheese sandwich or hamburger while reading a book. Now dinners mean something, because they're the start of the evening with Dean. Little restaurants—intimacy between them. Dean tells the waiter, "A junior steak for her," and kids her into eating most of it.

They spend many evenings in his house or hers, sitting on the floor, listening to records—he has a collection of the old masters, and of jazz. She lives in a mediocre, furnished house in Hollywood with Sandra Knight, a red-haired, beautiful, bouncing young actress (exactly opposite of her) and Dean often comes there, and they listen to music, hold hands and think about the future.

After Dean leaves her for the evening, he always calls her up when he gets back to his apartment and they talk for hours.

They like to do simple things—walking through the Hartford Estates; going to Santa Monica pier or Paradise Cove pier in Malibu—as long as it's not dress up . . . as long as they're together.

Dean is a fighter when it comes to his work; he fought with the directors in *Compulsion* to do the role as he saw it; fought with them in *Playhouse 90*. He seems to know what he wants. Dean wants to be boss in everything. Millie loves this.

They are deeply in love. These are two unusual young people who need each other desperately; two unique souls who have found each other. Millie, for the first time, has found a boy she loves who doesn't laugh at the way she dresses, doesn't try to change her; a boy she feels she can lean on.

Dean, always a non-conformist, always a rebel, a guy who found his whole personality disturbed by his experiences as a kid actor, who was fed up with everything and everyone—this boy understands Millie as no other young man can, and loves her. He knows most people think he's a nut. Millie thinks he's the strongest guy alive.

They'd both like to get married, but this isn't the time.

Millie hesitates to marry now because she doesn't think her mother, who is Catholic, would approve of Dean, who is not Catholic. Besides, she leaves soon for Europe for several months of personal appearances with the various premieres of *Anne Frank*, then leaves for Israel for many, many months to make *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. She'll play Mary.

But in the meanwhile, they're inseparable. This is a strong, deep love—two kids who don't fall in love easily have fallen for each other. Their love will endure. **END**

Millie is appearing in THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK *for 20th-Fox; Dean is in* COMPULSION *for 20th.*

The Baby Queen

(*Continued from page 49*)

The next day—about 5:00 p.m.—I got her home address and drove out there.

Her mother answered the bell.

"I'm sorry," she said, "Tuesday's left on a date."

I smiled.

"I know," her mother said, "she's young. But she's been dating since she was ten."

Now it was her turn to smile.

"Yes, Tuesday gets criticized about the way she acts," Mrs. Weld said. "But, now, she can't be the original naive little starlet, can she?. . . . Won't you come in?"

"Her whole life," Mrs. Weld continued, pointing to a chair, "her whole life, after all, has been very different. . . ."

The format of Tuesday's life began taking shape shortly after her father's death.

That was twelve years ago, when she was three—and called Susan. ('Tuesday' was to come later).

Things were tough following Mr. Weld's death. Aside from Tuesday and her mother, there were two other children—Sally, eleven, and David, nine.

For a while Mrs. Weld, still in her twenties at the time, struggled. She moved her family into a low-rent tenement building on Third Avenue. (The apartment consisted of two rooms. In the back was a dark bedroom. In the front was a dark kitchen, complete with a combination bathtub-sink and with windows face-to-face with the noisy tracks of the then-existent Third Avenue El. She got a job nights.)

After a few months, Mrs. Weld—hard as she tried—found the going tougher and tougher.

And it was only when a friend suggested she try to get her youngest and very pretty daughter a modeling job—and did—that it seemed she would be able to hold her family together.

Because Tuesday, from the very beginning, was a very successful model and became the Welds' sole support.

This took care of the money problem. But it created other problems.

A child in an adult world

"I was in a terribly confusing world for a child," Tuesday will tell you today. "I can still remember those big empty studios with nothing but lights in them and cameras. And hovering over me, those chattering women, fashion consultants, and eerie men, with funny ways and with powder puffs and combs in their hands, always, *always* standing over me, for hours on end. I still have nightmares about this period. I dream all the time of huge, terrible birds flying around my head, flapping their wings, ready to pick at me with their beaks. The birds represent *those* people, I guess. How they scared me.

"And," she says, "there was the problem of my brother and sister. Everything's fine between us now. But then, those years, it was awful. David was embarrassed by my success. He was only a boy, but still he was the only man in the family. And there was I, his kid sister, bringing in the money, the support.

He felt that it put him in a funny position and his attitude was just to ignore me. . . . With Sally it was even worse. She was a pretty girl, but I was known as the prettier one. I was the one who got all the attention, the clothes, the praise. I was the one Mama was with all the time, because she *had* to be with me constantly, accompanying me on my rounds. I was the one who went to a special school where the hours were tailored to my convenience. I was everything. And so Sally resented me. She was mean. She would belittle me and pick on me over the littlest things and we would get into all sorts of fights. I always acted brave and tough with her on the outside, but when I was alone I would cry my eyes out . . . They tell me now, in fact, that I never once laughed."

Tuesday worked at modeling for five years.

And then one day when it all became too much for her, she exploded.

She and her mother were riding a

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crosstown bus, on their way back from a modeling assignment that Tuesday had had.

Suddenly, Tuesday took her mother's hand, clutched it hard.

"Mama, I can't go on with this," she said—a girl of eight, tired, run-down, nervous, over-thin. "I have no brother and sister. I have no friends. All I have is my picture in a bunch of magazines. . . . Can we go away, someplace, please? We've saved money. Can we use it now? Can we run away, Mama—you and me and David and Sally? Please?"

The family ran to Florida.

They stayed for a little over two years.

Tuesday was a normal kid for a while.

She went to school from nine to three, made friends, got acne, put on weight.

Most of all, for the first time in her life, she laughed.

But then, one morning, it was all over.

"It's odd the way it happened," she says. "A little bird had adopted our house, from practically the first day we moved in. He'd come and perched himself on the windowsill and chirped away. I'd given him some wet bread and from that day on, for two years, he was part of the family, my special little tiny pet, the first I'd ever had. He even made me get over my dreams, for a while . . . Then, on this morning, he flew into the living room as usual. I sat watching him, waiting for him to come to me. But something else attracted him. It was a lamp. For some reason it was lit, for some reason the lampshade was off. So instead of coming to me he flew to the lamp. He landed on the bare hot bulb. For a few seconds he just stood there, on the bulb. Then, in pain and shock, he put up his head and opened his mouth as if to scream, but with no sound. Just as I got to him, he fell over dead. . . . This upset me terribly. The rest of that day was spoiled for me. And the next day. And the next. I realized finally that I couldn't stay in that house anymore. I realized, too, that I didn't want to stay in Florida anymore. I guess, really, it was more than the bird. I guess the time had come for that bug inside me that I thought I hated, that glamorous New York bug—call it Modeling, call it Fuss, call it Money—I guess the time had come for that bug to start biting again."

A new move

"Anyway, about a week later, I had a talk with my mother. We were practically alone now. My sister had gotten married, my brother was getting ready to go into the Marines. I asked my mother if we couldn't go back to New York and the life we had known. She asked me if I was sure that was what I wanted, I was. . . ."

For a month after their arrival in New York Tuesday dieted, had her skin trouble cleared up and was back in the swing.

The old professional crowd was glad to have her back.

But soon it all bored her and after about six months she decided that she wanted to be an actress instead of a model.

She asked a few questions around and someone told her that Alfred Hitchcock was in town looking for a girl her age to cast in one of his television plays.

Tuesday made an appointment to see him. The interview was very short.

The portly director looked Tuesday over and then asked, "Can you giggle, Miss Weld?"

"Only when I drink champagne," Tuesday answered.

Hitchcock roared with laughter.

"I guess he thought it was funny, because I was only eleven at the time," Tuesday recalls. "Anyway, I got the part."

More parts followed.

Tuesday was good in them.

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And she knew it, had great confidence.

"So I decided after a while that I'd had enough television," she says, "and that I was ready for the Broadway stage. By this time, I was thirteen-and-a-half. . . . Besides, *The Dark At The Top Of The Stairs* was casting, it had a part for me and I was sure I could do it."

She read for Elia Kazan, the kingpin director.

He seemed impressed.

Too sure of herself

"I was pretty sure I had the part," Tuesday says, "so before I left the theater I said to Mr. Kazan, 'I know you're having trouble casting one of the boys. I think I know just the actor for you.' Somebody standing alongside Mr. Kazan, a flunky, looked at me as if to say, 'And who do you think *you* are?' But Mr. Kazan smiled and said, 'Bring him around, nine o'clock tomorrow morning.'

"So I phoned Timmy Everett, my friend, a very good actor. I told him what I'd done and told him to meet at the Automat at 8:30 the next morning. He did. He was very calm and kind of smiling as he walked in. We had a cup of coffee and then he said, 'Okay, Tuesday, the joke's up—now can I go home?' I swore that I wasn't kidding. When he realized I was serious he started shaking like a leaf. But eventually we got to the theater and Timmy read. A week later, he got a phone call saying he'd got the part. That same day I got a call saying they'd signed somebody else for the part I'd wanted but that I could be her understudy and understudy to another girl if I liked.

"I felt like bawling. But I told myself that understudies get a chance to go on sometimes. So I said yes anyway, I'd take the job."

A few months after the hit show opened, Tuesday got her chance. She played Broadway for a week.

After one of the performances, a Hollywood talent agent came backstage.

"You're good," he said, in so many words. "Drop by to see me if you ever come to the Coast."

Within the next ten days she told her mother they were going West, quit the show and they were off.

The agent—a little flabbergasted, but impressed—took Tuesday on a round of the studios.

It all seemed fine, at first.

Too much of a novelty

Everyone seemed to like the girl.

Nobody committed himself, but the hint of seven-year contracts here and there was definitely in the air.

But, before many days had passed, Tuesday—away from the studios—seemed to be proving herself too much of a novelty.

Word got out about some of her remarks on Hollywood, her proposals, etc. Word got out about the billiards fixation, the beatnik wig, etc.

Somehow, the contract talk subsided.

And then a woman wise to the ways of the business had a talk with Tuesday.

"Honey," she said, "these people out here are getting nervous. They're not going to give you a million-dollar buildup if you foul them up from the very beginning. Get smart. Drop the act."

"What act?" Tuesday asked. "Everything I do and say is *me*. I'm not a puppet."

"You'll be sorry," the woman said.

"We'll see," Tuesday said back.

To herself she added, "If I've really got what it takes, there's nothing that's gonna stop me."

That was a little less than a year ago. Since that time Tuesday—though still not under contract—has made two pictures (*Rally 'Round The Flag, Boys* for Twentieth Century-Fox and Danny Kaye's *The Five Pennies* for Paramount), as well as a Pilot film for the forthcoming television series, *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis.* And all this more or less on her own.

How she got the role in the Danny Kaye picture is a good example of how this ambitious fifteen-year-old gets what she wants.

A lucky accident

One morning she read that Danny was testing girls to play his nineteen-year-old daughter. The 'nineteen' happened to be a misprint, but Tuesday didn't know that.

She contacted her agent for an appointment with Danny, and got one.

The morning of the appointment she rose early and spent hours making herself look as old as possible—tight sweater, tight skirt, mascara, eye shadow, hair braided up, high heels, gloves, pocketbook, the works.

When she was finished, she looked in the mirror. Something was wrong, up in the sweater area.

So she walked to a drawer, opened it and pulled out a huge pair of falsies she'd bought once.

A few minutes later she was satisfied and left the apartment for the studio.

When she walked into Danny's office, he shook his head.

"I thought you were fifteen," he said.

"I am, Mr. Kaye," said Tuesday.

"You look about twenty," he said.

"I know, Mr. Kaye," said Tuesday.

"But the part calls for a fourteen-year-old," said Danny.

Then, in what seemed to be one motion, she turned her back to him, pulled the bobby pins from her pigtails—letting them drop to her shoulders, reached under her sweater to remove the falsies—letting *them* drop to the floor, turned back to Danny, rushed over to him, threw her arms around him and shouted:

"Daddy!!!"

"Of course she got the part," someone who was in the room has said. "How could she miss with that kind of brain, that kind of spirit? In fact, how can she ever miss? I know, there's been a lot of criticism, some people are actually frightened by her. But believe me, you can't ignore drive when it's combined with talent. And this beat baby has both. Give her three years and see. She'll be one of the hottest properties this town has ever known."

Tuesday's mother agrees.

"When she was born," says Mrs. Weld, "I held her in my arms and I had a premonition that this child of mine was special, that she was going to be famous someday. So far it's been a pretty good premonition." **END**

Tuesday will soon appear in Paramount's THE FIVE PENNIES.

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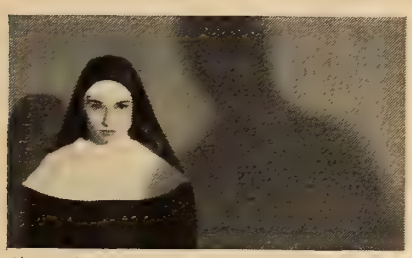
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 6, July 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is it true that **Tuesday Weld** is champing at the bit to quit classes and move into her own apartment as soon as she is sixteen?
—H.D., New York City

A *Tuesday can't quit school until she is eighteen or unless she graduates before then.*

Q What makes stars like **Marilyn Monroe** and others who are usually shy about publicity take off on long exhausting road tours to publicize their pictures?
—P.T., St. Joseph, Mo.

A *Money. Marilyn owns 10% of* Some Like It Hot.

Q I heard a frightening story that **Audrey Hepburn** contracted leprosy when she was in the Belgian Congo making *The Nun's Story*. Is it true?
—R.S., Boise, Idaho

A *Audrey* nursed *a leper. She did not contract the disease.*

Q I was at the Academy Award party and saw **Felicia Farr** continually kissing a strange man on the dance floor. Where was **Jack Lemmon**?
—S.H., Yuma, Ariz.

A *The man wasn't strange to Felicia. Jack was in London. Felicia was annoyed about the uncomplimentary remarks he made about American women.*

Q I haven't seen pictures of **Doris Day**'s son for over five years. Is Doris trying to protect her boy from publicity or is there some other reason for this?
—S.M., Cincinnati, Ohio

A *Doris is trying to protect her son from publicity and protect her 'girl-next-door' quality. Her son is now taller than she is.*

Q What's the scoop with **Lana Turner** and Fred May with whom she is now being seen everywhere?
—P.B., Tulsa, Okla.

A *Fred is the calm between the storms.*

Q I read in the papers about a big romance between **Aldo Ray** and **Heather Sears**. Is this the same Heather Sears who was in *Story of Esther Costello?* I thought she was happily married?
—L.M., Troy, N.Y.

A *Heather was. Is no longer.*

Q Is it my imagination or has **Tony Perkins**' popularity diminished? I don't seem to read as much about him in the magazines as I used to.
—S.G., Denver, Col.

A *Tony has set no fires at the box-office with his last four or five pictures—or on the magazine polls, either. After* On The Beach, *he returned to his New York apartment. He has no commitments for films.*

Q **Dinah Shore** is always so terribly happy on her TV show I can't believe it's for real. Is the Dinah Shore-**George Montgomery** marriage as idyllic as the public would believe?
—R.P., Detroit, Mich.

A *Since meeting George, Dinah has never looked at another man.*

Q With *Gigi* walking away with all the Academy Awards, how come there has been no reference to the fact that **Louis Jourdan** was the star of it in his recent personal appearances and TV shows? Does this upset him?
—S.P., Baton Rouge, La.

A *His friends imply that the only thing that upset Louis was the fact* he *wasn't nominated to begin with. Hence no added plugs for the picture.*

Q I heard that **Sir Laurence Olivier** developed a crush on **Natalie Wood** and from the pictures I've seen of the **Ingrid Bergman** party he seemed not to have left the Wagners' side for a moment. What gives?
—J.B.K., San Francisco

A *Sir Laurence is not romantically involved in any way with Natalie. He found the Wagners delightful company.*

Q Just saw a revival of *The Egyptian*. Where is **Edmund Purdom** these days?
—T.L., Balboa, Calif.

A *He quit acting—or vice versa—to join a British recording firm.*

Q I heard that **Linda Christian** was ostracized by everyone in Hollywood recently for committing an unforgiveable, atrocious act. What was it?
—P.M., Rego Park, N.Y.

A *At a large Palm Springs costume ball, Linda arrived garbed as—The Merry Widow.*

How can an officer in his right mind mislay a 345 ft. battleship?

...But John Paul Steckler VII (Jerry Lewis) could!



Hilarious naval maneuvers! Big WAVE swamps Jerry as he see-hunts "missing" vessel!

JERRY LEWIS

IN

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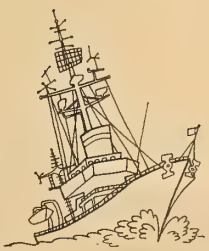
"Don't Give Up the Ship"



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Jerry goes out on a limb... looking for the destroyer he "misplaced!"



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Alice Paulsen

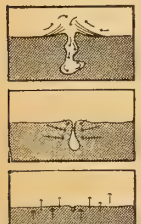
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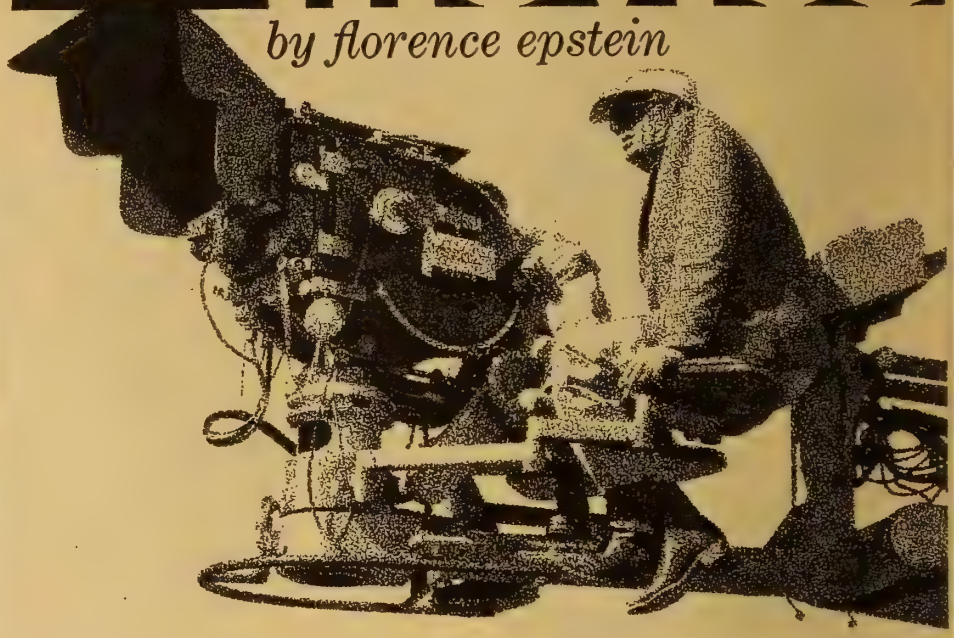
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new movies

by florence epstein



THIS EARTH IS MINE

Rock Hudson
Jean Simmons
Dorothy McGuire
Claude Rains
Kent Smith

human fruit of the grape

▪ This earth is in California and it is covered with grapes, but Prohibition is on and patriarch Claude Rains (for whom a grape is proof of the existence of God) refuses to deal with bootleggers and get even richer—the way his grandson Rock Hudson wants him to. That's only part of the story. The other part is about the grape empire Rains created and lorded over. His children didn't just get married—they *merged*—so that the wine would stay in the family. But along the way love had a bad habit of intruding. For instance, Rock Hudson is the unacknowledged son of Kent Smith, but Kent had to go and marry Dorothy McGuire, Claude's daughter. Rock's mother (Anna Lee) took this in good grace and married someone else. Now Claude's granddaughter (Jean Simmons) arrives in their midst from England. It's all set for her to marry the young owner of a vast vineyard, named Andre she's never met. Then she falls in love with Rock. Next thing, Rock is accused by Cindy Robbins of fathering her child. This embarrasses the family because Cindy's just a grape packer—and Rock is in Chicago, consorting with bootleggers. Anyway, Cindy's lying. No one knows *that* until Rock is nearly murdered, vineyards burn down. Claude Rains dies and enrages the clan with his will. This is a saga, as you can see, of a most unusual family.—CINEMASCOPE, U.-I.

A HOLE IN THE HEAD

Frank Sinatra
Edward G. Robinson
Carolyn Jones
Eleanor Parker
Thelma Ritter

Miami Beach comedy

▪ Frank Sinatra owns a hotel in Florida—and business is so bad he has to steal towels. Every time Sinatra falls into a hole his brother Edward G. Robinson, digs him out, telling him "You're nothing but a bum." *His* dream is for Frank to marry a refined widow with money so that he can give a real home to his young son (Eddie Hodges). Failing that, Robinson and his wife, Thelma Ritter, would like to raise the boy themselves. But Frank's a free soul who 'digs' Carolyn Jones—who digs bongo drums, surf boarding. Frank doesn't want to *marry* Carolyn though. Frank also 'digs' dog races and his multi-millionaire 'Pal' Keenan Wynn who, it later turns out, doesn't 'dig' Frankie half as well. Robinson and Ritter arrive, thinking their nephew is sick and needs them. But it's Frankie who needs them—to pay off the bank. To get his hands on Robinson's loot Frankie even consents to be introduced to a widow, letting his brother think he'll settle down in a five-and-dime store with her. The widow turns out to be Eleanor Parker—and for once in his life Frank is honest.—CINEMASCOPE, UNITED ARTISTS.

"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP"

Jerry Lewis
Dina Merrill
Diana Spencer
Mickey Shaughnessy
Robert Middleton

sink or swim

▪ Few people have ever lost a Navy destroyer. Jerry Lewis is one of these people. The last time he had the *U.S.S. Kornblatt* in his possession was just after V-J Day, thirteen years ago, in Pearl Harbor. All the other officers on the ship had enough points to be discharged, so the ship was handed over to Jerry. Jerry got to San Diego after being imprisoned by some Japanese soldiers who didn't know the war was over. Thirteen years later, Lieutenant Lewis is getting married in Akron, Ohio—and Admiral Robert Middleton is having a stroke in Washington, D. C. A congressional committee won't fork over another dime to the Navy until Middleton produces the *U.S.S. Kornblatt.* Jerry's arrested and hauled to Washington. Ensign Dina Merrill probes into his mind. That's not where she finds the *U.S.S. Kornblatt!*—PARAMOUNT.

THE FIVE PENNIES

Danny Kaye
Barbara Bel Geddes
Harry Guardino
Louis Armstrong
Tuesday Weld

he didn't 'make it'

▪ It's the roaring twenties in New York. Danny Kaye (as Red Nichols) and his horn land a job with Bob Crosby's band, and musician Harry Guardino introduces him to Barbara Bell Geddes. Their first date is up in Harlem. They get married (*Continued on page 88*)



Style-support is the key to the extra crown height in "*Empirette*". With Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in *style-support* with the ease and softness of a setting

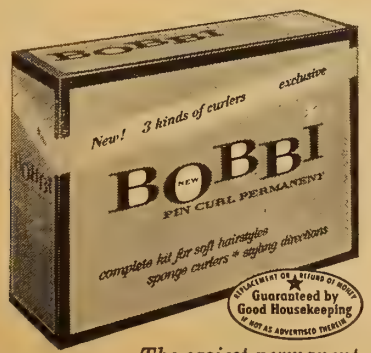


The lifted crown of "*Rising Star*" gets style-support from Bobbi's sponge rollers.

Bobbi's curlers give style-support for the casual, yet well-mannered look of "*Aureole*".



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ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS

40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS
for easy, over-all softness in major areas.

6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".

6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.



we visit SUSAN at home in GEORGIA

THE pick-up truck moved easily along the curved driveway, quickly leaving the granite-and-glass ranch house. The shapely redhead at the wheel hummed happily as she wheeled the vehicle expertly into the highway that leads to the quiet rural Georgia town of Carrollton for her daily marketing jaunt into town. Mrs. Eaton Chalkley was wearing her favorite outfit, blue jeans and shirt, as she drove along the now familiar streets. Susan Hayward Chalkley lifted her hand from the wheel to return a cheery wave of greeting to her friends and neighbors. She pulled up before the Jitney Jungle, a small chain store, and before entering the store she paused to chat with a trio of other shoppers. The three women realized, as does everyone in town, that the friendly vivacious driver of the pick-up truck was one of the most famous members of the cinematic circle. However, the (*Continued on page 10*)

by Betty Carrollton



THE MIGHTY SAGA OF THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MAN!



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by Pathé
DYALISCOPE

SEE heroic Hercules rip down the Age of Orgy's lavish palace of lustful pleasure!

SEE him crush the savage ape-men who guard the shrine of the Golden Fleece!

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SEE the seductive Amazons lure men to voluptuous revels and violent death!

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a story of LOVE and LONELINESS
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CLAUDE RAINS

The Cry that Rocked the VALLEY OF THE SUN...

"THIS EARTH IS MINE!"

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A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE
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Hear DON CORNELL Sing "This Earth is Mine"

(Continued from page 8)

conversation was casual, with no reference to her or the Academy Award. The women are more than fans of Susan Hayward. They are neighbors of Mrs. Eaton Chalkley. For here Mrs. Chalkley completely eclipses Susan Hayward. No one—from awe-struck teenagers to workmen on the Chalkley estate to local civic leaders—ever refers to her as Miss Hayward. Here she is simply the wife of a prominent attorney, Eaton Chalkley. And that's the way she wants it.

Since she moved to Georgia after her marriage to Eaton in 1957, Susan has divided her time between here and Hollywood, with "never enough time at home." Though she is not a *member* of the various civic clubs, she takes an active part in community matters. She participated in a charity concert recently, served as chairman of the Muscular Dystrophy campaign, has opened the season for the *Atlanta Crackers,* the state's top pro baseball team. Susan has taken part in other civic and charitable enterprises, but finds she has to refuse many such requests. "I want to do my share but if I answer all requests, I'll be on the go all the time. I wouldn't have a chance to be a good wife and mother. And when I'm home all I want is to be a good wife and mother."

Back here after completing pictures, Susan disclosed that her current contract calls for five more movies. Then she plans to become a full-time Georgia housewife. "I've had a long-lasting career that has been very gratifying. I'd rather have been an actress than do any other kind of work. But I've never considered myself an *artiste,* and the theater has never been my life. Here I've found complete happiness in being with my husband." She added that although she will be able to spend a great deal of time with Eaton while making the five movies, she feels "I'm wasting happiness by working when I could spend that time with him."

Old friends

Susan declares that she doesn't miss Hollywood, except for a few close friends. Fortunately she can keep in close touch by telephone. Most of her friends are planning to visit her soon. One of the first guests at the Chalkley house was Susan's close friend, Sara Little, of New York, whom the actress has known since she was fourteen. "She was class artist and I was class actress." Miss Little, an idea consultant, who heads her own firm, spent the Christmas holidays with the Chalkleys. She liked it so much, says Susan, that she plans to buy her own place here. Most of the friends the actress has made since she became Mrs. Chalkley have no connection with the movie world except as part of the theater audience. "Even our entertaining is on a simple scale." She and Eaton enjoy an occasional evening of dancing at the nearby country club but prefer to invite a group of friends to the house for informal dinners, horseback riding, a card game, or just talking. Did she hesitate about giving up a greater part of her career to begin this new life? She says, "This is where my husband lives and the decision was not really there. I knew this was his home and that when I married him it would be mine. It was that simple. We have both had the big-city life. We've done a lot of traveling and were both looking for the same kind of life. I really believe fate intended we should meet. Our tastes in practically everything are exactly alike."

Eaton is a Virginian who first came to Carrollton on legal matters. He has a background as a prominent attorney, working in Washington, D. C., and has been associated with the FBI. Now he is also owner of an automobile agency in Car-



It's so simple to switch to the style on your mind—the wonderful Wash 'n Curl way!

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TO PROVE NEW PROTEIN WAVING SHAMPOO CAN GIVE YOU

waves and curls tomorrow!

FREE! 75¢ size bottle of protein-rich Wash 'n Curl just to prove that *tomorrow* you can have lovely waves and curls that last from shampoo to shampoo! If you are not delighted with new Wash 'n Curl Waving Shampoo, simply return the $1.50 size for full refund.

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This special Wash 'n Curl package contains large size, regularly $1.50, *plus* FREE 75¢ size. Limited time only.

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Waves and curls tomorrow
. . . or your money back!



rollton. He said that he has actually been working on their 300-acre estate for nearly five years and recently bought more acreage adjoining the property which is being turned into permanent pasture for the horses and cattle they plan to raise.

Dream house come true

The house fits perfectly into its peaceful setting, faced with the granite from Stone Mountain and roofed with crushed Georgia marble. The air-conditioned place is nestled in a pine grove overlooking a fifteen-acre lake. Susan says, "When I was a little girl, I often went to the lake in Prospect Park and dreamed of someday having my own home beside a lake. This is just as I planned it in my dreams."

Their home is reached by a long driveway that stretches from the entrance gate, where stands a modernized seventy-five-year-old farmhouse that is now their guest house. It was to this red-and-white building that Eaton first took his bride to live for several months before construction began on the modern ranch home. When the doorbell rings, it is likely to be answered by Susan, whose household staff right now is limited to one. She happily guides guests around the house beginning with "my pride and joy—the kitchen," the design of which her husband left entirely in her hands. "I went around to see every kitchen decorator in the country. I wanted every inch of space utilized to best advantage." One of her favorite features is the flip-up surface stove unit that folds down on the counterpart for use, and flips back against the wall when nothing is cooking. The refrigerator is built in, as is the oven. Next to the kitchen is the breakfast area, one side of which is taken up with a huge built-in glass door cupboard. Here Susan displays her collection of China platters decorated with representations of bright red lobsters. The wide living room has a glass wall facing the lake. The floor is of black slate, the interior is built of tongue-and-groove logs painted white. At first, Susan explained, "We intended to build a much larger home with five baths instead of only three. But the more we thought of the place, the better I liked this location. So we decided to add onto the building and make it the main house. A white painted room-divider of logs is filled with assorted big-leafed plants. I don't have a green thumb, but I got careful instructions from the florist on how to care for these plants. I follow them implicity."

The fireplace Eaton designed

One entire end of the room is taken up by a great granite fireplace with a raised hearth, and there are folding iron panels in the fireplace opening. "My husband invented the panels. The fireplace goes all the way through to the other side of the living room wall to form the same setting in the bedroom. When we want to use the fireplace for our room alone, we

(*Continued on page* 14)

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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(*Continued from page* 12)
just close the panels on the living room side."

The cheery yellow-and-white bedroom also faces the lake. In the actress' dressing room the counter tops are marble and the color is pink. A trio of lace fans are framed to form the only wall decoration. "I have loads of room for my clothes," she says, sliding back the door of one of the closets that line the wall. "The only thing I forgot when I designed this room was the mirror." She corrected this by buying a framed mirror for the dressing table. Some of the space in the wide entrance hall was sacrificed for linen closets.

There is a big room in the back of the house for Susan's fourteen-year-old twins, Greg and Timmy, to use when they come home week ends from the Georgia Military Academy. Their school is about forty-five minutes from Carrollton. Timmy is going all out for swimming there and Greg is a Corporal First Class, going all out for developing his muscles. The boys are like father, blond, not big, but sturdily built. (Their natural father is the actor Jess Barker from whom Susan was divorced in 1955 after ten years of marriage.) They are rather reserved, but quite self-sufficient.

Both Timmy and Greg have great respect for Eaton and like him very much.

The Chalkleys have surrounded themselves with friends who enjoy their kind of life. Most of them Eaton has known since he first came to Georgia, and they find his wife a pleasant addition to their circle. The Chalkleys' family physician, Dr. Hadley Allen of Breman, a small town a few miles away, is a rather frequent visitor. But his calls are usually social rather than professional. Dr. Allen and his wife, Betty, are among the Chalkleys' close friends. Hadley has been an M.D. in Breman for more than fifteen years. The Allens declare, "Susan is a very genuine person with absolutely no pretense about her, who fits in perfectly with the crowd." Other frequent visitors include Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kane, Sr., of Atlanta who declare they are as much at home around the actress as with any of their other friends. "Susan's career seldom comes into our conversation," Mrs. Kane said. "When we get together the conversation is always stimulating and interesting and covers practically everything from plumbing to current events." Harvey Hester, Georgia restaurant owner who first introduced Susan to her husband, has a special place in the family group. Susan fondly calls him Uncle Harvey and is learning to play the electric guitar which he gave her for Christmas.

When a teenage Carrollton girl heard about the electric guitar and learned Susan had no pick with which to play it, she promptly spent her week's allowance on an assortment of the gay-colored picks of plastic bits. Susan exhibited the picks, about twenty of them in all sizes, shapes and colors with as much enthusiasm as if each pick had been diamond-studded. Another favorite gift is the red-and-white bellows for the fireplace which was brought over by a neighbor, Mrs. T. R. Griffin, Jr. Mr. Griffin owns a couple of drugstores in Carrollton and their teenage son, Tommy, is a pal of Susan's twin boys. Tommy confided, "It's great having Mrs. Chalkley as a friend. We never think of her as an actress. She's easy to talk to and fun to be around." Workmen on the Chalkley grounds, some of whom have been employed by them for five years, disclose that the lady of the house is always polite and friendly. "She takes an interest in whatever we're doing, and likes to know why we're doing a particular thing. But she never tries to tell us how to do our job. She's a pleasure to work for."

Susan has no in-law problems, either. Eaton's mother, Mrs. Alma Chalkley, as well as a brother and sister all live in Carrollton. Susan describes her mother-in-law as a wonderful person with a terrific sense of humor and an amazing amount of energy that must be put to use. Susan, however, never takes personal problems to Mrs. Chalkley, because she says, "I don't want to make her responsible for my decisions . . . I'm naturally a moody person and always have been . . . My nerves are very close to the surface. And my moods go way up or way down, depending on the weather or my emotions. My husband realized how moody I am before we were married. He's so calm, patient and understanding that I am on a more even keel now than ever before."

She doesn't miss Hollywood

She recalled a morning recently when Eaton was driving the tractor to mow their vast expanse of lawn. His wife was running along behind the mower trying to capture—as she put it—"the feeling that this land is mine, like you read about in books. But I almost collapsed with laughter. It was such a ridiculous thought. I know this land isn't really mine, but has only been loaned to me to enjoy for a time. For a long time, I hope."

Does she miss Hollywood? "No," she said. "All I can ever want is right here."

Maybe it doesn't sound exciting for a movie actress—but to Susan it's all she's ever wanted—all she's striving for—a good, warm, normal family life. **END**

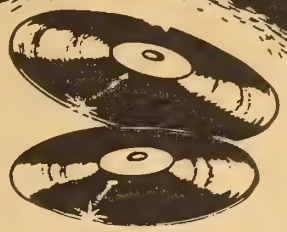
Susan will soon appear in THUNDER IN THE SUN *for Paramount and* WOMAN OBSESSED *for 20th-Fox.*





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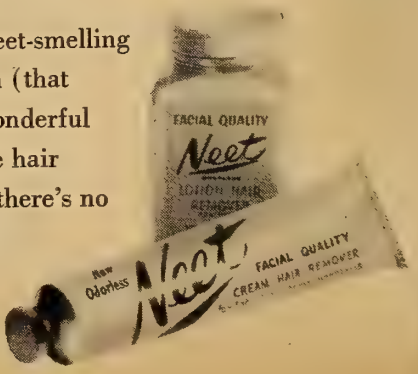
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LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

The Academy Awards won by Susan Hayward . . . David Niven . . . Gigi.

The Duke and Duchess of Windsor visit Hollywood and are Royally entertained by the Randolph Hearsts.

Debbie says yes to Las Vegas divorce for Eddie, paving way for his marriage to Liz.

Bing and Kathy expect second baby, confirming my scoop of January 20th after first denying it.

Italian charmer Gina Lollobrigida makes triumphant arrival in Hollywood.

All this has certainly kept your eager beaver reporter hopping.

LOUELLA PARSONS





(Above) Romanoff's was the scene of the charming dinner-dance given in honor of Ingrid and Lars Schmidt before the Awards. (Left) Liz got a pretty consolation prize from Eddie.

FLASHBACK TO OSCAR NIGHT

Elizabeth Taylor lost the Oscar to **Susan Hayward**, but that was a pretty fancy consolation prize she received from **Eddie Fisher**: a full-length white baby beaver coat lined in purple jersey and made to order by Don Loper. Price $6,500! . . .

That storm of applause that greeted Susan Hayward's name as 'best actress' was for her fine performance in *I Want to Live*, of course. But it was also for the great way she has 'come back' from so much unhappiness in her private life when she was so 'mixed up' several years ago. . . .

Because of some raps he took, **Jerry Lewis** says he'll never m.c. another Academy Award. Frankly, I don't know what happened to Jerry this time. Remember how good he was two years ago when he carried the whole job of emceeing the Awards?

On the whole, I'm sick of the slams directed at the Academy Awards. Except for running seventeen minutes short on the TV time, it was a great show, the audience warm and enthusiastic, the winners popular, the women beautifully gowned. And may I point out that it took a *movie* show to attract the biggest audience that ever sat glued to millions of TV sets! But on to more pleasant topics.

That gay and wonderful Boulevardier **Maurice Chevalier** should have received a nomination for his charming *Gigi*. But the audience came down in a heap when Maurice came on the stage singing *Thank Heaven for Little Girls* to all those beauties. What a charmer!

PARTY FOR INGRID

The other special guest, **Ingrid Bergman**, (imported from Europe for the event) dressed most informally at the Awards and at the dinner-dance given in her (and Lars Schmidt's) honor hosted by the Buddy Adlers at Romanoff's the Saturday preceding the Oscars.

At the Adlers' charming party, Ingrid wore a print dress, with pink roses against a beige background. At the Awards, she wore a short pink skirt topped with an embroidered white off-the-shoulder bodice.

Both at the Adlers' and later at the celebration at the Beverly Hilton following the Oscars, I sat at the table with Ingrid, her bridegroom Lars, and Ingrid's lovely daughter Jenny Ann, a really beautiful girl.

I asked Jenny Ann if she planned to follow in her mother's footsteps and become an actress. She smiled and said, "I haven't made up my mind yet. I still have to finish school."

Lars Schmidt is a charming man, and a very successful one as a producer in Sweden. He told me that when he presented *My Fair Lady* in Sweden the King and Queen attended the first-night performance. Lars also has four plays running in Paris, *The Diary of Anne Frank, Two for the Seesaw* and *Orpheus Descending* among them.

I told Ingrid how much I liked her husband. "Wasn't I lucky?" she smiled. "Lucky to have married a man like Lars?"

One of the things that made her happiest is the obvious liking Jenny Ann has for Lars and he for her. And, if Ingrid felt any fears about her return to Hollywood after ten years packed with so much sensational drama in her private life, they were completely dispelled.

Her face glowed as she told me, "It's as though I had never been away!"





(Above) "Wasn't I lucky," Ingrid said, "to have married a man like Lars?" The radiant newlyweds were the guests of honor at the Buddy Adlers' party. Among the other couples were (right) George Montgomery and his song-star wife Dinah Shore, and (below, right) Dean Martin and wife Jeanne. Ingrid's happy at the way Lars and her daughter (below, left) get along.





LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

PARTY *of the month*

The charming dinner-dance hosted by **Mr.** and **Mrs. Randolph Hearst** for the visiting **Duke** and **Duchess of Windsor** was one of the most beautiful and exclusive parties ever given in our town. The setting was the flower-bedecked penthouse of Romanoff's, the evening was warm and balmy and the movie stars and socialites beautifully gowned.

I had met the Windsors in New York a few years ago and later at Rosita Winston's party in Paris and it was flattering that both of the distinguished guests recalled our meetings.

The Duchess is so gay and vivacious and she really sparkled in her short red evening gown with which she wore her fabulous emeralds. Neither of the Windsors missed a dance the entire evening, the Duchess twirling about the floor with **George Montgomery**, **Gary Cooper**, Freddie Brisson, General Frank McCarthy, millionaire Edwin Pauley.

As for the Duke, you should have seen him *jitterbugging* with **Rosalind Russell**! He did the Charleston with Mrs. Edward Carter, and danced with **Merle Oberon**, **Irene Dunne**, **Mrs. Gary Cooper**, **Dinah Shore**, Mrs. Pauley, and the hostess.

While Dinah Shore was dancing with the Duke, the Duchess danced by and said to Dinah, "When am I going to hear you sing?" The Duke then asked Dinah to sing and she delighted the guests by asking composer **Jimmy McHugh** to play his *I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby* for her. What a gal, that Dinah!

When my dance came with the Duke, I said, "You love music, don't you?"

"I do, indeed," he replied, "I know most of the popular numbers. I can tell you like dancing, too." That's for sure!

The Duke spoke of the beauty of the hostess and also of Mrs. David Hearst.

Among those who sat at the Duchess' table was **David Niven**. His lovely wife Hjordis was at the Duke's table. Between dances the Duchess seemed to enjoy talking so much to Irene Dunne and Rosalind Russell.

The Windsors were in Los Angeles only for a week end and the next evening Cobina Wright entertained in their honor at her hilltop home.

I sat next to **John Wayne** who told me he was looking forward to visiting our new state, Alaska, to film *The Alaskan*. "Good heavens!" I laughed. "I thought you were planning to stay home a spell." Duke grinned, "I don't get those kinds of pictures."

Arlene Dahl, looking lovely in white, came with **Fernando Lamas** but their reconciliation was short lived. This marriage, unfortunately, seems to be on the rocks.

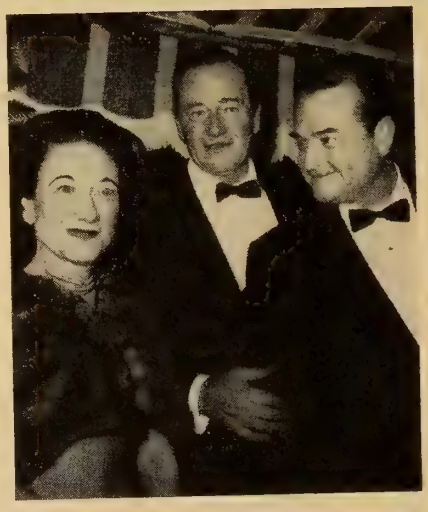
At dinner those two funny men, **Bob Hope** and **Red Skelton**, made hilarious speeches and no one laughed louder than the Duke and Duchess. For Cobina's party, the Duchess was wearing a short green satin gown with priceless pearls.

The Windsors did not leave Cobina's until the wee small hours although they were getting up at an ungodly early hour the next morning and taking off via station wagon with their three dogs for San Francisco.

"I'm sure we'll get lost again," laughed the Duchess, referring to the hour delay the Windsors experienced arriving at the Beverly Hills Hotel wandering around the hills completely lost on their arrival in Los Angeles.

They promised to come back soon—and we all hope they do.







(Above) The Windsors arrived, all ready to dance, at the penthouse party given in their honor. The Duchess paused to chat with John Wayne and Red Skelton (left) and to congratulate Bob Hope enthusiastically (below) on his speech.



OPEN LETTER

To Diane Varsi:

I believe I am speaking for all movietown when I say—take your time, get whatever is bothering you about your career out of your system, but *come back, Diane.*

I would not say this if I did not believe that you have a most unique talent, and talent, my dear, is to be cherished and nurtured. It is a gift in whatever medium it is bestowed.

I know that Hollywood can sometimes seem cruel to a sensitive person. I don't care what other excuses you give, I think your chief disillusionment lay in some pretty wide criticism, not of your work, but in personal things: the way you dressed (or didn't dress): not giving your studio your telephone number, turning down good roles offered to you by 20th-Century Fox.

As recently as two issues ago I wrote another letter to you warning that your uncooperative conduct was jeopardizing your career.

But once you step out into the spotlight, Diane, this is the price you pay for the attention and the affection of the world! Almost every big actor or actress worth his salt has encountered criticism at some stage along the way. Nor is all criticism bad. More often than not it points the way to self-improvement if it is received in the right way.

You proved in *Peyton Place* that you are a fine young actress. It is rare indeed that a young girl scores so vividly in her first major role that she is worthy of Academy Award consideration—as you were.

My point in saying all this is the hope that you will realize that Hollywood is not *against* you, that we are sympathetic to whatever inner turmoil you are going through, and above all—*we want you to come back.*

WELCOME GINA!

Queen **Gina Lollobrigida**, arrived to the tune of much bulb-flashing, TV cameras, reporters and interviews, to make *Never So Few* with **Frank Sinatra**.

But even the best press agent couldn't have staged the endearing scene at the airport when Gina's eighteen-month-old son, Andrea, all done up in checked pants, white shirt and checked bow-tie, went plumb crazy over Sinatra!

The baby literally jumped into Frank's arms and perched there, much to Frankie's delight. "We Italians stick together," beamed the delighted Mr. S. He also called attention to the fact that both he and Andrea wear bow-ties!

I met Gina later at MGM at a party hosted by executive producer Sol Siegel and Sinatra and was charmed with both Gina and her husband, Dr. Milko Skofic (so handsome).

Gina, with her flashing black eyes and animated manner, speaks surprisingly good English, with a cute accent, of course. She looked beautiful in a white satin gown with which she wore emeralds and rubies in matching necklace and earrings.

She said she hopes so much to see something of California before starting the picture but there won't be much time as it begins so soon.

I told her I was sorry not to meet Andrea at the party. She laughed and said, "He's sleeping. It was a long, hard trip by air—but he was so good."

Both Gina and Milko invited me to their bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel to meet their pride and joy and that's an invitation I shall accept.



The press welcomed beautiful Gina Lollobrigida, arriving with husband Dr. Skofic and baby Andrea.

Bob and Nat's unusual viewpoint

The more I see of **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** the more I am convinced they are the least spoiled young people in Hollywood.

When they dropped by to see me a few days ago I told Natalie how happy I was that her long drawn-out contract battle with Warners was settled. Now she could continue on her star path.

She surprised me by saying, "Neither Bob nor I consider ourselves stars big enough to carry a picture alone. We need other stars to help carry our pictures." And Bob nodded his agreement.

If you knew Hollywood as I know Hollywood, you'd realize how unusual this viewpoint is.



Louella got a surprise from Hollywood couple Nat and Bob.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*





? PERSONAL OPINIONS

A lot of heartache went into **Anna Maria Alberghetti**'s decision to call off her marriage to **Buddy Bregman** just eight days before their wedding. She cried her eyes out when she came to my house to personally tell me her sad little story. "I still love Buddy and he loves me," Anna Maria said, "but I have thought over the many problems and believe we should not marry." She insisted her mother had nothing to do with her decision and was no longer pressing her to give up Buddy because of religious differences. Whatever the cause of the trouble, Anna is keeping it locked in her heart. . . .

Kim Novak looked like she was floating in the clouds dancing cheek-to-cheek with **Cary Grant** (with her eyes closed!) at the Beverly-Hilton after the Oscars. . . .

Cute name **Joanne Woodward** and **Paul Newman** picked out for their brand new daughter. Although her official name is Ellen, the baby will be called Nell Newman. . . .

One of the nicest things that has happened —the reconciliation of Sheila and **Guy Madison** after first one and then the other stubbornly holding out for seven long months. . . .

Wendy Hiller's comment on receiving the Oscar for best supporting actress was in shocking bad taste. Yet she has not denied saying, "Give me the cash. They can keep the honor. . . ."

No wonder **Martha Hyer** believes that "Diamonds are only a girl's *second* best friend!" This smart glamour girl has a small fortune in oil paintings which increase in value all the time. Martha's Beverly Hills home is a small treasure house of paintings and *objects d'art.*





All decked out as movie titles, Rory Calhoun and his Lita (left) came as Glamour Boy *and* Pauline, *while Shirley MacLaine (above) posed as Dean Martin.*

A 'surprise' surprise party

Try this as an idea for one of your own parties—come dressed as the title of a movie!

At the surprise birthday party given MGM boss Sol Siegel by Fieldsie and Walter (director) Lang we were asked to dress as a title from one of Sol's movies. As laugh after laugh greeted each arrival—it was really a fun party.

Shirley MacLaine was a riot with an old beat-up hat on the back of her head saying she was **Dean Martin** in *Some Came Running.*

Ginger Rogers, escorted by **Cesar Romero**, was *High Society* in a beautiful pink



Randy MacDougal looks dubious about wife Nanette Fabray's costume.



Cesar Romero and Ginger Rogers were charming as High Society *and* Man on Fire *(above). Mr. and Mrs. Sol Siegel came as* Call Me Madam.



evening gown. Cesar, in a high hat with a lighted candle on top, represented *Man on Fire.*

The Jean Negulescos brought a fountain, and with **Clifton Webb** in the act with them, were *Three Coins in the Fountain.*

Fred MacMurray and **June Haver** were Dizzy and Henry from *Henry Aldrich.*

Virginia Grey in a sailor garb was *S.O.S. Coast Guard.*

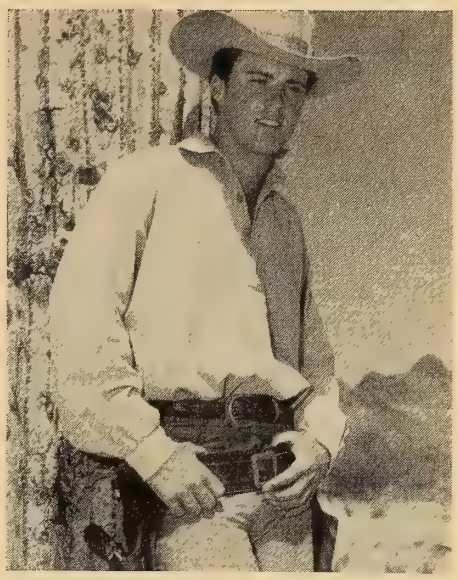
Nanette Fabray and Mrs. William Perlberg looked like dolls in the cutest costumes representing *There's No Business Like Show Business.*

Rory Calhoun was *Glamour Boy* (he's really one!) and his Lita was cute as a button as *Perils of Pauline.*

P.S. If you care—I went all dolled up in my gold dress as *Call Me Madam!*

I nominate for STARDOM

Ricky Nelson



Not that he is yet such a fine actor (although he gives a good account of himself in *Rio Bravo*); not because he is a hot young singer with hundreds of thousands of teenagers behind him and the ability to sell records at the million mark; not entirely because he is handsome.

I select Ricky this month because of his 'star' making ability to stir up controversy, to set people arguing about him, to create excitement. This is the stuff of which *stars* are made.

Howard Hawks, the director of *Rio Bravo* starring **John Wayne** and **Dean Martin**, said recently: "I signed Ricky sight unseen for a leading role in the picture. I didn't expect him to act—and I was pleasantly surprised at his natural talent.

"But when I was told that Rick has three gold discs to his credit (meaning each disc topped the million mark in sales), that he is on every teenager popularity poll and that he has to employ four secretaries to answer his fan mail—I knew his mere appearance in *Rio Bravo* would sell at least an additional 500,000 tickets!"

I might add that he is head and shoulders above all competition in my fan letters this month.

As to whether or not this eighteen-year-old son of TV veterans **Harriet** and **Ozzie** has patterned himself after **Elvis Presley**—Rick, himself, admits that Presley is his idol. He says, "Sure I started out to imitate him. He's the greatest. But as I go along I think and hope I'm beginning to deliver some of my own stuff." He is.

A modest, even-tempered boy, popular with the young belles and a sportscar enthusiast, he is not in the least spoiled by his tremendous success. He still asks for his allowance from Ozzie! Watch this boy—he's headed for movie stardom.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Advice for Millie

Millie Perkins proves herself a fine young actress in *The Diary of Anne Frank*, her very first picture.

But I wish she would stop living the role off screen!

Glimpsed in the 20th Century-Fox commissary the other day, Millie was a forlorn figure lunching alone and discouraging the advance of the few who did venture up to congratulate her.

But it was what she was wearing that got me—a schoolgirl skirt, white middy-blouse and *long black stockings*!

Cheer-up, and dress-up, Millie. For you, life is beautiful and successful. Enjoy it while you are young.

Another baby for the Crosbys

Kathryn Crosby called all the way from Ishpeming, Michigan, where she was on location in *Anatomy of a Murder*, to tell me it's true that she and Bing are expecting another baby.

"Then why did you deny my story when it came out weeks ago?" I asked.

Kathy laughed, "Because I just heard it the day you did! You must be a doctor! I was working on *Big Circus* at the time, I wanted to finish the picture and perhaps do another before the news came out."

This time, Kathy swears, she and **Bing** are not going to do so much talking about wanting a girl.

"That little fellow of ours (meaning Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr.) is so endearing and we love him so much it's all right with us if we have another boy," she said.

Bing not a "bad father"

As for Bing, he made some added headlines of his own about being a parent when he gave out that surprising (and to my mind unnecessary) statement that he "had been a bad father to **Gary, Dennis** and **Phil** and **Lindsay**." He elaborated that he had given them both too much discipline and too much money. That he "couldn't talk to them." That they paid no attention to his advice.

The twins and Lindsay denied Bing's statement calling him a fine dad. Only Gary remained silent.

Millie Perkins (below) tries taking Louella's advice. Bing Crosby (right) ponders his statement on parenthood.





LETTER BOX

To Cynthia Hossford, Atlanta, Ga., who wrote in the April issue: **Ricky Nelson** *is a carbon copy of* **Elvis Presley**, goes the Herculean achievement of displacing **Liz-Eddie-Debbie** as Topic No. 1 in your letters! While many agree with her, I hope Cynthia is a strong girl who can stand up under such blasts as:

You can't find one girl in the world who knows real talent who would say such a thing —except that Cynthia (from Bee Kohler, Corvallis, Oregon).

Cynthia's a Square from Squaresville (Dorothy Deere, Pacoma).

Ricky Nelson has more talent in his eyelashes than Elvis has in his whole torso (Velma Searle, Bowling Green, Kentucky).

The next great star of movies and TV is Ricky Nelson! (Connie Mears, Wichita Falls, Texas).

Second topic of interest in the mail is whether the Academy should have invited **Ingrid Bergman** to participate in the Awards. Opinion is divided about evenly as expressed by:

Helen, Doris and Gracie of Victoria, British Columbia: *Miss Bergman has made plain her contempt for Hollywood in many interviews in Europe. Why was she invited to be a special guest at Hollywood's greatest annual event?*

Mrs. Elvira Bosson, Denver, Colorado: *Ingrid Bergman should have been nominated for* Inn of the Sixth Happiness. *She is a great actress and her private life is her own. It was just plain Justice that Hollywood brought her from Europe to highlight the Academy presentations. . . .*

Hurray! Liz didn't win! comes Air Mail from San Francisco, Patty Parsons (no relation).

A charming letter from Mrs. James F. Dunn, Jr., Dallas, telling of the re-issue of **Tyrone Power**'s The Eddy Duchin Story in her home town: *The crowds that filled the theater were heartwarming to one fan who will never forget this fine actor and gentleman. . . .*

My answer is No, NO, NO! to E.S.P., New York, who wants to leave her husband and three-year-old son to seek a movie career in Hollywood. My dear, you aren't *asking* for heartache, you are *begging* for it. . . .

Juan Carlos Cismondi, Paraguay, Rorario, Argentina, wants **Barbara Stanwyck** to know that she is very popular in his country and if she should visit there, *She would be treated like the Queen she is. Why do we not see her new pictures?* (Barbara is concentrating on a new TV series, Juan). . . .

Most girls would give anything in the world for the opportunity **Diane Varsi** *tossed aside*, writes Kenny Carter of Toledo. See my Open Letter to Diane in this department, Kenny. . . .

Duncan McVei, Ontario, says: The Hanging Tree *is a fine picture with* **Gary Cooper** *and* **Maria Schell**. *Yet many of my friends did not see it because they did not like the title.* Titles *are very important to pictures, Duncan. . . .*

Marilyn Monroe *in* Some Like It Hot *proves again that she is the Queen of Glamour girls*, writes Penny, St. Louis. *She makes all her imitators look sick, sick, sick. . . .*

Duane Williams, Charleston, observes: *In the* **Liz-Eddie-Debbie** *triangle—it is the man who has paid! Liz was nominated for an Oscar and Debbie has never been so successful. Only Eddie is out in the cold losing his TV show. Isn't this a switch?*

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



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So easy, so certain to get softer, fluffier washes!

Now all these Sears Kenmore washers add Sta-Puf automatically!

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There are many reasons why Kenmore is America's largest selling line of automatic washers. You get *One Soft Touch* all-fabric washing, plus the automatic rinse dispenser, self-cleaning lint filter, and all the other features you want for easier washdays.

FREE! See a demonstration of the new Kenmore Washers today at your Sears Retail Store or Catalog Sales Office . . . get a generous sample bottle of Sta-Puf Miracle Rinse absolutely free!



a—Lady Kenmore Push-Button Automatic Washer
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c—Kenmore Space-Saving Automatic Washer
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$1 Lasts for months!

REFILLS 69¢

REALLY

Waterproofs
without any sting or smart

Separates and Curls
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Pure and Odorless.

Easiest way ever to lovely lashes!

Never has lash-loveliness been so easy, so pleasant, so perfect! New SPIRAL BRUSH supplies exactly the right amount of MAGIC mascara—waterproofs, separates, darkens and curls each lash individually—as only the new SPIRAL BRUSH can do. Takes just seconds. No more stuck-together lashes. No more smears, blobs, spots! Never any sting or smart . . . for new MAGIC mascara is so smooth, so safe, so pure . . . lashes look their longest and loveliest always, never stiff or brittle. Makes you look as if you were *born* with long, luxuriant lashes! Four beauty-giving shades: Velvet Black, Sable Brown, Midnight Blue, Jade Green.

Maybelline . . . devoted exclusively to the art of eye beauty!

Twin Refills For Pencil, 43¢

Self-Sharpener Eyebrow-Eyeliner Pencil, $1

Jewel-Tone Eyeshadow Stick. Choice of 5 flattering shades, $1

Precision Tweezers, 29¢

Professional Eyelash Curler, $1

HELP!

ATTENTION FANS OF



CLIFF ROBERTSON, GEORGE NADER, JAYNE MANSFIELD, SHELLEY WINTERS, JEFF CHANDLER, MONTY CLIFT, DON MURRAY

THESE STARS ARE FALLING ★ IN PART THE FAULT IS THEIRS, IN PART THE FAULT IS YOURS ★ YOUR LOYALTY AND SUPPORT IS NEEDED NOW!

CLIFF ROBERTSON. This thirty-three-year-old has shown the worst judgment of all the newcomers. He started out with a bang in 1956's *Picnic* and *Autumn Leaves*, then dissipated his opportunity by long-drawn-out quarrels, sitdown strikes and refusals of roles offered him by his studio, Columbia. He refused pictures Columbia offered that turned out to be hits, like *Gunman's Walk* and knocked himself out to get loaned to RKO for rank failures like *Girl Most Likely*. Yet he claimed his artistic integrity demanded that he select roles carefully! While pics he considered unworthy were cleaning up and winning critical plaudits, he rushed into *Naked and the Dead* which he thought worthy. It got weak reviews and a lacing for him personally from *Time Magazine*. He lost a whole year's studio salary begging the late Harry Cohn to let him do *Orpheus Descending* on Broadway, and it failed; insisted on getting out of *Operation Madball*; he did get out and *Madball* was a hit. Then he meekly agreed to appear in *Gidget*—playing second-fiddle to Sandra Dee and James Darren. He can be argumentative over minor issues, then back down when something really worth fighting for comes up. For instance he made a hit in *Career* on the stage in L.A., yet didn't fight for the lead in the movie version of this excellent drama, which went to another actor, nor did he fight for the screen version of *Orpheus Descending* which will attract good audiences. Then he lost his head and gave a destructive interview to L.A. correspondent Vernon Scott (*Continued on page 28*)

BOURJOIS BRINGS YOU THE TALL VALUE IN COLOGNES



ON THE WIND • SPICE 'N' ICE • FROSTY MIST Three refreshing moods in fragrance . . . crisp, spicy and floral cool. Each in a towering 6-ounce decanter, beautifully gift boxed. Matching cologne stick and cloud-soft, dreamy dusting powder, **EACH 1.00.** And for the first time in these summer fragrances, new Spray Cologne to spray with the lightest touch of your finger. **ONLY 1.50.**

HELP!

(*Continued from page 27*)

widely syndicated, in which he publicly bewails the fact he lacks a 'gimmick' or personality trademark to put himself over with the public. This is horrible public relations. To top it all, after losing many thousands of dollars striking against Columbia, he went against his oft-proclaimed artistic integrity and contempt for the buck by saying he does think money is important after all. Accordingly, he got himself into the year's worst TV dramas, cheapening his standards and hurting his appeal. His agent, he says, accuses him of having more guts than sense, or so he told Vernon Scott. But considering the childish mismanagements, unpleasant personal publicity and assorted stubbornnesses and inconsistencies, he doesn't seem to have either guts *or* sense! A good actor, he seems immature emotionally. What can the fans do? Nothing, it seems, except hope.

GEORGE NADER. This is a nice guy who has problems a-plenty. U-I let him go when they cut down their pics, and he seems to be on the downgrade fast—and at thirty-seven, that's no joke. A kid of twenty-five can coast, wait for the next break—not at thirty-seven, when there's a premium on youth in the acting line, or at least a premium on making your first stake while young so it will still be there in the 40's and 50's—like Gable and Cooper. U-I neglected George for people like Rock Hudson, when it came to publicity. Even Jeff Chandler got better press coverage. George was cast in *Floodtide* and *The Female Animal* and they did not do well at the box-office. Then too, George is inclined to be a passive, inert, easy-going type. He is *too* grateful for what he has gotten—and to tough producers that smacks of lack of self-confidence. He's too anxious to please. Not for George any aggressive scenes in the front office, any hitting agents over the head! He'd rather relax in his trunks beside a pool, be the big brother and shoulder-to-cry-on of unhappy stars and starlets. Now everybody likes George; he has a solid group of fans who think he's the be-all and end-all. He has made no enemies (in his case almost a fault) and is not *quite* to be labeled 'colorless,' for he has a winning ease, a good voice, clean good looks. Here's our recipe for George: rally his fans to point up this

guy's assets; get other fans to root for him. And the fans should write George warning him to fight harder for good roles—the roles his hard-won acting competence, fine personality and looks warrant. They should tell him to *believe* in himself, because if he doesn't, pretty soon no one else will.

JAYNE MANSFIELD. Overdid the body bit, imitated Monroe, made almost a caricature of herself. The public in time got fed up with her flamboyant publicity. Then she hit the apex of insincerity by rounding up the press and telling them she wanted to be a serious dramatic actress. Do the fans want Jayne hot or cold? Our guess is that if she keeps on at this rate they won't want her at all. She admitted she overdid the body bit to win through to top-drawer fame, felt she wouldn't make it otherwise. There is a core of truth in this. Show business is competitive, you have to stand out (and for a while *no one*—but no one—stood out like Jayne). But it was synthetic, frenetic, gaudy—there was nothing true-blue in this. Jayne has a certain acting competence, which she displayed in *The Wayward Bus*—but everybody laughs when she is given serious drama to do. If she wants to play Elizabeth Barrett Browning, she'd better go under cover for a while. Jayne's fans? Well, most of them seem indifferent right now; they don't know what to make of her. They might find her dull as a dramatic actress. The adolescent boys who throw spitballs in the galleries may stick loyally by her—but are these fans? Jayne has a problem . . .

SHELLEY WINTERS. Here's a little girl who has loads of talent, and she has unfortunately just dissipated it. For one thing, her tendency to look at life through a highly emotional, almost hysteric light has caused her to spoil many fine opportunities and situations, has brought her failure in many respects, and has made her at times despairing about herself. If she expended one-tenth of the energy on wise career decisions that she throws away on chaotic domestic situations she'd be a big star today. Shelley is one of the most emotional, most high-strung actress (or actor either) we've ever encountered. Once, during a memorial service for actress Suzan Ball, she gave a wonderful speech, warm, tearful, genuine, sincere—and later in the corridor she seemed about to faint from all the emotional dynamism she expended. She has done well in her stage (*Continued on next page*)

"I tan faster with COPPERTONE"

says MYRNA HANSEN



Get a faster, deeper tan with GUARANTEED sunburn protection

There's no tan like a Coppertone tan! Lovely Myrna Hansen agrees . . . she says, "I wouldn't go in the sun without Coppertone!"

Sunbalanced Screening does it! With Coppertone you get a faster, smoother tan, with maximum sunburn protection, than with any other leading product! That's because its special screening agent, homomenthyl salicylate, lets *in* the ultraviolet rays that activate coloring matter deep inside skin, shuts *out* fiery, burning rays.

Conditions Skin, too! Coppertone is rich in lanolin and other moisturizing ingredients that protect you longer, even after swimming. Thus it prevents ugly drying and peeling.

America's Favorite! Originated in Florida, Coppertone now far outsells all other suntan products. Available in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, and new Shade for children and those with sensitive skin. Also Noskote.



DON'T BE A PALEFACE

Use Coppertone whenever you're in the sun—swimming, boating, picnicking, or in your own backyard.

Coppertone, another quality product of Plough, Inc., is available in Canada, too. Save—buy large size.

JULY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in July, your birthstone is the ruby and your flower is the larkspur. Here are some of the stars who share it with you:

July 1—**Leslie Caron**
Farley Granger
Charles Laughton

July 3—**George Sanders**

July 4—**Gina Lollobrigida**
George Murphy
Eva Marie Saint

July 6—**Janet Leigh**

July 9—**Bob Hope**

July 10—**Nick Adams**
Jeff Donnell
William Smithers

July 11—**Tab Hunter**

July 14—**Polly Bergen**
Nancy Olson
Dale Robertson

July 15—**Murvyn Vye**

July 16—**Ginger Rogers**
Sonny Tufts
Millie Vitale

July 18—**Chill Wills**
Joan Evans
Red Skelton

July 19—**Patricia Medina**

July 20—**Natalie Wood**

July 22—**Perry Lopez**

July 23—**Gloria DeHaven**
Michael Wilding

July 25—**Walter Brennan**

July 29—**Richard Egan**
Bob Horton
Stephen McNally
William Powell

July 30—**Jacques Sernas**



Olivia DeHavilland
July 1



Sidney Blackmer
July 13



Barbara Stanwyck
July 16



Keenan Wynn
July 27

HELP!

(*Continued from preceding page*)

appearances, but she chooses the wrong screen roles. When she does take a good one, it's hardly more than a bit (like *The Big Knife*). At thirty-five she should be on top of the heap. If ever a gal needed loyal, loving fans, this one does! Understanding fans who respect her feelings and help her feel wanted and rooted for, who understand her public blow-ups and emotional scenes. She's like Judy Garland, with loads of talent that works *for* her on stage and screen and *against* her in private life. Like Judy, Shelley's a natural to attract a large fan following—if they are mature enough to understand that Shelley needs *moral support, not autograph sessions.*

JEFF CHANDLER. Jeff's gray hair and carelessness about his figure don't help him with the young fans (even that old-man-of-the-mountain Cary Grant is careful about these items, and Cary is fifty-four to Jeff's forty-one). He got himself into a lot of silly publicity—some of it verging on the scandalous—with Esther Williams in a musical-chairs domestic session that recalled unpleasantly to the public the Errol Flynn-Nora Eddington-Dick Haymes nonsense a while back. His last pic—*Raw Wind in Eden*—was blistered by the critics. He has not gotten strong roles, his acting personality is monotonous at times. Yes, he has fans, but they are turning tepid on him. The possible solution? Get on the ball, Jeff—be a good father to your kids, get your wife situation straightened out, stop making silly private-life headlines. Hunt for good roles, and we mean *hunt*. You're forty-one; the sands in the hour-glass are running out. As to the remaining fans of Mr. Chandler, well, we say to them: the guy's at that dangerous age when a formerly sedate home-loving guy sometimes kicks over the traces. Be patient with him, keep rooting for him, and hope he pulls through this emotionally chaotic period to land on his feet.

MONTY CLIFT. Frankly, we think Monty's fan following is unfortunately very small because he never bothered to cultivate it (honest of him, maybe, but hardly politic). In fact, he has nothing of the diplomat about him at all. We won't cover the familiar ground of his personal idiosyncracies, which has been done to death, but his bad





auto accident of 1956, in which he cut his face to ribbons necessitating plastic work, his semi-romances with such older women as Libby Holman and Myrna Loy, his ghost-like, skeletal appearance, drinking bouts, movie failures (*Raintree County*, a poor box-office film; *Young Lions*, stolen by Brando and Dean Martin; *Lonelyhearts*, crucified by *Variety* and other publications) all bode ill for harassed Monty. Independent, inwardly lost and lonely, Monty is a tragic figure. But he can still act. Competent psychotherapy might give him back his faith, and joy in life. But this isn't enough. His fans—few though they may be—must keep encouraging him—helping him to help himself.

DON MURRAY. Frankly, we hate to include this nice guy Don among the 'tobogganing stars' but his current boxoffice rating makes it unavoidable. Somehow he never succeeded in catching on with the boxoffice force of contemporaries like Paul Newman and Tony Franciosa. His conservative, decent, idealistic way of life may have something to do with it. His refugee project for his religious group, The Church of the Brethren, has been well-publicized but maybe too much so. It's making Don and Hope Lange, his lovely wife, seem a bit too Sunday-schoolish. Acting and philanthropy don't go together. At least this is what Hollywood producers seem to think. And this is very unfortunate, for Don and Hope are a great credit to Hollywood, have done much for its public relations. Okay, so Don and Hope are good—and to some fans goodness spells dullness. But not to all of them. The many fans who admire Don and Hope must rally to their cause now and show producers they think Don deserves good parts. **END**

Cliff is now appearing in Columbia's BATTLE OF THE CORAL SEA.

Shelley can be seen in 20th-Fox's DIARY OF ANNE FRANK.

Jeff will appear in Paramount's THUNDER IN THE SUN.

Monty will appear in SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER *for Columbia.*

Don will appear in SHAKE HANDS WITH THE DEVIL *for United Artists.*

MAX FACTOR sets your lips aglow with IRIDESCENT MAGIC

new luminous lipstick brings them excitingly alive with soft shimmering beauty



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HI-SOCIETY CASE [illegible]—$3.50 U.S. PAT. [illegible]
DIAMONDS BY MARVIN HIME, BEVERLY HILLS



IT'S NEW! IT'S DAZZLING! It's different from any lipstick you've ever known! These are truly iridescent lipcolors that gleam with silver through and through. Only from MAX FACTOR at $1.25*...each fits HI-SOCIETY... glamorous case, mirror, lipstick all-in-one.

*PLUS TAX

Special!

Introductory price on new Lustre-Creme Shampoo for shinier, easier-to-manage hair!



Lovely screen and TV star, JANE POWELL, wears the new Empire Pouf and keeps her hair shining and easy-to-manage with New Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Foamy new lotion
economy size $1.50
Now only $1.19

Satiny new cream
economy size $2.00
Now only $1.59

Here's your chance to try this exciting new-formula Lustre-Creme Shampoo and save money, too! After your first shampoo with New Lustre-Creme you'll find your hair is shinier, easier-to-manage! And it's so easy! You just shampoo—set with plain water—and have lively, natural-looking curls! So get *your* supply of NEW Lustre-Creme *now* and discover for yourself the new reason why—



Lanolin-blessed Lustre-Creme Shampoo—now in creme, lotion and liquid, too!

4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

PHOTO SCOOP OF THE YEAR

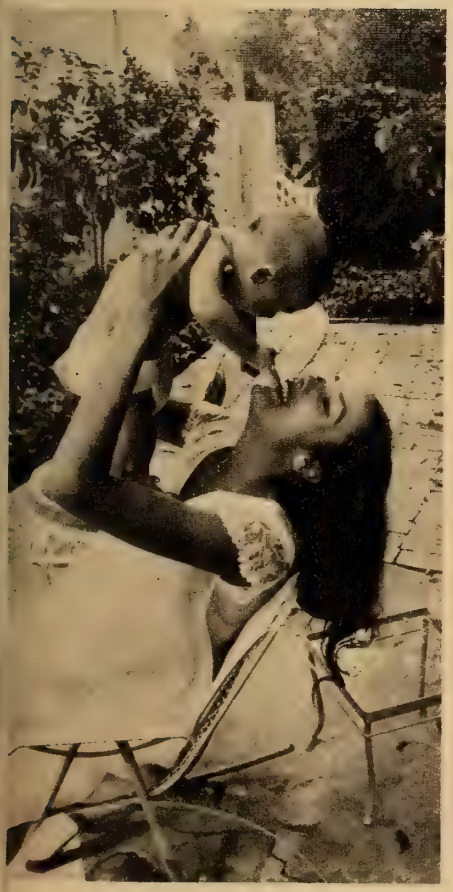


Since his birth, Christian Devi Brandon, the son of Marlon Brando and Anna Kashfi, has been a hidden child. To the best of our knowledge, no photographs of him have ever been published anywhere in the world—until now. We at MODERN SCREEN *are personally very happy that Anna—having recovered from the shock of her shattered marriage—is feeling today as every mother should: she's proud of her handsome son and wants to show you pictures of him. It is especially gratifying to us that, of all the magazines in this country which have been begging Anna for pictures, she has selected* MS *as the one in which she wants Christian Devi to make his first public appearance. . . .*

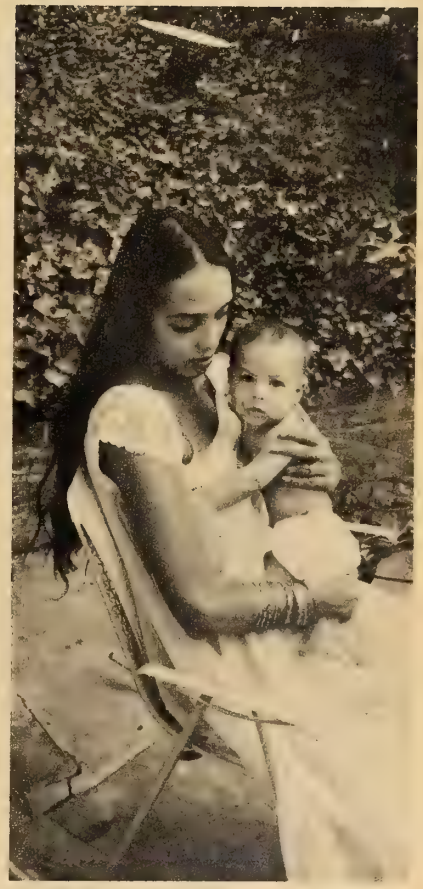


first photographs of

MARLON BRANDO'S SON







Missing from these tender photographs of Anna Kashfi and her son is Marlon Brando, who has refused to share any family photographs with the public. Yet to Anna, Marlon truly lives in these photographs—for the eyes of Christian Devi, deep-set, dark and brooding, are Marlon's eyes. To this young mother who inherited the mysteries of the East from her Hindu father, a child's eyes mirror the soul of his father. Looking into Christian's eyes she sees again the man who—despite all—gave her an intense, wonderful moment of love.

Exclusive photos by Ina Berneis




FABIAN EXPOSED



If I become a full-time singer will I ever again have a family life?

I know my voice isn't great. How long will my fans stick with me?

AM I THROWING AWAY MY WHOLE FUTURE for a few moments of fame?

We've been swamped with a ton of mail these past few weeks—all about Fabian—all asking the very same questions about him.

"Why does Fabian go by just one name?" you've asked.

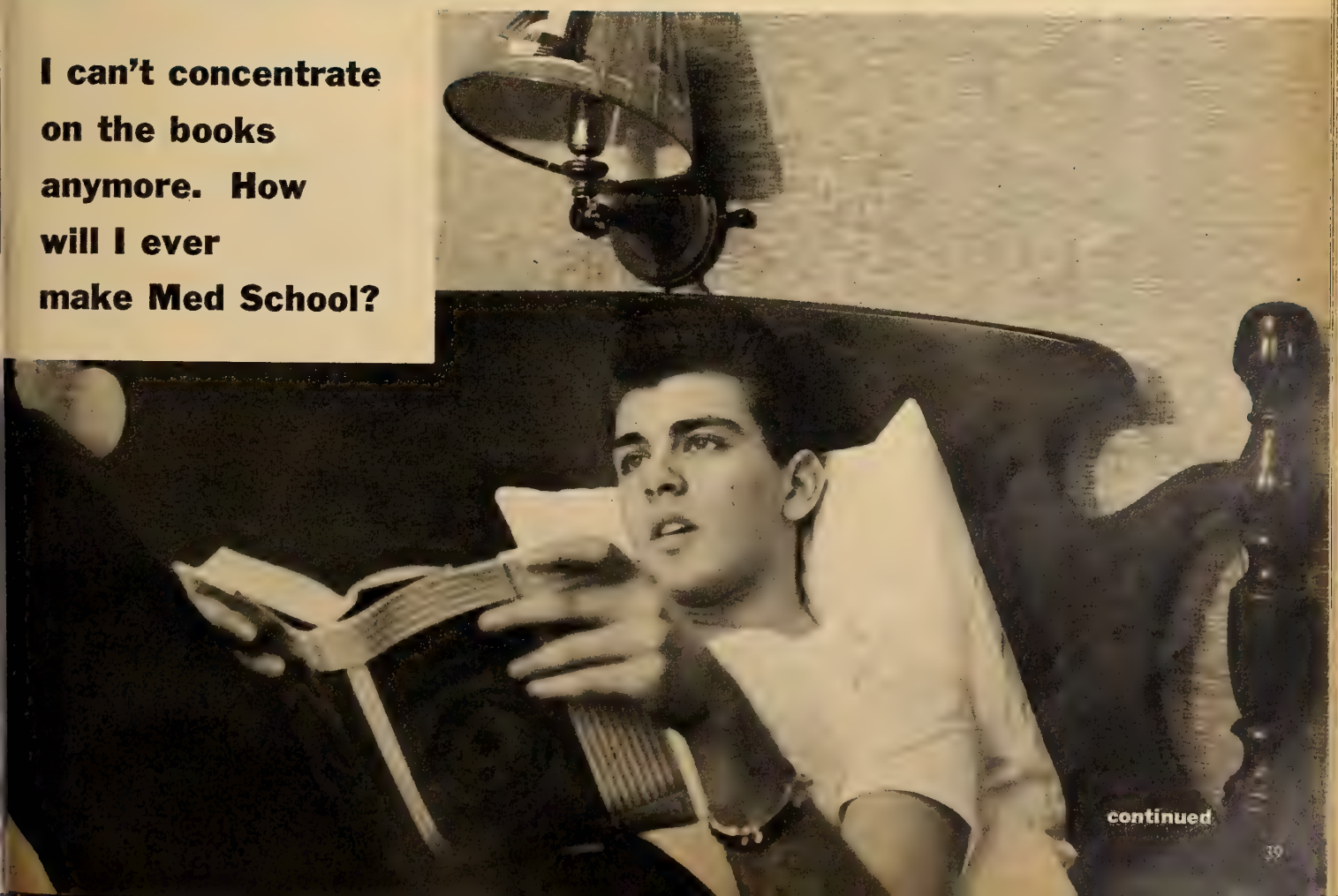
"Does Fabian have a last name?"

"Come on—what *is* his last name?"

To answer the first question first:

Fabian—the fastest-rising young singer to hit the spotlight since Elvis—goes by one name because his managers thought it would serve as a good publicity gimmick. And it has, so far. (*Continued on next page*)

I can't concentrate on the books anymore. How will I ever make Med School?



continued

To answer your second and third questions:

Yes, Fabian does have a last name.

The name is Forte.

How did we find out?

We went down to Philadelphia, Fabian's home town, and asked around.

That, frankly, was the sole purpose of our trip—to find out his name and be able to answer our mail.

But while in Philadelphia we learned more about Fabian, lots more. In fact, because the build-up that has accompanied his rise has been purposely mysterious (again that publicity gimmick), we learned facts about his life that have never before been printed.

Up till now all the information on Fabian given out to newspapers and magazines throughout the country, has been the same:

He is sixteen years old. He attends high (*Continued on page 72*)

What do I have to hope for?

What I am now . . .

I guess that's Mr. Marcucci's doing





And if I'm a star, it's because of the fans

But the long scary future . . .
That's in God's hands

It was going to be the most exciting





by Barbara Lord

When the telephone rang, and my agent, Monique James, said, "Barbara . . . are you sitting down? Prepare yourself for a shock!"—I didn't know what to expect.

I leaned against the wall, closed my eyes and waited.

There was silence.

"What is it?" I said, an uneven edge in my voice.

"Now, don't sound so sour," she said. "I've got terrific news! I was waiting for you to sit down."

"What's the news?" By this time I was really getting interested, so I sat down. "Well?" I asked.

"Ricky wants a date with you!" I could hardly believe it!

"What! Ricky!" I gasped for breath I was so dumbfounded.

"Ricky Nelson wants to go out with you. He and his dad came by my office, saw your pictures and asked me to arrange for you to be Ricky's date the night of the Thalians Ball."



I gulped. Monique knew Ricky was my idol. But I never dreamed of going out with him. This was too much. What does a girl do when the dreamboat of her life wants to date her?

Say yes, of course! But I couldn't say a word. Monique was shouting from her end, "Barbara . . . Barbara . . . Barbara . . .?"

date of my life, but...

Ricky didn't kiss me good night

while I dropped the telephone and walked to the front window of my small apartment at the Montecito Hotel and stared out at the bright sun, wondering how such good luck ever came my way.

In short, I was dumbstruck.

Monique arranged for me to meet the Nelsons at the television studio a couple of days before the 'night out.' Of course, I was delighted because I've always looked up to the Nelson family.

Ozzie is an absolutely perfect gentleman. He introduced me to Harriet who smiled and said Ricky had told her about my pretty photograph—which certainly made me feel good. Ricky, she said, was taking his guitar lesson but he was expected momentarily.

Harriet and I talked about easy things: the weather and TV and my acting aspirations. I told Harriet I remembered Ricky from his first movie *The Story of Three Loves* with James Mason and Moira Shearer. I was just a kid in pigtails, but Ricky made a very strong impression.



Finally, there was a buzz on the set from the cameramen and crew, and I looked around to see Ricky who had just arrived. Honestly, he's more handsome than his pictures. He was dressed in casual sports clothes: an open-necked white shirt with long sleeves and gray flannel trousers. Rick radiates (*Continued on page 86*)

Louella Parsons' introduces

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST EXCITING NEW



GLAMOUR GIRL

SITTING across from this sparkling, gay girl at luncheon, her eyes and conversation bubbling with all the excitement of her trip to Spain, I could hardly believe it was Debbie Reynolds—a girl who, just eight months ago, was the most heartbroken person I knew.

Can it be possible it was just last September that those black headlines crashed around Debbie's heart?

EDDIE ASKS FOR HIS FREEDOM!

LOVES ELIZABETH TAYLOR!

If you count all the millions of words written about this startling triangle it could be seven years ago!

Right up to the time Debbie left for Spain on location for *It Started with a Kiss* I had been through so much heartache and unhappiness with her, practically step-by-step through the debacle, that I often wondered if she would ever get over it.

Even when she dropped by my house to see me right after her return from Europe, bringing with her those two chubby dolls, Carrie Frances and Todd, I didn't get the strong impression I did the day I lunched with her in the MGM Commissary that Debbie has undergone the cure.

For the first time, I thought as I looked at her, I was not reminded of her private heartache. Here is a person with a brand new outlook on life as well as being one of the most sought after actresses on the screen.

Gone are the pigtails and the Capri pants! She was wearing a chic little red dress she had slipped into between scenes of *It Started with a Kiss,* her hair was beautifully groomed. Still wearing her camera make-up with the emphasized



YOU WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE

THE GAY NEW SOPHISTICATED DEBBIE



eyelashes and expertly curved mouth, she looked, as Debbie seldom looked before, glamorous and exciting.

"The way you are looking these days, Debbie," I said, "makes me think that one of these days you will marry again —you'll find real happiness and your past will become just a bad dream."

I must have caught her a bit off-guard because for the first time since I had joined her she halted all that wonderful talk about Spain and looked thoughtful.

She hesitated a moment before she smiled, "That's a big question—right out of left field. But to give you a straight answer—I *hope* I marry again. I'm not soured on marriage, if that's what you mean. There isn't a woman alive who someday, someway, doesn't hope to find happiness in marriage and I'm certainly one of them." Then she smiled at me.

"I do know one thing, however," she went on with that honesty that has always marked my relations with Debbie, "and that is—Eddie Fisher always will be in my life! He is part of my past, my present and my future *because of our children.* But only, believe me, for that reason alone! Let me repeat, because of the children there will always be a bond between us and now I have the confidence to feel that our relationship will once again be friendly."

"The way things turned out, would you want to marry another actor, another star?" I asked. "Or are you hoping to meet a man in some other line of work?"

"Who knows what the future will bring?" she *(Continued on page 80)*



One of Debbie's closest new friends is the glamorous Eva Gabor.



Like this car of the future, the new Debbie is bright and shiny and ready to go.

"Life is so exciting I can hardly eat," says Debbie. She's even meeting royalty. Here she's chatting with King Hussein of Jordan.



Joan Crawford:



LOVE AND DIED

BEFORE the gold altar banked with lilies, a bronze coffin, covered with a single spray of red roses, gleamed in the yellow sunlight streaming through the stained glass windows of St. Thomas' Church in New York. Heavily veiled and dressed in the widow's black of mourning, Joan Crawford choked back the tears of heartbreak as she prayed near the body of her husband, Alfred Steele. The Reverend Frederick Morris delivered a eulogy to a man who had made only friends, a man who didn't believe in enemies. In the hushed quiet of the vaulted chapel a boys' choir of forty voices sang *The Strife is O'er* and *Hark, Hark My Soul.* In a moment Joan and her twin daughters, Cathy and Cindy, followed the dark coffin borne by pallbearers, to the shiny black hearse waiting in the April sunlight. Ushered by the helpful hand of a close friend, Joan, after halting to wipe her eyes, stepped into the first of the eighteen black limousines in the funeral cortege to be driven to Ferncliff Mausoleum where her husband would be entombed . . . The love that had come so late to Joan Crawford was snatched, so untimely, away from her, and from this day would be no more. . . .

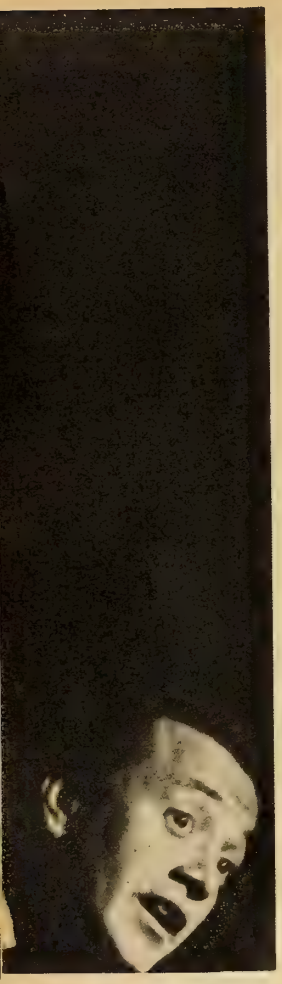
After three unhappy marriages—to Philip Terry, Franchot Tone, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—Joan accepted the fact she would never find love again. She was no longer a young woman, and with three failures behind her— She had her four adopted children, and her charity work—she would build her life around these. For her, love would never happen. This Joan Crawford believed.

Then she met Alfred Steele. On May 10, 1955, they eloped to Las Vegas. Joan Crawford was almost fifty years old, but for her a new life (*Continued on page 71*)

CAME SO LATE



SO SOON...



We called Vic Damone at Fresno and we talked to him for forty-five minutes. This is what he told us.

PIER ANGELI kidnapped

Vic Damone spoke to us long distance to clear up the whole story about Pier and him. He started to say:

"I'm tired of being pushed around. I feel sunk at being deprived of seeing my son, Perry. I was just getting used to the fact that my marriage was over, and then I get this jolt that my wife might be taking my son away from me —to Europe for four months, maybe longer.

"I would have agreed to her taking the baby to Europe, but it's the way she did it that burned me up. I felt that I had to do something desperate to keep her from taking him away.

"What happened was this: I had just flown in from New York where I had done a Garry Moore TV show. I flew in to California specifically to see my son. My work takes me all over, and I like to have my child in California so that at least I can see him when I'm home.

"I didn't know until that Sunday morning (before Pier left for Europe) that she was planning to go to Europe for a long time to make a picture, or a couple of pictures. I was in Fresno, California, where I have a ranch when I got a call from my lawyer telling me that Pier was going to Europe and was going to take Perry with her. I was told that she planned to leave for Europe the following Tuesday night. According to our divorce decree, Pier can take the baby out of the country for a period not to exceed nine months. I'd agreed to that provision.

"I was asked to give my permission for her to take *(Continued on next page)*



CONTINUED



PIER ANGELI continued

Perry with her to Europe this time, and I gave it. I was told they'd be gone two months.

"I'm tired of being painted the villain in this thing, and I want to point out that I did give my permission for my wife to take our son to Europe.

"But I can't be taken advantage of. I love my boy, and didn't want to be pushed around like an outsider. I said I would come to Bel-Air for a few days so that I could spend as much time with my son before he left. After all, I wasn't going to see him for several months, and I didn't think I was asking too much to have Pier arrange for him

"How can a mother kidna

is with me, and nobod

to spend as much time with me as possible before he left.

"I checked into the Bel-Air Sands Hotel, just about a block away from where Pier lives. I didn't go up to her house to pick up the baby; ever since our divorce it has become increasingly difficult for me and Pier to see each other. We fight too much these days. Whenever I'd go up to the house there would be a hassle; Pier would get overwrought and call her attorney. I thought it would be better if I didn't come to the house.

"I arranged to have the nurse bring Perry to me. *(Continued on page 81)*





En route to London to make a movie, Pier and her 'kidnapped' son Perry got off the plane at Copenhagen (left). Later she was met by her twin sister Marissa Pavan and they drove to the glamorous Dorchester hotel in Mayfair, London, where MODERN SCREEN *caught Pier leaning from the window of her apartment.*

her own son? I only know that my boy
s ever going to take him away from me."




THE
TROUBLE
WITH BEING
SECRETLY MARRIED...

Editor's note: One eighth of all seventeen-year-old girls today are married. Of all these teen-age marriages, many are secret. Here, for the benefit of all our teen-age readers, is the confession of one seventeen-year-old girl (Hollywood starlet Lorrie Collins) about her very own special troubles....

Being secretly married may seem exciting and romantic—but for me, it brought more troubles than I ever dreamed of. When I made my impulsive decision to elope, I never thought about the consequences.

The first few days I walked around in a pink glow, trying to keep the stars in my eyes from showing. I had a delicious secret, shared only with my husband, Stewart Carnall. I continued to live at home, just as though nothing had happened, but I couldn't tell my parents. It was because of them that I had to keep my marriage a secret. (More on this later.) I couldn't even tell my dearest friends, girls or boys. And that's where the most awful trouble began. I had to hurt one of the nicest boys I know, hurt him badly and not even explain....



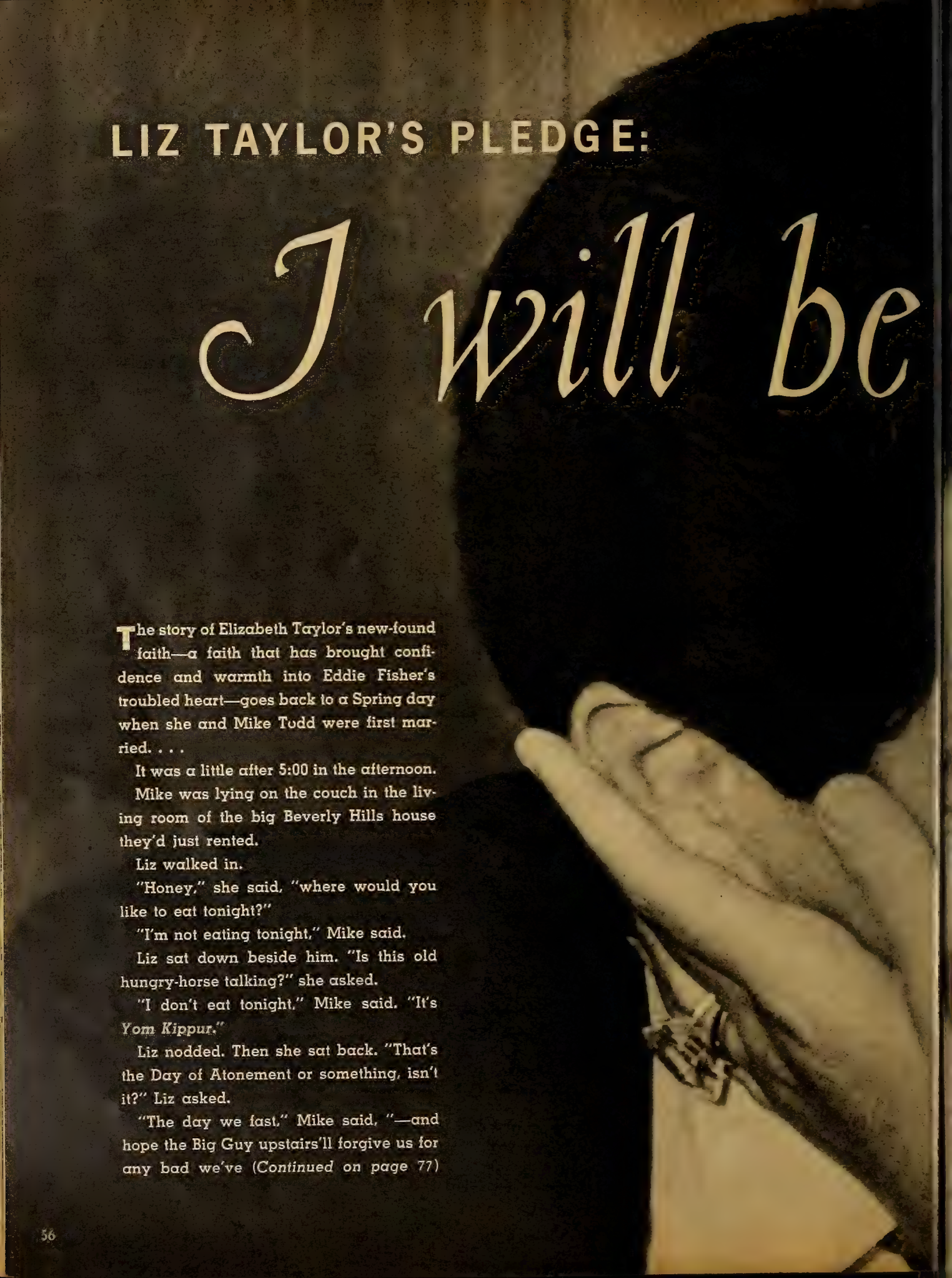
On the right is my husband, Stewart Carnall. He knew I was going out on a date with Frankie Avalon.
At left is Frankie. He didn't know I was a married woman trapped into playing games with his heart. . . .

That boy was Frankie Avalon. I had met him the summer I was sixteen, when I was going steady with Ricky Nelson. I liked Frankie right away, admired him—nothing more of course, because I thought I was in love with Rick. But the romance blew up, because Ricky didn't belong to me and never could. The break-up left me terribly hurt.

Perhaps I'm a possessive type of girl. Anyway, I wanted to be first in some man's life—someone who belonged to me, someone I belonged to. And then Stewart Carnall came along. My kid brother Larry, and I were (*Continued on page 84*)

LIZ TAYLOR'S PLEDGE:

I will be



The story of Elizabeth Taylor's new-found faith—a faith that has brought confidence and warmth into Eddie Fisher's troubled heart—goes back to a Spring day when she and Mike Todd were first married. . . .

It was a little after 5:00 in the afternoon.

Mike was lying on the couch in the living room of the big Beverly Hills house they'd just rented.

Liz walked in.

"Honey," she said, "where would you like to eat tonight?"

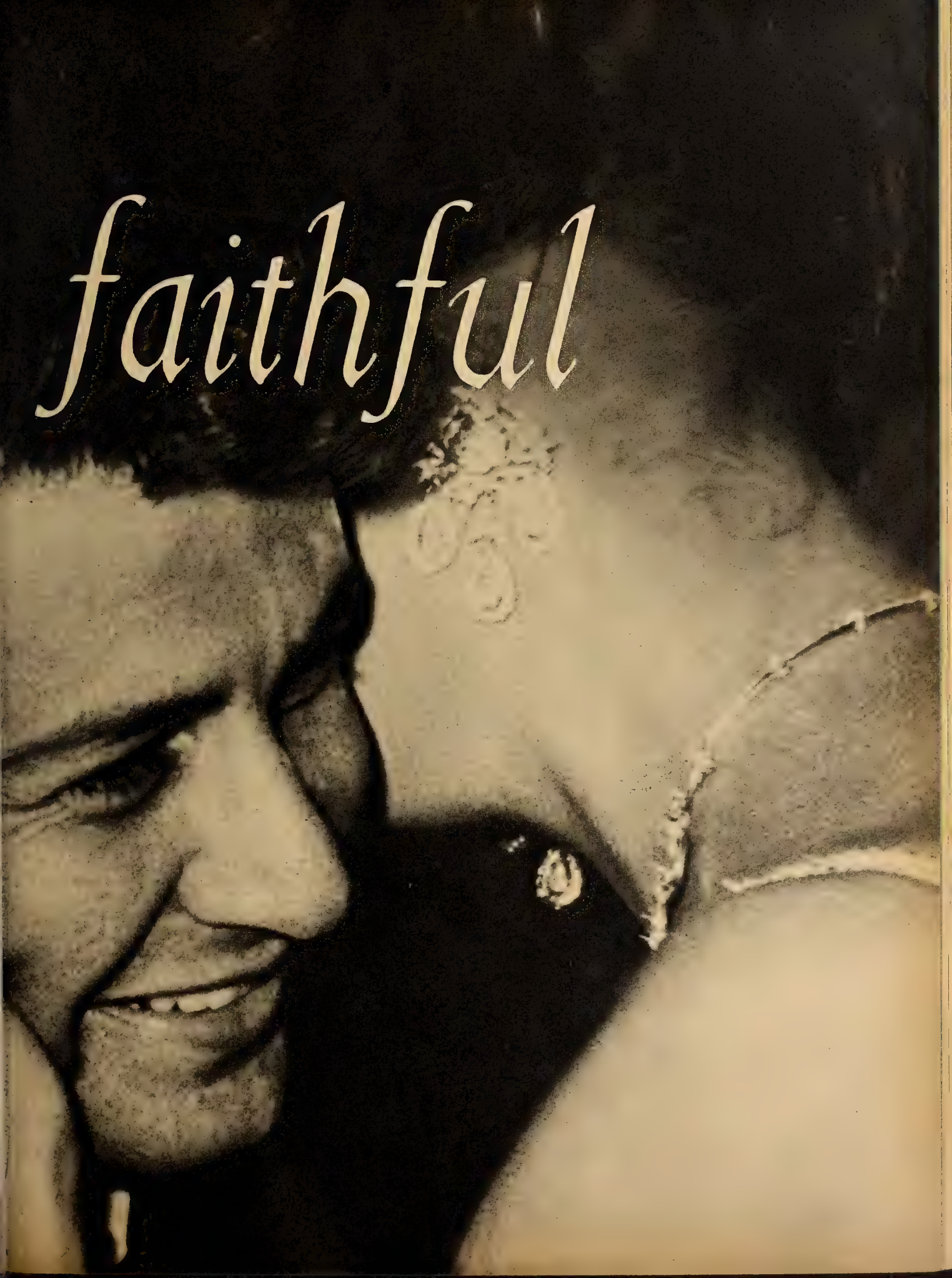
"I'm not eating tonight," Mike said.

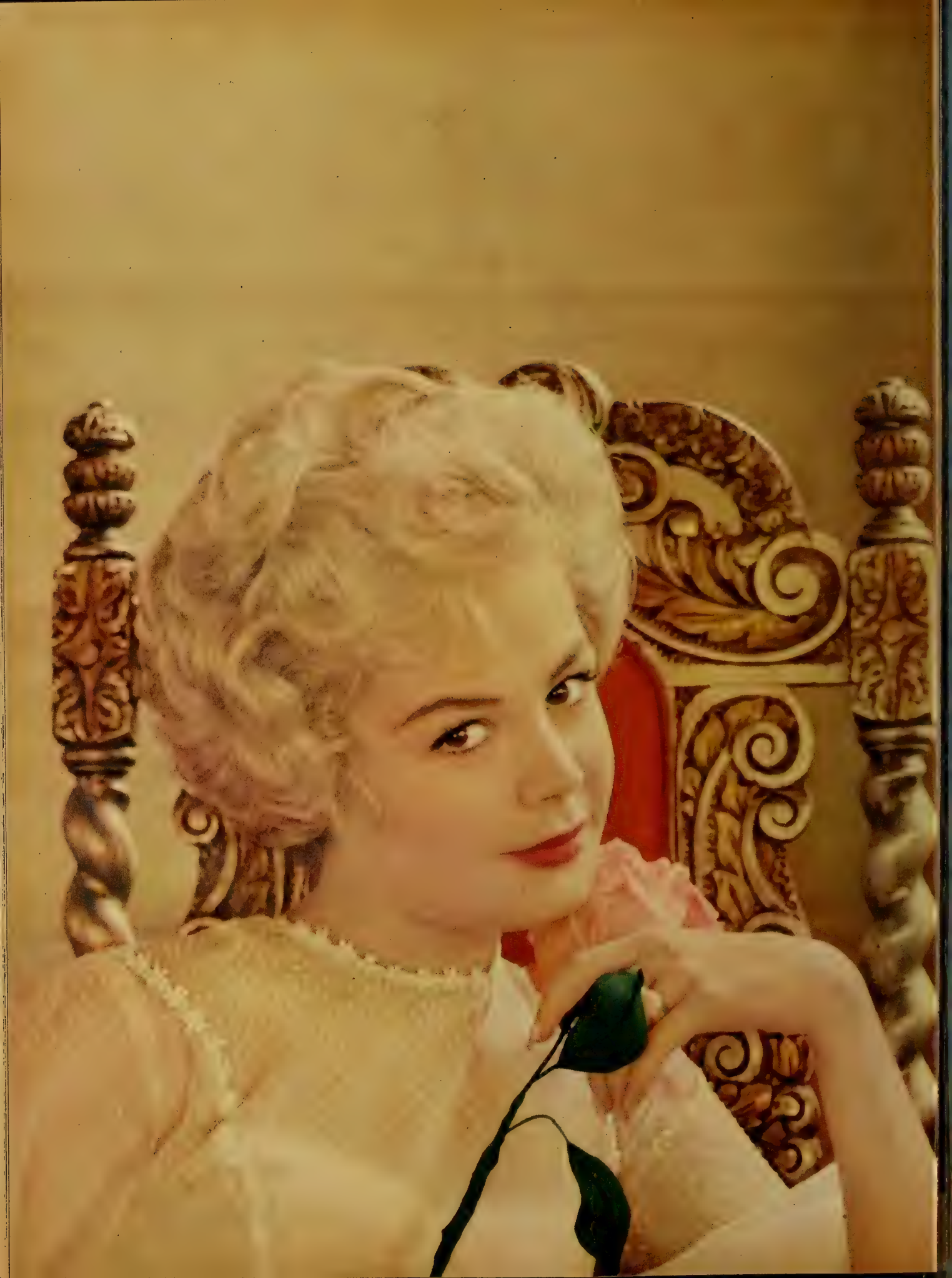
Liz sat down beside him. "Is this old hungry-horse talking?" she asked.

"I don't eat tonight," Mike said. "It's *Yom Kippur*."

Liz nodded. Then she sat back. "That's the Day of Atonement or something, isn't it?" Liz asked.

"The day we fast," Mike said, "—and hope the Big Guy upstairs'll forgive us for any bad we've (*Continued on page 77*)


faithful



I not bring another child into the world only to give it pain

She stood on the green lawn outside the house her third husband had bought for her, and thought of the long way she had come. It was as though all the twisted roads of her life had, in the end, led here, and she was home safe at last, with Robertino's horse in the stable, and the little girls' pink elephant on the grass, and violets growing silently under the hedges.

In Paris, twenty-five miles away, the papers were full of the news that she was going to have a baby, and she had not denied this. Another baby. Another act of faith for Ingrid Bergman. She was a woman who had gambled, and lost, and gambled again—but she had never known when she was beaten. Always ahead of her, the shining future beckoned.

Perhaps this time, she must have been thinking, standing in the sweet country twilight, *perhaps this time a baby who will grow up feeling safe, and important, who won't be torn by his parents—*

On an April evening, when your throat breaks with spring, it is easy to make promises—promises to yourself, and to an unborn child. This time, though, the promise would have to be kept, and Ingrid knew it. She was forty-four, and she would not get another chance to begin again. . . .

And where had it all gone wrong before? And how had all the children got hurt? All the little children, even the child that she once was.

She was two when her mother died. (*Continued on page 75*)

what I saw in marilyn's palm

by Stephanos, Palmist to the Stars

Amagansett's a small seaside town on Long Island, only three hours away from New York; and its most popular summer citizen is Marilyn Monroe. This spring I had the special pleasure of meeting her. Marilyn and her husband, Broadway playwright Arthur Miller, were in Amagansett for the week end, freshening their summer cottage for the season ahead. I was visiting theatrical friends, and we all met at a Sunday afternoon cocktail party honoring Shakespeare's birthday. Marilyn was helping the hostess.

Marilyn was a living doll. She passed trays and trays of fancy hors d'oeuvres —caviar, sturgeon and rolled anchovies—to the guests. I heard her ask the hostess several times, "Is there anything else I can do for you, honey?" When she bounced over to me with a canape tray, her long, fluffy blonde hair shimmering like white gold, I couldn't take my eyes off her. She was wearing a pink gauzy dress that made her complexion look all the more lovable. "Hey," she said, holding the tray with one hand, "I've heard all about you." She giggled and tossed her head back, and with her free hand she twirled the flapperish rope of pearls around her neck. "You're the palm reader! Everyone in Hollywood says you're fantastic." Then she smiled and closed her eyes for a second. "What's . . . what's your price?"

I told her my price was the pleasure a palm-reading would bring her. She smiled again. She said she'd heard about all the palms I'd read—Kim Novak's, Tab Hunter's, Olivia de Havilland's, so many others. "What," she said, looking deep into my eyes, "is palmistry?"

I explained that palmistry, the ancient art of reading the lines in the palm, revealed character*—primarily; and no sooner did I finish my sentence than she thrust her palm out in front of me and said, "Wanna see if I've got any?"*

I began studying her soft, pink palm in the roomful of chattering people, but she said, "Listen! Don't you think we ought to have a little atmosphere?" And she led me, her palm in mine, to the breezy porch where she lighted a candle in a hurricane lamp since it was dusk. The two of us sat across a glass-topped wrought-iron table, our reflections flickering in the sparkling table-top, and I commenced to read her palm.

While it wouldn't be fair to reveal *everything about Marilyn's palm, nonetheless here are the penetrating* highlights *of our session together.*

First: her love line. It's fantastic. It screams, cries, begs (Continued on page 84)



IF YOU DRIVE

OR GO OUT WITH BOYS WHO DRIVE–

please, please read
what Edd Byrnes
has to say about
his own experience
with cars

A MODERN SCREEN PUBLIC SERVICE



A lot of young actors and actresses drive sports cars, and some of them are racing enthusiasts who compete in drag strip contests.

But I've driven a car with sirens blazing, through tortuous traffic in the heart of jam-packed Manhattan, with death as my passenger. For me, no drag race could compete with that!

Yes, I was an ambulance driver in New York. I know what it means to have a dying passenger and have to get to the hospital in split-second time and *safely*.

For six months, just before and after I was nineteen, I drove that ambulance. I had driven an ice truck and a *Time* & *Life* magazine delivery truck before that. I knew my way around a car. I was—and I am—a good driver, or I would never have been permitted to drive an ambulance. (*Continued on page 85*)

if you are

UNDER 21

and you think you look too fat...

DEAR EDITOR:

I have been on and off diets for as long as I can remember, but I still look fat. I'm 5′ 4″ and weigh 125 pounds and I measure 35-26-37, which is simply awful. I wear size 12 and I know I'd look a million times better if I could only get down to a 9. When I do lose a few ounces, they don't stay lost and I can't seem to lose enough to count. I'm tired of looking so tubby.

Fran GEORGIA



please turn page

if you are UNDER 21
and you think you look too fat...

lose 10 pounds in

DEAR FRAN:

People used to be interested in baseball, music, fashions, oh a million things... Not any more. Pick up any magazine or eavesdrop on most conversations... Big subject? Dieting! Everybody's on a diet or planning or complaining about one. It's a national fad!

But you know, Fran, it's a lot of nonsense. If you really need to lose weight, sure you have to diet. But can every girl have an 18-inch waistline? Must you? Never! But you can look slimmer without a diet and *right now*.

Just dig Venus de Milo for example. She's been the ideal of beauty for centuries, but do you think *she* slithers into a size nine? Not on your life. The Goddess of Love boasts solid measurements like yours: 37-26-38. She'd need a few slenderizing *tricks* to attract whistles in this century.

A lot of girls feel as you do, Fran—miserable because they can't slide through key holes. Venus probably would be unhappy with her full figure if (*Continued on page* 83)

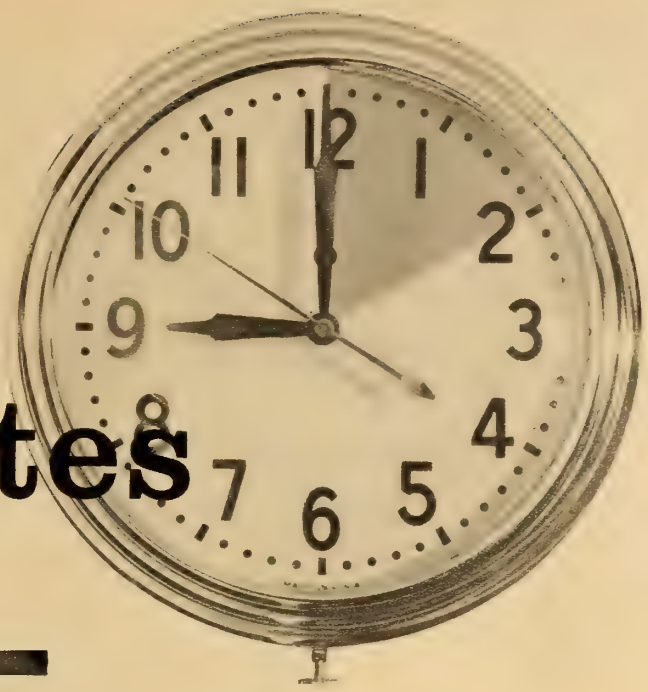


a. b.

a. It's not how much you weigh but how much you look. Here's a team of undercover weapons to make you look slim. The lightweight Skippies panty girdle of smooth nylon power net has satin elastic panels to flatten your tummy and trim your hips for the sleekest dress. With detachable garters, for $5. It is teamed with a youthful Romance bra of cotton batiste with circle-stitched cups, at $2. Both by Formfit.

b. Slender appearance requires the proper undergarments beneath everything you wear, even shorts, slacks—possibly even a brief bathing suit. Here's a lightweight brief cut so daintily it can be worn without detection under the briefest of garments. Fashioned of nylon power net with garter attachments—to wear with a dress—the Spindrift Brief is piggy-bank priced at $3. Planned especially for very young junior figures, the white cotton broadcloth Undertone bra is delicately embroidered and offers marvelous light control at $1.50. Both garments by Maidenform.

10 minutes



LOOK SLIMMER IMMEDIATELY *1. Never wear tight clothes or wide, tight belts. 2. Never wear tight or printed pedal pushers. When pants are essential wear slacks but in solid colors only and as rarely as possible. 3. Never slump. Check your posture carefully and stand up tall and erect. 4. Never wear fluffy, bouffant scattered hairdos. They add more width to a chubby face. Stick to smooth and simple styles. 5. Never dress without a really good girdle and bra to smooth your curves. A professional fitter is your best ally so let her help you select them. 6. Never wear masses of accessories. Heavy jewelry makes you look heavier and matronly. 7. Never wear make-up that is lighter than your skin. Powder a half-shade darker than your complexion will help slim a baby face where a lighter tone would just make it look rounder. 8. Never wear fur collars, bulky knit sweaters, or thick socks. They all add poundage that lighter fabrics would prevent.*

OR PLAN A DIET *1. If you are between 13 and 15, multiply your weight by 20; if you are 16 to 21, multiply your weight by 17. That's how many calories you need daily to keep your present weight. To lose, just subtract 500 a day from that total. For example, if you are 15 and weigh 110 pounds, you can eat 2,200 calories a day. To lose weight, subtract 500 and make it 1,700 a day tops. Simple? 2. Check with your family doctor before beginning a serious diet. 3. Lose weight by cutting down on sweets and fatty dishes. But don't eliminate milk, fresh vegetables, or protein-rich meats and eggs—they keep you healthy. 4. Eat your food broiled or boiled, never fried in grease or baked in gravies. 5. Eat half a grapefruit, cantaloupe, or head of lettuce before each meal. Very low in calories, these won't leave you hungry for too much additional food. 6. Drink gelatin dissolved in fruit juice between meals. This serves to curb your appetite and also gives you an extra dose of valuable protein. 7. Exercise regularly to tighten your body to its shrinking weight. Without exercise, a loss of weight will leave you flabby and fleshy even though the scales register a slimmer you. 8. Lose weight slowly so that it will stay lost. Quick losses through fad diets are just as quickly regained. 9. If you feel a tremendous craving for an occasional malt or potato chip, go ahead and have it. Just trim elsewhere on your daily calorie intake to make up for it. And don't give in too often but an occasional slip helps the morale. 10. Remember, the only thing that makes you fat is food. The only way to lose weight is to eat less. But do it sensibly!*



ADVISORY BOARD

EDITH HEAD
Fashion Designer for Paramount Pictures

HELEN HUNT
Hair Stylist of Columbia Pictures

BEN BARD
Director of New Talent at Twentieth Century-Fox

GORDON BAU
Head of Makeup Department of Warner Brothers

FRANKIE VAN
Figure Consultant for Universal-International

PAULINE KESSINGER
Commissary Director at Paramount Pictures

PAT McNALLEY
Head of Makeup Department at Walt Disney

DEAR EDITOR:
I look as dated as the Model T. And it's all my own fault. I simply loved the chemise dresses that were so big last year and bought three perfectly great ones. So this year I'm really dead. The chemise is gone and I simply don't have a *thing* to wear. The only thing I can think to do is to take them to a dressmaker and have them made over into sheaths. But this would cost $7 for each around here and I just plain *can't* afford it. Can I wear them anyhow or what should I do?
ANN—OHIO

DEAR ANN:
Model T's are always in style if they are real classics and kept polished and smart. Yes, last year's chemise was a whirlwind fashion and it really has swept by. But you don't have to retailor your chemises. They *can* look classic and smart with just a bit of ingenuity. Use your imagination. . . . Edith Head offers a few suggestions to transform a perfectly plain beige chemise and get you started: 1. Belt it snugly with a beige, amber and green striped tie-silk belt; 2. Tack beige grosgrain ribbons on either side of the dress about an inch in front and back of the side seams and tie them in two neat bows; 3. Loop a wide brown satin ribbon under the bosom with flying tails, accented by a gold clip at the tie; 4. Make a cream, coral and beige over-skirt of floral silk organza; 5. Slip-stitch a brown velvet ribbon under the bosom and tie the bow in the front. You can give your chemise the high waisted look so in vogue this year, or any other look that you like. Just use a dash of imagination and *you* can transform them into this season's models with a bit of neat chrome. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
Have you ever seen a clown all made up with a pasty white face and two little arched triangles brightly painted where eyebrows should be? Honest, that's what I look like. My problem is simply those eyebrows. Mine are very thin, short, and I don't have too many of them. When I wear eye pencil on them I have to add a lot for the ones I don't have and I look terribly made up. Can you tell me how I can wear my pencil so it doesn't look so oddball?
KATHERINE—MASSACHUSETTS

DEAR KATHERINE:
Laugh, clown, laugh. There's no need to wear a long face or a pasty looking one either. Eyebrows are the single part of a girl's face where she is most likely to goof on makeup. If your eyebrows are sparse, then the first thing you must do is be careful in plucking them. Never remove the hairs growing *above* your brows. Tweezers should be used to remove fuzz between your brows, over the bridge of your nose, and below the brow line only. Next, inspect a recent photograph of yourself and decide on the brow shaping most flattering to *your* face. Try various shapes on tissue paper and place them over the photograph to help you decide.

Gordon Bau suggests that "fundamental brow makeup requires a good, sharp pencil, short and delicate strokes, and careful shaping. Never apply the pencil in a solid line above your eyes. That's the way to create the clown look you dislike. Use short, feathery strokes, pencilling additional tiny hairs rather than a solid and ugly brow line." Finally, soften the effect with a touch of cotton and then your brows will be both flattering and natural in appearance. . . .

(*Continued on page* 70)

CAMPANA
Makes this Astonishing Offer





What type are you?

Try all 3 of these famous Campana Make-ups in your home for only $1.00

Now, for a dollar, make the most important beauty discovery of your lifetime. Discover which kind of make-up makes you look loveliest! Campana has prepared a special combination package to make this possible. It contains *all 3* famous Campana Make-ups—as shown above—not sample sizes.

1. Solitair—wonder-working cake, hides every little blemish—your complexion looks flawless.
2. Magic Touch—beautifully-casual cream make-up—subtle and natural, richly lubricating.
3. Sheer Magic—sheer, sheer liquid, so light you hardly feel it—exquisitely soft and lovely.

You'll look different in each make-up. Even your personality seems to change. *Which* you do *you* want to present to your world? Try all 3 make-ups, and compare. Wear them different days—see which makes you loveliest. Keep the others for special occasions—or pass them on to a friend. All 3, plus a Solitair Lipstick, sent post-paid for only $1.00 (Campana even pays the U.S. tax!). What value—what an interesting test and exciting discovery, for you! Offer limited—send coupon now.

(Sold individually, not in combination package, at leading drug and all variety stores.)

Find new loveliness with **CAMPANA**

Makers of famous Italian Balm

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"Make-up Wardrobe" package includes one each of Solitair, Sheer Magic and Magic Touch make-ups, plus Solitair Ravishing Red Lipstick, and complete make-up instruction booklet, all for $1.00. Use coupon below.

(Please allow several weeks for delivery. Each "Wardrobe" is mailed separately.)

Campana Sales Company, Dept. 114, Batavia, Illinois:

Enclosed is $_____ ($1.00 for each "Make-up Wardrobe" wanted, limit of 5). Send_____Wardrobes, each with free lipstick, postpaid, in shades suitable for complexion checked below:

Fair_____ Medium_____ Dark_____

(If more than 1 Wardrobe is ordered, list number wanted for each complexion.)

Name_____

(PLEASE PRINT)

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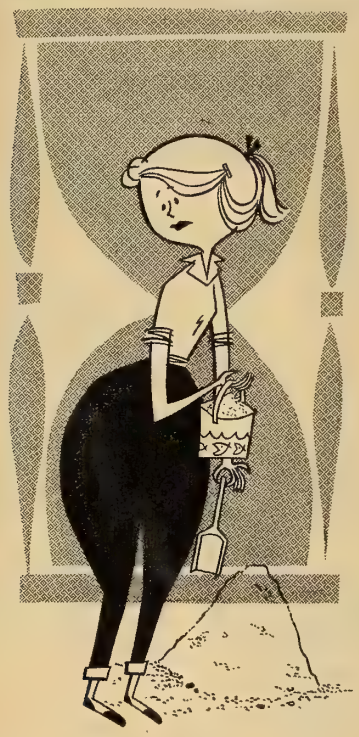
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HELP *continued*

DEAR EDITOR:
I have a horribly boyish figure except for really tremendous hips. It's just ridiculous because I measure 33-22-37. I'm awfully embarrassed about it but when I diet I just lose in my waist and my bustline. My hips stay as big as ever. I go wild for slim sheath dresses on other girls, but how can *I* wear them myself with such a stupid figure?

KAREN—TEXAS



DEAR KAREN:
Your figure sounds like the traditional hour glass in which all the sand has slipped to the *bottom*. No, dieting probably wouldn't solve your problem but a combination of the right exercises could. . . . In the meantime, what you need are some undercover weapons: the right bra and girdle to *flatter* your figure. Since your waist is tiny, don't try to make it smaller or you'll only emphasize your hips. Wear a long-legged panty girdle to slim those hips, one with a natural waistline but rigid thigh control. And try a brassiere with an up-and-out contoured cup design to make your figure more feminine. Perhaps even one of the bras with a slightly stiffened under-cup. This is not padding really and looks very natural. Slip the smartest sheath dress over such support and you'll look great, Karen. It's just a matter of *redistributing* the sands in that hourglass. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I want so very badly to go to the senior prom this year. Last year I cried my heart out watching all the other kids getting ready and going. I have nobody I can really tell everything to so that's why I'm writing to you. My problem is simple: my face! I have a very wide nose and a long and narrow face. To make things even worse, I have to wear glasses all the time. I have heard the kids calling me the "Witch." If you could only know how deeply that hurts me. Please give me some ideas as to what I could do to look a little more attractive.

CAROL—PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR CAROL:
Cruel and immature people who use such heartless nicknames are really not worthy of your consideration. But since every girl must look her best, you *can* easily minimize your problems. Helen Hunt suggests that you wear your hair long because "a long face looks best when framed in hair. Allow for enough hair to dip over your forehead and at the side to widen your face, plus enough to fall below your jawline and give it the illusion of greater width." Since you wear glasses, avoid big bangs. Instead sweep your hair to one side to reveal your brow. Remember that eyeglass lenses magnify your eyes and make them look sparkling and large. Because of that magnification you must avoid bright eye shadows and when you wear eye make-up stick to the browns and grays instead. Your nose can look narrower by a simple trick: apply a drop of eye shadow along each side of your nose. But be sure to blend it into your skin so that it is practically invisible. It will create the shadows that will narrow your nose. You see, Carol, if you face the problem that your face creates you can lick it, and transform yourself into the local Cinderella. . . .

DEAR EDITOR:
I've gone on plenty of diets, even taken some of those wild pills, but I'm *still* too fat. I'm really not such a big eater and I don't even gorge on sweets. That is, I don't sit around with my arm stuck in a bowl of candy like some kids. But I can't lose weight because I bring my lunch to school in a sack. Could you help me with this? I know it sounds screwy. My meals are proportioned enough and I don't eat between meals except sometimes a hamburger or a malt with the gang after a movie. It's just those *lunches:* I can't stand bringing celery or raw carrots and I know those sandwiches just pile on the weight.

NANCY—FLORIDA



DEAR NANCY:
Sandwiches are not poison. There's nothing deadly to your waistline about a sandwich for lunch; it's what's in it that makes all the difference. Two slices of bread total 126 calories and you can stuff them with any lean meat, eggs, or cheese for lots of proteins and few calories. It's the *dressings* that put on the weight. For *each* teaspoon of butter slapped on the bread it's an extra 33 fatty calories; for each spoon of mayonnaise you're slurping up 31 units of fat. Pauline Kessinger suggests that "if you must eat sandwiches for lunch make it lean meat or swiss cheese on *dry* toast or bread." For dessert, have an apple or fruit jello, without the whipped cream. Of course, when you can get salads, without dressing, they are superior to sandwiches. "The hamburger is okay for the late snack," says Miss Kessinger. "Eat half of the bun and skip the mayonnaise. Substitute a scoop of sherbet (118) for the malt (280). If this sounds dull to you, perhaps you may be interested to know that Tuesday Weld keeps her weight down by the same routine that I've suggested to you. Take a look at her in *Five Pennies* and you'll see the slender results."

Love Came Too Late

(*Continued from page 48*)

had begun. Before her marriage Joan would not get near an airplane. With her husband, she put fear aside and together they flew across the world. She gave up her movie career and devoted herself to her husband and his interests. "Ours is a husband-and-wife team," she said. "I love every minute of it. The reality of it is even more unbelievable than some of the movie parts I've portrayed."

Alfred was all Joan wanted in a man ("I've never been happier," she had often said after their marriage). He was full of kindness and tenderness and warm understanding. Everyone who knew them insisted it was difficult to imagine two human beings more in love. Immediately after their marriage, Alfred had Joan's initials embossed in sterling silver on the doors of his executive limousines and on all his office accessories. Joan, through all the days of their marriage, never permitted the cook to fix breakfast for Alfred (except once when Joan had an attack of the flu). "When you're in love," Joan said, "you just can't do enough to please the person who gives you such happiness!"

Their duplex penthouse on East 70th Street, overlooking the rolling hills of Central Park, was Love House to anyone who knew them. Then, on that fateful Sunday morning of April 19th, Joan went to awaken her husband for breakfast and found him dead of a heart attack. Only the day before they had returned from a whirlwind cross-country tour in behalf of Alfred's work as Chairman of the Board of the Pepsi-Cola Corporation. They were planning a leisurely holiday in the sun of Jamaica later that week.

Shocked, distraught, and trembling uncontrollably, Joan clutched at the bed where her husband lay, cried out weakly for the servants, and then collapsed. When she recovered, she went into deep mourning for the man she'd often said she "simply couldn't live without."

And the world waited, wondering—could Joan face a life alone. . . ?

Joan as a child

The spirit with which Joan Crawford may face her widowhood—this greatest trial of her life—had its beginnings in her earliest childhood. Lucille LeSeuer (Joan's real name) had the prettiest and widest blues eyes of any six-year-old girl in the town of Lawton, Oklahoma. One day she stepped on a broken bottle, and was told she'd never walk again. For nearly two years she lay still in her bed in that modest, cramped house her parents lived in; for little Lucy grew up in poverty. Confined to her bed day after day, Lucy gave up her thrilling dream of becoming a dancer and tried to endure this trial bravely.

But she had given her heart meanwhile to the neighbor who had saved her—Donald Blanding, tall and handsome and twenty years old. Donald found little Lucy bleeding on the sidewalk and carried her home. Every day he visited the bedridden youngster. He tried to encourage her to walk, but no sooner would she hobble out of bed than she'd pass out. To alleviate the pain, her mother would press an ether cone to her face, and the little girl, choked and groggy with ether, wondered if she would ever live a normal life like the other kids.

But Donald, a poet, came to Lucy's bedside every day and read her religious poems and stories. And, more than that, he offered her untiring encouragement and the selfless love of a friend.

And Lucille LeSeuer, from those early years, wished she could give some of the love in her heart to the world, to the people in desperate need of help: the bedridden, the sick and the needy.

With Donald's comforting and friendly



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love and with his undying faith in her recovery, she learned to walk again. Proud of having conquered her infirmity, Lucy began teaching herself to dance. . . .

The long way up

At sixteen, Lucy, who was to become one of the most glamorous movie queens in history—Joan Crawford—began her screen career in Hollywood. But this was after a long stint of hard work as a waitress, a back-line dancer in a cabaret revue and a chorus girl in a Broadway musical, *Innocent Eyes.*

Not long after her screen test, she became ill with tonsilitis. She didn't know what to do. Her fear of doctors, deeply rooted from her bedridden years as a child, held her back from visiting a physician. Finally a friend suggested she meet Dr. William E. Branch in Los Angeles—"the kindest, most fatherly doctor in the world." Dr. Branch removed Joan's tonsils, and she was so taken with his easy and gentle manner she asked if she could help him in some way with his work.

After checking with friends, Joan learned that Dr. Branch cherished a lifelong dream of a clinic, and she vowed she would put her earnings into a ward for the needy if he received the bank-financing for the hospital.

"For every floor you build," Joan promised, "I'll give you a bed." The elderly Dr. Branch, moved by teenager Joan's anxiousness to help the sick and to allot her modest starlet's earnings to his hospital, agreed to perform free surgery for the patients chosen to use Joan's ward of eight donated beds.

To this day, Joan maintains complete support of 'her' ward at Hollywood Presbyterian Hospital, and she's refused to have her good deed publicized.

"I support it because I want to," she told an interviewer when asked about it, "not because I want to see my name in the newspapers. But I'll say this. Anyone who loves helping people is selfish. Why? Because of the great satisfaction it gives them. There's such a deep spiritual comfort in knowing you've been able to help a fellow man!"

Joan's contribution

When World War II broke out, Joan wanted to contribute her services to the war effort. She was working in front of the movie cameras from dawn to sunset, so she offered her evenings to the Hollywood Canteen. Many of the other actresses sang for the boys in uniform or danced with them on the crowded dance floor. But Joan saw a need for someone to write letters for the lonesome GIs—and that's what she did, signing hundreds of letters each night with her inimitable signature.

Joan became so interested in the canteen's activities she enlisted the mothers of the stars as kitchen-help. "My mother and Gary Cooper's mom were among the moms who made sandwiches and served soft drinks for the fellows until all hours of the night."

She helped the Home

At that time the late Jean Hersholt told Joan of his interest in establishing a Motion Picture Relief Fund Home for aging actors, and Joan not only contributed her salary from ten hour-long radio shows, but she also asked support from Barbara Stanwyck, Spencer Tracy and other top stars. All of them rallied to the cause, and in time Jean Hersholt saw his dream come true.

Joan has imparted her love for her fellow man to her children. Three times a year, Joan's adopted children—Christine, 18, Christopher, 16, and the twins, Cynthia and Cathy, both 12—collect clothes and toys from neighborhood families for the Hollywood Guild which looks after the children of destitute film actors. Joan has also asked her children to contribute gifts from their own wardrobes. And she's taught them to "give the things they love!"

Joan says, "Giving the things you want to throw away isn't *giving.* It's cleaning out the closet. When you give, you must *give with love!*"

Several years ago when the luxury liner, the Andrea Doria, crashed and sank in the Atlantic Ocean, Joan's children were sailing on the Ile de France to spend part of the summer in England with relatives. The Ile de France, not far from the scene of the disaster, was cabled to pick up the survivors of the sinking ship. The Ile de France had been two days at sea, took two days to return to New York to discharge the survivors, and then sailed during the next four days for England. Joan, who speaks to her children every night when she's away from them, tried to telephone the Ile de France to see how they were, but she couldn't make any ship-to-shore connections. Finally, after their ship docked in Southampton, Joan reached them and she was not only happy to know they were well, but she was especially proud to hear them report they'd given most of their belongings to the poor survivors from the Andrea Doria who climbed aboard the Ile de France in the dead of night in pajamas and robes.

The funds Joan helped

Always the first to rally to a friend in need, Joan is beloved by her co-workers and neighbors. One morning as she was preparing for her day at her studios, she stood by her bedroom window to breathe in the rosy freshness of dawn, and she saw her neighbor, film director Ralph Wheelright, in his bathrobe, talking hysterically to one of his associates from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in the front yard. Something was the matter. Running downstairs quickly, Joan asked Ralph if there was trouble.

"I've just been told," he said, his eyes brimming with tears, "that my son is dying of leukemia." Ralph's eight-year-old son was the apple of his eye. Both Ralph and his wife had wanted a family for years, and finally the Lord blessed them with a change-of-life baby.

Joan, moved to tears by the news, contributed her services to the Jimmy Fund, a children's cancer charity organization. She made a film short in which she appealed for financial help from moviegoers to help children suffering from this malignant disease. She offered to write the script herself, and she opened the film short with a scene in her children's bedroom. Joan, tucking the twins comfortably into bed, looked into the film camera and said, "Aren't some of us lucky to have our children with us every night? Just think of the mothers whose children are forced to grow up in hospitals . . ." And Joan's appeal brought in over half-a-million dollars for the fund. . . .

After Joan married Alfred Steele, they carried on the works of charity together. She and her husband only recently accepted the appointment of National Chairman and Chairwoman for the Multiple Sclerosis Campaign. Indefatigable, tirelessly generous with time, effort and the deep faith in their hearts, the two of them enjoyed sharing their love with the sick and the poor in spirit.

For Joan, ever since the day she was six and pronounced a cripple, has never forgotten the desperate need of the sick for love and encouragement if they are to get well.

Perhaps, in time, this love for humanity, this devotion to perform hundreds of blessed acts of charity for the ailing and the needy will comfort Joan and lift the heavy veil of a widow's sorrow from her heart. **END**

Am I Throwing Away My Future?

(Continued from page 40)

school. He does not date steady. His favorite color is turquoise. While he admittedly couldn't sing a note a year ago, he has since studied hard and is now on his way to the top.

Period!

That's all there was . . .

Pretty flimsy stuff, yes—but everybody printed it. Because the boy was hot, became hotter, and people wanted to know anything about him.

It was inevitable that one day the full, true story of the boy's life would be printed.

All that was needed were the facts.

Well, we've got 'em. All the facts.

And so here—for the first time—is the complete, never-before-told story of Fabian Forte. . . .

He has lived all his life in a small brick house near the corner of South 11 and Shunk streets, in the heart of South Philadelphia's crowded Italian neighborhood.

As a boy, Fabian learned the first rule of the neighborhood: *Know how to use your fists*—a rule that was to come in handy later in his life.

"Even when he was a little boy he was good with his hands, very fast," says Louis Fiovaranti, a buddy of Fabian's. "He never went looking for any trouble, like some of the kids. But if any trouble came his way, he wasn't going to just stand there and take it. Not Fabe."

Too young but determined

Fabian himself, however, had other ideas about the future—as he proved that day when he was twelve years old; when he walked into the Bellevue Pharmacy—a few steps from his house—and up to Robert Grobman, the pharmacist and owner.

"Can I work for you, Mr. Grobman?" he asked. "I hear one of your boys has left you, and you need another boy."

"That's true, Fabian," Mr. Grobman said, "—but you're a little young. I mean, this is hard work you'll have to do here."

"So?" the boy said, showing a muscle.

"I know—you're strong. But you'll have to run errands, help mop and sweep the floor, clean windows—all that," Mr. Grobman explained.

"So?" the boy said again.

"And you won't have too much time to play with your pals anymore and—you really want the job, Fabian?"

"Yes," the boy said.

"Why?" Mr. Grobman asked.

"Well, I been thinking about what I want to be when I get big," the boy said. "Sometimes I think maybe I want to become a big engineer. Then sometimes I think maybe I want to become a doctor—or a big drugstore man like you, Mr. Grobman. If I work here, I can at least get practice for that."

"You've got a good spirit, Fabian. And you've got the job," Mr. Grobman said. "You start Monday. At four dollars a week."

The boy began to laugh. "Wow!" he said.

"Wow what?" Mr. Grobman asked.

"I forgot you get *paid* for working, too," the boy said, still laughing, and rushing out of the store to tell his folks the good news.

What Fabian wanted out of life

At about the same time Fabian began working at the Bellevue Pharmacy, he entered George C. Thomas Junior High School—the same school Eddie Fisher, another local boy, had attended some fifteen years earlier.

Eddie was, of course, already a top entertainment figure, and the pride of Thomas.

Nobody at the school ever dreamed that Fabian would begin to follow in his footsteps in just a few short years.

"Lots of boys were jealous of Fabian when he was here at Thomas," one teacher recalls. "For lots of reasons. And we all heard about the fights he was forever getting into."

She specifically recalls the day she passed Fabian in the corridor, his right eye half closed and discolored—his face battered.

"Where'd you get it, Fabian?" the teacher asked.

"The shiner?" he asked back. He smiled. "Gee, I was home last night, in my room, and it was dark and there was this door and—"

The teacher nodded. "And you walked into it?" she asked.

"Yeah," Fabian said. "That's right."

"Come on," the teacher said, "—the truth."

"Honest," Fabian said, not looking her straight in the eye. "Honest"—and he walked away.

A little while later the teacher heard another version of the story—this time from a girl student who was helping her mark some papers.

"Did you see Fabian Forte's eye today?" the girl asked. "Really, some of the hoodlums in this school are too much."

"What *did* happen?" the teacher asked.

Forecast of things to come

"Well," the girl said, taking a deep breath, "a couple of days ago Fabian caught one of these bullies in the boys' room beating up a poor little kid, half the size of him. Fabian broke it up and told the bully to lay off. In fact, he pushed him right out of the boys' room. So after school yesterday the bully showed up with a friend, near that empty garage on Johnson Street, to teach Fabian a lesson. They grabbed him while he was walking by, pulled him into the garage and began to beat him up. But Fabian ended up flattening them both, like two pancakes." She began to giggle. "You should see *them* today!"

"Oh, that Fabian," she went on, coming out with a sigh that was soon to be repeated by millions of girls throughout the country. "Ohhhhhhhhh. . . ."

Fabian had just been graduated from Thomas Junior High and entered South Philadelphia High School when two events that were to change the course of his life took place.

The first was his father's illness.

The other was his chance meeting with a man named Bob Marcucci.

Both events took place on the same day.

On the morning of that day, Fabian's father suffered a heart attack. The Fortes, panic-stricken, phoned for an ambulance. Within a few minutes the ambulance arrived, Mr. Forte was placed on a stretcher and—Mrs. Forte accompanying him—was gone. Fabian stayed around the house to watch after his two young brothers and to wait for word from the hospital.

It was while he was waiting—sitting on the concrete stoop outside the house—that Mr. Marcucci saw him.

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Why Fabian did it

What has never been printed, however, is Fabian's real reason for making his decision to become a singer.

"The reason," a friend says, "is that his father was sick and Fabian was worried about this. Also, at this same time, his brother Bobby became sick—something wrong with his spine—and the boy had to have a lot of special care. There were lots of hospital and doctor bills to pay. The Fortes weren't poor—but a cop doesn't make $50,000 a year, either. So Fabian thought that maybe if he got into this singing business and made some money doing it, the family would never have to worry."

Always a religious boy, he went to his church and had a talk with his priest.

"Those who have faith," the priest told him, "can do the impossible."

Fortunately, Mr. Forte made a rapid recovery and Bobby's case was not as serious as was first believed and the bill-paying went smoothly, without Fabian having to help at all.

But time had passed by now and the boy was already on his way into that big new life that was spreading out before him.

Before long, Fabian cut his first two records.

They were titled *I'm In Love* and *Lilly Lou*.

They were not very good, and they were not successful.

But most of the people around the boy, who knew him and liked him, were proud. "He's really improving," they said. "Not much of a voice yet, but you should have heard what it *was*. . . Anyway, lots of girls are beginning to write in to him and he's got a couple of fan clubs and it really looks like he's going to make it."

However, a few people close to Fabian were worried.

One of them, a teacher at Thomas Junior High, phoned him one day.

For a few minutes they exchanged greetings, talked about the old days, about this and that.

Then the teacher asked: "Fabian, how are things going in high school?"

"Fine," Fabian said.

"You managing to keep up with your studies?" the teacher asked.

"Oh sure," Fabian said. "I'm going to be moving around a lot now, going on tours and everything, week ends mostly. But I had a talk with the people at school and they said that as long as I kept up with my work, it was all right with them."

The teacher paused for a moment.

"If you really like it . . ."

"Fabian," she said, "do you remember that talk you had with me a few years ago, when you told me what you really wanted to do in life when you got older—how you would go to high school and then to college and become a big man in one of the professions someday?"

"Yes, I remember," Fabian said.

"Well, I think what you're doing now is fine . . . if you really like it—" the teacher said.

"Oh, I like it," Fabian interrupted.

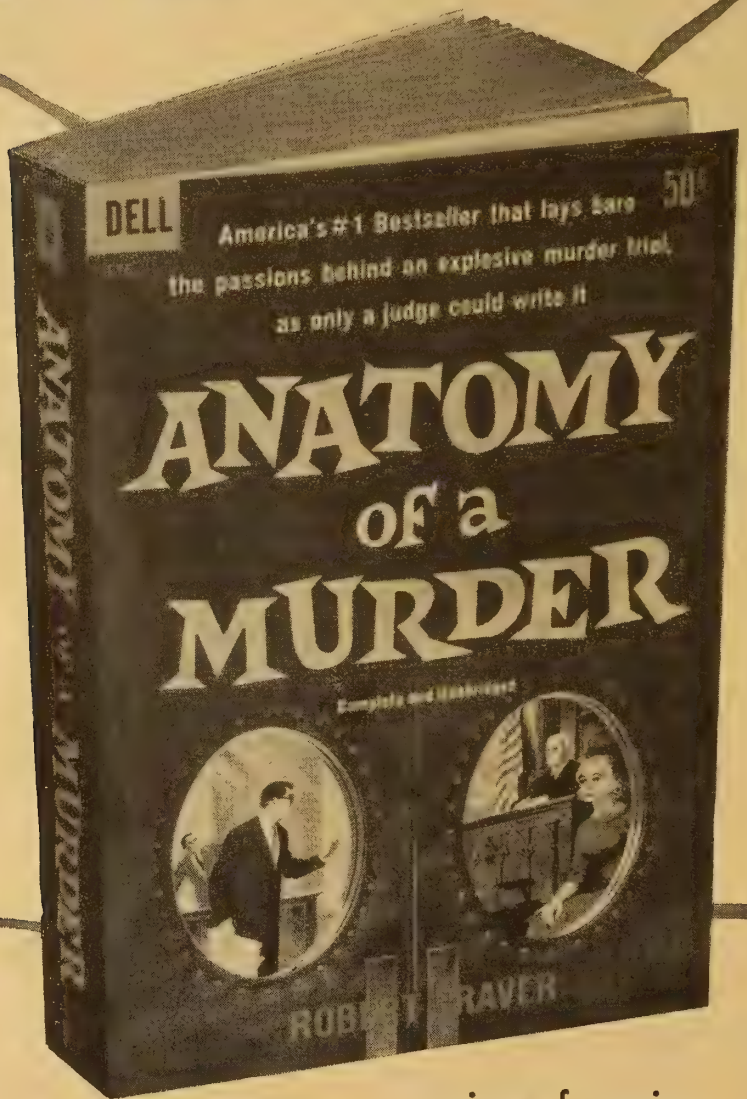
"Yes," the teacher said. "But remember, you're only at the beginning of something now. I don't know much about the entertainment field—except that it's tough and that there's a lot of disappointment involved. People rise and fall, much more quickly than in any other field. So be the smart boy you've always been and remember that. And, remembering it, keep up

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with your studies and graduate and go on to college and have something to fall back on—just in case. . . Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes," Fabian said slowly.

"And you promise me you'll keep up with your studies?" the teacher asked.

"I promise," Fabian said. "I know what you mean, and I promise. . . ."

Half a year had passed now since that phone call.

But in that time Fabian had zoomed from the just-another-kid-singer category to the threshold of stardom.

What did it were two hit records—*I'm a Man* and *Turn Me Loose*, a couple of appearances on the Dick Clark show and then, finally, a coveted five-minute spot on the Perry Como show.

Half a year—and Fabian stood on the threshold, a short step away from the future and the fame it might well bring him.

But, inevitably, the voices of doom began to chant that Fabian was only a flash in the pan, that he wouldn't last.

"For a kid who still can't really sing yet, who still needs all kinds of polish and training—it's impossible," said one man.

"It can't be done. The boy's trying hard, but it can't be done," said another.

"He's one of those freak things that comes along once in a while, maybe lasts, maybe doesn't. In this case, like in most such cases, I'd think you could underline *doesn't*," said still another.

Was Fabian bothered?

For a while, yes.

Things got tougher

The criticism made him uncomfortable, uncertain.

At the same time, he realized that his school work was beginning to slip. It was becoming tougher and tougher to find time for homework, to keep up his good grades. His last mark in American History—for one—had been a "D."

And so, for a while, Fabian *was* bothered. . . .

One night—walking home from a long rehearsal session—he passed his church and went inside.

The church was empty, nearly dark.

Fabian walked down the long aisle and kneeled before the altar.

He began to pray.

"Help me be strong," he whispered. "Help me make good. Help me do well with my career *and* my studies. . . . Help me make my family proud, and all the people who've helped me, and all the people who've thought I'm worth anything at all . . . I know I'm asking a big favor. But can You help me, God? Can You help me . . . ?"

A little while later, Fabian left the church and went home.

"Where've you been?" his mother asked, as he walked into the house. "I expected you half an hour ago."

"I stopped to talk to a Friend."

"Who?" his mother asked, casually.

"Oh . . . a Friend," Fabian said. "I had something to ask Him."

"And did he answer you?" his mother asked. Fabian smiled.

"Not exactly," he said. "But—I got to thinking, Ma. This Friend of mine. He doesn't answer things very quickly sometimes. But He's never let me down yet. And I figure that if I keep working with Him, *for* Him, harder than I've ever worked before—He'll never let me down, ever."

His mother watched her son, confused, as he walked into his room to hang up his jacket.

Then, shrugging, she muttered, "Well, any friend of his is a friend of ours"—and went into the kitchen to prepare his supper. **END**

Ingrid's Fifth Child

(*Continued from page 61*)

Lonely, timid of other humans, she peopled her universe with imaginary characters—the witch, the villain, the donkey. "I didn't have to be afraid of them."

Her father was a merry, sweet man who indulged her fancies. "I remember telling him I wanted something when I grew up, something that would get me a lot of attention in the newspapers." The lip curls, faintly. "Well, I certainly succeeded."

At twelve, she was an orphan. Her Aunt Ellen Bergman moved in to take care of the stunned child, after her father's death. Seven month's later the aunt had a heart attack and died in the little girl's arms.

The relatives she lived with didn't approve, but nothing could have held her back. She was the star pupil at the Royal Dramatic Theatre School in Stockholm, and while she was still a student, she married a dentist named Lindstrom. "She was a strong woman looking for a stronger man," a drama school classmate says.

There was a baby, Pia. The letters of the name stood for 'Peter, Ingrid—always.' Years later, Ingrid spoke of this. "She doesn't call herself Pia any more. She hated the name we gave her. So she's Jenny Ann—it's so hard for me to remember that."

In Hollywood, where Ingrid became a star, the Lindstrom marriage floundered. She paid the bills to put him through medical school, and his male pride sought ways to get even. He ran the household like a dictator. He yelled about Ingrid's clothing bills, and insisted on absolute obedience from Pia.

"What's the use of your telling me I can go to the movies?" Pia would say to Ingrid. "You know I have to wait for Papa's permission."

Lindstrom would badger his wife. "Pia doesn't respect you—"

Ingrid would fight back. "I don't want her to respect me, I want her to love me—"

A hopeless situation

"If Ingrid was coming home at eight o'clock, Lindstrom and Pia would eat at 7:30," producer David Lewis recalls. "If Ingrid was coming home at 6:00, he and Pia ate at 5:30. I don't know, maybe he was deliberately trying to hold the child emotionally, just in case something happened. I remember going on a six-hour auto trip alone with Pia in 1951. She talked all the time—almost as if the wind would tear her words away and no one would hear them. She told me how much she missed her mother, but that she didn't want to hurt her father. In many ways, Ingrid was more of a child than Pia."

As if the wind would tear her words away . . . Long, long afterward, Ingrid herself spoke of that tearing wind. "It blows this way and that way," she said, "and you have to take what life gives you."

It was January of 1957, and she had not seen her daughter Pia for six years.

Somehow she'd never believed it would happen. "When I left Peter, I never thought I would lose my child completely," she said, bewildered.

A good mother doesn't desert a child and go tootling off to make a movie with some Italian genius.

But Ingrid did. Poor, pretty Ingrid. She fell in love on the island of Stromboli.

She hadn't meant to, but she didn't see how she could help it, or change it.

Even from Lindstrom, she expected compassion. She wrote him to say she was staying in Italy. "I know how this letter falls like a bomb on our house, and now you stand alone in the ruins, and I am unable to help you. Poor little papa, but also poor little mama."

Lindstrom flew abroad, discovered Ingrid was pregnant, refused her pleas for divorce. It was an act of cruelty by a bitter man. He finally agreed to let Ingrid file for a mail-order Mexican divorce, but his consent came too late. Ingrid's son Robertino was born on February 2, 1950, before Ingrid was legally free.

Still Lindstrom's anger raged. He was awarded custody of Pia, but he wasn't satisfied. In 1952, when Ingrid filed for permission to have Pia visit her, Lindstrom went to court, insisted he didn't want Pia 'exposed' to Rossellini.

The judge addressed the thirteen-year-old, "Do you love your mother?"

"No," Pia said gravely. "I don't love my mother. I like her. I love my father. I don't want to go to Italy." Very sure, very self-contained, the voice of a young lady. And then, suddenly, the misery breaking through. "I don't think my mother cares about me too much. She didn't seem interested about me when she left—"

The judge ruled against Ingrid, but castigated Lindstrom too. "Children are not chattels to be passed back and forth between parents."

Chattels, to be passed back and forth between parents . . . Now there are three new chattels, Robertino, Isobella, Ingrid. Again the courts resound with charges and counter-charges, as Ingrid and Rossellini war in France and Italy.

"No matter where Mr. Rossellini tries to obtain possession of my children, no matter in which court or what country, I will fight him," Ingrid said, last January.

Love—and violence

For this man's love, she had defied convention, had been denied her daughter, had given up her career, yet now they stared at each other blank-eyed across a wooden table, while lawyers spoke, and a judge pondered.

"He was alive," she'd said once, "and he made me feel alive—"

Those were the good days. The French director Jean Renoir remembers Ingrid and Roberto rolling on the floor with their three babies. "Ingrid was like a mother dog with puppies—"

In Rome, where she'd built a new home, Ingrid set aside a room for Pia. It stayed empty, but Ingrid always hoped that Pia would come. "We wrote to each other," Ingrid said. "I used to telephone her, but it was too painful to hear her voice and never be able to be near her. I'm not forcing anything. She was unhappy. Children want to be the same as other children, and there was so much fighting. Now everything was peaceful—"

Ingrid and Rossellini were inseparable, and their children went everywhere with them. "So they will know we love them," Roberto said.

"But what about their education, later?" Ingrid said.

"I will teach them everything they have to know," Roberto said. "All they have to learn is love and violence."

For seven years, there was love and violence and laughter. Summers at Santa Marinella, and a stone Robertino found and kept as his talisman. The day he lost it in the ocean, he was inconsolable, but Ingrid, skin-diving, found it.

Disaster!

The mother had given up any thought of working again, except with her husband, but the movies they made together were artistic and financial disasters. "Maybe I bring him bad luck," Ingrid worried.

Finally, she agreed to act in a movie for Jean Renoir. He was a family friend, and it was all right with Rossellini. When



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it came to Ingrid's playing *Anastasia,* he felt different. He hated the idea. But Ingrid "tired of being broke," ignored his feelings, went ahead with the picture. . . .

"In Rome," she'd said, "I learned so much of warmth and love," but now she was in Paris, and the play *Tea and Sympathy* followed *Anastasia,* and there was no place for Rossellini in Ingrid's working life.

He acknowledged this, harking back to —for him—happier moments. "The children were small, they cried for mama, and Ingrid came. Now the children grow older, they are not so dependent on her, and Ingrid becomes restless. So my wife and I are going our separate ways professionally. And things are as they are."

Rossellini thought *Anastasia* was "terrible," and *Tea and Sympathy* was another thorn in his side. "She did not want to hurt me. She was kind, but she did want to play in *Tea and Sympathy.* I told her to do as she liked, I am a professional. I understand. I may not like it, but I do understand."

Before he left on his fateful trip to India, Rossellini summed up his helplessness. "I don't have a sense of money. It's a grave error, no? They say I ruined my wife. What are you going to do when the whole world thinks of you as a monster?"

The end was inevitable. In India, he met a woman who gave him back his sense of himself as a powerful, successful, fascinating man. He'd been perishing in the chill of his wife's shadow; now he stepped back into the sun.

It's hard to ascribe praise or blame. Ingrid and Roberto have been good artists, and bad children. They've been careless people who lived for the moment, and others have paid the price for their wilfulness. One wonders if Robertino or little Ingrid or Isobella had a sense of something wrong during that last year of their parents' marriage.

A success—and a failure

In January of 1957, Ingrid flew to the United States to accept the Film Critics' Award for *Anastasia.* Again, there was Rossellini opposition. Again, Ingrid had her way. The day she left, Robertino came to her, his precious stone good luck charm in his hand. "Take it with you to America," he said. . . .

That was the winter Ingrid won the Oscar, and lost her husband.

The rumors from Bombay were many, and Ingrid raged. "The shabby way in which people treat my husband makes me sad. He's not a villain. He's nice. He's a considerate human with practically no vices. People are always trying to get us divorced, the idiots!"

In July there was a gathering of all of Ingrid's children. For the first time in six years, Jenny Ann came to visit, and Ingrid, meeting the plane, said, "It's the happiest day of my life."

When they walked out, that summer, people were kind. "Oh, we're so glad you came," they'd say to Jenny. "Your mother has waited so long for this visit—"

Still Roberto stayed in India. On Ingrid's wedding anniversary, she'd had a stilted cable. "May you enjoy a long married life." *You?* she thought. *Not we?*

On Robertino's birthday, Ingrid hired clowns from the circus, but the big thing had been the phone call from Bombay, and Robertino, wild with excitement, explaining across two continents that he'd made a drawing for his papa's return. "I sign it *Roberto Number Two!*"

"How can you cause your wife more heartbreak?" Rossellini was asked. "I know my wife," said Roberto. "She is a strong woman, stronger than I in many ways. Remember, she did what she wanted to. I did not kidnap her, and we have had a good life together."

In Italy, volatile Rossellini relatives made statements. "Ingrid is loved by us all. She is a great woman," they said. And some of them cried.

But Ingrid's children didn't cry as, once again, they were uprooted. Their mother was going to make a movie in England. They were left in Rome with their father's sister, Marcella Mariani.

Once Robertino got on the phone with his mother, begged to come to her. "I will learn English," he promised. "I will learn English so fast—"

At Christmas, Ingrid got five days' vacation, and the Rossellinis decided they'd spend the holiday together, for the sake of the children.

It was a strange Christmas. Roberto arriving at the house with an electric train, and Parisian dolls, and the house full of shouts, "Papa's back! Papa's back!"

The children knew all the time

Only later did Ingrid and Roberto discover that the children had known the truth, and had been pretending all day.

In January of 1958, Ingrid went to Formosa to make *The Inn of the Sixth Happiness;* Roberto went back to Sonali Das Gupta; and, in Rome, a judge, noting how little the Rossellini children saw of their parents, considered putting them in the care of a state-appointed tutor.

Within the year, however, after a quickie divorce, Ingrid married Lars Schmidt, a Swedish theatrical producer ("How lucky I was to find him. Poor man, I ruined his privacy") and her children had a home again. It was a place called La Grange Aux Moines, near the village of Choisel, outside of Paris.

The fight was on

The Schmidts were married on December 21st, in London, and they had Christmas morning with Ingrid's children. And then at noon Roberto's chauffeur came for them.

"They had been told they could spend the holidays with him," Ingrid said. "They would have been terribly disappointed if I hadn't let them go."

In January, there was another bombshell. Rossellini sued for custody of the children, basing his appeal on moral, religious and practical grounds. He said Ingrid had been "living together with Mr. Lars Schmidt," that she was Protestant (while the children had been baptized in the Roman Catholic church) and that it was a sacrifice for "the children to have to ride every day to and from the nearest Italian school, which is in Paris."

Rossellini's objection to Schmidt was a trifle bizarre, considering his own colorful relationship with Madame Das Gupta while he was in India.

The French courts stood by Ingrid, so Rossellini took his case to Italy. "I am an Italian citizen, and so are the children." Between hearings, he offered a compromise. He'd take Robertino, and let Ingrid keep the girls. Or he would take all three for six months, and she could have them for the other six.

Ingrid said no, backed up, temporarily at least, by a Roman court. "I will not give him the children so he can give them to his sister!"

And still the fight goes on, unsettled as this is written. . . .

There was a time not long ago when Ingrid suffered a recurrent nightmare. She would dream of photographers "advancing on me, cameras pointed like machine guns, trampling on my children—"

She wants to believe those nightmares are over. She wants to live at peace with her new husband, her growing children, the baby who's to come. A baby who will not be given the pain her other children had to endure. This is her chance. This is the one that counts. **END**

I Will Be Faithful

(Continued from page 56)

done during the year. The day we repent. It's that simple, Baby."

Again Liz nodded. Then she asked, "And do you pray?"

"I do," Mike said. He smiled. "Surprised?"

Liz didn't answer.

Mike took her hand. "My old man," he said, "he knew all the prayers. He was a Rabbi, so he knew all of them—plus some. He tried to teach me. Boy, what he went through. We used to sit in the apartment sometimes—when he could catch me—or in that dilapidated, tiny synagogue he ran. And he'd say, 'Avrumele, you must learn your prayers if you are to become any kind of man.' I tried. I was too wild—my mind was always filled with too many other things—to remember them. But I tried. And there is one prayer I remember, for *Yom Kippur* . . . one."

"How does it go?" Liz asked.

Mike thought for a moment.

Then he closed his eyes and, slowly, he began to speak.

"For all my sins, for all that I repent, Heavenly Father," he said, *"do not forgive me, no—but make me hate, despise, loathe these sins; and when I have curbed my temper, given cheer to others, spoken kindly of others, returned good for evil, abandoned my impurity, corrected my falsehoods . . . then let me feel Your loving arms around me. Then may I say to You, 'my Father,' and, within my heart, hear You answer, 'I am with thee, my beloved child.' Amen."*

He opened his eyes.

"Pretty good, eh?" he asked.

For a while, Liz said nothing.

Sins in Liz' life

"There are things in *my* life I repent," she said, finally, almost in a whisper.

"Be pretty weird if there weren't," Mike said.

"But—" Liz said, "even though I believe in God, Mike, I've never found a prayer that I could believe in as much as . . . as I just felt you believed in yours."

"Your old man wasn't a rabbi," Mike said, laughing. "Maybe you've gotta have these things drummed into you."

Liz shook her head.

"No," she said, "it's not that."

Mike shrugged. "So skip your dinner tonight and say my prayer," he said.

For another while—a long while—Liz said nothing.

Then she said, "Mike . . . maybe I should become Jewish."

Mike's laughter was gone by now. "Why?" he asked, seriously.

"So I can be as good as you," Liz said. "So, deep down, I can believe as much, as strongly, as you. So I can prove what I regret in my life . . . so maybe the rest of my life will be a better one."

Mike sighed.

"The real God in a person's life doesn't come easy," Mike said.

"I know," Liz said.

"You'll have to learn a lot, to study a lot," Mike said.

"I know," Liz said. "But Mike . . . I want God so much. And the God you love—maybe that is the God I should love, the God who will love me back in return . . . I'd like to at least try, Mike."

Later that night, Liz looked up from the book she was reading.

"Mike," she said, "do you know what it says here—in *Ruth*, in The Old Testament?"

"What?" Mike asked.

"It says," said Liz, *"But Ruth said, 'Entreat me not to leave you or to return from following you; for where you go I will go, and where you lodge I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my God. . . .'"*

She looked up again.

Mike nodded. "Maybe," he said.

"And where you die," Liz went on reading, *"I will die, and there will I be buried. May the Lord do so to me and more also if even death parts me from you. . ."*

"Where you die . . . I will die"

Liz and Mike were parted by death a little less than a year later. Mike was killed in a plane crash. Liz was left behind to mourn him.

It was the most tragic, the most difficult period of her life.

"I want to die, too," she said once, not long after the funeral, to Mike's good friend, Eddie Fisher. They were sitting together alone, on the terrace of Liz's big house. The day was gray and gloomy. There was a dark, cloud-filled sky above them. "I don't want to go on without him," Liz said. "I want to die, too. I can't live without Mike. I can't—"

"Liz, the word *can't* didn't exist for Mike," Eddie broke in. "If he were here now, what would he say to you? He'd say something like, 'Listen to me good, Baby—you're just wasting precious breath!' Wouldn't he say that? He'd kid with you, Liz. He'd make you end up laughing instead of crying. But that would be his message—that the word *can't* doesn't exist . . . Liz, look up. Come on, raise your head and look up. Mike never looked down. Even when he was on top of the world he was always looking up."

Liz shook her head. She wiped her eyes with a handkerchief she clutched.

"Why was he taken away from me?"

Then Eddie said, very simply, "We cannot question God, Liz."

"God," Liz whispered. "I sought Him. Maybe I didn't try very hard. Maybe I tried to do it the easy way, not hard enough. But I asked Him to help me . . . and what happened?"

"We cannot question God," Eddie said, once again. "Our very hairs are numbered. Liz, The Bible tells you that. Don't you think that God knew better than any human could when Mike's time should come? Don't you think Mike would have told you exactly what I'm telling you? That he would have said, 'You're the boss, God . . . You brought me into this world and you gave me a lot of good things while I was in it and if you want to take me now—well, you're the boss' . . . Don't you think that's what Mike would have said, Liz?"

"Yes," Liz whispered, "I do . . ."

An earnest decision

It was shortly after that Liz began to study the Jewish religion in earnest.

For weeks, quietly, she read her Bible, then the Talmud, and the other great Jewish books of learning.

Then one day she went to see a Rabbi —Rabbi Max Nussbaum.

"I want to convert," she told him.

"You must be sincere, my child," he said.

"I am," Liz said.

A year later, the Rabbi was able to say: "We do not encourage converts, unless they are very sincere. Elizabeth was. When she first discussed her wish to become a convert with me, I wanted to be sure it was not just a whim. In a sense, I put her through the works. Not until I was completely convinced of her sincerity did I encourage her to accept the faith she was so eager to accept."

A few days before the ceremony of her conversion, Liz broke the news to her

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parents. While the rest of the world was gossiping about her forthcoming marriage to Eddie Fisher, Liz talked seriously about other matters.

"I've never been more serious in my life," Liz told them. "I have found that I can accept Judaism with all my heart and soul. I've found a peace in it that I have never known before. The Christian faith is a wonderful one, a beautiful one. But for me . . . I feel Jewish. I want to become a Jew. It offers me what I've been looking for all my life. . . ."

"I will be faithful"

On the morning of the ceremony, Liz phoned her parents.

"I'd like you to be at the ceremony," she said. "Please. Believe me. I know what I'm doing. And I want you to be there with me. Please. . . ."

That afternoon, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor sat in the high-backed seats of the pulpit of Hollywood's Temple Israel.

Elizabeth, wearing a simple black dress and a black turban, stood beside the Rabbi, a Jewish prayer book in her hand.

The Rabbi asked her if she was ready.

"Yes," came the strong, clear answer.

The Rabbi turned and opened the bronze doors of a marble structure called the Ark, revealing the seven sacred scrolls inside, each of them encased in velvet.

Facing the sacred scrolls, the Rabbi asked, "Is it of your own free will that you seek admittance into the Jewish fold?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth.

"Do you renounce your former faith?"

"Yes."

"Do you pledge your loyalty to Judaism?"

"Yes."

Then, Liz solemnly intoned the pledge she had memorized:

"I, Elizabeth Todd, do herewith declare in the presence of God and the witnesses here assembled that I, of my own free will, seek the fellowship of Israel and that I fully accept the faith of Israel.

"I believe that God is One, Almighty, All Wise and Most Holy . . . I promise that I shall endeavor to live, as far as it is in my power, in accordance with the ideals of Jewish life."

When she finished, a cantor—standing not far away—began to sing.

He sang from *The Book of Ruth.*

Liz bowed her head as she listened:

"For where you go, I will go; and where you lodge I will lodge; your people shall be my people, and your God my God."

She repeated the words to herself.

She had recited those same words once.

But she did not think of Mike now—the man she had loved so much.

Nor of Eddie—the man she now loved.

Instead, she thought of what she realized was the truest of all loves . . . of God.

And, her head still bowed she said, "I will be faithful."

And she smiled and was happy. **END**

Liz can soon be seen in SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER *for Columbia and* TWO FOR THE SEESAW *for United Artists.*

The Death of a Doll

(*Continued from page 59*)

"Why?" Mr. Douvan asked, surprised. "All that talk about *me.*"

"But I'm proud of you, my doll," Mr. Douvan said.

"Daddy," Sandra said, getting up and smoothing her skirt, "I guess I will have to be going. I don't want to miss my train."

"You've got to go up to New York—now?" her father asked.

"It's a very important modeling assignment tomorrow, Daddy. But I'll come back to Washington early tomorrow night, and by then the operation will be all over and you know what I'm going to bring with me?" she asked, leaning over and straightening his collar. "*Your* own bathrobe. The one Mama and I gave you. And herring. A whole jar full. In sour cream. With onions."

Mr. Douvan tried to smile.

"That will be nice," he said, shifting his weight in his chair, and watching his daughter in silence as she touched up her lipstick in front of the mirror.

Sandy's promise

"Sandy—" he said suddenly, "I've got a favor to ask you."

"I promise," Sandra said.

"But you don't even know what it is yet."

"I promise anyway."

"Well then," Mr. Douvan went on, "I spoke to my doctor before. And he told me that even though my operation is tomorrow, that it would be all right for me to leave the hospital for a little while tonight. For an hour, he said. I knew you were coming down from New York today. And I thought that it would be nice if you and I and your Mama could go somewhere for dinner tonight, just like we always do back home, the three of us, together . . . just so we can be alone."

Sandra placed her hand on his cheek.

"Oh Daddy," she said, "I'd love to. But—I've *got* to go back tonight. I've got to *work* tomorrow. You understand that, don't you. . . ?

"And besides," she said, running her fingers through his hair now, "I'd just sit there like a lump in that restaurant and I wouldn't eat anything. I mean I'm on a diet, Daddy."

Mr. Douvan looked startled.

"I know, I don't look fat—*yet.* But I've been putting on weight and that's not very good for a model, you know. And it'd be a little silly for me to sit facing a steak and a baked potato and all the kinds of things you're always ordering for me when we go out."

"But—" Mr. Douvan started to say.

"Daddy," Sandy said, "Daddy . . . It would just be silly, that's all. And if I stayed I'd have to catch the last train out and I'd have nice big bags under my eyes tomorrow. And—well, if you want to be proud of me, it's not going to do me any good to show up at my job tomorrow with bags under my eyes and with a few extra ounces around my waist . . . Now is it?"

"You'll at least eat a little on the train tonight, won't you," Mr. Douvan asked, "even if you won't come to eat with *us*?"

Sandra shook her head.

"Oh no," she said. "This is a real diet I'm on now. All I'm eating now is lettuce. Half a head for lunch and half a head for dinner."

Mr. Douvan shrugged.

And as he did, a faint voice in the background spoke up.

"*All visitors, all visitors, please leave . . . visting hours are over,*" it said.

Sandra got up.

"You understand, Daddy, don't you?" she asked.

Mr. Douvan nodded.

"I guess I understand . . . yes," he said.

"Anyway," Sandra said, "I'll be back tomorrow night. I'm even coming by plane. And by then the doctors will have fixed

whatever's wrong with you and . . . and I'll bring you your bathrobe, *and* the herring, and we'll have a ball."

"All visitors, all visitors," the voice came once more.

"Good-bye, Daddy," Sandra said, leaning over and kissing him.

She rushed to the door.

"Good-bye, Sandy," Mr. Douvan said.

Sandra stopped. For a long moment she simply stood there, at the door, simply staring back at the step-father she loved so much, but saying nothing.

Then, suddenly, the nurse—the one who had been there a few minutes earlier—reappeared.

"Temperature time!" the nurse said, very officially, walking past Sandra.

Sandra waved.

"I'd better be going now," she said, softly, as Mr. Douvan raised his hand and began to wave back. . . .

Fatal phone call

It was one o'clock, the following afternoon.

Sandra sat in the little dressing room, just off the photographer's studio.

She'd worked for two hours that morning. At noon, the photographer had called a break. He'd gone out. Now she waited for him to get back so they could finish up—soon, she hoped—so she could catch the four o'clock plane for Washington.

She passed the time looking through a new fashion magazine someone had left lying around.

At one point, she looked down at her watch.

She wondered suddenly if the operation was over. Even though she knew it wasn't a major operation—how many times that last week had her daddy told her that it wasn't going to be very serious—still she wondered now if it was all over.

She wished it was.

She wished, too, that the tight, stupid little pain in her stomach would go away, and that the photographer would hurry back so they could finish in time.

There was a tap on the door.

A woman, the photographer's secretary, peeked into the dressing room.

"Sandy," she said, "—phone call. Want to come take it in the office?"

Sandra put down the magazine she'd been holding and got up.

"Yes . . . thanks," she said, walking past the secretary. "You know who it is?"

"It's long distance," the woman said. "Washington, D. C. Maybe it's Mamie Eisenhower inviting you down to tea."

The woman laughed at her little funny.

And she felt very foolish a few minutes later when, walking back into her office, she saw Sandra—looking very pale, trembling—place down the receiver, when she saw her sit then and when she heard her begin to mumble, over and over:

"My daddy is dead . . . my daddy is dead. . . ."

She had never thought that anything could ever happen to him, that he could go—just like that, without any warning; that he could be taken away from her and her mother so easily, smiling and talking and laughing one day, gone forever the next day. . . .

"He couldn't be gone . . ."

She sat, numbly, in the living room of the big apartment now, on the couch, facing the big deep chair in which he used to sit at night when he came home from the office, relaxing, telling about his day, asking about theirs—Sandra's and her mother's, loosening his tie and smiling his loving smile and saying how good it felt to be back, here, together, with his little family.

No, he couldn't be gone, Sandra told herself; not dead . . . not her daddy . . . not her daddy.

But he was.

Her mother had told her that, through her tears, just a little while earlier.

Daddy had undergone the operation, she'd said. Everything had seemed to be fine. They had wheeled him into the recovery room, just like they always did, with everybody, after any operation. Everything had seemed to be fine. And then, suddenly, about an hour later, his breathing had become very labored. And his heart, weak to begin with and weakened even more by the operation, stopped suddenly. And, still clutching at a tiny crucifix he had held all during the operation, he had died. . . .

Her face suddenly changed. It was no longer the pert, doll-like face that the cameramen photographed. It was a face full of pain, of compassion—it was the face of an adult.

The phone rang now.

Sandra got up heavily from the couch. Her tiny body seemed to weigh more than she could bear.

She walked slowly to the phone and lifted the receiver.

The operator said something about a call from Washington, D.C.

"Mama?" Sandra asked.

"Yes, Sandy," she heard her mother say, listlessly, tired. "I—I just want you to know . . . I thought I would be back early tonight . . . I was pretty sure when I talked to you before . . . But now, with arrangements, everything, I don't think I'll be back till about midnight."

"All right," Sandra said.

"Meanwhile, Sandy," her mother went on, "it's getting to be suppertime . . . So try to eat a little something . . . Will you do that? . . . Fix something for yourself and try to eat a little."

"Yes, Mama," Sandra said, "I'll do that."

"And I'll see you later," her mother said.

"Yes, Mama," Sandra said. "Yes."

A few moments later, she put the receiver down.

For a moment after that she stood there, near the phone, just stood there.

The lettuce meal

And then she walked back across the living room and through the dining room and into the kitchen.

She went to the refrigerator and opened it.

She bent and picked up half a head of lettuce that lay wrapped in cellophane on the bottom shelf.

She removed the cellophane, placed the lettuce in a dish and placed the dish on the table.

She sat down.

Slowly, she began to tear off a leaf of the lettuce.

But she stopped, suddenly, when the pain in her stomach, the pain that had been there since last night, became stronger.

She stared down at the lettuce.

I have a favor to ask you, Sandy, his words came back to her, as she stared.

I promise, Daddy—whatever it is, she remembered herself saying.

I spoke to the doctor, she remembered him saying. *He told me it would be all right to go out for an hour tonight. I would like to take you and your mother to dinner, just the three of us, like always.*

Oh, she remembered herself saying then, *but I can't, Daddy. Gee, I'd love to. But I can't.*

Her first words came back to her again.

A favor? I promise—*whatever it is.*

Then, in a terrible jumble, all the other words she had spoken and the thoughts she had thought came back.

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But not that . . . *Oh, no . . . I mean, I'm on a diet . . . And I have to get back to New York . . . Bags under my eyes, Daddy . . . And my diet? . . . Oh, I eat lettuce now . . . That's what I'll eat tonight in New York . . . But you and Mama have a nice time anyway . . . You enjoy your steak and everything . . . But I can't stay . . . I really can't . . . I'll be such a lump . . . Besides, I'm only having lettuce . . . You said a favor, yes—but that's really such a small favor; why, I don't even really feel I'm breaking a promise . . . And you do understand, Daddy . . . Don't you? . . . Don't you? . . .*

A broken promise . . . a broken heart

Sandra closed her eyes.

And she saw him nod.

And she remembered how he had said, *Yes . . . I guess I understand.*

And, suddenly, for the first time since her mother had phoned to tell her what had happened, she began to cry.

"I'm sorry, Daddy," she whispered.

She opened her eyes.

They fell on the lettuce, still sitting there, in front of her.

She brought up her hand and clenched her fingers around the lettuce. Then she lifted it and threw it, hard, so that it hit the gleaming white wall across from the table and, leaving a dull green stain on the wall, fell thumping to the floor.

And then Sandra lowered her head and, sobbing now, feeling something inside her die, she cried out:

"I'm sorry, Daddy . . . Oh please forgive me . . . Please . . . Please . . . *Please. . . .*"

And then she dried her tears and lifted her head. She would never be the same again, she knew that.

The careless child who thought only of her beautiful face and figure was gone forever. The conceited, fragile little girl that she once was had disappeared. A doll had died; and in its place, a woman had been born. . . .

Later that night when her mother came home—after they had sat and talked for a while—Mrs. Douvan opened her purse and handed something to her daughter.

"Daddy's crucifix," Sandra said.

Her mother nodded.

"He wanted you to have it, Sandy," she said.

"When—when did he say that?" Sandra asked.

"This morning, before the operation," her mother said. "He told me that if anything happened to him—ever—he wanted you to have this. *With all his love, forever and ever,* he said."

"This morning?" Sandra asked.

"Yes," her mother said.

Sandra clutched the crucifix in her hand.

"Then," she said, very softly, "—he forgave me. You know that, Mama? Daddy forgave me."

Her mother didn't hear her.

Or if she did, she didn't ask anything more about it. . . . **END**

Sandra has appeared in IMITATION OF LIFE *and* THE WILD AND THE INNOCENT, *both for U-I.*

Debbie

(*Continued from page 47*)

said. "Certainly I can't foresee it. If I fell in love with an actor, feel sure of happiness with him, I would marry another actor.

"It makes no difference to me what anyone says to the contrary—I had great happiness with Eddie! I want to say again—we were deeply in love when we married. But I really don't want to go back over all that. It's all been said. And done. I want to face the future. It's suddenly so bright again."

I said, "When do you think the turning point came, when you realized you can once again be happy?"

There was no hesitation about this. She answered quickly, "When I went to Europe. That moment seemed to be the ending of one phase and the beginning of a new one. It's as though a door had closed and another had opened."

Debbie conquers Spain

Once again she was all big-eyed excitement, the words tumbling out of her mouth in excitement over the wonderful reception she had received in Madrid, Paris and Rome.

"Everyone was so wonderful to me and somehow they made me feel that their kindness and flattery was to me as a *person*—not just another visiting actress from Hollywood. In Madrid, some young men came into a cafe where I was dining, hoisted me on their shoulders and carried me out to stand on top of their beautiful new car. I wasn't at all frightened. They seemed so happy and friendly."

I had seen a picture of this event in *Life* magazine which carried a six-page layout on the enthusiastic way the Spanish people had opened their arms to Debbie everywhere she went.

In fact the reception accorded her had been so unusally warm-hearted that the magazine had killed the cover planned on Millie Perkins and *The Diary of Anne Frank* to substitute Debbie's singlehanded conquest of the Spaniards.

A wonderful company

"There were few embarrassing questions," she went on happily, "Even the reporters asked about the children. And they kidded me—but kindly—about all the popcorn I ate and the Cokes I drank. They played *Tammy* over and over when I walked into cafes.

"Even strangers brought flowers picked from their gardens to my hotel suite and there were many sweet notes and messages. It was a wonderful company to be with, too—Glenn Ford, Eva Gabor, Gustavo Rojo. You know, Eva and I have become great friends since the start of the picture!"

I smiled to myself. This as much as anything proves the big change in Debbie. Can you imagine the pigtailed-and-slacks-wearing Debbie becoming friends with one of the worldly and sophisticated Gabor beauties?

But Debbie was continuing on happily: "Perhaps it was being surrounded with so much of this warmth and affection that made me pause to realize how *lucky* I am. I have so much! My two beautiful and healthy children. My mother. My comfortable home—security in my future. Don't think I don't realize that my career has taken a *big* upward swing. I am very grateful for this and for the financial security it brings."

The change September brought

She was toying with the steak she had ordered for luncheon, her expression mature and serene for one so young.

She seemed to be almost musing to herself as she said, "I suppose the *real* change in my life came last September. That month not only brought the wrench of my parting from Eddie, but it was also the month MGM gave me my new contract and thereby seemed to hand me a whole new career.

"From that point on I was permitted to accept outside pictures. I was permitted to appear on TV, a good thing for me as I've always wanted to do it. It gave me the opportunity to select my own stories—and that carries responsibility. I'm thankful I have been so fortunate in my choice of comedies."

Time for clothes

Debbie laughed heartily now, "I've even changed my wardrobe! Do you know in this picture I wear gorgeous Helen Rose clothes every bit as glamorous as Eva Gabor's?"

That reminded me of something I've wanted to ask her ever since Debbie started dressing up—and how.

"Tell me something, Debbie," I said. "Why are you now literally a fashion plate both on and off the screen when for so many years you seemed completely indifferent to clothes, particularly when you were married to Eddie?"

She nodded, "You've got a point there. I hadn't thought of it much before—but when I was married to Eddie I was completely *married.* At one stage I was ready to give up my career and settle down to being just a housewife and a mother. To me, Eddie's career was the important thing. Much more important than my own. My life was filled with him and the babies; they took up most of my time and thoughts, and I just wasn't interested in clothes.

"You know, clothes take up a lot of a woman's time. Selection, fittings, grooming—you have to spend hours at it if you are going to look as well as you can. I guess it can be summed up by saying—*now* I have the *time* for clothes."

She smiled as she went on, "I'm going out again, too. Nothing serious. But old friends like Bob Neal take me dining and dancing and to see the new premieres. Helen Rose has made some wonderful gowns for me and helped me to become clothes conscious. I even bought some lovely things on my own in Paris. Being feminine, I like to hear people say, 'How lovely you look, Debbie.' Makes me feel good—even if it isn't easy on the pocketbook."

No time for love

I said to my beaming young friend, "Debbie, I just hope your heart won't be caught on the rebound—and that you just continue for a long time to wear your pretty dresses, date nice young men and continue to have a good time."

"Don't worry about the rebound," Debbie smiled. "I'm not dating anyone steady and I'll continue to go out with many friends. I don't want any serious romance right now. I am not ready for it. Besides, I won't have time to fall in love. My working schedule takes me from one picture to another right up to the first of the year."

She's such a level-headed little thing in spite of her high good spirits these days. I couldn't help commenting, "You must have a wonderful philosophy to have carried you through so much unhappiness without making you bitter."

"I don't think of it as philosophy," she said, "I have faith. My parents brought me up to believe in God, to trust Him, to take my troubles to Him. I have done this and now I am blessed with spiritual *trust.* I expect to bring up my children with this same faith. One of the fine things I was taught is that God makes the shoulders to fit the burden."

I told her I am very proud of her because when I saw her wan, tear-streaked

face right after Eddie's announcement that he was leaving home, I wondered if she would be given the courage to carry her heartache.

She replied with great sweetness, "Don't worry about me or feel sorry for me any longer. I'm truly happy, truly grateful—and oh, so lucky.

"I'm still thin—but not because of any troubles I've had. I'm having a little trouble eating—but only because I'm so excited all the time. Just like in Spain—all I seem to want to eat is popcorn and drink Cokes. But I'm seriously going to try to put on a little weight. Got to get in shape to meet the world," she laughed.

One of the things she has to face in the immediate future, despite her assertion that her broken marriage is in her past, is the imminent marriage of Eddie Fisher and Elizabeth Taylor made possible by Debbie's permission to grant him a divorce.

This she did at the airport immediately on her return from Europe when she was informed by reporters that Liz and Eddie had the evening before held a press conference in Las Vegas saying they had to have Debbie's permission to wed in Nevada.

"I will give that permission," Debbie said, solemn faced. "Then I hope I have heard the end of this."

She said, "I still feel that way. I don't want to go on talking about this forever and forever. But I do want to say to you that I do not wish anything bad to anyone. To the contrary, I wish them happiness. I hope they can be as happy as I am."

Debbie believes firmly in Eddie's talent as a singer and she expressed sadness that his career has suffered a setback with the loss of his TV show.

"I *must* have believed in his career and his talent if I was ready to practically put my own career on ice when I was married to him," she said. "I thought he would go far and become a great star—and I *still* hope so."

But that's past—and it's her own career that's very much in the foreground now.

All dressed up and going places

"Even so, you can't work, work, work all the time," I reminded this eager beaver.

"Of course not," she agreed. "I want to travel again—and soon. The only drawback to this is that I don't want to ever leave the children for any length of time. I missed them so very much the five weeks I was in Europe.

She told me about her nurse Agnes, a German girl, who has been with her and the children for such a long time, and who is now getting married.

"But she won't leave me until I have finished my current obligations," Debbie said. "Isn't this wonderful loyalty? Baby Todd loves her and loudly calls for 'Aggie!' the first thing in the morning at the same time Carrie Frances calls 'Mommy.' Agnes and I then both go in different directions to get the children up!" she smiled.

The call came for Debbie to return to the set and she invited me to go with her. What a little clown she is! She took director George Marshall's hat and put it on her head, executing a few crazy dance steps before taking her place in front of the camera.

But the minute work was called she stopped the nonsense and settled down. A wardrobe woman helped her into the beautiful green gown she was wearing in this sequence, then Debbie started struggling with the long gloves.

"Get Eva," she called. "She'll help me put them on right. Now there's a long-glove gal!"

Coming over beside me, Debbie gestured to the lovely set, "This beautiful setting is supposed to be Eva's home in Spain—just a little shack," she laughed.

The picture I carried of her as I left was that of a laughing, happy Debbie, all dressed up—and definitely *going places* in more ways than one! **END**

Pier Angeli Kidnapped My Son

(*Continued from page 53*)

It was so good to see my little boy again. You know, he's a wonderful kid. A near-genius, if I do say. He seemed to have grown a lot since I last saw him, and I was so proud. We had a wonderful time together—there's a pool for kids at the hotel, and a sandbox and shuffleboard, and we played together and we really had a great time.

"When the time came for the nurse to pick him up and take him home again, I felt so lonely and blue that I wanted to make sure I'd see him the next time, too. I just couldn't get enough of my kid.

"I called Pier to tell her I wanted to make arrangements to see my son the next day, which was Monday. I'd been told they were leaving Tuesday night. I didn't think it was too much for a father to ask to be with his son every day until he was leaving.

"Well, the first thing Pier told me was that they were going to be gone four months.

"'Four months!' I said. 'I thought it was only two.'

"'You don't think you're going to stop me, do you?' Pier said. I began to boil. I told her I wasn't so sure about that. I didn't like having stories changed around like that. If they told me two months, when she meant four, maybe the trip would extend to a year. Maybe forever. How could I know for sure? I felt she wasn't leveling with me.

"One word led to another and we had a fight on the phone. But I told her I intended to see my son the next day.

"When I phoned the house the next day to make arrangements to get Perry, the nurse answered the phone. I told her I wanted her to bring Perry to me.

"She replied, 'I'll have to ask Mrs. Damone first.'

"I began to get irritated at that. I thought I'd made it clear that I was to be with Perry. I held the receiver for a long time. Next thing I knew, the phone was hung up in my ear.

"When I tried to call back, I couldn't get through. The line was busy. I got madder by the minute.

"Then a funny hunch came over me. It suddenly struck me that Pier wasn't leaving Tuesday night as she told me, but that very night, Monday. I know that as a mother she has the right to have the child with her. I wasn't trying to deprive her of that. But I'm the father, and I have some rights, too. And one of my rights was to see my son before he was taken from me for such a long stay in Europe.

"What was Pier trying to do to me? Keep me from seeing my kid? Trying to whisk him away from me? And without an explanation. I was entitled to an accounting of what was going on. I'm still the father.

"I got more riled by the minute.

"I played my hunch by trying to find



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out from the airline companies if Pier had a reservation to leave that night. Airline companies don't give out the names of their passengers, but through a friend I was able to track it down.

"My hunch was right. When I got the report back I learned that she had made the reservation for that very night. Well, I was ready to explode. I was real hurt—real mad. I'm not going to just stand still and have something underhanded going on. When I was first asked to give my permission for her to take the baby away for two months, I said okay. Now the whole situation had changed. It wasn't for two months, but longer. And I didn't think it was fair for her to try to sneak the baby out Monday night.

A father's prerogative

"I thought back to a lot of things . . . how Pier never let me have the baby with me on my ranch. I have a ranch near Fresno, and a real nice house there. I even bought a beautiful little colt for Perry. Many times I wanted to take him to the ranch, teach him to ride his little colt, give him a taste of wholesome ranch life. That's a father's prerogative. But each time I wanted to take Perry there, my wife gave me some reason why he couldn't go. Always she used to tell me, 'Perry's sick, he can't go.'

"I remember, too, my mother-in-law always talking about how wonderful it would be to raise Perry in Italy. I began to get panicky. Was she taking him to Europe intending to raise him in Italy? He's my boy, an American kid, I didn't want to take a chance on having him brought up in some European country.

"I couldn't even go up to Pier's house to try to grab a look at my boy. She had an armed guard up at the house. Something funny was going on. I didn't like it. If only she had called me and told me herself what her plans were; but I felt that she was taking too many liberties by making these plans to keep our boy in Europe without letting me in on it.

"I wasn't going to stand for that. We've all heard of 'mother love.' But there's such a thing as 'father love,' too. I felt I had to do something to stop her from taking my boy away, so quickly, and without telling me what was going on. It worried me like crazy. There was no time to lose.

"I tried to get my attorney to issue a restraining order preventing my wife from leaving that night with the baby. My lawyer was out. It was getting late; I was desperate. I had to do something fast. So I hired a new lawyer, right on the spot, to get out a restraining order—fast.

"At 6:30 that night we served the papers on her. She was getting ready to leave the country with Perry and the nurse. Her mother was there. Even though she was served with the restraining order, she got in the car with the baby, rode to the airport—and they were gone. . . .

"It's too bad there's such bitterness between Pier and me now. We can't even talk things over together any more. Things started to go bad in our marriage when I left for a singing engagement in England last fall. I took the singing engagement in England in the first place because I wanted to be near my wife. She was going to do a picture in Italy, and I had planned to join her there. At the last minute she canceled her picture; but I had my night club engagement in London which I had to keep.

The Helena Sorell incident

"The day before I was to leave for England, my wife had her drama coach, Helena Sorell, at the house. They were working together, rehearsing for *Bernadette* which Pier was going to do on TV.

"However, I was looking forward to spending the evening with my wife—alone. Just before dinner time, Pier came to me and said she hoped I didn't mind but she'd asked Helena to stay for dinner. I said I did mind. 'This is our last night together. I'll be gone seven weeks. Don't you want to spend it with me alone?' But she'd already asked the woman, and she couldn't go back on her invitation. All night long, at dinner, my wife and Helena were discussing the script. I was completely out of the picture. After dinner, they continued rehearsals.

"I'm as sentimental as the next guy. I was so anxious to be with my wife that I changed my flight to the following night.

"The next day, Pier told me Helena was coming over to coach her some more and that she was staying for dinner again. I blew my top. I felt blue all day, and when I saw that woman sitting at my dinner table, I really lit into her. Here I'd changed my flight just to be alone with my wife, and this woman stayed on, talking script all night long and ruining my evening. I got so mad I let her have it! I said, 'Look here, what are you doing here anyway? Don't you know I'm leaving for Europe tonight? Didn't it occur to you that I want to be alone with Pier?"

Who is the man

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

must protect herself against?

See August

MODERN SCREEN

with Debbie and the man on the cover

(on sale July 2)

"She gave me a fishy look and said, 'But your wife invited me to dinner.'

"'Well,' I said, 'haven't you enough sense to know when to refuse an invitation? Maybe she asked you just to be polite. Can't you see when you're not wanted? What are you doing here, eating my food, monopolizing our time? Why don't you just get out of here before I toss you out!'

"I really blew my top. After she left, Pier and I had a fight. When I left for London, there was a decided coolness between us. When I was abroad, I thought we could make up when I returned. But I think my wife listened to a lot of gossip about me while I was away.

"It was the beginning of the end. When I returned from Europe, I thought, *Now Pier and I will have another honeymoon. We'll be happy again.* But things were no longer the same. She asked me to leave the house. She said she wanted a divorce.

"I've taken our divorce very hard. I've lost my wife. I've lost my home. But I have no intention of losing my son. I won't let her sneak him off."

The irony of the situation is that Vic wouldn't have been able to be with his boy very much even if the child had remained behind. Vic was due to leave for a Las Vegas night club engagement the following week. Also, following that he was to do the lead in *Oklahoma* in Kansas City, and then some more night club engagements all over the country.

The persecution of Pier

From Mrs. Enrica Pierangeli:

"Why does this man persecute Pier so? She is an actress. She goes to Europe to make a picture; to work; not for a good time. Vic Damone knew she was going to Europe, and he knew she was going to take her baby. What does he think, that as a mother she is going to leave her baby behind? He would have a right to criticize her if she went to Europe for four months and left her baby in the house with a maid. But she will not be parted from her son.

"Pier has every right to take her baby out of the country for at least nine months. This was in the divorce papers. It was important to stipulate that. Pier has made many pictures in Europe in the past, and she would not be able to accept any picture offers in Europe unless she knew she could take her son with her. This was not an issue; Vic Damone knew this when he signed the divorce papers.

"Vic knew for weeks that Pier was planning to go to Europe to make a picture, *S.O.S.-Pacific*, there. There was no secret about it. It took time for Pier to get ready to leave for Europe with Perry, and with Perry's nurse, a very fine Swiss girl named Abby. This was no sudden decision on Pier's part. And it could not have been a surprise to Damone.

"She had to report in London on the 15th of April; she was to leave California on the night of the 13th. She permitted the baby to spend the day with his father the day before they were to leave. It would have been very upsetting for the baby to spend a day with Vic the very day he was to leave. You know how excited children get just before they are to take a long plane trip. This was a particularly long plane trip, on the SAS over the North Pole from Los Angeles to Copenhagen, Denmark—about nineteen hours. She wanted him to spend a very quiet day at home, so that he wouldn't get upset or sick on the long plane trip.

"Everything was going along fine. Pier, who had been so unhappy after the divorce, was finally finding peace of mind. She was going to make a picture she liked; she was all prepared, mentally and physically, for the big job that lay ahead; baby Perry had had a good nap during the day and was all dressed to go. Then suddenly the doorbell rings at dinner time, and a man gives Pier a paper. Pier read the paper and she screams hysterically; she was laughing and crying wildly. It was the restraining order from Vic's lawyer, telling her she couldn't take Perry out of the country.

"This all happened at the last minute. Pier couldn't eat, she was so distraught. She knew she had to leave. If she didn't report on the 15th, her contract could have been terminated.

"Why did this man wait until the very last minute to do a thing like that? If he objected to her going with Perry, why didn't he tell her sooner, so she'd have time to do something about it?

"It was her duty to leave for work. Did he think she would go to Europe and leave her baby in the street behind her? Did he think she would go off and leave the baby with the nurse? Would she have been a better mother if she had done that?

"Not Pier! She is very devoted to her baby. Wherever she goes, her baby goes with her. She could not live without him."

Hysterical, Pier called her attorney after she received the restraining order, and apparently was told she could go. But the joyous mood was gone. Pier is a very

sensitive girl to begin with, quick to frighten. It was getting time to go to the airport. Weeping and trembling, she entered the car and held the baby in her lap, the nurse beside her. Her mother was at the wheel in front. At the airport, Pier clutched her baby in her arms, and disappeared into the plane.

When she landed in Copenhagen, an army of reporters and photographers met her.

"What do they mean I've kidnaped my son?" she said. "How can a mother kidnap her own son? I only know that my boy is with me, and nobody is ever going to take him away from me.

"I nearly collapsed when the court order was served on me. I was handed the order only two hours before I was to leave. What Vic did was a terrible thing to do to any mother. He knew perfectly well I was due to leave, and he left it right to the last minute for a man to serve me with some sort of paper."

Pier had to leave to make this picture. It was very important to her. She needed the money, for one thing. Pier has not made a picture in more than a year (*Merry Andrew* was her last one). She was no longer under contract to MGM or any studio, so she was not receiving a salary unless she worked. Her alimony and child-support are certainly not sufficient for her own expenses and Perry's unless she earns her own movie star salary, which she's accustomed to. Although she seems to be a very simple person, actually Pier is a sophisticate and has lived high. Her home is a $100,000 home—very beautiful, very beautifully and expensively furnished, on top of a hill in Bel-Air, with an acre of ground, the last word in a new, elegant modern home. Pier's clothes are very expensive, usually Italian imports. She always has at least two servants plus a nurse for Perry.

Besides the money, Pier is an actress; she cannot be happy unless she is acting. Depressed after the divorce, she needed to go to work in a picture as quickly as possible to restore her zest for living.

Her mother feels that Pier's career suffered after she married Vic because he was so inordinately jealous of her that he wouldn't let her go out. Pier used to stay home in her big beautiful home night after night after night, all alone except for the baby and the nurse. This went on for years. Vic was usually out of town on night club engagements; Pier stayed at home, waiting for his calls which came at night. She seldom went anywhere. Her mother and friends feel that she stayed home because Vic would go into a jealous rage if she went out with other people. Because she didn't go out, those close to her feel she lost out on many contacts, and lost out on many good roles because she was forgotten. One of these roles which she lost was the girl in *Green Mansions*, which she wanted so very much to do. "She was in a cage," her mother says.

According to her mother, Pier lost her sparkle while she was married to Vic. She became a virtual recluse, at the age of twenty-six.

Mrs. Pierangeli says, "This whole thing made it seem as though Pier were fleeing from the United States, which she loves, and 'kidnapping' her own boy. Pier is not that type. She is very gentle and sweet. She is not brazen. She would never do anything that was not perfectly right.

"We are not worried about the outcome of all this. Pier was right in doing what she did. But I am worried because she became almost sick about the whole thing.

"Some day Pier will find happiness again. She says she is happy with her son. That is true. Perry is her whole world. But she should have love and protection. She is lovely, she is talented, she is young and she is full of the love of life. She will start a new career; a new life. She will find a new happiness. Maybe, some day, she will find a man who will protect her. Like the man Marisa (Pavan—her twin sister) has found in Jean Pierre Aumont."

Pier had been trying for a long time to make her marriage work out. She married Vic impulsively. They are actually direct opposites (she is fine, sensitive; he is more the night-club type). But Pier, being a Catholic, tried to make a holy sacrament of her marriage.

Even though Pier is a Catholic, I think she would remarry if the right man came along some day. In Europe, she intends (after her picture is over) to rest in a beautiful villa she has rented on the Côte d'Azur, right off the coast of France, with Perry, her sister Marisa and Marisa's baby, and her mother. Mama will follow soon.

Meanwhile, Pier's beautiful home on top of the hill in Bel-Air—one of the most beautiful out here—is up for sale (or for rent). She may never return to this beautiful home, which turned into scenes of heartbreak for her.

END

UNDER 21 (*Continued from page 67*)

she lived in the jazz age. So what happens? You're bugged by a passion to wear a size 9 and so you go way out for diets.

Step in front of a full length mirror and check off the ideas listed on page 67. You can look ten pounds lighter in ten minutes by simply following them.

It's not what registers on the scales but what registers on the eye that counts. Who cares how much you weigh if you *look* slender. And you can . . . without dieting!

But if you try all the tricks and you *still* look fat, then you do need to diet. But before you begin, beware.

Bowed legs, poor teeth, even rickets . . . they're all yours if the Vitamin D found in eggs, fish and milk drops out of your diet. Plan to have a rough, dry skin and to catch frequent colds if you don't get enough of the Vitamin A found in vegetables, fruits, milk and eggs. Poor appetite, fatigue, and constipation will be yours if you don't absorb enough B1, offered by meats, eggs, poultry, grain, and beans. You'll have a sore mouth if your diet doesn't include enough Vitamin C, from citrus fruits, vegetables, and berries.

Balanced diets include many elements. Skimp on them for long and you will be seriously sick. Proteins, for example. Without them you are liable to stunted growth, breaking and cracking fingernails, dull and unmanageable hair. Meats, eggs, and cheese are excellent sources of protein. Fats and carbohydrates provide energy. Eliminate all starches and oils from your diet completely and you'll be pooped after your first morning class.

Sure, you can diet like crazy and become so thin that you don't cast a shadow . . . but unless you go about it sensibly, you're going to be sick.

So before you fly off to diet doldrums, take a real inventory of yourself. Chances are that you may not *need* to diet! But if you must diet, you'll have to plan a slow, careful—sensible diet. For really rapid losses, which upset the chemical balance of your system—accomplish nothing since they are eventually followed by equally rapid gains.

If you really feel that you need to diet, go to it and good luck! But you *can* look slimmer without dieting. Try these suggestions and the chances are that *you won't need to diet!*

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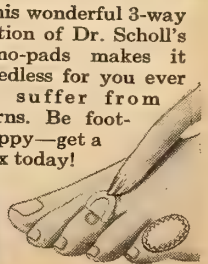
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What I Saw In Marilyn's Palm

(*Continued from page 62*)

for love. Never in my life have I seen such a deeply embedded curve. Marilyn simply couldn't exist without a man's strong, powerful passion almost suffocating her.

Yet her love line, while deep and demanding, is fickle. Tiny, straw-thin lines grow out of it, and obviously this has been a problem. Now, don't misunderstand me. This doesn't mean Marilyn is untrue to her husband. But it does tell us that Marilyn's capacity for love is untiring, and, should Marilyn ever be on her own again, she'd turn the world upside down to find the man of her needs. She'd let many suitors court her, and probably play one suitor against the other to see who would tantalize her the most. This is how fickleness can bedevil her.

Now much has been written about Marilyn's being a quiet, home-loving girl. No doubt she is—when she's happy in love. But all this talk about Marilyn's sitting home by the hearthside when she's on her own runs against the formation of her love line. Marilyn is a love goddess, and she makes unending demands on love!

She isn't happy without the security of a man's daily adoration. The side of her palm reveals a love-ridge so deeply rooted in her skin it's almost a scar. This tells us Marilyn suffered considerably before she found the love she craved in Arthur Miller; and from all indications in her palm at this time, Arthur is *the* love of her life. Remember, however, that the lines of a person's palm change with his character, and palms should be read yearly for growth, development and insight into the change of a personality.

Evidence of Marilyn's roaring passion lies in the peaked bulge of her Mount of Venus. While this reveals Marilyn's powerful passion in love, it also lets us know Marilyn has a wild passion *for life*. Marilyn thinks nothing of staying up half the night if she's absorbed by a book or a conversation; she enjoys gorging herself intellectually and emotionally in order to satisfy her gargantuan appetite for living.

Silken sheets and heady perfume

Marilyn is also a sensualist. When she's lingering in a hot bath or sleeping between silken sheets or sniffing the heady scent of perfume, she's as content as a purring kitten. She basks in sensual delight.

One point must be made clear about Marilyn's love line. She doesn't only *ache* for love; she *gives* love. But when she doesn't receive—look out for trouble.

Her earlier love-ridge, right alongside the one she's so involved with now, shows us the shallowness of her previous marriage to baseball player Joe DiMaggio. But out of her love line are two offshoots into two interesting areas: the Mounts of Apollo and Saturn. From this we learn Marilyn is in love with Apollo, god of the Sun, representing the world of art and success.

Marilyn worships art and beauty—more than most people think—and she's in love with her success. She may give the impression that success is difficult and unnerving, but I'd swear, from what I see in her palm, that if Marilyn lost her millions of fans and admirers, she'd be beside herself. For she adores being acclaimed; she is thrilled by the love currents of her mass worship.

If Marilyn allows this important Apollonian love line to develop, she'll surprise herself. She will unquestionably become an outstanding artist in our century.

Now, about her career line which figures impressively in her palm. It is like a wound, and it pains her. She adores her success, yes; but her career is an enigma to her. Her international fame skyrocketed overnight; and she cannot understand all that she wants to know about her career.

Her star of success

Marilyn is blessed with a dazzling Star of Success in the center of her career line; and I hope she will accept the success of her career and not worry so much about her capabilities. She is always the perfectionist, leaving no stone unturned to find the answer to a problem in her acting. Oftentimes, this persistent questioning creates tremendous anxiety within her. Marilyn is a brilliant instinctive actress; she has an innate understanding of the art of acting. If she questions her art too much, she belabors it and loses the spontaneity so refreshing in her performance. But Marilyn need never worry about her career. If she chooses, she will have it until her very old age.

It's her life line that worries me. It snaps in a number of places. Accidents, illnesses and critical dangers cut through it. The life line tells us Marilyn is frail. She must *always* carefully guard her health. She will always be in need of a doctor's constant care.

Now, below the second finger of Marilyn's palm is her Mount of Saturn which represents wisdom. Remember I pointed out earlier how an off-shoot from her love line was wending its way toward Saturn? Well, Marilyn is wooing wisdom, and she is winning! Her palm reveals that Marilyn's wisdom comes from her insistence upon honesty and a native perception.

But I wish Marilyn weren't so hypersensitive. There are simply too many hair-thin lines in one area of her palm, all of them representing minute hurts. If only she would begin building bridges across these tiny sensitivities—because, as she grows older, she'll pay much too much attention to them and, with time, they'll cause her unfair anguish and concern. If she were told by a friend, for instance, that she looked rather tired, she'd worry about it for days.

Something Marilyn must be on guard about is morbidity. No one can get into so grim a depression. Usually her black moods last for days. But if she allows her imagination to soar during these dark moments, she'll find she can balance the disturbing morbidity with her fanciful dreams.

About babies . . .

The subject, of course, that concerns Marilyn the most (as it does with most women) is the future—and children! While I don't believe it's fair to *predict* events in the palm (the lines in the palm only indicate character), there is a way of checking for intended offspring by the bands in the wrist.

Two of Marilyn's bands are broken, but there is a third band working its way across the wrist. It's much stronger than the other two—and more deeply embedded. I like to believe this is the child Marilyn prays and dreams of having, but the band requires additional strengthening all the way across the wrist if the child is to survive.

One other thing about Marilyn: she hates being alone. She just can't stand it. Her independence opening is so tightly near the life line that there's no possible room for escape.

When I told her this, she seemed rather pleased. "Why not?" she said. "I'm a woman, and God made woman to depend on man!"

Then, as our palm-reading session ended, she broke into a wide, heart-warming smile and said, "Hey, let's make an appointment for next year, okay?"

I nodded yes, and we wandered into the roomful of chattering guests at the cocktail party in the small seaside town of Amagansett that April Sunday afternoon.

END

Marilyn is in Some Like It Hot *for United Artists and will appear in* Time and Tide *for 20th-Fox.*

The Trouble With Being Secretly Married

(*Continued from page 55*)

appearing as *The Collins Kids* in Las Vegas, and that's where I met Stew. He's tall, blond and handsome, and nine years older than I am. We started seeing each other in Vegas, and I felt so comfortable with him—much more comfortable than I'd ever felt with Ricky. Ricky was a boy, completely wrapped up in his own work and his own problems. Stew was a man. I liked the way he wouldn't let me stay out late because he knew it wouldn't be good for me; I liked the way he held my arm protectively. One day, in Vegas, he took me to Boulder Dam and we had a glorious time. He said, "A girl like you shouldn't be in the setting of Las Vegas. You belong in the open air here, not in the casinos."

The day after Stew left Las Vegas, I drove home with my family. That evening Stew came to our house to see me. My folks were around while he was there. They had no idea we had fallen in love; they'd have hit the ceiling at the idea. My mother had married when she was fifteen. Even though it was a happy marriage, she felt that a girl misses something by tying herself down too young. Since I had started on a career, she wanted me to make something of myself before I thought of marriage and all its responsibilities.

Then one evening Stew asked me to marry him. I couldn't give him an answer. That night I sounded my mother out on the idea of my getting married—without actually telling her about my proposal. "Of course I want to see you marry some day," she said. "But not for three or four years."

My parents didn't even want me to go steady again, for they knew how broken up I'd been after my romance with Ricky ended. So in order to see Stew at all, I had to pretend he was just a friend—not someone I cared seriously about.

We lived a lie

Even before Stew and I ran off on our secret elopement, we started to live a lie. My parents had no idea we were in love. We put on an act for them.

Since Stew was in show business, managing Johnny Cash, they thought he just liked to pal around with singers like Larry

and me. When Larry and I did a show in Fresno, Stew visited me backstage. My parents were around, too. I drove home with my parents and my brother. Stew drove home himself. I didn't have the courage to say I wanted to go with Stew.

We couldn't stall much longer. One night Stew said, "Let's just go to Las Vegas and get married."

"I'd love to," I hesitated, "but my parents would never consent . . . But I *do* love you, Stew. . . What shall I do?"

We decided not to wait, but to elope as quickly as possible and not tell anyone about it. I really believed that was the only possible solution. Maybe it was.

One Sunday afternoon Stew came over. We said we were going to Santa Anita to look at some horses Stew was interested in buying. My parents let me go, but I had to be home by midnight.

Instead of looking at horses we drove to the Burbank airport and took a plane for Vegas for a quick ceremony. I lied and said I was eighteen. Our cab driver was our witness. Then we chartered a plane for home. I slipped inside the door exactly five minutes before midnight.

Stew came into the house with me. My parents asked us about the horses, and we both had to lie.

I said good-bye to Stew in front of my parents, but I couldn't even kiss my brand new husband good night. . . .

Then Stew left on tour with Johnny Cash, and of course I couldn't go with him.

Before he left, he took me in his arms and told me, "Darling, I don't want to put you on a spot because we're secretly married. I know you love me, so if you have to date other boys because of your career, I'll understand. It will be all right. I love you and I trust you."

I couldn't pretend

But in spite of what he had said, when boys called me, I turned them down. I just couldn't go out with anyone else. And my mother just couldn't understand it.

"Why do you stay home and mope so?" my mother worried. "Why don't you go out and have some fun . . .?"

Then one Sunday Frankie Avalon came to Hollywood. He phoned me and said, "I'm in town for a few days. I heard you're not going with Ricky any longer. I'd love to see you. . . ."

My mother was in the room—my brother Larry too. What could I say?

Larry's a big fan of Frankie's. He wanted me to ask him to our house; he wanted to see his idol. He pestered me to go. "Go on, Lorrie, he's a swell guy." My mother said, "Lorrie, why don't you go out with him? You haven't gone out at all lately. And Frankie seems like such a nice boy."

I didn't know what to say. I couldn't say, *He's much too nice for me to lie to him like this. I don't want to lead him on.* That's what I thought—but it I wasn't ready to confess the lie to my own family.

So I said, "Fine, Frankie. Pick me up." He did, about an hour later. . . .

Frankie laughed shyly when he saw my funny basset hound Harry and heard my solemn explanation, "I want to take Harry along as a chaperone. . . ."

We took my little car and had a wonderful day. I think that if circumstances had been different we would have seen more of each other during his visit. Frankie's lots of fun to be with—and yet so shy. Where Ricky is sure of himself, Frankie is quiet and sweet.

I almost broke down

Still, Frankie felt comfortable with me, I believe. He told me about his family; he even told me I reminded him of his sister Teresa, who has dark hair like mine and is also on the quiet side. When he told me how proud he was that he was going to give her a big wedding soon, I *almost* broke down and told him about my own wedding. But I couldn't.

We walked through Holmby Park, hand in hand. All the girls there recognized him and openly envied me for being 'his girl' that day.

I didn't even protest when a photographer took pictures of us on our date.

When he left me, he said, "When can I see you again? Tonight? Tomorrow?"

I didn't know what to say. I hoped he wasn't getting too interested in me. I almost told him the truth. But when you start to live a lie, it's so hard to backtrack. So I just stammered and said, "Maybe."

He called me. I never returned his call. He got me on the phone a second time and asked, "Why can't I see you? I thought we got along so well. Don't you like me?" I didn't know what to say.

So I just said, "I'm sorry. I'm busy . . ."

My mother couldn't understand what had gotten into me. My brother thought I was terrible to treat a nice guy like Frankie that way. I felt terrible too, and ran into my room and cried.

Eventually the strain was over. The newspapers found out about Stew and me and headlined:

SINGER'S SECRET MARRIAGE REVEALED
ROCK 'N ROLL GIRL STAR WED

I was terribly sorry my family had to find out that way instead of from me. But they are very loving and understanding and have forgiven me. And I must admit I was relieved that the lie was over. The only thing I regret now is that I may have hurt Frankie. I'm afraid he must have thought, reading those headlines, *Why did she lie to me? How could she lead me on and let me think she liked me, when all the time she was another man's wife . . . ?*

The trouble with being secretly married is—marriage just isn't a private affair. Too many people are involved—not just the bride and groom, as I had thought. Too many people can be hurt. I'm glad the secret is out at last. **END**

Frankie can soon be seen in GUNS OF THE TIMBERLAND *for Warners.*

If You Drive

(*Continued from page 64*)

Ironically, most of the passengers were victims of automobile accidents, and my job was to get them to the hospital quickly, efficiently, and *without accident!*

I had to steel myself to the moans of pain and screams of agony in the back while I, up in front, kept my eyes on the street ahead, my mind and muscles alert for quick reactions to traffic hazards.

I didn't dare to let the sound of suffering blur my reflexes. I didn't dare let the moans affect me and interfere with my competence at the wheel. I knew that my job—and their *lives*—gave me no margin for error. I had to remember that every moment was beyond price. It was often the difference between life—and death.

After my stint as an ambulance driver, when I had saved enough money to buy myself a convertible and still have $200 over . . . I decided the time had come to try my luck in Hollywood. I had gotten some acting experience in New York, but I was not moving fast enough.

Once I made up my mind I was a guy in a hurry. I packed my belongings, said

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new movies

(*Continued from page 6*)

and he organizes a touring band. But when Danny becomes a Daddy, they decide to place their daughter in a boarding school (much against her will) and there she is stricken by paralysis. A guilt-ridden Danny throws up a promising career to devote himself to his child. This film offers great jazz and a poignant story.—CINEMASCOPE, PARAMOUNT.

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Vilma Degischer

bid for immortality

■ Annie Rosar's one desire is to get to Heaven. She wants insurance—namely, a priest to speak for her when she dies. A nephew promises to become a priest if only she will support him. For twenty years Annie scrimps to send money to him. As everyone but Annie suspects, he is a complete faker and parasite. When she discovers the truth, she makes a pilgrimage to Rome, and we see the actual interior of the Vatican and St. Peters and a real Papal audience with the late Pope Pius XII.—AGFACOLOR, LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT.

FLOODS OF FEAR

Howard Keel
Anne Heywood
Cyril Cusak
Harry H. Corbett
John Crawford

soaking wet violence

■ Can you really believe that Howard Keel is a murderer? There he is, piling up sandbags with the rest of the prison gang, to keep a flood from destroying the quaint city of Humboldt. Most of Humboldt is swept away—so is Howard. While Howard is being swept he manages to rescue Anne Heywood, Cyril Cusak and Harry H. Corbett—and that alone ought to get him a pardon. Holed up in an isolated, watery house Anne discovers that Howard has been convicted of murdering a woman. She has no time to brood. Criminal Cusak tries to attack her and to kill Corbett, an injured prison guard. Howard comes to the rescue again. Howard's main interest in life is to find and kill his ex-business partner who 'framed' him. A little bit of water is not going to slake his thirst for revenge. It's not going to stop the injured prison guard from swimming to the authorities, either. And, rest assured, it will not stem the tide of justice!—U.-I.

THE RABBIT TRAP

Ernest Borgnine
David Brian
Bethel Leslie
Kevin Corcoran
June Blair

nine-to-five drama

■ If you want to know what a rabbit in a trap feels like, take a good look at Ernest Borgnine. 'Steady Eddie' they call him at the big construction company where he works as a highly capable, highly underpaid engineer. Never was late, never missed a day, never got a raise. His wife (Bethel Leslie) loves him, but she is beginning to feel that after ten years of marriage they have reached a dead end. Ernest just won't speak up for himself, and his hard-driving boss, David Brian, is definitely not going to repair *that* state of affairs. But—what do you know? This year Ernest is allowed to take a vacation. He, Bethel and their schoolboy son, Kevin Corcoran, drive off merrily to the mountains where Ernest shows Junior how to set a rabbit trap. Never mind. They don't get to spend even one night in that cabin. Big boss wires Ernest to come home immediately. *Must you?* says his wife, grinding her pretty teeth. He must. However, back in the city, Kevin becomes obviously disturbed worrying about what will happen to the rabbit they caught. It seems like a little thing, but it's enough to rouse Ernest to action. He is a slow man to burn—but when he does it's with a steady, powerful flame. If his boss is not annihilated he is certainly amazed. Every-day people in an ordinary situation make this an engrossing drama.—UNITED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES NOW SHOWING:

THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK (20th-Fox): The courage of a thirteen-year-old Jewish girl (Millie Perkins), trapped with her family in an attic apartment to escape Nazi domination during the last war, is beautifully portrayed in this movie. During the day, the family had to remain still, for fear of being captured. But at night they emerge from their hiding place and come to life.

GREEN MANSIONS (MGM): When Anthony Perkins is captured in the jungles of South America by a tribe of savages, chief Sessue Hayakawa makes Anthony his son and bids him to kill the bird girl who lives in a forbidden part of the jungle. The girl is Audrey Hepburn who lives with her 'grandfather,' Lee J. Cobb, who adopted her. She is so irresistible that Anthony falls in love with her.

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (MGM): When Rossano Brazzi comes to London and sweeps the very proper Deborah Kerr off her feet, she's swept for better, for worse, for richer, etc. That is, she finds herself married to Brazzi. Rossano then goes off to the war and leaves Deborah in the charge of his uncle, Maurice Chevalier. When Rossano comes home after the war he finds his former life complicated by an old girl friend, and a clever young son.

---

8. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE INGRID BERGMAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE EDD BYRNES:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

13. I READ: [1] all of **SEVEN STARS NEED YOUR HELP** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

---

14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE ..... **NAME** .....

ADDRESS ..... STREET .....

CITY ..... **ZONE** ..... **STATE** .....

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as John Paul Jones



Marisa *PAVAN*
as Aimee de Tellison



Charles *COBURN*
as Benjamin Franklin

Erin *O'BRIEN*
as Dorothea Danders



Guest Stars



Macdonald *CAREY*
as Patrick Henry

Jean Pierre *AUMONT*
as King Louis XVI





David *FARRAR*
as John Wilkes

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as Catherine the Great



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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 7, August 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

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THE INSIDE STORY

Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 2291, Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear here. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q While **Debbie Reynolds** was in Spain making *It Started With a Kiss,* there was a rumor going around that she was secretly infatuated with a married man. When the company returned to America, **Eleanor Powell** sued Debbie's leading man **Glenn Ford** for a divorce. Is this co-incidental?

—N.T., Hartford, Conn.

A *There's no evidence to indicate that it is anything but.*

Q How serious is the **Sal Mineo-Susan Cabot** romance? Will they marry?

—A.B., Chapel Hill, N.C.

A *Sal, twenty, is obviously fascinated by the attention of an older woman of thirty-two. Susan is allegedly fascinated by the attention Sal received from the press. Religion differences also make a marriage unlikely.*

Q Are **Lucille Ball** and **Desi** as divinely happy as they appear to be on their Lucy-Desi Hour shows or is the marriage lasting for business reasons only?

—R.S., Titusville, Fla.

A *The Arnez' find their TV bliss difficult to duplicate in their busy personal lives.*

Q I see where **Andy Griffith** went back to Broadway for *Destry* and wants to stay there. But just a year ago he was heralded as the hottest thing ever to hit Hollywood. What happened?

—S.A., Macon, Ga.

A *His three films caused a deep-freeze at the box-office. His play is doing considerably better.*

Q Now that **Brigitte Bardot's** romance is as stale as yesterday's *pate de foie gras,* is her new relationship with her new leading man **Jacques Charrier** for real or is it just another publicity gimmick for her film *Babette Goes to War*?

—C.C., Baton Rouge, La.

A *BB has always been prone to mix pleasure with business.*

Q Are you willing to reveal who is the more ancient, **Gary Cooper** or **Cary Grant**?

—M.F., Gary, Ind.

A *Cooper (58) by 2½ years.*

Q Is it true that **Pat Boone** has the first dollar he ever earned?

—P.E., Paterson, N.J.

A *Pat, who has the welfare of a large family to be concerned with, is neither stingy nor a spendthrift.*

Q Was **Robert Taylor** in his right mind when he agreed to do a television series? I was under the impression he was still considered a big star.

—B.S., Lansing, Mich.

A *Artistically, no. Financially, yes.*

Q How long do you think the reconciliation between **Loretta Young** and her husband, Tom Lewis, will last?

—W.G., New Castle, Ind.

A *As long as they remain living on separate coasts.*

Q Would you tell me whatever Columbia Pictures had in mind by putting the brilliant two-time Academy Award winning **Fredric March** with such an incompetent actress like **Kim Novak** in *Middle of the Night?*

—F.E., New York City

A *They were probably hoping some of Fred's talents would rub off on Kim and some of Kim's box-office value would rub off on March.*

Q Is the marriage on or off between **Jennifer Jones** and **David Selznick.** I haven't read of a divorce—only of Jennifer's *solo* journeys to distant lands.

—W.R., Andover, Mass.

A *Jennifer, still very much Mrs. David O. Selznick, is a great believer in the proverb: She travels the fastest who travels alone.*

Q Is there any chance of **Ava Gardner** ever getting off her bitter I-hate-everybody kick and once again becoming the nice uncomplicated happy girl that she was before she ever set eyes on **Frank Sinatra**?

—R.M., Winston-Salem, N.C.

A *Ava was neither uncomplicated nor happy before she met Frank.*

Q If my memory serves me correctly, wasn't Spain the place **Liz Taylor** planned to settle down in while the late **Mike Todd** was making *Don Quixote*? If so, isn't it odd that Liz should choose to reign in Spain during her honeymoon with **Eddie Fisher**?

—T.Y., Chicago, Ill.

A *Liz who had planned to live in Spain has evidentally run out of fresh countries in which to honeymoon.*

Q Is it true that Warner Brothers has promised **Edd Byrnes** total star billing in *77 Sunset Strip* and in films if he in turn promises to stay single for at least another two years?

—S.R., Walters, Okla.

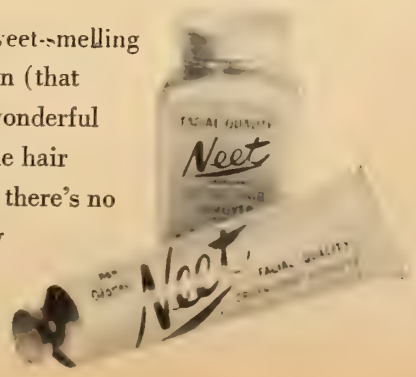
A *Edd earned his star billing by virtue of his amazing popularity among viewers. Neither he nor his studio want to jeopardize his popularity in any way.*



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THE NUN'S STORY

life in a convent

Audrey Hepburn
Peter Finch
Dame Edith Evans
Dame Peggy Ashcroft
Mildred Dunnock

■ Audrey Hepburn's father (well-known doctor Dean Jagger) would not stand in his daughter's way for anything. It's with some sadness, however, that he escorts her to a convent where she will train for nunhood. She would like to be a nursing nun in the Belgian Congo, but she soon learns that humility and self-effacement come first. Harsh duty in a mental hospital and severe discipline by the Mother nuns are designed to curb her independent spirit, but they also create great tension in her. A brilliant nurse, she is finally sent to the Congo where she works with atheist doctor Peter Finch. Her only weapons against his taunts about her religious dedication are silence and determination to serve God. But her inner conflict increases and, combined with overwork, leads to tuberculosis. Being sick is her first vacation. That over, she's recalled to the mother convent in Belgium. World War II, in which her father is killed, begins and Audrey finds it almost impossible not to take sides (as she was instructed). At last she must decide whether remaining a nun is her true vocation. This is an unusual film, beautifully done.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.



HORRORS OF THE BLACK MUSEUM

bloody murder

Michael Gough
June Cunningham
Graham Curnow
Shirley Ann Field
Geoffrey Kean

■ This takes place in England where there have always been very imaginative murderers. All over town girls are dropping like flies—one gets stabbed by a pair of binoculars, another is guillotined in bed, a third is pinched to death by ice tongs. Scotland Yard is stumped; crime writer Michael Gough is making a fortune—enough money to buy all kinds of murder weapons and instruments of torture to stock his Black Museum (just a big room in his pine-panelled basement). Gough's young assistant (Graham Curnow) sometimes thinks he would like to quit his job and get married. What strange power is preventing him? Hee-hee-hee—you'll see!—CINEMASCOPE, AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL FILMS.

THE MIRROR HAS TWO FACES

before and after a nose bob

Michele Morgan
Bourvil
Ivan Desny
Sandra Milo
Gerard Oury

■ Michele Morgan wouldn't mind being ugly—it's just that her pretty kid sister steals all her boyfriends. Mom and Pop worry about Michele; when they see an ad in the personals column calling for a wife they answer it. The bachelor who placed the ad is a miserly schoolteacher (Bourvil) who lives with his mother and doesn't trust pretty girls. At this point Michele would be grateful to marry anyone. Ten years, two children and a mother-in-law later, Bourvil is in an auto accident. The plastic surgeon who fixes him up takes one look at Michele and dreams about making her beautiful. She can't resist the idea herself. The results are remarkable. Too bad her husband turns into a raving lunatic. You see, now he can't trust his wife! It's murder, dear—literally. In French, with English titles.—CONTINENTAL FILMS.

(Continued on page 8)

AUGUST BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in August, your birthstone is the sardonyx and your flower is the gladiolus. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

August 3—**Marilyn Maxwell**
Gordon Scott
Warren Berlinger

August 5—**John Saxon**
Robert Taylor
David Brian
Natalie Trundy

August 6—**Lucille Ball**
Robert Mitchum

August 8—**Rory Calhoun**
Esther Williams
Connie Stevens

August 9—**Leo Genn**

August 10—**Eddie Fisher**
Rhonda Fleming
Martha Hyer
Noah Berry Jr.

August 11—**Arlene Dahl**

August 12—**John Derek**
Kurt Kasznar

August 15—**Ethel Barrymore**
Lori Nelson
Wendy Hiller

August 16—**Ann Blyth**
Fess Parker

August 17—**James Cagney**
Maureen O'Hara

August 18—**Shelley Winters**
Molly Bee

August 19—**Debra Paget**

August 21—**Myrna Loy**
Gary Merrill

August 23—**Gene Kelly**
Vera Miles

August 25—**Mel Ferrer**
Michael Rennie

August 26—**Susan Harrison**
George Montgomery

August 27—**Tommy Sands**
Tuesday Weld

August 28—**Ben Gazzara**

August 29—**Ingrid Bergman**
Barry Sullivan

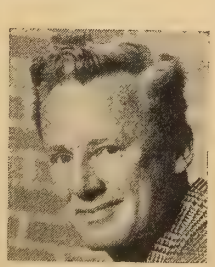
August 30—**Joan Blondell**
Shirley Booth
Fred MacMurray
Raymond Massey
Donald O'Connor

August 31—**Richard Basehart**
Fredric March



Janice Rule

August 15



Van Johnson

August 25

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration



Q. Do you know there are two kinds of perspiration?

A. It's true! One is "physical," caused by work or exertion; the other is "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement. It's the kind that comes in tender moments with the "opposite sex."



Q. Which perspiration is the worst offender?

A. The "emotional" kind. Doctors say it's the big offender in underarm stains and odor. This perspiration comes from bigger, more powerful glands—and it causes the most offensive odor.



Q. How can you overcome this "emotional" perspiration?

A. Science says a deodorant needs a special ingredient specifically formulated to overcome this emotional perspiration without irritation. And now it's here... exclusive Perstop*. So effective, yet so gentle.



Q. Why is ARRID CREAM America's most effective deodorant?

A. Because of Perstop*, the most remarkable anti-perspirant ever developed, ARRID CREAM Deodorant safely stops perspiration stains and odor without irritation to normal skin. Saves your pretty dresses from "Dress Rot."

Why be only Half Safe ? use **Arrid** to be sure !

It's more effective than any cream, twice as effective as any roll-on or spray tested! Used daily, new antiseptic ARRID with Perstop* actually stops underarm dress stains, stops "Dress Rot," stops perspiration odor completely for 24 hours. Get ARRID CREAM Deodorant today.

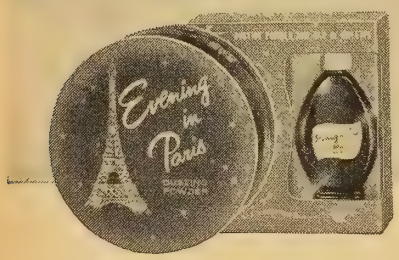


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THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIANS

Paul Newman
Barbara Rush
Alexis Smith
Brian Keith
Billie Burke

two generations of high society

■ There are only a few good families in Philadelphia; the rest are just people. One of the people is Irishman Brian Keith, who loses his true love (Diane Brewster) to a socialite. Diane's son (and Brian's!) is Paul Newman. Paul, unaware of his father's identity (but always friendly with him), takes his good name and goes off to Princeton. What he needs are (a) love, and (b) money. In order to get (a) Barbara Rush, he puts off their elopement on the promise of her prominent father (John Williams) that he'll take Paul into his law firm. End of romance. Barbara doesn't think he loves her enough; Paul thinks if she loved *him* she wouldn't have run off and married a multi-millionaire. From that moment on Paul is shrewdly ambitious and twice as polished as the family silver. He goes places as a brilliant young lawyer who is also a favorite of Philadelphia society. How he goes places (with influential blueblood Alexis Smith, for instance) forms a large part of this engrossing film. Another large part concerns his boyhood friend (Robert Vaughn), blacksheep of a famous family. Vaughn is so black he becomes an alcoholic and is accused of murdering his skinflint guardian. Rather than risk a public scandal Vaughn's family would prefer a quiet conviction, and they ask Paul to handle the case. The question is: has Paul got any honor left, or will he do anything to safeguard his career? Does Barbara Rush (whose husband was killed in the war) have any love left or is she too wrapped up in her millions? It's a solid drama.—WARNERS.

MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Kim Novak
Fredric March
Glenda Farrell
Martin Balsam
Lee Grant

too old for love?

■ How does it feel to be a widower of fifty-six who is also a successful businessman and grandfather? Fredric March shows you to perfection. He and his partner (Albert Dekker) own a garment firm in New York. Dekker's unhappily married and always on the make. March has infinitely more dignity; he keeps his loneliness to himself, and lets his sister run his house. Recently divorced, Kim Novak is the firm's receptionist. One day, by chance, she confides all her troubles and confusion to March—and they are drawn together. When the romance looks serious everybody disapproves. March's family think he's making a fool of himself; Kim's family can't understand what she sees in an old man. Kim has plenty of doubts; so does March. Among March's doubts is whether he'll be able to curb his jealousy. The morning after Kim's 'ex' (jazz musician Lee Philips) returns. March wants to call the whole thing off. A certain part of New York life is superbly captured in this film—and all the acting, including the smaller parts, is excellent.

—COLUMBIA.

ASK ANY GIRL

David Niven
Shirley MacLaine
Gig Young
Rod Taylor
Jim Backus

romantic comedy

■ Any girl will tell you what she wants most is to get married. Shirley MacLaine will tell you it's a tough proposition—usually, it's *only* a proposition. No sooner does she arrive in New York than a wolf makes off with her —suitcase. One way or another she's always losing her clothes. Working for sweater manufacture, Jim Backus, her wardrobe's taken care of, but her lovelife (with Rod Taylor) gets pretty snarled up. He keeps inviting her to his aunt's house in Connecticut. Trouble is, his aunt's never home. When Shirley finds that out—Good-bye Charlie. Next stop: the consumer research agency run by David Niven and his playboy brother, Gig Young. Gig runs the door-to-door part of the business. Anytime a girl opens the door, business is over. Naturally, *he's* the guy Shirley wants. With Niven's help she studies him as a consumer and offers herself as an ideal package, the kind he's willing to buy with a marriage license. It's an old story, but the acting's so fresh and funny it seems brand new.—CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR, MGM.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP (Paramount): Thirteen years ago Jerry Lewis was a Lieutenant on a Navy destroyer. Now he's about to take off on his honeymoon with his bride Diana Spencer. But before he can leave, a Congressional Committee comes after him to find out what he did with that destroyer! Even the admiral can't produce it, and Jerry had it last. How could he lose a whole ship? Dina Merrill, a seductive-looking Navy psychiatrist, is determined to help him remember. See this hilarious movie for the answer.

THE FIVE PENNIES (Paramount): Danny Kaye is cast as the great 1920's coronet player, Red Nichols. He's on his way to success with his own band. Then he and his wife Barbara Bel Geddes decide to put their daughter Tuesday Weld in boarding school—against her protests—so they can travel with the band. The child becomes paralyzed, and Danny, full of guilt, gives up his promising career to care for her. The plot is heartrending, but the music is wonderful. With jazz greats Louis Armstrong, Bob Crosby, Ray Anthony.

THIS EARTH IS MINE (Universal): The earth is a vast and money-making California vineyard. It is ruled over by Claude Rains, who tries to rule his family too: grandson Rock Hudson, who disappoints and embarrasses the family with his wild ways; granddaughter Jean Simmons, summoned from England to marry a 'good choice' she's never met (she falls for Rock when she meets him); daughter Dorothy McGuire, who runs the house and hopes one day to run the vineyard. Cindy Robbins adds complications to this complicated family by accusing Rock of fathering her child. Before the saga ends, the problems include bootleggers, a near-murder, a devastating fire.

A HOLE IN THE HEAD (United Artists): Frank Sinatra is a carefree widower with a young son (Eddie Hodges) and a run-down hotel in Miami Beach. He wants his older brother and his wife (Edward G. Robinson and Thelma Ritter) to get him out of the hole with a loan. They'd rather help by taking away his child, or by taking him out of the 'clutches' of girlfriend Carolyn Jones and promoter Keenan Wynn and arranging a marriage with Eleanor Parker.



Is it true... blondes have more fun?

It's a head start for a happier vacation! Just be a blonde and see . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With **amazingly gentle** new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Takes only minutes! **Feels deliciously cool** going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier! So if your hair is dull, darkened blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, **that's a beautiful advantage!**



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is NEW INSTANT WHIP **Lady Clairol**® Creme Hair Lightener

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NINA SHIPMAN, featured in "SAY ONE FOR ME"

A 20TH CENTURY-FOX CINEMASCOPE PICTURE. COLOR BY DE LUXE



Lovely Nina Shipman says, "A perfect suntan does so *much* for a girl's looks. And . . . Coppertone is the best way to tan." Now *you* can have the same glamorous tan Hollywood stars rave about. Yes, with Coppertone, you get a faster, richer tan—with maximum sunburn protection—than with any other leading product!

Sunbalanced Screening does it! The special scientific screening agent in Coppertone, homomenthyl salicylate, has a selective *double* action. It lets *in* the ultraviolet tanning rays that activate coloring matter deep within your skin as it shuts *out* fiery, burning rays. Thus it lets your skin tan naturally, from the inside out.

Conditions Skin, too! Coppertone is rich in lanolin and other moisturizing ingredients that keep it on the skin longer . . . protect you even after swimming. And—Coppertone prevents ugly drying and peeling, too—keeps your skin smooth and soft. (Contains no drying alcohol.)

America's Favorite! Originated in Florida, Coppertone now far outsells all other suntan products. Available everywhere—in Lotion, Oil, Cream, Spray, and new Shade for children and others with sensitive skin. Also Noskote. Be sure you have a deep, rich Coppertone tan this summer.



DON'T BE A PALEFACE
Use Coppertone whenever you're in the sun—swimming, boating, picnicking, or in your own backyard.

Coppertone, another quality product of Plough, Inc., is available in Canada, too. Save—buy large size.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Big boomtown party

Debbie's royal admirer

The Glenn-Eleanor rift



Frank Sinatra, Kirk Douglas, Milton Berle and Dean Martin help put on a billion-dollar show for handicapped children.

LOUELLA PARSONS



Both in the spirit of the evening were Kirk Douglas with his Death Valley haircut and Frank Sinatra with his riverboat gambler's beard.



Audrey Meadows, with Millionaire Harry Karl, went home richer by one poodle.



Rosalind Russell with husband, Fred Brisson.



The pretty Indian girl who was Sammy Davis Jr.'s date was really his sister Sandy Davis.



Tony and Janet found being in the chorus line fun . . . for one evening.



PARTY *of the month*

The Western Boomtown party put on by the ladies of the SHARE charity (for handicapped children) was a dilly, and with the Moulin Rouge Cafe jammed to the rafters to see the million dollars' worth of star talent that put on the show, over $100,000 was raised.

There was never a harder working emcee than **Dean Martin** who was on the stage for four solid hours. Of course he had the able assistance of **Frank Sinatra**, **Milton Berle** and **Sammy Davis, Jr.** The greatest chorus line-up in the history of Hollywood included such names as **Robert Mitchum**, **Gary Cooper, Jack Benny, Tony Curtis, Kirk Douglas, Peter Lawford, Jack Webb** and **Jackie Cooper**, (plus Sinatra, Martin, Berle and Davis, Jr.) supplying a billion dollars' worth of talent.

Jeanne Martin (Mrs. Dean), one of the SHARE girls, put on a cute act with Dean. One of her lines was, "Remember I'm not **Jerry Lewis**!"

Marie McDonald (who married Louis Bass May 23) came with Manny Walter and sitting not too far away was her ex, Harry Karl, with **Audrey Meadows.** Harry bought Audrey the white poodle, and he wrote out a check for $15,000 for the full length mink auctioned off by Milton Berle. Frankie, replete with tiara and diamond earrings, modeled the coat.

Debbie Reynolds was with Bob Neal who paid $6500 for the motor boat donated. **Anita Ekberg**'s ex, **Tony Steel**, came stag—but danced often with the 'cowgirls' at the various tables.

First-Class Feud

The last person I'd pick to be engaged in a first-class feud is **Gregory Peck**! But the battle of words is on between easy-going Greg and director Willy Wyler. Wyler fired the first blast by saying, in effect, that Greg was not only difficult to direct he kept other actors upset by hogging the show. Wyler added he would never again direct him in a picture after *The Big Country*.

I asked Greg about Willy's popping off and he had this to say:

"It's true that Wyler and I had words but what I had to say to him I said to his face, not behind his back. I don't want to have a feud with anyone—takes too much out of me in nervous energy. Our fight was not about a star and director not seeing eye to eye. I take direction.

"But I was upset at the way Willy spent money on *The Big Country*. There was no need for it to go over $4,000,000. I have a cut in the Western and so far it has grossed $9,500,000, not a penny of which has come back to me."

Greg went on to say he is as sorry as he can be that his differences with Wyler came out in the open. "Hollywood doesn't need this type of publicity," he said.



Greg Peck's big feud in the The Big Country *is one you won't see in the film. It happened off-camera.*

The Inside on the Glenn-Eleanor Rift

"I'm tired of turning the other cheek. I've had it. I have forgiven and forgiven and overlooked and overlooked. I am forty-seven years old and it is time I started thinking about myself, particularly about my peace of mind.

"I am sure Glenn will be much happier alone. He isn't happy now."

Eleanor Powell (Mrs. Glenn) Ford speaking immediately following her startling telephone call to me that she had just left Santa Monica Superior Court where she had sued America's No. 1 star at the box-office (so voted by the motion picture exhibitors this year) for divorce!

Ironically, it was Glenn's forty-third birthday.

If Eleanor's action came as a surprise to Hollywood, it succeeded in knocking Glenn cold. So cold he was not able to report to MGM where he is co-starring with **Debbie Reynolds** in *It Started With A Kiss*. He was speechless other than a formally released quote, "This is the shock of my life."

What's the 'inside' on this rift? You hear many stories. I happen to personally know that Glenn and Eleanor had a serious break in the past. I talked with her on the telephone when she was sobbing her heart out, and yet begging me not to print that she was practically on the verge of a nervous breakdown This trouble was very serious at the time but everyone was very happy when the Fords seemed to patch up the problem and for about five years seemed reconciled and contented in their family life with their fourteen-year-old son, Peter—even if they didn't seem ecstatically aglow.



Trouble between the Glenn Fords goes way back. States Eleanor, "Our marriage wouldn't have lasted this long except for my religion and our son."

Obviously, there is in-law trouble. Glenn's mother, Mrs. Hannah Ford, was named in Eleanor's court action, Eleanor claiming that Glenn had spent community assets on his mother, specifically a $100,000 home.

However as one of Glenn's friends said, "Well, didn't Eleanor build a lovely home for *her* mother, too!"

But, while Glenn insisted on remaining silent about his side of their problems, Eleanor talked more frankly than almost any actress at a time like this.

She told me, "We have been married sixteen years and our marriage wouldn't have lasted this long except for my religion and my feeling that I should keep the marriage together because of our son. I know now this has been a mistake. I have asked for complete custody of Peter. The chapter is closed."

I wonder?

Stranger things have happened than that the Fords could reconcile.

I can tell you Glenn is taking this very hard.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Party Honoring a King

The most formal and exclusive party of the year was hosted by the **Mervyn Le Roys** in their Bel-Air home in honor of youthful King Baudouin of Belgium and his entourage of fourteen.

The Le Roy home was beautifully decorated in the Belgian and American colors even to the flowers in huge bowls and vases throughout the entire house. All the furniture had been removed from the living room to make room for the orchestra and dancing with dinner served in the vividly decorated solarium.

All the guests were charmed by the modest and likeable young King who admits to being a movie fan. Obviously, Kitty Le Roy planned that he might see his favorites close up. **Debbie Reynolds**, so gay and vivacious these days, made a particular hit.

I was very flattered to be the only newspaperwriter invited to get an eye-witness view of the lovely affair—and I wore my best pink gown.

Among those I talked to and saw twirling around the dance floor were the **Louis Jourdans**; **Kirk Douglas** and his always chicly gowned Anne; Gloria and **Jimmy Stewart; Jack Benny** stag (**Mary** was not feeling well); **Cyd Charisse**, a lady-stag as **Tony Martin** was out of town; **Bob** and Dolores **Hope**, the **Gary Coopers, Dick Powell** and **June Allyson**; motion picture head Eric Johnston and Mrs. Johnston, **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner** my escort **Jimmy McHugh**, the George Sidneys, Jack Warner and the David Mays.

It was an enchanting evening that should linger long and pleasantly even in the heart of a King.



One of King Baudouin of Belgium's favorite sights in the United States has turned out to be one of ours too . . . gay and vivacious Debbie Reynolds.



Once and for all, there's no trouble between Ricky and David Nelson.

I'm On My Soapbox

—to say I thoroughly approve of the firm stand being taken by **Harriet** and **Ozzie Nelson** to fight any and all cruel gossip that there is dissention and jealousy between their two sons, **Ricky** and **David.**

In fact, the parents have stated flatly, "We will sue, if necessary, to protect our sons from this malicious campaign. We have been a happy and devoted family. We intend to remain one."

One of the stories they particularly objected to was that David, the elder son, had moved out of the family home and taken his own apartment because he couldn't 'take' Ricky's fabulous rise as a singer, actor and idol of the teenagers. This, Harriet and Ozzie heatedly deny.

"Each boy has his own career, and David is doing very well," says Ozzie. Producer Irwin Allen, who gave David his first big screen break in *The Big Circus* (stars **Vic Mature**, **Red Buttons**, **Kathy Grant Crosby** and **Rhonda Fleming**) backs Ozzie up in this claim.

"David has real talent, plus a likeable and attractive personality. He may not soar as spectacularly in the beginning as Ricky—but his will be steady and solid success. He has what it takes in front of a camera. After I saw his first scenes I gave him star billing.

"We like David so much that we are using him on many big exploitation stunts with the picture including sending him to San Francisco to officially open the Polach Circus there.

"He made a big hit.

"There's plenty of room in this business for both of these Nelson boys. They are nice kids, well mannered and a credit to their parents. Let's give them both a hand—not a shove."

A Visit from Gina

I was supposed to interview Italy's No. 1 'doll', **Gina Lollobrigida**, at her home, for *Pictorial Living* but the message came back, "She wants to come to your house. She's heard so much about it, particularly your playroom where you have interviewed so many stars!" So we made an appointment for tea—and when she first walked in I thought she had misunderstood and thought it was a dinner party so elaborately was she gowned in a white lace dinner dress.

The dark-haired beauty with the glowing white skin laughed at my expression. "I'm going on to dinner at **Frank Sinatra**'s," she explained. "I think it is best to get to know your movie partner before going into those first kissing scenes."

It had been nine years since 'la Lollo' (as she is called by her doting Italian fans) had been in Hollywood under contract to Howard Hughes. But their business relationship broke up in a dispute which kept Gina out of this country for a long, long time. She hasn't changed in appearance. If anything, she looked more beautiful and more youthful.

She spoke so affectionately of **Tyrone Power** and of the emotional upset of his death in the middle of production of *Solomon and Sheba*. "He was such a gentleman, such a gentle person," she said sadly.

Gina loves Hollywood and California. She says her little son Milko is so happy here, the climate is so much like Italy. When I expressed the wish I might meet the little boy. Gina telephoned and had his nurse bring him to the house. He's a production, believe me! It's obvious his mother dotes on him.

Dr. Milko Skofic, her husband, had returned to Italy on business for Gina, but she was expecting him back soon. This is a very happy marriage and she dates her 'good luck' back to the day she met her husband.



Gina Lollobrigida, who claims that it's best to know your partner before doing kissing scenes, is here demonstrating her point with her favorite kissing partner of all, her beautiful little son, Milko.

Proud of Anita

I'm all for giving glamour girl **Anita Ekberg** plenty of credit for acting like a mature person and doing no mud slinging in her divorce from **Tony Steel.**

She told me, "I have nothing to say against him. I loved him very much when I married him. Tony is a good actor, a charming man.

However Anita thinks Tony was not as surprised as he appeared to be by her action. Earlier he had said to me, "I am completely non-plussed by what she has done."

"How could he be?" Anita said. "As far back as six months ago when we parted in Rome—he was coming to Hollywood for pictures—I told him it would be far better for us to separate. He didn't argue the point. I don't care to discuss what our problems are, but I am now sure they can't be worked out."

Soon after the Swedish beauty went into court for her California divorce she applied for American citizenship. "I love this country. I want more than anything else to be an American citizen," she told me proudly.



No divorce is nice, but Anita Ekberg has proved that one doesn't have to throw mud in court.

Chuckle of the Month:

Reporters assigned to cover **Debbie Reynolds**' "reactions" at the exact moment **Eddie** was marrying **Liz** in Las Vegas were told, "Miss Reynolds is in the bathtub."

One scribe, in reporting this to his newspaper editor cracked, "Obviously her reaction is fresh and *clean*."

It didn't come out 'til later that the bathtub Debbie was occupying was for a scene in *It Started With A Kiss* on the MGM lot. Our girl was fully clothed, the scene calling for her screen husband (**Glenn Ford**) to push her backward into the tub!

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Career Girl

After swearing "Never again with a career girl," **Terry Moore**'s ex-husband, Panama businessman Eugene McGrath, up and secretly married **Connie Towers** three weeks after Terry divorced him!

If you don't know Connie yet—you will. The pretty blonde singer who has been a popular recording star for the past two years, makes her movie debut playing the lead opposite **John Wayne** and **Bill Holden** in *The Horse Soldiers*. Duke Wayne tells me she's going to be a big movie star.

McGrath and Terry had a stormy go at marriage. They battled and reconciled several times, Terry blaming most of their troubles on the fact that Gene's business kept him in Panama and she had to remain in Hollywood.

In view of this, I was curious and asked Connie if her bridegroom was objecting to *her* continuing in her work.

"Not at all," she laughed. "Gene's very proud of my career and wants me to continue."

I guess it all depends on which career girl one is married to.



This is Connie Towers, the second career-girl to bend the resolutions of businessman Eugene McGrath (Terry Moore's ex), by marrying him.

I nominate for STARDOM

George Hamilton

Every time I write about a young person achieving stardom with little or no training, I live to regret it. My mail is flooded with eager beavers asking how he or she can get such a break.

But facts are facts in the case of this tall, dark and handsome new find at MGM. Truth compels me to admit that before George made his first click in *Crime and Punishment, USA*, followed by a co-starring role with **Bob Mitchum** and **Eleanor Parker** in *Home From The Hill, plus* an MGM contract, this young man hadn't had enough training to put in an eyedropper.

Hailing from Palm Beach, Florida, where his family is socially prominent, George hadn't thought too much about becoming an actor until a family friend introduced him to an MGM talent scout in New York. The family friend was former screen glamour girl and dancer **Mae Murray.**

No, MGM did not sign him at that moment. But they were encouraging and suggested that George come to Hollywood. He was so low on his own chances to crash movietown that he bought a new bungalow in Palm Beach before coming to the Coast.

But two new young producers, Terry and Dennis Sanders, who didn't have too much money to invest in a big name star, tested George for *Crime and Punishment, USA*, and lo and behold, the critics did raves about him in the picture.

MGM, suddenly remembering they had a previous chance at this young man who looks like a slightly more mature **Tony Perkins,** revived their interest and picked him up on a contract but *fast.*

Sure to start an added amount of mail—he isn't married, but he'd like to be!



I hate to admit it, but George Hamilton is going to be a big star and he's had no more training than I have.

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

One divorce they won't be able to blame on Hollywood is **Haya Harareet** (she's the femme star of *Ben Hur*) and her husband Nacheman Zerwanitzer. She very quietly divorced him in Paris before she arrived in movietown. . . .

Methinks that dating between **Frank Sinatra** and **Debbie** (**Mrs. Tyrone**) **Power** was more enthusiastic on her part than on his. . . .

Wonder why so many stars on the Emmy Awards wore black? When I appeared on Ed Murrow's *Person to Person* I was asked particularly *not* to wear black for the TV cameras. . . .

With sizzling singer **Fabian** signed to a contract by 20th Century-Fox 'pears this studio is out to corner the market on the teenage favorites. Count 'em: **Pat Boone, Elvis Presley, Gary Crosby, Linny Crosby,** sixteen-year-old **Judy Harriet** (the studio expects her to be a wow after *Say One For Me* is released), **Sal Mineo**—and **Tommy Sands** made two for 20th before asking for his release. . . .

Although they are playing it very cozy, look for **James Darren** and **Evy Norlund**, Columbia's two new bets for stardom to marry as soon as Jimmy is legally free. He cracked, "We don't want to rush into marriage. We'll probably wait two or three days after I'm free." . . .

It wasn't mononucleosis that struck **Doris Day** and cancelled her East Coast personal appearance tour, as the papers headlined. Doris did have intestinal flu and a fever of 103. I also think she's never fully recovered from her old dread of meeting the public face to face. . . .

The divorce of **Marlon Brando** and **Anna Kashfi** can never be called 'friendly.' When they met by accident, in different parties, at a local cafe, both looked the other way!



Haya's divorce isn't Hollywood's fault.



Marriage for James and Evy?



Marlon (here with Joan Collins) doesn't look when Anna passes.



Pat went Sprawling

Don't worry about **Pat Wayne** (**John**'s good-looking actor son) ever getting a swelled head. His sense of humor is too strong according to a friend who accompanied Pat and producer C. V. "Sonny" Whitney to Cody, Wyoming, for the preview of *The Young Land*.

"About three hundred teenagers were gathered at the train to greet Pat," said our mutual friend. "He was very proud and pleased—then, boom—his foot slipped on the pullman step and he fell sprawling at their feet! Then he started laughing so hard at his undignified entrance that he couldn't even get up. Just stayed there on his *derriere* and roared!"

Twins for Jerry?

The doctor says Patti and **Jerry Lewis** may have twins. There's a history of twins on both sides of the family. With four boys already on hand, it would be a nice way toward evening up the score if two little girls should arrive.

"But if it isn't a girl (or girls) this time," Jerry tells me, "we are going to adopt one."

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*







Only Cyd, Sophia, Doris and Bette Davis dress right, claims one Academy Awards viewer.

LETTER BOX

MRS. PHYLLIS JOY, STREATHAM HILL, LONDON, ENGLAND, gives us an interesting inside tip: *My husband has the privilege of working for the Royal Family and there has been quite a bit of interest in* **John Raitt** *since the showing of* PAJAMA GAME (*with* **Doris Day**) *at the Palace. His fine voice and good looks were much admired and there have been inquiries about his next film.* I'm sure John will be flattered to read this, Mrs. J. At the moment he is concentrating on TV and I don't believe he has a new film coming up. . . .

With the exception of **Cyd Charisse, Sophia Loren, Bette Davis** *and* **Doris Day**—*the clothes worn at the Academy Awards were just ghastly,* complains MRS. H. E. LITTLE, FORT WORTH, TEXAS. *They look like they came off a bargain sale counter.* They didn't. They cost *plenty.* . . .

Oh, DOLLY SAZONE (WILMINGTON, DELAWARE)—how can you write: *I think* **John Wayne** *is the most underrated actor in Hollywood. Underrated?????* John's been leading the box office polls for about the last fifteen years . . .!

I want to sound off! I'm sick and tired of everybody picking on the **Crosby boys**—*particularly* **Gary.** *Why in heaven's name don't they leave the kid alone? All the Crosby boys are behaving very well in a very difficult situation,* is the considered opinion of DOROTHY HUDGIN, CUPERTINO, CALIFORNIA. . . .

Quite a bit of mail this month about **Roger Smith** who has clicked with many belles around the country in AUNTIE MAME and also in the *77 Sunset Strip* TV show. MARG TREISCH just about sums it up with her enthusiastic, *This young man is really going places.* . . .

FRASGUITH BENATI yodels greetings from ST. MORITZ, SWITZERLAND, where she reports she had the strangest encounter with **Richard Basehart.** *I asked him for an autograph on a restaurant menu and he said, 'Oh, no!'—then turned right around and wrote his name and the nicest message! What do you make of this?* Maybe he was trying to eat and it just popped out of his. . . .

I love your column in MODERN SCREEN *but you write only about* **Natalie** *and* **Bob, Liz, Eddie** *and* **Debbie, Elvis Presley, Ricky Nelson, Judy Garland, Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Dean Martin, Lana, Doris Day.** *I want you to do a story on my favorite,* **Gregory Peck.** *Also* **Louis Jourdan.** Are you listening, David Myers, to this suggestion from MARGARET JEAN JOHNSON, PICAYUNE, MISSISSIPPI . . .?

MARTHA YOUNG, CHICAGO, postcards: *I am a faithful* **Johnny Saxon** *fan and I would like to see him date other girls instead of Vicki Thal. He's still very young, too young to insist on steady dating when he insists he isn't thinking of marriage.* I don't care what he insists—I think Johnny has definitely *thought* of marriage with Vicki, Martha. . . .

May I nominate **Doris Day** *as the best dressed girl on the screen?* asks GINGER GATES, NEW ORLEANS. *She wears just the type of clothes girls in their early twenties would love to have the money to afford. They aren't movie-starish—if you know what I mean.* . . .

LETTY MCNAMARA, ST. LOUIS, offers up the plea: *After the marriage of* **Eddie** *and* **Liz,** *please, please, please may we have a respite from their doings? I can't tell you how tired I am of reading about every time they sneeze.*

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



More and more fans are writing me about Roger Smith. This boy is really going places on Sunset Strip.



LOOK! Thousands Who Never Thought They Could- NOW MAKING $50 to $500 in Spare Time...



"FEATURE" $1.00 CHRISTMAS ASS'T.
We'll send you spectacular new Christmas Ass't. 21 deluxe cards would cost $2.50 if bought singly. It's the biggest value in America . . . a big money-maker!

. . . Just Supplying Friends and Neighbors with World-Famous Wallace Brown CHRISTMAS CARDS

WE'LL SEND YOU THIS ASSORTMENT ON APPROVAL PLUS EVERYTHING ELSE YOU NEED TO START *Free!*

Thousands, who never earned extra money before, now enjoy $50 to $500 cash for just a few hours spare time. So can you! Everyone you know needs Christmas Cards. Friends, relatives, neighbors, tradespeople will buy cards from someone. Why not you? With the exciting 1959 Wallace Brown Line of nationally famous Christmas Cards, you supply them with greetings so spectacular, so low-priced, that they sell on sight. Folks snap up 2, 3, 6 or more boxes on the spot. You make up to 50¢ on each one. It's simple! We make it easier yet by sending you our "Feature" Christmas Assortment that does the selling for you. Yes, it's fun making extra money! Mail coupon TODAY! You'll be glad you did!



FREE Samples of Popular-Priced Name-Imprinted PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Make MORE MONEY with exquisite custom-designed NAME-IMPRINTED Christmas Cards at amazingly low prices. Exclusive and original designs for folks who want the finest quality in Personalized Cards at prices everyone can afford. They sell on sight. *We ship direct to your customers and we pay postage.* You have no bother. no wasted time making deliveries. Send coupon for FREE Samples of the 4 Great New Lines of these fast-sellers.

ORGANIZATIONS:
Churches, clubs, etc., can now add hundreds of dollars to their treasuries with these fast sellers. Give your organization's name on the coupon for Fund-Raising Plan.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 11 East 26th St., Dept. V-79 New York 10, New York

76 BIG MONEY MAKERS—Send Coupon Below

Cash in on the 76 opportunities for easy money with the 1959 Wallace Brown Line of Christmas and Everyday Cards and Gift Items. Mail coupon—get 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Ass't. on approval. And FREE Samples of Personal Name-Imprinted Cards. Plus FREE full-color catalog showing all 76 money-makers . . . more Christmas Assortments, Everyday Cards, Stationery, Gift Wrappings, Novelty Gifts, etc. Everything you need to make money at once! Just mail the coupon below TODAY.

SEND NO MONEY
Paste Coupon on postcard or mail in envelope

WALLACE BROWN, INC.
11 East 26th St., Dept. V-79
New York 10, New York

Send 21-Card "Feature" Christmas Assortment, postpaid and on approval, plus FREE Samples of Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards, FREE full-color Catalog of 76 more money-makers, and details of simple money-making plan.

Name_____

Address_____

City & Zone_____ State_____

If writing for an organization, give its name_____

NEW **LIQUID** LUSTRE-CREME IS HERE!

Now you can shampoo... Set with plain water...and have lively, natural looking curls!



New Rich, Rich Liquid! Lanolin-Blessed!



When DEBBIE REYNOLDS has her hair shampooed—at the studio or her favorite beauty salon—she always asks for Lustre-Creme to keep her lovely hair soft, shining and easy to manage. Why don't YOU try it, too?

FOR CURLS THAT COME EASY—HERE'S ALL YOU DO:

Shampoo with new Liquid Lustre-Creme. Special cleansing action right in the rich, fast-rising lather gets hair clean as you've ever had it yet leaves it blissfully manageable. Contains Lanolin, akin to the natural oils of the hair; keeps hair soft, easy to set without special rinses.

Set—with just plain water! An exclusive new formula — unlike any other shampoo—leaves hair so manageable any hair-style is easier to set with just plain water. Curls are left soft and silky—spring right back after combing. Waves behave, flick smoothly into place.

Lustre-Creme — never dries — it beautifies — now in liquid, lotion or cream!



4 OUT OF 5 TOP MOVIE STARS USE LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO!

I know why I got the break, I got it because so many people prayed...

■ The air smelled warm and good and full of Spring's promise.

Arthur Godfrey and his wife, Mary, stood on the porch of their Virginia plantation, looking out at the land they owned.

They were in their fifties now. They had bought this land twenty-five years earlier, when they were young.

Much had happened to them in that quarter-century that had gone by—all of it good in terms of success, wealth, fame.

But, till now, they had never really had much time to spend with their land, their home.

They'd talked about it one night last winter, about how it would be.

"I'll be taking it a lot easier now," Arthur had said. "I won't be spending half so much time in New York. And you know what we're going to do these years we have ahead of us, now that we'll have the time, Mary? Well, we're going to live here . . . really (*Continued on page 60*)




Debbie:
THERE
IS
A
MAN
YOU
MUST
BEWARE
OF



An open letter to Debbie Reynolds

Dear Debbie:

The news from Hollywood is worrisome, the news that you are transforming yourself into a slick playgirl.

The reason for the 'new' Debbie isn't hard to figure. You lost your husband to another woman, and, at the time of the crackup, the differences between you and her were startling. Liz faced the press in a Paris dress; you wore pedal pushers, your hair in a braid, there was a diaper pin fastened to the front of your blouse, and you had no lipstick on. The day Eddie moved out of the house, you cooked lima bean soup for his dinner. He moved out anyway.

Then came bitterness.

(Continued on page 66)



It's tougher than you may think to get to be a top singing star... but if that's your goal, Fabian, Bobby Darin, Connie Francis and Tommy Sands can show you how.







So You Want To Be A Singer!

FABIAN:

I DIDN'T want to be a singer. I couldn't sing, and the last thing I ever dreamed of was carrying a tune. I was tone-deaf.

I was interested in girls, football, pizza pie and good movies.

But along came a man who was a magician. He made me into Fabian, a singing star, from Fabian Forte, an easygoing teenager in South Philly, Pennsylvania.

I can't quite believe it's all happened.

Anyway it all started with the lady next door, Mrs. Palmeri, who was pregnant. Her husband had called an ambulance to drive her to the hospital for the delivery, and Bob Marcucci was driving by our block when he heard the siren. Bob (*Continued on page 53*)

An Intimate Confession From SUSAN KOHNER



What happens when a sheltered little rich girl leaves home and hits the rough tough sidewalks of NEW YORK



Susan Kohner leaned back against the pink and grey pillows of the window-seat in her beautiful French Provincial bedroom and propped her favorite stuffed panda up on her knees. She gazed absently through the open French windows to the gardens below. Out there, her family's 40′ by 20′ swimming pool lay sparkling in the afternoon sun; out there, her own powder-blue Mercury convertible waited in the driveway. Out there the trees were tall and green; out there the flowers that grew around the little brook were full blooming and sweet smelling; out there the air was soft and warm. It was winter in Southern California.

In New York (*continued on page 67*)

DID JOHN RISK HIS AND LIVES?



SHE was asleep, her jet hair tousled against the pillow, and tranquillity masking her face like a delicate lace covering when the phone rang. She reached out and groped for the telephone. The instrument was an inch from her ear as she said hello. A male voice asked if this was Pilar. She admitted it more with a nod than a word—and then a rapid flow of Spanish tore from the receiver, sharp and staccato like the snapping of dry twigs.

Pilar Wayne sat bolt upright in her bed, grasped the receiver tightly and said "Whaaaat?"

She listened intently, breaking in once in a while with a Spanish exclamation of astonishment, or a quick *(Continued on page 74)*

WAYNE WIFE CHILD'S







It seems only yesterday—well, it was in 1954—when the Conover Agency received the following note, written in childish but firm script:

It's Sunday, and I have finished my home work. I am writing you to find out whether I have a chance to become a model. I hope to become an actress some day.

It was signed, *Sandra Douvan* and it came from Bayonne, a New Jersey suburb of New York.



A tiny snapshot (about one inch by two inches) was enclosed.

Using a magnifying glass, I studied the photo. I liked what I saw: a sweet round face, with curly golden-brown hair peeking out from under a peculiar little hat.

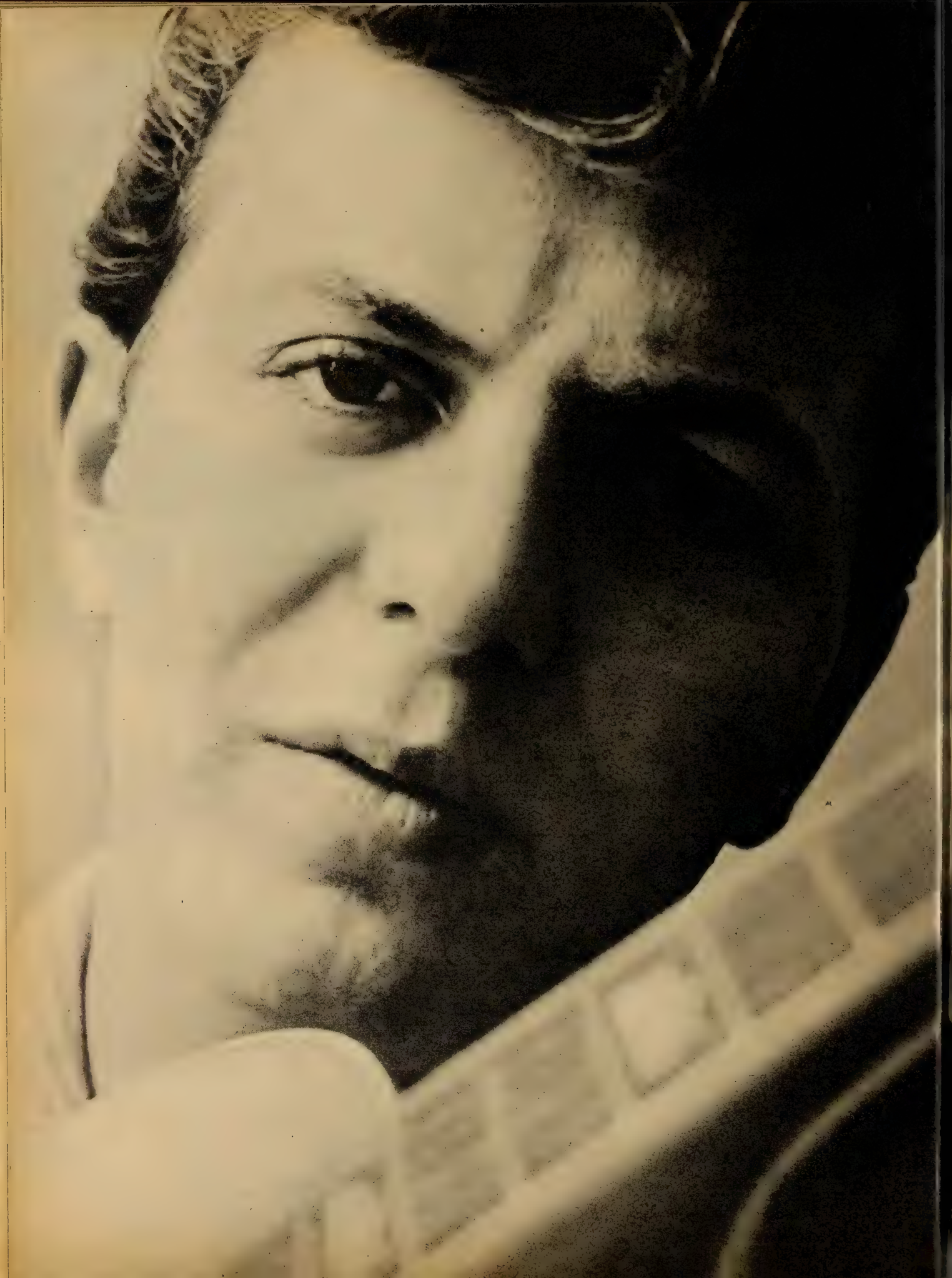
I wrote her, inviting her to come in to see me with her parents. When Sandra came with her mother, a petite

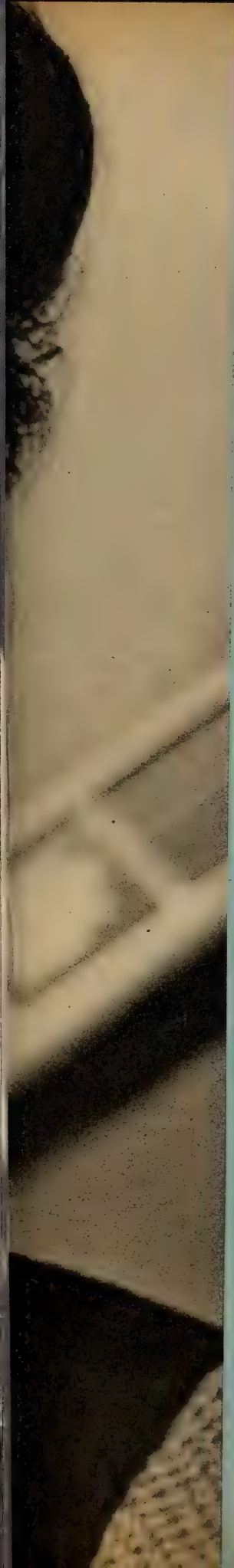
(*Continued on page 54*)

The Bittersweet Life of a Teenage Model

Candy Jones, head of Conover Models and discoverer of Sandra Dee tells what it really took for Sandy to make it...







Introducing

DION

the exciting new recording star whose story you must read . . .

Dion lay on his cot and listened.

On the other side of the dressing room sat his buddies, the Belmonts, the guys he sang with.

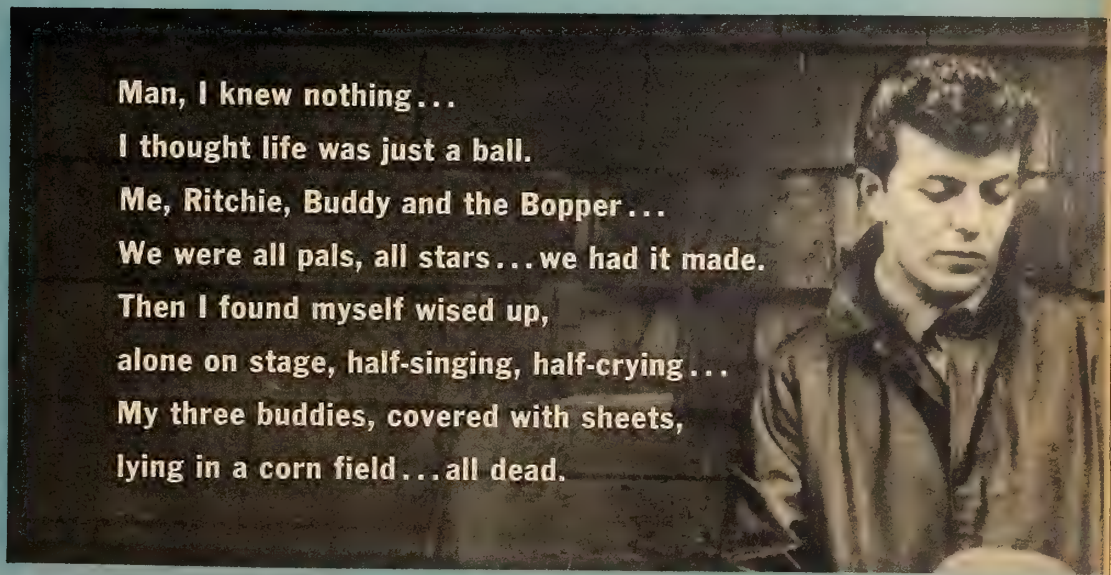
But none of them spoke. And the room was quiet, unusually quiet.

"It's like they should be there, next door," Dion said, finally, "and like they're just not joking around tonight."

The others nodded.

Dion's eyes closed.

It was just two days ago, he thought. *The four of us sat talking together—me, The Bopper, Ritchie, Buddy. We talked about the future. 'Yeah boy,' we said, 'this tour's the biggest and the people are* (*Continued on next page*)





Mom made me pick up on nature.





Dad was in Showbiz, taught me make believe.



It's great to be a celebrity.



The Belmonts are neighbors.



It's hard to forget the dead.

DION *Continued*

flocking like birds at one of those California missions. So why don't we stick together as a package, at least for a couple of years? We can travel together, laugh it up together, learn together—one from the other. Okay? Okay . . . Great boy, great!'

Dion reached to his side now.

His hand rested on a guitar.

"If you don't mind," he remembered The Bopper saying to him yesterday, in the lobby of the little hotel, that big friendly grin crossing his face, "would you take this here git-fiddle with you in the bus? The pilot says he don't want to weigh down the plane with any musical instruments, especially a crate like this."

"Sure," Dion had said, taking the guitar and putting it with his own baggage.

Ritchie (*Continued on page 70*)

Win the Magic Carpet Contest...

GO ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD...FREE!



5 GRAND PRIZES:

2-WEEK ALL-EXPENSE VACATION FOR TWO

anywhere you choose via ***TWA***

plus $1000 spending money
plus $1000 bonus for your travel wardrobe if your entry includes the opening flap from a box of Kotex 48's.

200 Second prizes

$94.50 Polaroid® Land Cameras



Where in the world do you want to go? You name it—we'll arrange it! Two unforgettable weeks for 2 persons at the place you've always wanted to see—in far-off India or exotic Tahiti—in Africa, Europe, South America or fabulous Japan—any place in the free world you choose! You'll fly in luxurious TWA planes . . . stay at a deluxe hotel . . . eat like a queen and go sightseeing . . . all pre-arranged and paid for PLUS $1000 spending money.

Any of the 5 Grand Prize winners in this Kotex contest may take $4000 in cash.

Judging will be based on originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Winners will be notified by mail. Contest is limited to residents of the continental United States, its territories and possessions. Employees of Kimberly-Clark Corp., its advertising agencies and families are not eligible.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Magic Carpet Contest,
Box 6535, Chicago 77, Ill.

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less:
Here's why I want to go to_____
(name of place)

_____

_____

_____

_____

(use plain paper for your entry if you prefer)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Enter as often as you wish! Enclose a Kotex opening flap with each entry. $1000 cash bonus to Grand Prize winners if flap included is from a box of Kotex 48's.

Entries must be postmarked by midnight, Aug. 31, and received on or before Sept. 8, 1959

Exciting new horizons await you in your modern world. How comforting to know that, wherever you are, new Kotex napkins bring you much longer protection, much better protection. The secret is . . . Kotex now has the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric greatly increases absorbency, makes Kotex softer, gentler . . . gives you perfect confidence at all times, both at home and away.

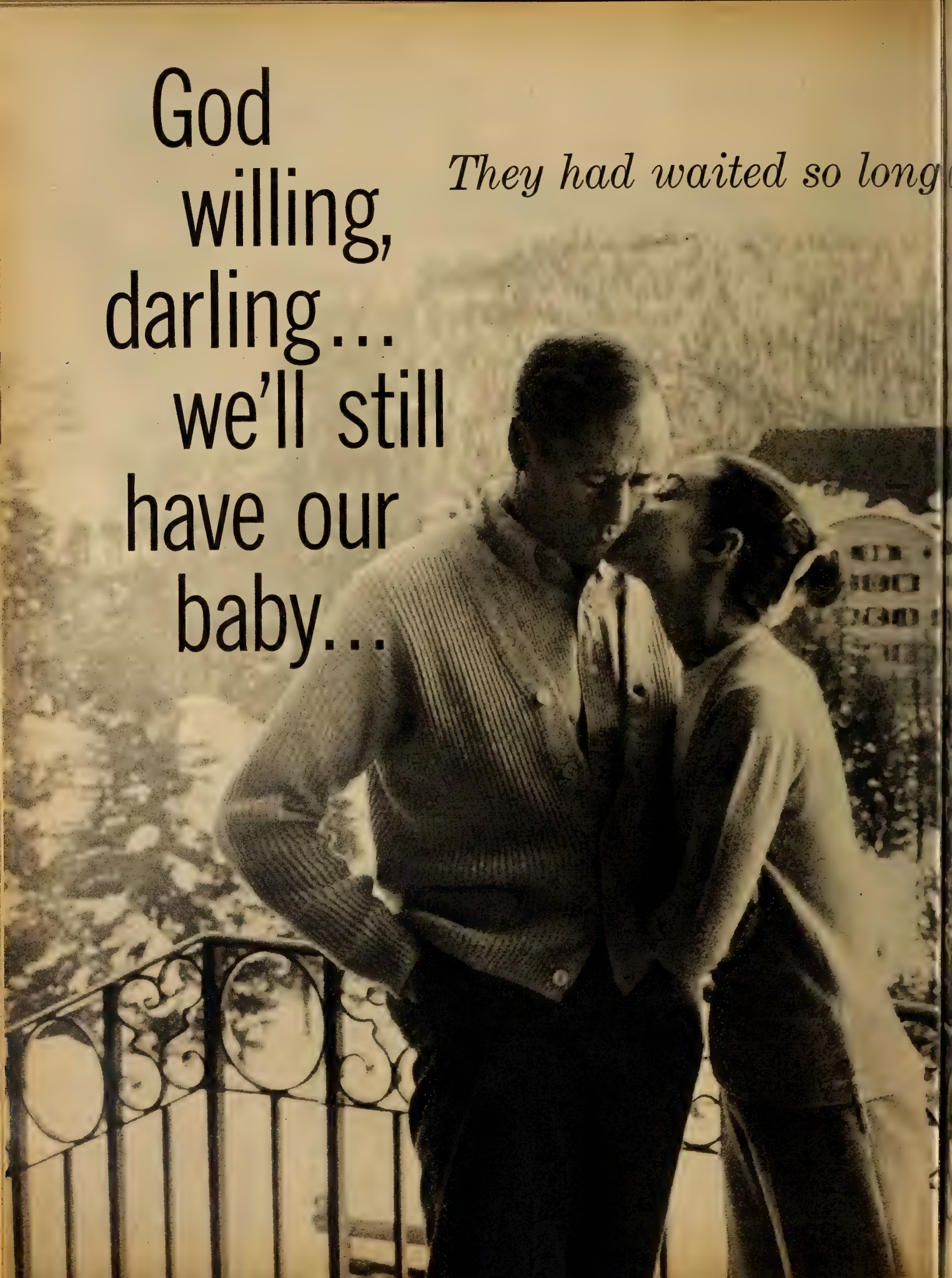


New Kotex Napkins—choice of most women

KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of KIMBERLY-CLARK CORP.

God willing, darling... we'll still have our baby...

They had waited so long



...and hoped so hard when tragedy struck





On May 20th, in Switzerland, Audrey Hepburn and Mel Ferrer announced they were expecting a baby. In June, word came that Audrey had suffered a miscarriage.

So her bad year goes on. A troubled winter, a worse spring. And perhaps the two troubles connected. Audrey, frightened by her accident in Mexico, may have decided to have a baby as soon as possible, even though she wasn't yet strong enough.

Go back to that near-tragedy in Durango...

The body in the bed looked like a child's body. Under the sheets, the slight, bony frame lay motionless; on the pillow, the small head was still. Only the wild, dark eyes shuddered, moving from shiny white ceiling to papered wall and back again.

Across the room, a doctor spoke in Spanish to a nurse, and the girl in the bed heard the words, but couldn't understand them. It didn't matter. She (*Continued on page 69*)

in the old days Hollywood was full of fast women—

now it's full of fast cars...

here's the inside on the stars, young and old, who blast off

...like man we just gotta GO!



Jill St. John and Dwayne Hickman

■ A low-slung silver Porsche Spyder was roaring along Highway 468, near Paso Robles, California, in 1955, when it crashed head on into a car driven by a college student.

The driver of the Porsche, James Dean, died on the way to the hospital. Two hours before the fatal (*Continued on page 72*)

GO!



Ricky Nelson

GO!



Paul Anka

GO!

Nancy Sinatra is 18.
Since she was a little girl
her heart has been torn
by the question, Do I
have the most wonderful
father in the world—
or no father at all....



THE PAIN *and* THE PRIDE *of being* FRANKIE'S DAUGHTER

The pretty, dark-eyed girl lay on her bed, eyes staring across an empty room. On the phonograph a record revolved slowly and evenly. The voice of Frank Sinatra came steadily and sweetly from the voice box. He was singing the

*Copyright ©1945 by Williamson Music Inc., New York, N. Y.

Soliloquy from *Carousel . . .**

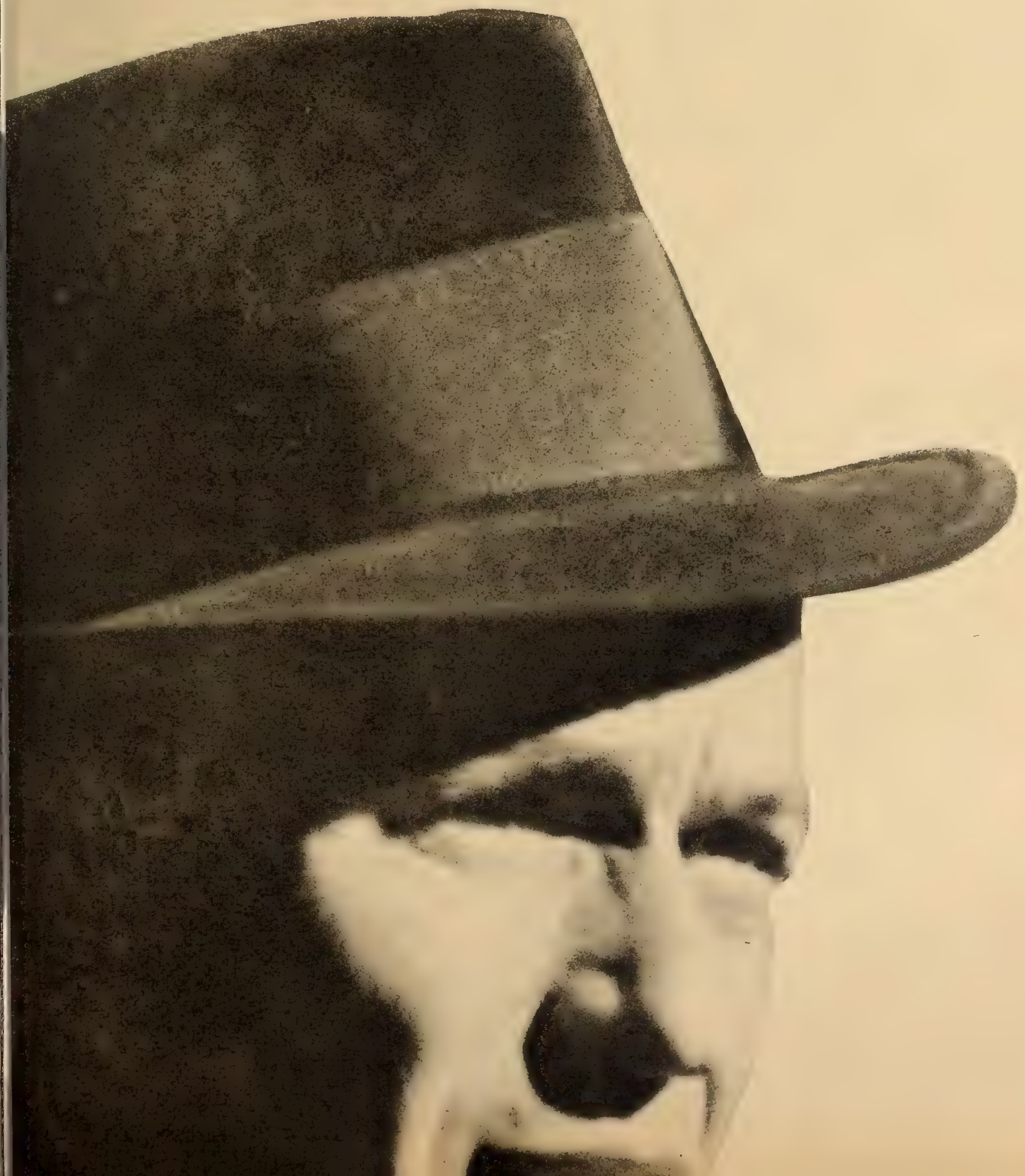
My little girl,
Pink and sweet as peaches
and cream is she . . .
My little girl is half again as
bright
As girls were meant to be...

Nancy Sinatra closed her eyes —partly to shut the already dim lights in the room from her sight—partly to shut out the deep loneliness in her heart.

For a long while, she lay there, not moving, not thinking—barely breathing. Her heart beat a lonely tattoo to the poignant strains of the music.

Dozens of boys pursue her,
Many a likely lad
Tries his best to win her
From her faithful dad . .

(*Continued on page 64*)



As told to Helen Weller by a Member of the Wedding



THE WEDDING



The big day was all confusion to Christopher, Mike, Jr., and little Liza Todd.

■ The invitation to the wedding came by phone directly from Elizabeth and Eddie.

I was sitting in our den at home in Brentwood admiring our live oak tree and the way it curved so gently in the warm spring dusk when the phone rang. Eddie's voice came over distinctly from Las Vegas, bouncy and buoyant: "Elizabeth and I are writing our wedding list and we would like you and Prince Phillip to share our day with us if you can."

I could hear Elizabeth's light, gay voice in the background. "Even if you can't we want you to come!" she joked in bubbling good humor.

(Continued on page 44)





They had gone
to the Temple, but
understood very
little . . . the flower-covered canopy . . . the ceremony . . .



Nor did they
understand why
Mama was kissing
Uncle Eddie. . . .



(*Continued from page 42*) Eddie went on talking, his voice brimming with excitement and happiness. I managed to get a few words in edgewise in the half hour conversation which also dealt with some instructions for things that had to be done here in Los Angeles. "Eddie," I said, "you sound deliriously happy—happier than I've ever heard you in the eight years that I've known you."

"Glor," he said, "I've never known the meaning of happiness before. Elizabeth *is* my happiness. Count the letters in each word and you'll see what I mean. Those two words are synonymous with me."

That remark of Eddie's again echoed so many words and thoughts of his in the recent past. When I hung up I thought back to the change I'd seen in Eddie since he had discovered Elizabeth's love. Eddie, who in his previous marriage seemed so unfulfilled and uninspired, was speaking words of love and responding as unself-consciously as he was self-conscious before. When I mentioned this to my husband, Phillip commented: "Eddie was all bottled up before. He was stifling to death. Elizabeth uncorked the bottle and a giant is emerging." Then he added, "You know, a man grows when he is given *to*, and he shrinks when he is taken *from*."

After taking care of the matters requested by Eddie at our office in Beverly Hills, I packed my bag and flew to Las Vegas. I arrived in time for Eddie's closing performance of a six week engagement (*Continued on page 46*)



Mike Todd Jr. was rushing around wishing everyone "Mazeltov."

Liz's brother Howard Taylor and his wife, Moira were just beaming.



Mrs. Stupp and Mrs. Taylor were instantly close friends.



Little Liza was too overwhelmed to say anything at all.



Michael asked, "Mommy, why are we having a party?"







(*Continued from page 44*) at the plush Tropicana Hotel.

As I entered his dressing-room, the first person I saw was his mother, motherly-looking Mrs. Kate Stupp. She jumped out of her chair and hugged me warmly. We hadn't seen each other in two years, and we had a lot of 'catching up' to do. She kept thanking me for a huge blowup of a photo I had sent her of Eddie and his children, Carrie and Todd.

"Up until you sent me that picture, Gloria, I couldn't prove to my neighbors I had a grandson," she said. "Oh, they read about it all right, and they saw pictures in the magazines like I did, but imagine, I never had anything to frame or take out of my purse when friends asked me about my son's son. I just never did get a real picture till that one you sent with a note that Eddie wanted me to have it. I kept pestering him on the phone but I guess they were too busy or something. . . ." and her voice trailed off as she saw her Sonny come into the dressing room.

"Hi, Mom," said Eddie as he walked over and planted first a kiss on her cheek, then one on mine.

"Welcome to Wonderland," he said (*Continued on page 48*)

THE DEPARTURE















(*Continued from page 46*) laughing, as he took off his jacket and sat down to talk. I'd never seen Eddie look so relaxed and happy. Memories of his rather rigid behavior B.E. (Before Elizabeth) tumbled through my mind. In the past he always seemed constantly apprehensive and was a mass of nerves. For the umpteenth time, I chalked a mental check in favor of Elizabeth's effect on my boss.

"When is Prince Phillip coming up?" Eddie asked. Kiddingly, he was using the royal prefix for my husband ever since I introduced Phillip to him as Prince Charming on my wedding day. Phillip and I, in turn, call them Queen Eliza-

THE HONEYMOON









beth and Prince Edward.

I explained that Phillip would fly in for the wedding in the morning, expressing the hope that his plane would not be delayed as mine was. "If his plane is late," replied Eddie, "we'll just put off the wedding till he arrives."

At that point, Eddie's father, Joseph Fisher, came in. Mr. Fisher is a quiet little man, and we shook hands warmly and expressed mutual pleasure at this reunion. We sat there talking easily about the happy event that was bringing us all together. The atmosphere was so affectionate you could almost touch it. Suddenly the private phone in Eddie's (*Continued on page 56*)



After yachting
around the
blue Mediterranean,
Liz and Eddie
stop off at Barcelona
then head for Paris
to meet the children.
Next month
Modern Screen,
with cameras loaded,
joins the
family honeymoon. . . .

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE...

THERE are few things in life more beautiful than a beautiful love.

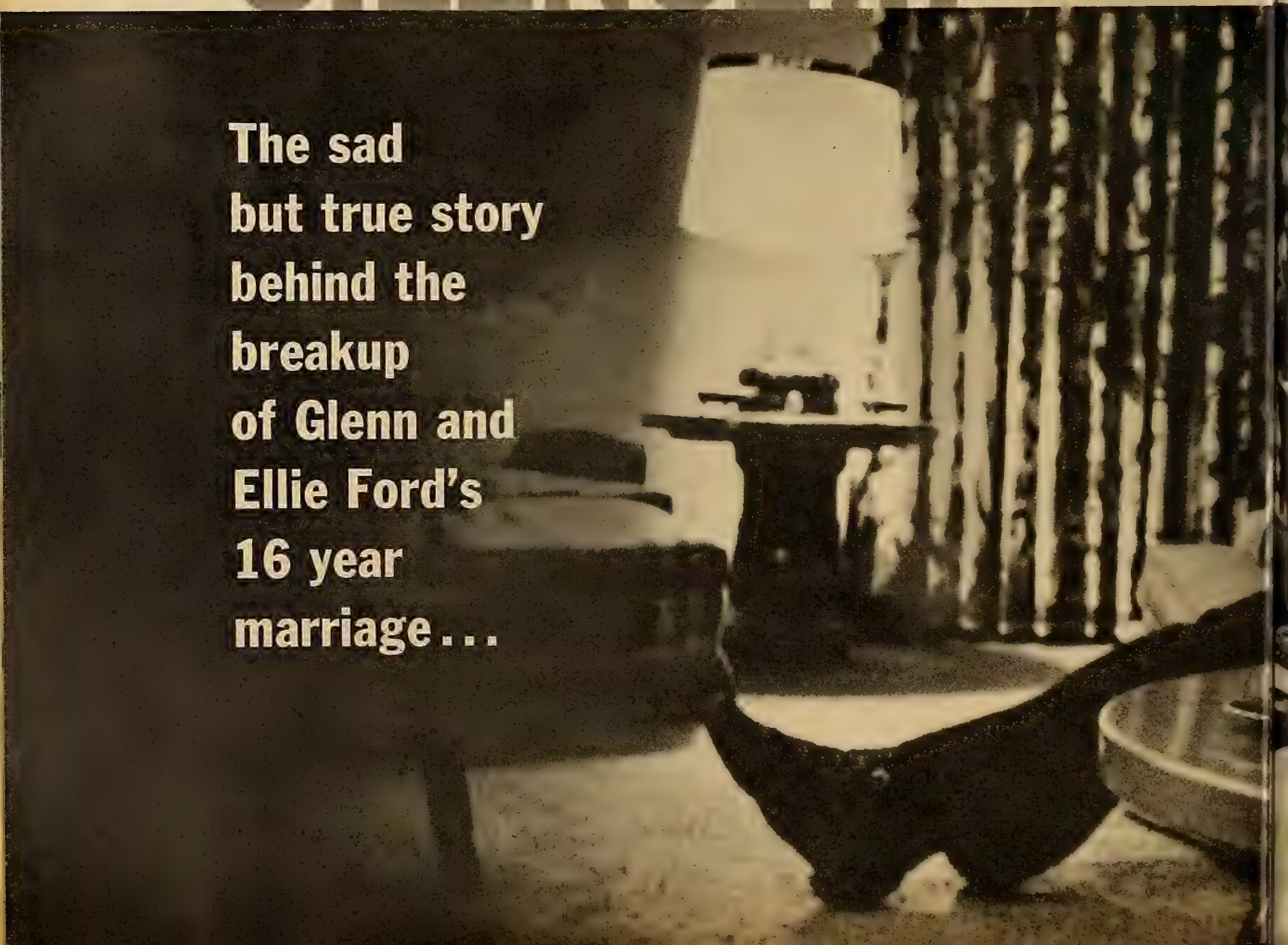
There are few things sadder than a love—once beautiful—that has died.

This, unfortunately, is a sad story.

It is about Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell and the love they once shared.

Twenty-three-year-old

The sad but true story behind the breakup of Glenn and Ellie Ford's 16 year marriage...



Glenn had never seen a Broadway musical before

And never, never had he seen a girl like this.

He *thought* he'd seen her. She'd been a top movie star these past five or six years, and—like millions of other people throughout the world—there wasn't a picture she'd danced and sung her way through that he'd missed.

But he realized now, seeing her in person, that she was even more terrific than he'd ever imagined.

And more beautiful.

So beautiful.

Towards the end of the show, Glenn made up his mind that he was going to meet Eleanor Powell—that night.

This was a pretty wild decision for a basically bashful guy. In fact, very wild!

This Glenn realized.

"But who cares?" he thought now, as he pictured the scene that would take place in her dressing room in a little while, as he began to plan what he would say.

"Miss Powell—" he would begin.

There would be no er's and

(*Continued on next page*)



It had been one of the most romantic Hollywood weddings of its time... the bride was a top star... the groom was a marine. She gave up her career for love. She gave up the things she loved for love. And finally, in despair and loneliness, she gave up love itself.



Eleanor backstage in London after a dazzling 37-minute continuous tap-dance performance .





↑ Immediately following the marriage, Ellie gave up her career to be just a housewife . . .

← The precious moment October 23, 1943, at the bride's home in Beverly Hills . . .



The proud moment in April, 1945, when Glenn, Ellie, and Peter posed for their first family portrait . . .

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE continued

ahem's about it. He would get right to the point. First he would tell her how swell he thought she'd been in the show.

Then he would ask her if she'd like to come across the street with him and have a cup of coffee—and a piece of pie, too, or a sandwich, if she'd like.

"You see," he would say, "I'd like to talk to you . . . Oh, I know what you must be thinking, that this fellow is some sort of pest who goes around bothering people. But the fact is, well, I'm an actor, too. At least, I'm trying to be. I've been in a few plays myself—most of them flops, though. But (*Continued on page 62*)

So You Want To Be A Singer!

(*Continued from page 25*)

stopped to see what was the matter. I was sitting on our front steps, and after he found out about Mrs. Palmeri and the baby, he asked me my name. "You know," he said, "you look a little like Rick Nelson. Do you sing?"

"Sure," I said, joking. "In the bathtub."

A month later, Bob came back. He said he couldn't put me out of his mind. He wanted to hear me sing. I saw him coming up the walk through the kitchen window. "Hey Ma," I said, "that crazy man's back again." I was all smudged with dirt from playing football, and I was washing my face in the sink.

I sang for him and sounded just like a jackass. But he wasn't discouraged.

"Umm," he said. "Possibilities. Lots of possibilities."

Well, I didn't want to put my faith in possibilities. But he did. He believed he could make me into a singing star. So, after a long talk with him, I decided "Why not?" It would be kicks—and I had little to lose except for a few months studying voice.

Once I made up my mind to do it, though, I went at it with everything that was in me. And this is what I'll tell anyone who wants to crash the music world. *Give it all you've got. You just can't make it halfway.*

Don't expect to be successful in a day. It took me months. Sometimes it takes longer. I was lucky because Bob also managed Frankie Avalon, and I became Frankie's protege. Still, I know if I didn't give it all my concentration and energy I could never have done it.

Now, I love it. It's a great business—once you're in and accepted. But it's hard on you; and just when you think you've had it, that you can't sing another note, you've got to have 'one more' practice session—'just one more.'

No, you don't have to have sensational singing ability to be a singer. You can learn. And the learning's a ball, if you take to music the way I did.

One last piece of advice: don't be too shy. Because if you want to be discovered, you have to make yourself seen and heard.

And if things don't work out, it's not the most terrible thing in the world. If something should happen to my career tomorrow, I say to myself, *Fabe, there are always girls, football, pizza pies and good picture shows!*

TOMMY SANDS:

If you want to be a singer, be prepared to work.

I know everything seems so easy and effortless when a singer's up there on a spotlighted stage, flying high with a jazzy tune. But every minute of that apparent effortlessness has been rehearsed and rehearsed—until it's perfect.

Lots of gals and guys write to me about their talent and they ask my advice about coming to New York. Well, New York's the toughest nut of all to crack. I say, *Don't come to New York right away.* Train at home—or in a big city near your home. Get all the experience you can playing local dates.

I sang in many a dance hall and beer garden in Texas, Louisiana and Illinois before I made a step in the direction of the bigtime.

And when my big chance came, it was because another singer had heard me singing in some roadside clubs, and he suggested I try out for a role he couldn't accept on TV. That singer was King Elvis who told the TV people to get in touch with me. I auditioned. They liked me. And that was the way it started.

But all the experience I had from playing in front of those dance-hall audiences gave me the confidence I needed for that audience of long-faced TV bigwigs. Not that I wasn't scared! I doubt if a performer ever stops being scared. That old devil 'stage fright' is always knocking at your heart. But experience gives a performer some polish. It makes the stage fright a little easier—if you know what I mean. Sure, the butterflies are there in your stomach playing tag. But from experience you learn you have to go out there and do the show—and to do the best you can. You don't let the butterflies get you down.

But local experience doesn't only give a singer *confidence*. It gave me a *chance to develop my style*, to find the most comfortable way of singing for myself. I wasn't afraid to experiment occasionally with local audiences to see how they reacted to different songs. But when you're in the bigtime you can't play guessing games. Everything's got to be perfect.

Today, the entertainment business is booming. It needs new faces and talents, and there's nothing as exciting as a 'new discovery.' This gives fresh lifeblood to the singing world.

But the important thing to remember always is this: *singers aren't only born—they're made!*

Nowadays a good voice isn't enough. You have to be willing to work—yes, *slave*—at achieving your goal. But, if you're not afraid of work, you'll find the field challenging and exciting. To tell the truth, I'm glad I was born poor and had to work for everything because I've found out work builds character—and in order to survive in this world we need plenty of it.

Maybe I sound preachy, and I don't mean to. But I want to be fair about what a person should expect in the singing business. Now, if you really want to sing, you'll take advantage of every chance you get. Above all, don't underestimate the power of your own home town. Develop your voice and style there. Then take a crack at the bigtime.

And lots of luck to you!

BOBBY DARIN:

I came into singing via a detour. I was interested in songwriting, and when I was in my teens I had a mania for banging out tunes by the dozen. I'd sit at the old-fashioned upright piano in our apartment on East 135th Street in the Bronx and dream up what I called 'happy music.'

I wasn't very confident about my songs. But I had fun writing them. And I told the guys in my gang about them, even played some of them at neighborhood hops and get-togethers. This is where Lady Luck tapped my shoulder.

One of the neighborhood guys liked some of the songs. "They're pretty good for a beginner, Bobby," he kept telling me. One day he told someone about them who in turn mentioned my songwriting to someone else. Before you knew it, George Scheck (who's Connie Francis' manager) heard about me. He wanted new material for Connie. I played him my songs, and he said he liked them. He also said he liked the way I sang them. "Bobby," he finally told me, "do you know you're a singer—as well as a songwriter?"

"Aw, cut it out," I said.

"Nope," he continued. "I'm not pulling your leg. I'd be the last person to encourage somebody in this cut-throat business. But you have a natural singing talent, and I'd like to see you develop it."

Well, George gave me plenty of confidence—and encouragement. And I was lucky, believe me, to have one of my first records, *Million Dollar Baby*, climb the sales charts to top twenty tunes. But I was such a novice in the business I didn't know how to follow it up. One hit record doesn't make a singer.

So then I decided if I was going to be a singer I had to give singing all my attention. I studied, learned breathing, how to use my voice without hurting it. Also, I figured it wouldn't be wrong to associate with people in the business. Harriet Wasser, a good friend of mine, calls them 'ego builders.' They're the people who give you pats on the back and tell you to keep up the good work.

But while you're studying, there's little money coming in, and lots of friends desert you. Still, there are always some people who really care, and you find out who your *real* friends are when you're down and out.

One girl I knew called me up and said, "Bobby, I know you haven't had a hit record. And maybe you're broke. So why don't we have dinner together—on me!"

I was bowled over. I was penniless, borrowing money to keep up with my singing studies, hoping I'd have another hit soon—and, naturally, I didn't have much opportunity to date. I lived with my mom and she gave me room and board. But it wasn't fair to ask her for spending money, too. Anyway, she didn't have much.

So when the girl called, I broke down and bawled like a kid. I didn't know people could be so decent when a fellow was on his heels. I said no, I couldn't have dinner. I was ashamed to have her take me out. But she insisted. I refused. Yet she called again and again. Finally one day when she called I said okay, and we went to the Floridian, a steak-and-potatoes place here in New York and I sat across from her and told her all about my ambitions and dreams.

I say she was Lady Luck No. 2 because later that week I recorded *Splish Splash* which caught on overnight.

But, still, it hasn't always been smooth sailing. Why? Well, a singer's always thinking of his next record, wondering if it's all right, if it'll please his listeners.

So if you want to be a singer, be sure you have friends. Because these are the people who will listen to your heartaches and woes, and they're the ones who'll give you confidence to keep at it—even when the going is roughest.

And keep your fingers crossed for luck!

CONNIE FRANCIS:

I've had over three hundred auditions, and only three of them clicked. But I learned one thing: nobody in this business is indispensable. There are hundreds and hundreds of other singers who are great. I heard them sing at the auditions, and they were wonderful.

So, the best way to come into the singing field is with a level head. Once you think you know it all, you're finished before you begin. Come in with both eyes and ears open, and you'll discover more than you imagined about the singing-dream in your heart.

First, be yourself. Don't rely on a gimmick for a career. A trick or two

with your voice is all right so long as you have the talent and training to back it up later. I used a gimmick—a rhythm beat on the old ballad *Who's Sorry Now*—and it helped me have my first hit. But I never stopped training.

Then find someone who's an *honest* critic, someone who isn't afraid to tell you the *truth*. My dad's been mine. He gives me heart-to-heart criticism which sometimes is hard to take. He'll say, "Connie, you weren't natural with that gesture. You looked like an oddball." Or, "Connie, you're trying to put on a big glamour act with that dyed red hair—and it just isn't you." Or, "When you sing that song, you walk so funny—like you're walking on eggs. Stand still instead."

And you know something? Every time he's right. Perry Como's wife is his critic. Rick Nelson has his dad. Jimmie Rodgers has his wife, Colleen. People who are close to you have your best interests at heart, and I guess this is why they have the strength to say the truth.

So, if you're planning a musical career, listen to somebody whom you respect. And follow their comments.

Next, don't be a phony. Today a phony can be spotted in a minute. Look at Dinah Shore, Dick Clark and Pat Boone. They're all so sincere. Isn't that why we love them? Me, I made a big bubu on TV after *Who's Sorry Now* became a hit. I'd had some experience with TV from my *Startime* appearances. But when the emcees started introducing me as a *star* on the Sunday night variety shows, I forgot everything I knew and I started acting like another person. There was such a tension to being a star—and it took me months before I realized I was making a fool of myself. Now I know I must be true to my own personality—and this is why I can enjoy a conversation with a cabdriver or a senator. I'm just myself, and I feel comfortable.

Above all, have a spotless reputation. Be above-board in everything you do, and, believe me, this will get you places. All this talk about shady dealings behind the scenes in show-business is for the has-beens. Don't be taken in by the sordid hucksters who'll promise you the sky. Do a little sleuthing on your own. Find out about them from people they work with. Otherwise you can ruin your dream of a career by being involved in underhanded shenanigans.

So seek out honest people—and work with them.

Last, but certainly not least, try to develop a distinctive singing style. Everybody's who's been successful has developed one (Frank Sinatra, Joni James, Frankie Laine). If you sound like everyone else, nothing'll ever happen to you.

There are plenty of great singers around, and the reason some of them don't make it is they sound like so many other singers. Find a style that's a little different yet comfortable for you; and do your darndest to develop it.

And I predict I'll be seeing you on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand* in no time!

END

Fabian will soon be seen in THE HOUND DOG MAN *for 20th-Fox.*

The Bittersweet Life of a Teenage Model

(*Continued from page 30*)

bubbling young woman, she seemed even prettier than the photo. She was about twelve, with big brown eyes, soft wavy hair, clear complexion, a round angelic face. She was dressed simply but smartly, and I was very much impressed. She had a quiet reserve, poise, confidence.

We discussed her potential as a model, and I agreed to take her on as a Conover girl. She agreed to shortening her name, for professional use, to Dee.

We had other child models on our list, but there was something about Sandra that made her stand out. Perhaps it was a high intelligence, perhaps it was her frank eagerness to succeed, perhaps it was her tremendous personality.

She caught on fast as a model. She listened carefully to instructions, did as told, learned quickly. Soon she quit school at Bayonne, and transferred to the Professional Children's School in midtown New York. This is the school specializing in arranging studies for actors and actresses, including correspondence courses, so that they can take jobs during the daytime. I think it costs about $500 a year.

Like all models and actresses of school age (under eighteen) she had to keep up with her school work. She knew she would be in trouble at school and we would have to stop sending her out on jobs if she had low marks. Fortunately, Sandra was bright, and we never had to worry.

I suspect she was so bright, she was able to do her school studies quickly and then wait breathlessly for us to send her out on assignments. Incidentally, assignments were not jobs, really. An assignment meant there was a job waiting for the girl who could qualify. Sometimes two or three girls showed up for the same job; sometimes twenty or thirty girls were auditioned for the same job. That meant the job went to the girl who made the strongest impression, and the other girls would then leave, brokenhearted.

The ferocious competition for these well-paying jobs (as photographic models or as actresses in TV commercials) sometimes turned these young girls into little vixens.

But with Sandra, there were virtually no problems. She was a fine girl—except for two peculiarities: she insisted on walking her little blonde Pomeranian Tiki before rushing off to appointments, and she persisted in considering herself fat.

Walking her Pomeranian meant she was sometimes late for appointments, and the studios had to penalize her by deducting from her fee.

A natural beauty

Now Sandra had a round face, but she was not fat nor was she skinny. She was quite normal for her age. I used to try to explain to her that the old concept of haggard, gaunt, pencil-thin models was passe, and that the trend was toward believable natural beauty. And Sandra was certainly a natural beauty.

But, unfortunately, a couple of receptionists, where Sandra reported for work, were stupid enough to remark in her presence that she was 'too fat.'

Sandra then had an 18- or 19-inch waist, and a trim little figure; but she believed that she was 'too fat' and stopped eating.

Naturally, her parents and I were flabbergasted. We tried to persuade her that she was all right; but she just wouldn't eat, and started to lose weight. She became nervous and fretful, and we were afraid she would come down with tuberculosis or mononucleosis.

So we had to figure out tricks to get her to eat. For instance, we kept a chart of appointments for our models in my office. When Sandra arrived, she would beg to see the chart and check her bookings and compare them to the other girls'.

So I began to hide the chart and say, "Sandy, first, you've got to drink a malted!"

She would frown and protest. But I would insist, and then offer a glass of malted milk with an egg in it. She would sip it slowly, complaining, "But I'm so fat!"

Only after she drank the last drop would we permit her to see the chart.

Fortunately, Sandra did not smoke. There are teen models who smoke because they think smoking will cut their appetites and help keep them thin. But Sandra—aside from her refusal to eat properly—was health conscious and she went to sleep early, got proper rest, avoided parties, watched her complexion.

Our trouble with Sandra's poor eating habits reached a climax when I sent her—along with Lorna Gillam and Peggy Bishop—to the Hal Reiff studios, to pose for a set of color photos intended for *Young Set Magazine*.

It was a classroom scene, and photographer Reiff worked quickly to arrange the complicated poses. Suddenly, Sandra gasped, "I have to sit down," and slumped to the floor.

She was helped to the chair and revived; but she could not continue to work. The color had drained from her face, and she seemed terribly ill.

Reiff called off the session, and phoned me to complain that I had sent him a sick model and that he'd never hire her again.

Sandra's mother of course rushed her to the doctor, who found that she was anemic and suffering from malnutrition. He ordered her to take pills for her blood and pills to build up her appetite.

But Sandra developed a new quirk: She thought vitamin pills were a substitute for food.

Her mother would say: "Sandy, did you take your vitamins?" Sandra would say, "Yes." Mother would then ask, "Did you eat?" Sandra would then become exasperated and exclaim, "But, mother, I *had* my pills."

This would go on and on.

Killing her career

News of Sandra's fainting got around, and mothers of other teen models, intensely jealous of Sandra's success, spread reports that Sandra was 'always sick.' They tried to kill off her career. As a result, Sandra lost out on quite a few jobs. Prospective employers were reluctant to hire somebody who might quite literally fall down on the job.

But Sandra, with great tenacity, wouldn't give up. She made every appointment count, and she managed. With time, she re-established herself as a reliable model.

I don't believe Sandra has ever recovered her appetite. The other week in Hollywood, I discovered, makeup artist Bud Westmore offered Sandra a new special lipstick . . . on condition she first drink a glass of malted milk. And Sandra tried, but just couldn't down the milk.

Through all her troubles, Sandra was stoic. I never saw her whimper. She was always the silent type. If you told her something she did not want to hear, she just sat, stony faced. She didn't argue back. She just resisted.

Being a model isn't quite all fun. It's hard work. It means rushing through school work in order to have time to go on model assignments. It means worrying about weight, complexion, clothes, health, personality. It means having no time for boys, parties, girlfriends, lazying around, listening to records. It means a lot of

rushing, hopping cabs, gulping food in cabs, remembering 'do's' and 'don't's' of modeling, straining to say the right things at the right time, knowing how to meet adults. It requires stamina, long hours on your feet, getting stiff from holding a pose, endless waiting and endless walking.

Sandra, I must say, took to modeling easily. She noticed everything; understood everything (except the need to eat properly). She knew what she wanted (to be a great model and then a great actress).

Once, when I realized she was so tired, I asked her, "Sandy, why do you want to take on so many jobs? Why don't you relax and stop working so hard?"

She looked me straight in the eye, and said, "Mrs. Conover, you gave me this opportunity . . . and I just can't miss it. I want to prove myself! I want to be the best teen model in the business!"

Around the Conover office, she was quiet and serious faced. But when she got to the ad agency or the photo studio to audition for a job, she became a different person. She sparkled; she became animated; she captivated everybody. She learned her script quickly; she followed directions carefully; she was a perfectionist. As a result, she landed more jobs.

By the time she was thirteen, she was being hailed in the fashion world as one of America's top ten models. She appeared on many national magazine covers.

As with other models, she was required to be able to portray a girl three years younger and three years older than herself. In other words, she had to have a range of six years of expression—with the aid of makeup and dress, of course. Sandra was very good. She knew, almost instinctively, how to model. When she was barely fifteen, she modeled once as a young mother holding an infant.

Like most of our other teen models, Sandra was a good student and got fine marks. She was very good in English and social studies, but hated geometry.

But, unlike most other girls her age, she was not boy crazy. The other girls yakked all the time about handsome young actors they had seen backstage on TV (they preferred actors to male models) but Sandra seemed bored with that. She'd wander away to a corner to read a book or magazine, or chat with her mother. Her mother, of course, was her constant companion.

Not having brothers or sisters, Sandra was close to her mother and father, and accustomed to adult conversation. Her ease with grown-up talk was a great asset when she went out on assignments, and had to deal with ad agency executives and famous photographers.

She did not mix too well with the other models her age. Not that she was snobbish. She was not. But she felt they were too aggressive, and she was especially appalled at aggressive mothers.

Her father had warned her he would take her out of modeling if she ever became swell-headed or bratty. And he had urged her, "Never go looking for anything, Sandy . . . Let things happen."

I know Sandra never did like the "pushing routine," as she called it. She deplored young models viewing each other as rivals rather than as friends. She was shocked to see how they lied to each other about jobs because they feared the other would try to cut in on a pending assignment.

I remember how horrified Sandra was at the mother of a girl who was growing tall. The mother feared the girl's tallness would cheat the girl out of jobs, so she warned the girl not to stretch, to slouch rather than stand straight, and to smoke so she could stunt her growth.

Because of the suspicions and outright hostility among some of the models, Sandra preferred to withdraw rather than to force friendships. In fact, I believe Sandra made only one real friend during her two years with Conover. She became chummy with Lorna Gillam, who's now a top Conover Television Girl and currently one of the regulars on the NBC *Too Young to Go Steady* program. Sandra phones her from Hollywood for long chats.

Every day Sandra grew prettier. When she first came to us, she was a pre-teen size 12, and soon she had grown into a junior 9. But she was never satisfied with her figure. She said once that, when she finally arrived at a really good figure, she would wear only sheaths.

Like other girls her age, she went in for fads, like the time she decided to have steak for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

But most of the time Sandra ate poorly. I understand that in Hollywood Sandra now has a routine of milk for breakfast; hamburger and head of lettuce for lunch; and steak, vegetables and fruit for dinner. Even this is not bad, but there are periods when she cannot tolerate steak.

When she was with our agency, she sometimes carried a head of lettuce in her bag, she would peel off lettuce leaves and eat them while riding to modeling dates.

Sandra did very well, financially, when she was with us. Just before she went to Hollywood, she said she had earned $78,000 in 1956 from modeling and TV acting.

Obviously, she made plenty of money. I have several teen models today that earn more than $35,000 a year . . . and I can't help wondering: "Are they really happy?"

I know that Sandra had no time for boys while she was a model. She admitted, when she got to Hollywood, that she had never dated a boy in her life. The boys she met at school seemed so young and immature . . . and boring. The older boys shunned her as too young. So she kept busy with her studies and career.

I believe the only tragedy in her young life came when her beloved gay father died on Sept. 11, 1956, of a heart attack. A week later she had an appointment to audition for Ross Hunter, who was seeking a girl to co-star with John Saxon in *The Wonderful Years.*

She tried to break the appointment, but remembered her father's admonition, "Always be courteous," and in fact Hunter had to come in from Hollywood to see her.

So she saw Hunter and he gave her a script and said, "Please read it." She agreed, "Yes . . . if you give me ten minutes to study it first."

She had enough experience to know she should never read out loud a script she had not at least read through once.

So her reading for Hunter was excellent and she was flown to Hollywood the very next day for a film test. She was signed to a contract, winning over four hundred other girls who had read for the part.

We are proud of many teen models who have passed through our agency doors—Joan Caulfield, Patti McCormack, Pat Crowley, Vanessa Brown, Joanne Dru, Phillis Kirk, Nina Foch and France Nuyen. But I must admit that I remember Sandra Dee as something special.

It's not that she's already made half a dozen movies and is being hailed as a discovery. It's because she is gracious, and does not forget her friends.

When she settled in Hollywood, she sent me a note:

I enjoy making movies, and recall you were the first to predict a movie career for me. I shall be grateful to you, and shall always remember the happy days at Conover's.

As I've told you before, I feel Conover's will always be my first love.

Yes, Sandra, the feeling is mutual. END

Sandra's currently in U-I's IMITATION OF LIFE *and can soon be seen in Warner Bros.* A SUMMER PLACE.

can you qualify as a teen-age model?

If you want to be a teen model and TV actress, as Sandra Dee was, you should have:

Widely spaced eyes;

Small nose, hands and feet; a generous mouth;

A smile that starts in the eyes rather than in the mouth;

Shining hair (not bleached or dyed);

Clear skin;

Trim, but not voluptuous, figure;

A waist 10 to 12 inches smaller than bust or hips;

Medium height (five-foot to five-foot-seven, in flats);

Clear, no-accent diction;

Radiant good health;

Outgoing personality and ability to meet people graciously;

Good marks at school;

Patience; willingness to work hard and follow directions.

Liz And Eddie's Wedding Day

(*Continued from page 49*)

dressing room trilled, and Eddie answered. His face lit up and he exchanged endearments for a moment, then he said, "No, your mother's not here yet, Elizabeth." Then, after a slight pause, he said, "Oh, oh, you mean *my* mother. . . . yes, she's here. Here, Mom, Elisheba wants to talk to you," he said, using the Hebrew name for Elizabeth.

While Mrs. Stupp and Elizabeth talked, Eddie turned to his father and said, "Do you know what my future wife just said? When she asked me if Mom was here, I automatically said, 'No your mother's not here yet, Elizabeth,' thinking she meant *her* mom. And do you know what Elisheba said to me—she said, 'Don't be so dense, darling—we have two mothers now.' How about that?" he said, bursting with pride.

The day they gave happiness away

Bernie Rich, Eddie's close friend and business associate, came in with a list of names of the gang at the Tropicana who wanted Eddie's autograph and copies of his latest album.

"Call Bob Yorke of RCA Victor, when you get back," Eddie told me, "and see that all these people get an album."

He huddled quietly with Bernie for a few moments, and suddenly there was a burst of song from Eddie.

"I'm getting married in the morning . . . Ding, Dong, the bells are goin' to chime . . . We all collapsed with laughter.

Bernie said something about the wedding rings being ready and engraved. This started a discussion about who should hold the rings and just what the procedure would be at the Temple. Joe Schoenfeld, vice-president of the William Morris Agency, to whom Eddie is under contract, entered at that point and calmly quieted Eddie's concern about the rings.

"The matron of honor holds the bride's ring, the best man holds the groom's," he explained. Then Bernie, apparently unable to keep his secret from the happy group, pulled out the two small white and gold boxes and waved them in the air. Eddie made a grab for them but Bernie said, "Uh, uhhh . . . not till tomorrow."

"Okay," said Eddie, "but can I just hold them in my hand for a while? You can give them to Moira (Mrs. Howard Taylor) and Michael (Todd, Jr.) when they come. I won't peek at the inscriptions anyway." Suddenly his face broke into a proud smile. "Tomorrow's the day—the day they give happiness away at Beth Sholom." Then he burst into another chorus, *I'm getting married in the morning. . . .*

Eddie's mother looked at me, I looked at her and we put our heads together.

Never seen Sonny happier

"In all my life," she whispered, "I have never seen Sonny so happy. Don't you feel the whole atmosphere around Eddie is different, Gloria? Different as night and day?"

I nodded agreement and said, "Yes, indeed."

Mrs. Stupp went on, "About the phone call—Elizabeth's mother is at the ranch and wanted to know if I could visit them at their home after the wedding. I told her I would love to but I was going down to Florida to see my youngest daughter, Eileen, and her husband Herb Small."

She added slowly, "Elizabeth's parents are such lovely people—so fine and so friendly. I was worried when I left Philadelphia, about meeting Elizabeth. The papers and magazines made her sound so sophisticated and cold. But when Sonny called me to invite me here, she got on and I had a feeling right away that she wasn't cold and sophisticated at all. Eddie said to me on the phone: 'Mom, we're going to get married in ten days and we want you to be here with us.' I told Eddie I wouldn't fly, and when he told this to Elizabeth who was at his side, she took the phone away and said, 'Mother, you can come by train, can't you?'

"I know it sounds silly, but I got all choked up when she said that . . . because I knew that minute that *she* really wanted me to be there. It wasn't just Eddie who wanted me, it was Elizabeth too. I told them I would be there as soon as I could.

The first meeting

"Elizabeth insisted that I wire them exactly. I did. But I never expected that when I arrived in Las Vegas at four o'clock that Saturday afternoon that my son and Elizabeth would be at the train station to meet me. They were waving and running towards me, holding hands like two children. Eddie hugged me and tried to lift me up in the air, but I was squirming and laughing too much.

"Later, when Eddie and I were alone he told me something that made me realize the kind of girl Elizabeth really is. He told me that because it was rather early in the Las Vegas day to be going to the station, he had assigned Willard, his valet of many years, to meet me at the station. He then said, 'Elizabeth had called and wanted to know what to wear that day.' Eddie said, 'To wear with what, sweetheart?' She said to him, 'To meet your mother, of course. I don't want to wear slacks meeting her for the first time. I think I'll wear my lavender linen dress.' Then when Eddie told her he had arranged for Willard to pick me up, she proceeded to scold him out lovingly, and told him to get shaved, dressed in something that would go nice with lavender and pick her up pronto because *they* were going to pick me up themselves!

"When Eddie told me this my heart was so full of happiness I found tears coming to my eyes. 'Oh, Mom,' Eddie said to me, 'Come on—I told you she was as beautiful on the inside as she is on the outside.'

"I told Eddie I was anxious for Elizabeth to like me because I loved her before I even met her. Eddie smiled at me. I explained to him that I loved Elizabeth from the moment he called me in Philadelphia several months ago to tell me he was the happiest man on earth.

"You know, Gloria," Mrs. Stupp said softly, "a mother likes to see a son succeed —but fame and money are not happiness for a mother. The way Eddie's voice sounded that day gave me more happiness than I've known in years."

"Don't break up my mom"

Mrs. Stupp continued. "That wasn't all, Gloria. The next day was Sunday. They let me sleep late to rest from the trip. I had a room next to Sonny's at the Tropicana and he came in about three in the afternoon and said, 'Mom, Elizabeth just called and wants to know when you'd like to go over for dinner.' 'Any time you say,' I told Sonny. He replied, 'No, Mom, any time *you* say.'

"So I said how about six o'clock and Eddie said, 'Okay, we'll check with the boss of the ranch.' Eddie got Elizabeth on the phone and said, 'Baby, Mom says six o'clock for dinner.' Again, Elizabeth asked to speak with me. I took the phone. Then she said, 'Mom, I'm glad I'm going to be your daughter.' Well, I just cried right there and couldn't say anything. Eddie grabbed the phone. 'If you don't stop breaking up my mother I'm going to beat you, you beautiful doll. We'll be there at five-thirty, darling. Bye from both of us.'

"Because of the trip and the excitement and everything, I completely forgot that it was Mother's Day. But Eddie and Elizabeth didn't forget. Elizabeth put me at the head of the table. There was a corsage at my plate and a pretty box on my chair. Elizabeth and Eddie hugged me and kissed me and said, 'Happy Mother's Day, Mom, we love you.'

"Elizabeth pinned the orchids on me while Eddie opened the champagne. He gave me a glass and said, 'Speech—speech.' I was trying to hold back the tears again, but I just couldn't do it. Between sobs I told them this was the happiest Mother's Day of my life. It had been exactly twelve years since I had celebrated Mother's Day with my Sonny. And now in addition to having the most wonderful son in the world, I have the most beautiful, thoughtful daughter in the world.

"I opened my gift. It was a lovely pearl beaded bag from France which Elizabeth said she hoped I would carry at the wedding.

"We sat there talking about Sonny. Elizabeth wanted to know all about his early years and asked me for pictures of him when he was a little boy. I promised I would send them to her. Eddie had to leave us to go over to one of the hotels to substitute for Teresa Brewer who was ill. Elizabeth said, 'Don't get too tired, darling.' Eddie said, 'Stop nagging, darling. I promise not to sing above a high C!' He went out whistling happily.

"I have never—never," said Mrs. Stupp, "seen my boy so happy. Elizabeth has given him new life."

Meet Mrs. Fisher-to-be

On Monday night, closing night, Eddie arranged for a party for all of his guests. We all sat at a front table with Elizabeth at the head so Eddie could see her from the stage. He sang beautifully and directed all his songs to Elizabeth. It was a very gay, emotion-packed night. People were lined up four deep at the back of the theatre-restaurant because there weren't enough seats to accommodate the crowd.

At the end of his performance Eddie sang "our song"—*There's a Place For Us*, never for an instant taking his eyes from Elizabeth's eyes. Seeing the two of them look at each other so adoringly, so intimately, it was as though they forgot the crowd in the room.

The people wouldn't let him go. He came back and said he was going to sing *Yiddisha Momma*, dedicating it to all the *"meshpoochah* (in-laws) here tonight"! The audience insisted on his introducing Elizabeth. He said, "Ladies and gentlemen, first I want to introduce a very fine gentleman and friend, Michael Todd, Jr., who came all the way from Granada, Spain, to be my best man tomorrow." Todd took a brief bow and smiled at Eddie.

Then Eddie said, "Ladies and gentlemen and Mrs. Fisher-to-be . . ." The spotlight swung to Elizabeth who stood up briefly and smiled at the crowd, throwing a kiss to Eddie. The crowd applauded wildly and stamped their feet, and Elizabeth had to rise another two times. Finally, she looked over at Nat Brandwynne, the conductor, and asked him to start the music. . .

I rose early the morning of the wedding. It was a clear, hot desert day, but loads of members of the press were around. They were waiting for the Rogers and Cowan publicity girl, Pat Newcomb, who was to give them information about the time and place of the wedding. They were also try-

ing to arrange to be present in the Temple during the ceremony.

I drove out to McCarran Airport to meet Rabbi Max Nussbaum's plane. Stepping down the plane ramp with a briefcase in his hand and a broad smile on his pleasant, vigorous face, he said, "Aha, some people *do* get up in Las Vegas before dark." While we waited for his luggage we went over some of the plans for the day. His secretary, Thelma Cohen, had given me a book and an envelope to bring to Rabbi Nussbaum.

As we drove to the Tropicana, Rabbi Nussbaum declared he was happy to be able to officiate at the wedding. I replied, "We all are, Dr. Nussbaum." I explained that some people had expressed some doubt about Elizabeth's sincerity in becoming converted to the Jewish faith, and he was shocked. He asked me, "Do these doubters question my integrity in this matter? I am a Rabbi of Israel. I could not receive anyone into our faith if I felt there was the slightest doubt of sincerity on the part of the convert. Elizabeth was so eager to learn everything, she kept notes on paper and asked me to spell out certain words phonetically so she could pronounce them properly. I remember getting a call from Eddie one day in which he advised me that he was learning about his religion all over again from Elizabeth. They went over the books together, read aloud to each other and worked out little quizzes. Believe me, my dear, anyone who doubts Elizabeth is doubting me. But we must not let the uninformed spoil the gladness of this day."

After checking Dr. Nussbaum into the hotel, I went out to do a few chores. When I returned to the hotel the press members were still around waiting. Pat Newcomb had informed them that it was Elizabeth's wish that the ceremony and reception be limited to personal friends and family, but that they had set aside a half hour after the ceremony for the press.

In the meantime, Eddie had gone down to get his divorce, insisting once again that the reason for his divorce action be kept confidential in sealed papers. Then Elizabeth joined him to apply for the license.

Eddie returned to his suite at the Tropicana for last minute preparations, Elizabeth to her ranch. That was about 3:00 p.m. Dick Hanley, Elizabeth's personal aide, told me that Elizabeth said she wanted to dress leisurely for her wedding, so that the wedding which had originally been scheduled for three was now advanced to five o'clock.

With Elizabeth when she was preparing for her wedding were her mother, her sister-in-law, Moira, and her MGM hairdresser and good friend, Sidney Guilaroff.

Meanwhile, Eddie in his suite was surrounded by Milton Blackstone, his manager-partner, Bernie Rich, Martin Gang, his lawyer, and Joe Schoenfeld, Eddie's business agent. There were conferences and phone calls and wedding member names on the paging system of the hotel all afternoon long. An electric excitement pervaded the air.

During this time I was with Dr. Nussbaum who asked me to come to his suite to meet Rabbi Bernard Cohen of the Las Vegas Temple Beth Sholom where the ceremony was to be performed. Dr. Cohen showed me the lovely wedding certificate and asked me get some white satin ribbon to tie the certificate loosely before presenting it to Elizabeth and Eddie after the ceremony. Dr. Nussbaum then showed me an anthology called *Marrage and Family Life—a Jewish View*, and on the flyleaf he had written this inscription: *To Elizabeth and Eddie I dedicate my chapter on page 45. I love you both, Rabbi Max Nussbaum.* The other book was a gift from Temple Israel of Hollywood to all newlyweds.

While I wrapped the books, Rabbis Nussbaum and Cohen sat down to fill out the wedding certificate. The phone rang. It was Pat Newcomb calling to find out which door Elizabeth should enter at the Temple. Rabbi Nussbaum asked if any *yamulkas* (skullcaps) had been provided for the male guests. He was told that Elizabeth had had Dick Hanley buy some on Fairfax Avenue in Hollywood for the wedding, a week before.

"Good," he replied. "Then everything is easy already."

Then Bernie Rich called the rabbi to ask which door Eddie should enter at the Temple and whether it would be all right for Eddie to wear a pale blue tie instead of the traditional white one.

When all that had been confirmed, Rabbi Nussbaum asked me to take the books and certificate to the Temple since I was already dressed for the wedding, and he would be along with Rabbi Cohen in twenty minutes.

Before I left I asked Rabbi Nussbaum if I could take pictures in the Temple.

"Yes, of course," he replied graciously. "Before or after the ceremony, but not during." I requested some pictures of him with Elizabeth and Eddie and he replied, "Thank you, it is a day to be remembered and recorded."

With them the best

I stopped off at my suite to pick up my camera and went off to the Temple. It was 4:30 now, and as I stepped out of the hotel I could feel the dry desert heat of 100 degrees through my light pink silk dress. The doorman looked at my veiled hat and furrowed his brow for a moment. Then he said, "Oh yes, today's the wedding!

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE ARTHUR GODFREY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE SUSAN KOHNER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE DION:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

7. I LIKE AUDREY HEPBURN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

(see other side)

Please do me a favor. Wish Eddie the best for me. He's a great guy and deserves the most beautiful girl in the world."

When I arrived at Temple Beth Sholom, on the fringe of residential Las Vegas, there were crowds of people clustered around the front entrance, the only spot around the still unlandscaped Temple's grounds that afforded any shade from the hot sun. There were many children and women, a few men and uniformed Las Vegas police dressed nattily in slate blue uniforms.

I walked through the clusters of people and told the guard I was a member of the wedding bringing some things for Rabbis Nussbaum and Cohen. He let me in quickly. There were more guards inside. I left the certificate and books on Rabbi Cohen's study desk, and sat down to wait. Shortly, Dick Hanley and Pat Newcomb arrived and Dick said in surprise, "Didn't you bring Rabbi Nussbaum with you?"

I explained both rabbis were on their way in another car and would be here shortly. Guests had been gathering in the Temple. Dick Hanley escorted me up the aisle and began to seat me on the bride's side. I indicated the opposite side and Dick grinned widely and seated me with the guests of the groom on the right side. I was in the aisle seat of the second row with Bernie Rich and his wife, Margie. Milton Blackstone sat in front of me with Joey Forman. Behind me sat Joe Schoenfeld and Mrs. Averill Dalitz. Across the aisle sat Elizabeth's staff, Bee Smith, the children's nurse, and her butler, Cecil Jenkins and Mrs. Jenkins. Also Sidney Guilaroff, Jack Entratter—the judge who had granted Eddie the divorce, and his daughter. Eddie's attorney, Martin Gang, and his wife, Josephine, came in and sat with Mr. Shoenfeld.

The press paces restlessly

The organist started playing softly. Eddie's faithful valet, Willard, entered and also Eddie's former secretary, Eileen Thomas, who took a job with Debbie the day after the wedding.

I looked around the beautiful modern brick Temple with slanting windows filtering the sunlight through stained amber glass. It was a large room with red carpet up the center to the six steps upon which the flower bedecked canopy was perched. On the rim of the canopy were white gardenias; underneath the canopy were rows upon rows of white carnations. Down the four supporting posts were clusters of bow-tied pastel sweetpeas. Alongside were bouquets of white gladioli and huge white mums tied lavishly with white ribbon.

The wedding table was off to the left till the wedding party entered. Candles in profusion burned, casting a warm glow on the altar. The seats, regular chairs, were soft green leather and the room was divided in half by folding doors. On the other side of the door, the press paced restlessly waiting for the moment when they could see Elizabeth and Eddie, after the ceremony.

As I was sitting there, wishing that my husband were beside me to share the spiritual beauty of the Temple with me, I heard the sound of soft footsteps and there was Phillip, sliding into the seat beside me, only minutes before the ceremony was to begin.

My eternal love and life

There was a hush. Eddie, wearing a white yamulka, started to walk slowly down, his parents on either side; Joseph Fisher holding his left arm, Kate Stupp holding his right arm. When they reached the chuppah (canopy), Eddie smiled briefly, then took on a serious expression.

Rabbis Nussbaum and Cohen had come in through a side door, and were waiting at the canopy for him. Immediately after that, a radiant Elizabeth, her face luminous under the cloud of soft green chiffon cowl draped over her head, was escorted up the aisle, by her father holding her left arm and her mother holding her right. She looked proud and smiled warmly.

Elizabeth's entrance was followed by Michael Todd, Jr., Eddie's best man, and by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Taylor. Moira Taylor was Elizabeth's attendant. The group of ten gathered quite closely under the canopy. Rabbi Nussbaum spoke of marriage in the Jewish tradition with eloquence and dignity. He said he was pleased to be able to unite them in oneness of their separateness and explained the seven blessings that are involked by Judaism at the time of marriage which cover the whole of Israel's history.

Eddie stood on the left of the canopy with his parents, Elizabeth stood on the right with hers. They stood hand in hand throughout the Rabbi's address, erect and attentive. Elizabeth never once showed any sign of fatigue, and she kept squeezing Eddie's hand as she held it.

The ancient Jewish marriage ritual began, as the guests stood at respectful attention. Eddie and Elizabeth exchanged simple gold wedding bands. Eddie's ring to Elizabeth was inscribed: *There's a place for us now.* Elizabeth's ring to Eddie was inscribed: *Eddie, my eternal love and life, Elizabeth.*

Mazeltov!

They sipped wine from one cup, and Eddie traditionally crushed it, vigorously,

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8. I LIKE FRANK SINATRA:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE GLENN FORD:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I READ [1] all of **SO YOU WANT TO BE A SINGER!** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

12. I READ [1] all of **LIKE MAN WE JUST GOTTA GO, GO, GO!** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very well [4] not at all

13. I READ: [1] all of **LOUELLA PARSONS** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely [2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not at all

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14. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... **NAME**.....
ADDRESS..... STREET .....
CITY..... ZONE..... **STATE**.....

under his left heel. A murmur of *Mazeltov!* arose in the synagogue, with Eddie's father's voice quite distinct above the others. Elizabeth looked lovingly at Eddie as he placed the ring on her finger and held his glance in silent communication. They repeated both Hebrew and English vows put to them by the Rabbis. Eddie spoke out audibily, Elizabeth's voice was just above a whisper. Only her *I do* was clearly heard by the small assemblage. The Rabbis then showed them the marriage contract, which they signed. It was a double fold certificate in Biblical detail and colors, with the Song of Songs legend on the left in English, and the Hebrew legend opposite on the right. *I am my beloved,* it said, *and my beloved is mine. No man without woman, no woman without man and neither without God.*

Below was the actual certificate and contract which read: *This testimonial witnesses that Elisheba Rachel Taylor and Eddie Yaakov Fisher were united in marriage in the city of Las Vegas on May 12, 1959 (secular date) and 4 Iyar 5719 (Hebrew date). In accordance with the rite of Israel and as in compliance with the laws of the state of Nevada. Signed: Rabbi Max Nussbaum and Rabbi Bernard Cohen.*

After pronouncing them husband and wife, Rabbi Nussbaum indicated they might embrace and Eddie kissed Mrs. Fisher with feeling. She smiled, thoughtfully wiped some lipstick off his lips with her fingertips and they walked briskly down the aisle, nodding happily.

Reception at the ranch

As soon as the doors of the Temple opened, the press swooped upon them, asking questions, snapping pictures. Elizabeth and Eddie walked resolutely to the center, flanked by Rabbis Nussbaum and Cohen and accommodated the members of the press corps with pictures and answers. Newsreels, flashes, tape recording machines were all going at once. They asked Eddie to kiss his bride, and Elizabeth turned her face to Eddie's happily. Asked how they felt, they grinned and said in unison, "Wonderful."

About twenty-five minutes later, Elizabeth and Eddie stepped into their limousine and headed for the private reception at the Hidden Well Ranch she had rented near the Tropicana. The press members hastily packed their gear to get the pictures out to the papers and television stations as promptly as they could. The reporters rushed to the phones to call in their accounts and impressions.

My husband and I drove to the ranch with Bernie and Margie Rich, and Martin and Josephine Gang. We arrived before the bride and groom, but after all the other guests had arrived; the same friends who had been at the Temple ceremony and a few other close friends, like Ketti and Kurt Frings, Dr. Rex Kennamer (Elizabeth's physician and friend)—and Elizabeth's children, Michael, Christopher and Liza.

The dining room and living room of the ranch were beautifully decorated with white flowers, mostly orchids brought up by Mrs. Martin Gang, who grows them in her own home in Beverly Hills. A huge, five-tiered wedding cake was in the center of the table. On the sideboard, silver trays were heaped with gourmet canapes of caviar, pates and spreads. Elizabeth's household staff was augmented by some of the help from the Tropicana who served the guests champagne.

Rose petals for the bride

I was talking to Dick Hanley and telling him how disconsolate I was because in all the excitement I had forgotten to throw the rose petals I had brought up from my garden. He said, "Don't fret, pet, here they come now . . . nobody thought of getting rice, so here's your chance."

Eddie and Elizabeth Fisher entered through the screen door and I picked a handful of petals from my purse and sprinkled them over their heads. Elizabeth looked at me in warm surprise. "What a lovely thing to do," she said. Eddie caught some of the petals in his hands and said, "My wife deserves rose petals." Everyone kissed the bride and groom, and they in turn, kissed everyone back.

Elizabeth's mother saw me taking some pictures and said, "Don't forget to send me some, Gloria. This is a happy day for all of us."

I asked the two mothers-in-law to pose together and Mrs. Taylor said with mock seriousness, "Just a minute, Kate and I are going to have a quick conference." The two ladies put their heads together and Mrs. Taylor said, her eyes twinkling to Mrs. Stupp: "Now listen, do you want to be called a mother-in-law?" Mrs. Stupp tentatively replied, "Well. . . ." "That does it," Mrs. Taylor announced. "You may call us *mothers,* not mothers-in-law."

And right then I knew the background and training that had prompted Elizabeth to say to Eddie's mother a few days before: "I'm so glad I'm going to be your daughter."

A party for the kids

Just then, Elizabeth's children were brought in by their nurse, Bee Smith. The children looked around at the guests. Little Liza walked straight over to Eddie, put her tiny arm around his knee and tugged at him. He scooped her up in his arms and gave her a hug. He told her how pretty she looked in her yellow organdy dress. The boys went directly to Elizabeth's side and little Michael asked, "Mom, why are we having a party?" Elizabeth knelt down and replied, "It's a very special day because Eddie and I have just gotten married." Michael replied, "Oh, that's good." Chris interrupted, "Mom, do you think he'll play baseball with us?" Elizabeth laughed, "Not right now, Chris dear. Let's have some soda pop and cake." Elizabeth poured the soda pop for them and went over to kiss Liza, who was still clasping her arms tightly around Eddie's neck.

Elizabeth opened her little gold purse—the one with *LIZ* in diamonds that Eddie had given her on her birthday—and took out a comb to fluff the little girl's hair. It was such a natural maternal gesture, from this woman considered the queen of glamour, that I watched transfixed. When I got a chance to speak to Elizabeth for a moment, all I could say was, "You're breathtaking."

She gave me a quick hug. "I'm *breathless* with joy." She showed me the beautiful garter she was wearing. "It's my mother's," she explained. "It's the something borrowed and blue."

Eddie passed by and said, "How come everybody but the groom gets to talk to the bride on the wedding day? I haven't kissed you in the past twelve minutes," he said to his wife.

"Thirteen," she snapped back gaily. "But who's counting?"

"For heaven's sakes," I said, "you have a lifetime ahead of you."

Eddie sighed. "Yes, a whole, lovely lifetime with my wife."

Almost like fourteen years

I left the newlyweds to chat with Rabbi Nussbaum and ask him about something that Eddie had mentioned briefly—the Rachel and Jacob legend in the Bible. Eddie's Hebrew name is Yaakov, meaning Jacob, and Elizabeth's middle name in Hebrew is Rachel. It appears that Jacob was espoused to Leah but was not happy in that union. He appealed to the judge for Rachel's hand, but was told that he must work seven years first. After the seven years passed, Jacob was told that he must work still another seven years for Rachel's hand. This he did and the years passed, Jacob said just as if they were days.

At this point, Eddie, standing by, said simply, "Dr. Nussbaum, the past ten months to me have been like fourteen years."

The small group assembled around the table when it came time to cut the wedding cake. Eddie was handed a silver knife tied with a big white bow. Elizabeth put her arm on his and her eyes and mouth were wide in surprise when she discovered that the bride on top of the cake was wearing a moss green dress and veil like her own.

She shrieked: "Oh, darling, when did you have time to think of that?" She glanced at Eddie adoringly while he continued cutting the cake. She touched the groom on top of the cake and exclaimed, "Why, he's wearing a blue suit!" Eddie had arranged this detail with the bakery just before leaving for the Temple.

The honor of being best man

I walked out to the kitchen to leave my glass and saw Michael Todd, Jr., holding little Liza Todd, his half-sister, in his arms. It was a very touching vignette. The little girl has Elizabeth's remarkable eyes but favors her late father, Mike Todd, in facial features.

Mrs. Stupp came in at that moment and we walked outdoors, arm in arm. We talked about Michael, Jr., and Mrs. Stupp said he had called for her at the Hotel Tropicana and had pinned on her wedding orchids for her.

"He's a very fine gentleman," she said. "Eddie told me that when he and Elizabeth called him in Granada to tell him they were going to be married, Michael said, 'Eddie, all I ask is the honor of being your best man.' Elizabeth and Eddie were thrilled that he wanted to be best man, particularly since it meant flying in from Spain the day before the wedding and leaving the day after.' "

We walked about the sprawling, informal grounds talking about the newlyweds, the lovely wedding and reception and our plans for returning to Los Angeles. Some of the guests had begun to leave and we went indoors to find that Eddie and Elizabeth had gone to change their clothes and would be off to the airport.

My husband and I joined Bernie and Margie Rich and drove to the airport to say farewell to the Fishers. Elizabeth looked chic and sensational in a hot pink wool coat cut on the empire line, with a gray and pink silk print dress underneath. Her hat was straw with a band and bow of the same pink and gray print of the dress. Her bag and shoes were metallic gray and she held white kid gloves. Her only jewelry was earrings and her shining gold wedding band.

Eddie wore a gray suit with gray tie. Elizabeth always likes Eddie to wear a suit that matches or harmonizes with her clothes, and Eddie loves that.

Elizabeth went up to Eddie's mother and said softly, "I'll take good care of him, Mom. You take good care of yourself and we'll write and call you from Europe."

Eddie huddled with her parents, embraced Mrs. Taylor fondly and amid the flurry—their flight was called. The luggage was wheeled out; Eddie and Elizabeth waved good-bye and went out the door.

Eddie's mother looked over at me and said simply, "Thank God for everything."

—*Gloria V. Luchenbill*

Liz can soon be seen in Columbia's SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER.

Because So Many People Prayed

(Continued from page 21)

live here. And we're going to spend lazy days, you and I. We're going to mount up our horses and go bucketing across country. And we're going to hunt and fish and swim and ride and prune and nurse the trees and shrubs we've planted. And we'll breed and train the horses to improve the herds and—"

Like a boy thinking ahead to a long-awaited vacation at camp, he had gone on.

Yet now, less than four months later, standing there on the porch with his wife—the big car waiting a few yards away to take him to the plane that would take him to New York and to the hospital there—Arthur Godfrey was no longer sure about the years ahead.

Only a few days earlier, he had sat in the doctor's office.

"This shadow on the lung—" the doctor had started to say, holding up an X-ray plate.

Arthur had spoken with Mary that same night.

He'd waited until way after dinner, till just before they were about to go to bed.

He'd smiled.

"If it's a benign tumor of some sort, hurray for our side," he'd said.

"But," he'd gone on, "if the thing is malignant—cancerous. . . ."

"Honey, I feel fine . . ."

He'd seen Mary's face pale.

"Honey," he'd said, trying to reassure her, "Honey—I feel fine. I have no pain of any kind, my pulse is a nice, slow, steady seventy-two. And my blood pressure's an exciting 118-over-eighty. For an old cracked-up Irish ruin that's pretty good, isn't it? . . . And I feel no *pain*."

What he'd really wanted to say was that he probably felt no pain because he was too frightened—"because," as he was to admit later, "I could feel nothing through the cold, clammy, clutching fear that gnawed at my vitals."

But he'd said nothing about that now. And he said nothing about it this moment, as he and Mary got ready to leave their home for the trip North.

"Ready?" he asked, after they'd been on the porch for a while.

"Yes," his wife said.

They descended the steps of the porch and began to walk to the car.

Just before they reached the car, Arthur stopped.

He walked over to a tree, a few steps away.

It was a rather ordinary tree, a peach tree. It happened to be in bloom at this time. It was pretty. But to anyone else on this earth it would not have been a very special tree.

And yet to Arthur it *was* very special. He had planted it about ten years ago. It was just a baby then. It was quite large now.

He placed his hand on the trunk of the tree, affectionately, the way a father might pat the shoulder of a nearly-grown son.

"I'll see you again—if I'm lucky," he whispered.

And then he turned and took Mary's hand and they continued walking to the car. . . .

The operation

It was exactly 7:25 on the morning of Thursday, April 30, when Arthur was wheeled into the operating room of the Harkness Pavilion of Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center.

Around him stood three doctors, four nurses and an anesthetist.

The surgeon who was to perform the operation spoke to the others for a few minutes.

Then he turned to Arthur.

"Shall we proceed?" he asked.

"You're the Doc," said Arthur.

The surgeon gave a nod to the anesthetist.

A few minutes later, Arthur's eyes—which had been staring up at the stark-white ceiling overhead—closed.

The operation was about to begin.

Everyone in the huge, silent room knew that the operation would be either very short or very long.

It would be short, they knew, if, when a tissue from the tumor on the lung was examined, it was found to be benign. In that case, the tumor would be removed, the incision would be closed and that would be that.

If, however, the tumor were found to be malignant, there was no telling how long it would take. For then the entire lung area would have to be probed and every possible sign of cancer eliminated.

For a moment in the huge, silent room, no one moved.

They stood, instead, stiffly, taut, almost as if they no longer breathed.

And then, once again, the surgeon nodded.

And a nurse stepped forward and removed a sheet that covered the patient's chest.

And, finally, the operation did begin. . . .

The surgeon's diagnosis

The surgeon spoke softly.

Mary Godfrey, who had been waiting in her husband's empty hospital room these past five-and-a-half hours, listened.

Arthur's tumor *had* been cancerous, the surgeon told her. And the cancer had not been restricted solely to the area of the tumor. It had spread through the entire left lung. It had spread even to the aorta, the topmost part of the heart.

There was a moment during the operation, the surgeon said, when he did not know whether or not to proceed with the operation. Removal of the left lung could be accomplished easily enough. But to touch the heart, even the tiny area that was diseased—this, he'd known, could have been fatal.

"But I went ahead," he said.

Mary Godfrey bowed her head.

And then she asked, "And Arthur's all right?"

"He is resting comfortably," the doctor said.

"And will he be all right—from now on?"

That depended, the doctor said, on whether or not there was any recurrence of cancer in the next few years.

"May I see my husband?" Mary Godfrey asked, after a moment.

In a little while, the doctor told her. Arthur was still in the recovery room, under heavy sedation. He would probably not awake till morning. And he'd be groggy.

"But if you want, in a little while, you can see him," the doctor said.

"I would like that very much . . . please," said Mary Godfrey.

And Arthur knew . . .

She looked down at him, lying there, in the bed with the guards on its sides—like a child's crib, his eyes closed, his mouth slightly open, his breathing hard.

She had never seen him look so pale before.

She had never seen him look so helpless before.

She had loved him all these years, with all her heart.

But she had never loved him as much as she did this moment.

She stood there by his side for ten, fifteen minutes, looking down at him.

And, having seen him and been with him again this short while, she was about to turn and walk away when, suddenly, she saw his eyes begin to open.

"Darling?" she whispered.

At first, he did not seem to recognize her; nor even, really, look directly at her.

"Darling?" she whispered again.

After a while, his eyes turned to hers.

His lips moved.

"How—?" he started to say.

"Shhhhhh," she said, leaning over and touching his forehead with her hand. "You mustn't talk."

But he wanted to talk, badly, very badly.

"How—?" he said again.

And then he said, "Good?—Bad? . . . How? How?"

She did not know what to do, what to say.

She looked over at the doctor, who stood a few feet away.

The doctor shook his head. "Not now," he seemed to be telling her.

"Shhhhhh," she said, looking back at her husband. "You must rest now. You mustn't talk."

And this time he did not ask anything more.

For he knew.

And he knew, too, even in his daze, what she—his wife—must have been going through.

He tried to smile, as if to comfort her.

But very little of a smile came to his face.

His eyes closed again.

They did not open for many hours after. . . .

The press conference

During his two weeks in the hospital following the operation, there was relatively little word on Arthur's progress.

He was coming along nicely, said the bulletins.

He was sleeping well.

He was eating well.

He was resting.

He was reading.

He was able to get out of bed a little more each day. . . .

But beyond reports such as these, there was little—and nothing on how Arthur Godfrey himself really felt, on what he was thinking, on what actual thoughts were going through the mind of this active, dynamic man who had suddenly found himself wrestling with the problem of cancer, the prospect of death.

And so the world waited that morning he was released from the hospital, to hear him once again, to see him again.

There were at least forty reporters and photographers and TV cameramen in the hospital lobby that morning.

They milled around Arthur, noisily, as soon as he stepped off the elevator.

Arthur—looking a little thinner than usual—waved at them and smiled.

Then a path was cleared for him and

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

The photographs appearing in this issue are credited below page by page:

1—Daily News; 25—Posie, Harriet Wasser; 26—Don Ornitz of Globe; 27—Culver Service; 28, 29—Vista Photos; 30—Morris Kaplan, Conover Agency; 36, 37—Sanford H. Roth of Rapho Guillumette; 38—Jacques Loew; 39—Larry Barbier, Globe; 40—Wide World; 42-46—Photographed exclusively for Modern Screen by Gloria V. Luchenbill; 50—Pix, Inc.

he made his way to a chair and sat down.

The noise lessened a bit.

Arthur started to talk.

"This thing the doctors cut out of me," he said, "this damnable thing—it was not only in the lung. But it was wrapped around the aorta. And the surgeon was well within his rights after he found this out to sew me up and let it go at that. But because of his courage and confidence, I got a break and got it out. Had the knife slipped, I wouldn't be here to talk to you."

His voice had become shaky as he spoke.

He paused for a moment.

"I don't know why I got this break—" he started to say.

Again, he paused.

And then he began to cry.

"Okay," said a friend of Arthur's, who was standing beside him, "—that's all."

The reporters in the lobby became absolutely quiet now.

"No, wait a minute. . . ." Arthur said.

He said a few words more.

But he could not go on.

"I'm sorry," he said then, shaking his head and wiping his eyes, "I'm sorry."

He got up from the chair.

The newspaper and TV people made a path for him again.

Some of them applauded him.

The others just stood there and watched him as he walked through the lobby and to a car outside. . . .

The letters

Mary Godfrey stood by the window of the New York apartment, looking down at the gray river below.

Arthur, back from the hospital just a little while now, was sitting at his desk.

Pounds of mail had arrived for him during his stay in the hospital.

He was reading it.

He'd been very tired when he'd gotten home. He'd been about to go to bed. But Mary had asked him, if he felt strong enough, to read a few of these letters.

And he read them now.

Dear Arthur, he read from the first. *I am a doctor. I know from experience with others what you are now experiencing yourself. I know that you consider yourself just another fish in the big pond, the pond of Fate. I guess we are all the same, regardless of education, brilliance, or fame. At any rate you have another friend rooting in your corner for what little it is worth. I honestly pray that your operation is successful and hope to hear you from your home soon.*

He picked up another letter.

Dear Mr. Godfrey, it began.

Attached is a pitcher of me and my sister. I am eight years old. My name is Mark. My sister is four, her name is Lucille. The man you see on the cross in the pitcher is god. We are neeling in front of him because we are praying that you will get better. He already helped the doctor who helped you in the operashun. Now we hope he will help you even more.

The next letter was from a woman.

I do not go to church every Sunday, I must admit, she wrote. *But I went to church the morning of your operation. May God bless you and the knife of the surgeon who operated on you."*

Then he read this:

About twenty years ago a young man was taken to the same hospital as you were taken with practically the same symptoms you had. The doctors gave the patient six months to live. Today that young man (my son) is thirty-five years old, and I am a grandfather three times. I know that you are a pretty courageous guy, and you don't need a guy like me to tell you what the score is. Nevertheless, you know and I know it's nice to have a lot of guys in your corner, telling the man upstairs what a nice guy this fella Godfrey is.

Arthur read a few more of the letters.

And then he called over to his wife.

"Would you mind, Honey," he said, "getting a pencil and a piece of paper? There's something I'd like you to take down for me."

A few minutes later, Mary sat beside him, ready to write.

"I don't remember much," Arthur began, slowly, looking straight ahead, "about my meeting with this press this morning. Except that I was ashamed of my inability to properly express my thoughts.

"I do remember the last thing I said was, 'I don't know why I got this break.'

"Now that was an error. I know now why I got the break.

"I got it because so many people prayed for me."

He went on dictating.

He gave his thanks.

He thanked the people who had prayed, the surgeon who had operated on him, the nurses and hospital attendants who had taken care of him . . . on and on he went.

He told how he would have to take it easy these next few months; how, in a little while, after he had undergone certain radiation treatments, he and his wife would go perhaps to Florida for a while "to spend some time on the beach," and how they planned, afterward to return to their home.

"Our home . . . our home," he said after a pause, turning to look at Mary now. "Our home. . . ."

And as he said that a certain tree that stood alongside a lovely plantation house in Virginia was already shedding the last of its blossoms.

But he would live to see it bloom again.

END

Yesterday Jim brought me roses



I thought I was a good wife and mother . . . but I almost made a fatal mistake.

When the children were small I was often too busy to fuss over my husband when he left for work or returned . . . and too busy to take the right care of myself.

When the children started to school and began to criticize my looks, I woke up to the fact that I was doing an injustice both to myself and my family.

I talked to a friendly neighbor. How did she manage to look so fresh and attractive?

"I'll tell you my secret," she laughed. "No matter how tired or rushed I am, I always give myself a one-minute lather-massage morning and night with Cuticura Soap."

I decided to try Cuticura Soap. In just a few days my skin began to bloom. This inspired me to take better care of my hair and figure. Most importantly, I stopped taking my patient, uncomplaining husband for granted.

You know, he must have appreciated the change because yesterday Jim brought me roses.

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(ADVERTISEMENT)

The House Of Silence

(*Continued from page 52*)

anyway I thought, even to sit and talk to you about show business for a while, or about anything you want to talk about and—"

There was a sudden burst of applause.

The curtain came ringing down.

The houselights went on.

The show was over.

Glenn didn't waste any time.

He raced down from his second-balcony seat and to the stage door and to a tiny cubicle just inside.

"I'd like to see Miss Powell," he told the old man who sat behind the desk there.

The old man looked him over. His eyes seemed to linger a little longer than was necessary on Glenn's somewhat worn overcoat.

"And who's calling?" he asked, finally.

"An actor friend," Glenn lied.

The old man nodded. "Sure," he said. "Well, you'll have to wait a little while. I can't leave my desk now."

"You'll tell her, though, that somebody wants to see her?" Glenn asked.

"Sure," the old man said.

Glenn stepped away from the desk.

He waited.

For those next few minutes that he waited, other people began to pour into the cubicle.

There were teenagers who'd come for Eleanor Powell's autograph.

There was the usual flock of middle-aged ladies who'd come to check on a star from close.

There were others.

But Glenn felt very special.

He was there to meet Eleanor Powell, and in just a few minutes time.

He continued waiting.

He waited one whole century, then another.

When he couldn't stand waiting any longer, he walked over to the desk again.

"Sir—" he said.

The old man looked up.

"I wonder," Glenn went on, "if you could—"

But he never got a chance to finish his sentence.

Because suddenly, from backstage, Eleanor Powell appeared.

Hello . . . good-bye

She was wearing a long black gown and a white fox cape.

Standing at her side was a young man, dark and good-looking, in white tie and tails.

She smiled brightly and paused as everyone in the cubicle flocked around her.

"I haven't much time tonight," she said, cheerfully, as she began signing the programs and autograph books that were being handed to her. "I've got a benefit to do at the Garden and we've got to be going."

Actually, as it turned out, Eleanor stayed long enough to sign every last autograph that was requested of her.

"That's it, I guess," she said, sighing and looking around when she was finished.

It was at that moment that her eyes met those of a young man standing against the wall, a few yards away, quietly, behind everyone else.

"Hello," she found herself saying to him.

"Hello," Glenn said back.

The man who was with Eleanor said something in her ear.

"Yes, it *is* late," she said.

The man took her arm and whisked her away.

"Good-bye," she called out, as she left.

"Good-bye," everybody called back.

"Good-bye," Glenn whispered softly.

He waited a few minutes, till the cubicle cleared out.

Then he turned to the old man at the desk.

"I guess I'll come back some other night, when she's got more time," he said.

The old man said nothing.

Glenn turned up the collar of his coat and turned towards the door. . . .

Pat plays cupid

It was late 1941 now, two years later.

Glenn, a $150-a-week Hollywood actor now, was having a drink with his friend, Pat O'Brien.

For some reason, Pat mentioned Eleanor Powell's name and, for some reason, Glenn told him about that night in New York.

"You still want to meet her?" Pat asked.

"Naw," Glenn said.

"Why not?" Pat asked.

"Well, for one thing," Glenn said, "she's big-time and I'm still a nobody."

"And for what other reason?" Pat asked.

"I guess that's enough of a reason," said Glenn.

Pat excused himself and got up from where he was sitting.

A few minutes later, he was back.

"Glenn, me lad," he said, "Eleanor is expecting you and me and the wife for dinner tomorrow night."

"Huh?" Glenn asked.

His face reddened.

"Have another drink," said Pat, laughing, "—and just make sure you live up to the build-up I gave you. It was the finest, most inspiring speech I ever made, in all my actin' life. . . ."

Dinner went so well that following night that Glenn got up the nerve to ask Eleanor for a date on his way out.

She accepted.

He was to pick her up at her house at seven o'clock, on the following Saturday.

I call them Stinker

Saturday came—and Glenn was there on the dot.

When Eleanor opened the door, the smile that had been on his face these last couple of days withered.

"Wasn't it tonight?" he asked.

"Our date?" Eleanor asked back. "Yes. Why?"

"You're wearing an apron," Glenn said.

"I always do when I cook," Eleanor said.

She took his hand and led him through the large house.

"I thought," she said, as they walked, "that instead of going out, it would be a lot more fun for me to prepare something here . . . for just the two of us."

When they were in the kitchen, Eleanor led Glenn over to the stove.

She opened the oven door.

"Look," she said.

"Roast beef?" asked Glenn, peering.

Eleanor nodded.

"And," she said, "there's Yorkshire Pudding and corn on the cob and tossed salad —with just a touch of vinegar—and chocolate-chip ice cream and coffee. I happen to know that's your favorite meal. Because I happen to have phoned your mother this afternoon and asked . . . How's that for brains, Stinker?"

"What?" Glenn asked.

Eleanor laughed. "I'm sorry," she said. "It doesn't sound very nice, does it? But everybody I like—well, I just call them Stinker."

Glenn took a deep breath.

"You *like* me?" he asked.

"Yes," Eleanor said.

Glenn took another breath.

"I've liked you a long time," he said, finally.

"I know," Eleanor said. "I've heard."

For a moment, they stood there, in that kitchen, simply looking at one another.

And then Glenn took a step forward and took Eleanor into his arms and did what he had been wanting to do these two long years.

He kissed her. . . .

They were married on October 23, 1943.

It was a beautiful wedding.

Glenn vows to make the grade

Glenn, a Marine now, his acting career cut short by the war, looked handsome in his dress blues. Eleanor was radiant in her white satin gown and floor-length veil.

Only a few days earlier she had completed a picture at MGM, her home studio, and had announced that she would retire as soon as her present contract expired.

To her stunned bosses she'd explained: Glenn had wanted it this way, and this was the way it was going to be!

She looked at Glenn now.

The minister had just finished reciting the first half of the wedding service and Glenn had turned a little in order to take the ring from his best man.

Eleanor remembered, in that moment, how he had half-turned from her the night before, after a party some friends had given for them and as he'd been about to leave her at her door that last time.

He'd been smiling, jovial, happy, all night—she remembered.

And then, she remembered, he'd turned serious when they were alone and had started talking that nonsense about the future.

"Darling," he'd said, "I'm grateful to you. I'm very grateful that you'll be quitting your whole career for me . . . But I don't want you to worry."

"About what?" Eleanor had asked.

"About leaving this whole way of life you're used to," Glenn had said. "For a while, things will have to be a little on the poor side for us—sure. But I promise you, Ellie, that I'm going to try with everything inside me to make the grade someday soon, to become a good actor, to make a lot of money—to get back for you everything that you're giving up for me."

Only you . . .

Eleanor had shaken her head.

"I don't want anything back, Glenn," she'd said, throwing her arms around him. "I only want *you* . . . What do I have to do to make you understand that? What do I have to say?"

Glenn had been silent.

"Glenn," Eleanor had gone on, "—I'll be truthful, Glenn. I loved my career. It was fun dancing, making pictures, being a star, being on the top. I've worked most of my life and I've struggled to get to the top. I've lived on trains, in hotels, out of a trunk, ever since I was a little girl—just to get where I am. And when you asked me to give it up, at first I thought to myself, 'I don't know . . . I don't know.' . . . And then I realized that no career would be worth a thing to me if it made you unhappy . . . And so I made up my mind that I *would* give it up, gladly, once and for all.

"Glenn, I don't expect anything in return from you for giving it up, except *you*.

"Rich or poor—I don't care.

"I just want *you*.

"Do you understand that? Do you? Do you?"

Glenn had nodded as he'd wiped away the big tears that had come to her eyes.

"Yes," he'd said, "I understand. . . ."

Eleanor looked at him now, as he turned back to her, the ring in his hand, the ceremony about to continue.

The minister, who had been waiting, cleared his throat.

"With this ring—" the minister said now.

"With this ring—" Glenn repeated.

His voice came strong and clear.

And Eleanor smiled.

For she was sure that everything was going to be all right, that Glenn *had* understood. . . .

"A year later," says an old friend of both, "Glenn was discharged from the Marines. And two months later, his and Ellie's only child, Peter, was born.

"Those next years were tough. Food prices were high. Houses were at a premium. Ellie, who'd since left pictures, was forced to stay in a little house her mother owned, with the baby. Glenn said it would be best if he shared a tiny place with his mother for a while. Any other girl but Ellie might have started to give up there. But Ellie was optimistic.

"She even stuck to her decision not to go back to work, no matter what. She knew it would hurt Glenn's pride. She didn't want that.

"At the time they needed the money most, Ellie was offered $10,000 a week for a South American nightclub engagement. Later the offer was repeated—this time $50,000 for four weeks. It would have meant money in the bank, a home, being together. But Ellie refused the offers.

"Finally, however, Glenn seemed to come through. He found a small house they could barely afford.

"Ellie was deliriously happy.

"It would mean being married, at last, she thought—really married.

"Ambition, the desire to make good, was gnawing inside Glenn, meanwhile. He felt no one remembered him. It bothered him that other actors, not in the service, had forged ahead in pictures.

"He talked about this endlessly.

"It got to the point where he and Ellie would begin to bicker, about this, about anything else.

"Like Ellie's letter-writing.

"Practically brought up in vaudeville, Ellie loves people. Glenn withdraws from them. Ellie, at the time, as now, kept up an endless correspondence with musicians, theater managers, stagehands—all the people who had been so good to her and helped her when she needed help.

"Glenn regarded this as foolish, as a waste of time.

" 'Why bother with people who can do you no more good and who mean nothing to your life now?' he would say.

"And then he would walk out of the room, to brood about his fate."

But then one day Fate, in the form of Bette Davis, entered the scene and changed the entire course of Glenn Ford's life. Bette was about to make *A Stolen Life*. Henry Fonda, her announced co-star, was suddenly unavailable. Bette suddenly remembered Glenn and, hearing that he was out of the service, sent for him. Glenn, anxious for a job and determined to make up for lost time, succeeded in getting borrowed from his studio.

Appearing with a great star like Bette Davis turned out to be just the showcase he needed. When he returned to his own studio, they placed him opposite their then-biggest star, Rita Hayworth.

The picture was *Gilda*.

After a few sneak previews, the studio sensed the reaction to Glenn, changed his billing and made him a star.

His salary jumped to $1000 a week.

He was given a permanent dressing room.

A big publicity campaign was launched.

He was on his way.

"It wasn't long after *Gilda*," the friend goes on to say, "when Glenn told Ellie he felt they needed a larger place in which to live. Ellie agreed.

"They looked around; but everything was out of reach.

"Then, one day, Glenn told her he'd just seen a great place on Cove Way in Beverly Hills.

"It was for sale, he said, he'd gone to look at it and he had agreed to buy it.

" 'Without me even seeing it—' Ellie started to say.

"Glenn interrupted her. 'You'll love it,' he said. 'It's even bigger than the place you used to have.'

" 'But—' Ellie started to say.

"Glenn grabbed her hand. 'Come on,' he said, 'let's go take a look.'

A his-and-hers suite

"It was an estate—three-and-a-half acres with fruit trees, garden, pool. It was completely furnished and neighbors included millionaires like Charlie Chaplin, Fred Astaire, Willie Wyler, the director.

"When Eleanor heard the price—around $100,000—she nearly fainted.

"She didn't feel any better, either, when Glenn started showing her around.

"He showed her the downstairs first.

"And then the second floor.

"He showed Ellie the nursery for Peter.

"He showed her the room that his mother (he wanted her to live with them) would occupy.

"He showed her the suite he would live in—complete with paneled walls, a bar, bedroom and bath.

"And then he showed Ellie the suite she would use, all pink and pretty, and way down at the other end of the hall. . . .

"The rumors began to fly thick and fast shortly after they moved into the house.

"Stories began circulating about how Glenn and Ellie would sit through dinner, night after night after night, not exchanging a word. About how Ellie would beg Glenn to take some time off so they could take a vacation together, about how Glenn would refuse. And there were stories about how Glenn was beginning to stay away from home more and more. About how when he *was* home he would often lock himself in his suite.

"Ellie, however, denied that anything was wrong. Glenn was an intense actor, she would say.

"He liked to be alone when he studied scripts and read, she would say.

"And, she would say, he was studying scripts and reading most of the time!

"But was it worth it?—those of us who knew the Fords began to ask.

"This was 1948.

"In the years that followed, Glenn worked harder and harder. He became, in time, one of the most popular actors in the world. He came to have more hit movies to his credit than practically any other actor his age. He left his original studio and signed with MGM, the same studio where Ellie had once been queen.

"But as his career skyrocketed, his marriage disintegrated—slowly but surely.

"Until finally, just the other day, sixteen long years after their marriage began, Ellie decided that she had had enough. And she announced that she was suing Glenn for divorce.

"There is very little that those of us who know them both so well can say.

"We feel sorry for Ellie. She is a wonderful girl. She has suffered. At forty-seven, she is without a husband, without the career she gave up for that husband and with little chance of ever being able to resume that career.

"But, truthfully, we feel even more sorry for Glenn.

"He is a good guy. He meant well.

"He started all this to give Ellie the things he thought she really wanted.

"Except that he seems to have forgotten, somewhere along the way, that the only thing his wife ever really wanted was his love." **END**

Glenn can soon be seen in MGM's It Started With A Kiss.

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Frankie's Daughter

(*Continued from page 40*)

Slowly the music wound its way into Nancy's memory, prodding, loosening, penetrating into the deeply buried thoughts of her childhood.

She remembered the day all the children were gathered in the Sinatras' large, flower-strewn backyard. An accordion-player and two violinists were playing *All Around the Mulberry Bush* while two circles of children sang and danced to the music, Frank leading one circle of dancers, Nancy, Sr., the other.

It was Nancy's seventh birthday and all the neighborhood children had gathered at the Sinatra home to celebrate. Little Nancy was busy showing some of her friends a very special gift, one that her father had given her. It was a delicate gold heart, with a tiny diamond in the center.

"Isn't it the most beautiful heart in the world?" little Nancy chortled to a friend who had just walked into the bright sunshine of the backyard.

"Well," the friend retorted, "For *my* birthday, my daddy is taking me and my mommy and my baby brother to Yellowstone park for a long, long vacation. . . . And we're gonna see all the animals, and take along a tent and sleep right out in the open like the Indians do."

"But . . . but . . ." Nancy faltered, ". . . my daddy has to work during the week, and sometimes at night, too. And he would take us on a vacation, except that he has to go away a lot—to places far away—where he has to work."

By this time, the friend had become interested in the party games that were going on, too interested to pay attention to Nancy's futile explanations.

Nancy tried hard to fight back the tears, tried not to spoil the beautiful party that her mommy and daddy had planned for her. But she could hold back no longer.

Suddenly she was all alone.

The music and the party all seemed to be very far away.

And the tears she fought to hold back welled up in her eyes and flowed over onto the bright blue silk party dress that she was wearing. And she ran out of the garden.

Promise you'll never leave me

Just then, Frank turned and saw Nancy running into the house.

"Honey," he called, "Where are you going?"

Nancy did not answer but kept on up the stairs till she reached her room.

Frank, sensing something was wrong, ran after her. He walked into her room and found her lying on the bed, sobbing.

Shocked and bewildered, Frank stood there wonderingly.

"Honey, what's the trouble? Is something wrong with the party?"

Nancy just sobbed, her head buried deep in her arms.

"Please, Sweetie," Frank begged, "Maybe if you tell Daddy, you'll feel better—maybe it isn't so bad, after all."

Frank sat down on the bed.

Gently, but firmly, Frank lifted Nancy into his arms.

"Oh, Daddy," she sobbed, "Oh, Daddy, promise you'll never leave me . . . promise you'll never go away again and leave me."

"But, Nancy, you know that I would never leave you, that I only go away when I must . . . when I have to work to make money for you and Mommy and Frankie. . . . But I'd never leave you, neither Mommy nor I. We love you. Why, you're the best girl we've got!"

And with that, Nancy gave a faint little laugh, then smiled.

Slowly her tears began to lessen, and everything looked a little brighter, and finally the music from the garden reached her ears and again she was happy.

But now, lying on her bed, remembering the party made her wince slightly, made her feel that same tremor of loneliness that she had felt as a little girl.

A grown-up eighteen

But she was no longer a little girl. She couldn't call for Frank every time something went wrong any more. Sure he was always there when she was a kid. But she couldn't keep relying on him for every little thing—especially now that she was a grown-up eighteen years old—even though she wanted to, even though in her heart she felt like a little girl and wanted her daddy there to whisper comforting words, to ease the burden in her heart.

Nancy's mind flashed back to another scene long ago. . . . She had been lying asleep in her room clutching tightly to her old, somewhat battered teddy bear, when suddenly she awoke with a start. She heard angry voices coming from the living room downstairs.

Suddenly she became frightened. . . .

"Mommy, Daddy," she called. . . .

But there was no answer.

The voices grew louder and angrier.

Nancy, too frightened to move, clung to her teddy bear and lay in her bed, crying harder and harder, the desperate sobs almost choking her.

"Won't somebody listen . . . ?" she pleaded, "Oh, Mommy, Daddy . . . please come and save me. . . ."

Confused and scared, she lay there for the entire night, sobbing and fearful till—exhausted—she fell asleep.

A different house for each

The next morning, Nancy Sinatra, Sr., announced to her daughter that she and Frank were not going to live together any more. She tried to put it into words a child could understand, words that would keep the tremendous hurt out of little Nancy's eyes, the hurt that she herself had had to suffer.

"Your daddy . . ." she faltered, "Your daddy and I have decided that we are not going to stay together all the time any more. He will live in a different house."

"But," started little Nancy, not comprehending, "won't I have a daddy any more? What will happen to us? Why can't my daddy live with us? He promised that he'd never leave me alone. He said he'd always stay with us! I don't want him to go away . . . !"

And again the painful tears enveloped her, and she could not escape being hurt. Why . . . why had her daddy decided to leave them? Maybe it was because she was a bad girl—or maybe he just didn't love her any more—or love her mommy or brother or new baby sister. But little Nancy could not fathom the complex workings of the grown-up world, and to express her confusion, all she could do was cry.

But through the years, Nancy began to understand that it was not that Frank didn't love her or her sister or brother—it was just that something he and her mommy had shared was gone, that they simply could no longer stay together.

Happy birthday from France

But her dad had been good to her, better than a lot of other fathers. Why even on her seventeenth birthday—even though Frank couldn't *be* there—he sent her just about the most wonderful gift any girl could ask of her father: a wonderful pink Thunderbird, covered with a huge pink ribbon and bow. And hadn't he called her

all the way from France, just to say happy birthday to her?

For all these things, Nancy was grateful. But what she failed to understand as she got older were the things she'd read in newspapers and magazines about her father. Things like: *Singer Frank Sinatra attempted to run down Journal American photographer last night while he tried to take Frank's picture.* Or headlines like: *Madison, Indiana, nearly wrecked by Frank Sinatra's antics!*

Was he really running around and causing all sorts of trouble? Did he really try to kill a reporter.

No! Nancy rebelled. *Dad isn't that way. It's just a pack of lies! He couldn't be the horrible person they show him to be. Not when he's always been so good to us. Like the time Mom got hurt. . . .*

She remembered how she and her mother and the two younger kids had decided to have a real special dinner—all their favorite Italian foods that Nancy, Sr., was going to make herself—things like veal parmigiana, egg plant, antipasto.

Nancy had spent a good part of the day preparing the food, and at about five-thirty she started to heat the oven to put the veal in to broil.

Nancy, Jr., was in the backyard taking a sun bath.

Frankie, Jr., was building a model airplane in his room. And Christina was playing in the back.

A matter of life and death

Suddenly there was a tremendous explosion that sounded as if it came from the house.

Nancy rushed inside.

"Mother," she called, "Is anything the matter?"

She heard a moan. She ran into the kitchen to find her mother stretched out on the floor, covered with burns, her apron torn and black.

A kitchen towel was still on fire. Nancy grabbed the table cloth and threw it over the burning towel.

Then she stooped to her mother's side.

"Are you okay, Mom?" she asked frantically.

"Yes, Nan . . . I think so . . . I . . ." Then she passed out.

Nancy, more scared than ever now, rushed to the telephone. She dialed a number and then waited.

"Mister Sinatra's residence," the voice at the other end responded.

"Is Mr. Sinatra there? Please, this is very urgent. . . ."

"I'm afraid he's gone for the evening and won't be back."

"I've just got to get him. Isn't there anyplace I can call and speak to him?"

"Well, he did leave a number. But he said not to call—unless it was 'a matter of life or death,' he said," came the reply.

"Well, this is his daughter Nancy. And it's an emergency." Nancy was desperate.

The voice at the other end sounded surprised. "Oh, Miss Nancy—your father said to give *you* the number anytime."

Nancy thanked him and made the call.

A doctor . . . and roses

"May I speak to Mister Sinatra?" she asked, growing more nervous by the moment.

Finally Frank came to the phone.

"Hiya, Honey. What's up?"

"Pop, you've just gotta come over right away. . . . Something terrible's happened to Mom. I think she's hurt. And I . . . I just can't talk any more." With that she broke into sobs and let the phone drop from her hand.

Frank shouted into the receiver. "I'll be right over," he called. And he hung up.

Several minutes later he rushed into the house. He found Nancy sobbing hysterically. "You've got to pull yourself together. I called a doctor. He'll be here in a few minutes. Now what's happened to Mom?"

"She was cooking . . . and the stove . . . there was an explosion and I was outside, and . . ."

Frank rushed into the kitchen. He lifted Nancy off the floor. Her eyes started to flicker and she smiled a little.

"It's okay, Nancy," he said. "I'm here and everything is going to be okay."

And everything *was* okay. Frank's doctor had come. The burns were not too serious at all. And Frank had even ordered dozens of roses to be brought to the house, just to brighten things up.

And as Nancy thought back on these memories, memories that reminded her how dear her father was to her—and how very much she wished he were here now—she was disturbed by the ring of the telephone.

She picked up the receiver.

"Hi, Nancy dear." The voice was her mother's. "I'm going to be out for the evening. I just wanted to call and tell you to have a good time tonight at the dance."

"Thanks, Mom," Nancy answered, "I guess I ought to start dressing. It's getting late."

"Okay, dear. Have fun!"

Nancy hung up the phone.

An answer for Johnny

She took the record off the phonograph. She'd wanted to put off getting ready for the dance, the moment that she'd have to face Johnny, her date. She knew that tonight she'd have to make a decision . . . one that might change her entire life.

She was confused and shaken. She needed the advice and comfort that only Frank could give her. Sure, when she was younger she'd had her mother and her father to help her with the little problems a kid usually has—a scraped knee, a broken toy, a stomach ache from too much candy or ice cream.

But now she was grown up. And her problems were grown-up, too. Should she marry Johnny Carter, the boy she'd been dating for months? Or should she wait?

She'd have to tell Johnny something tonight, she'd have to give him an answer, one way or the other.

Tonight was her big graduation formal and Johnny was taking her. This was the night Johnny wanted to announce their engagement. But Nancy wasn't sure that she wanted to become engaged, wasn't certain that she wanted to marry Johnny.

She dressed quickly, hoping that the minutes would not pass too painfully. She dressed in a pale blue lace gown, shimmering with layers of chiffon skirting. She wore a tiny golden heart around her neck.

Johnny was going to call for her at eight. But Nancy was ready at seven-thirty, so she came downstairs to the living room. She turned on the television set.

Just then the doorbell rang. Nancy ran to answer. She opened it.

There in the doorway stood Frank.

"Daddy," she nearly choked him with a bear hug. "I thought you were away! It's been so long since I've seen you."

"I just flew back from Europe this morning," said Frank. "And I wanted more than anything to see you and Frankie and Chris. It *has* been a long time hasn't it," said Frank, taking Nancy's hand. "Gee, you look so lovely. It's hard to believe that you're grown up and . . . beautiful!"

"Oh, Daddy," Nancy exclaimed, "I'm so glad you're back. There're so many things I want to tell you, so many things that have me confused right now."

A big problem

Frank walked into the spacious living room. They both sat down.

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"What is it, Honey?" he asked.

"Well, it's just that. . . . Well, Johnny wants me to marry him, and I'm just not sure if I want to. I'm not sure if I love him—and I just don't know what to do."

Frank looked thoughtful for a moment. "That is a big one," he said. "Well, the first thing you've got to ask yourself is, do you want to stay with this guy forever? And 'forever' is a long, long time—especially when you're so young. Why don't you play it cool for a while, Baby. Tell him that you honestly don't know if you want to make it a permanent team.

"And if he's at all worth your love, he'll understand. And he'll wait if he wants you bad enough."

"I guess, well, I guess I never thought of it that way, Daddy. I was just so scared that Johnny wouldn't understand, that he'd just get angry at me and that would be the end.

"Dad, I really wouldn't know what I'd do if I didn't have you to talk to. I really *have* needed you for a long time. You're wonderful!" And she kissed him.

"Well," Frank said, growing even more serious, "You know that if you ever need me, I'll always be there."

And with that, they embraced.

And Nancy finally understood something that had been confused in her mind for a long, long time. She understood what her father meant when he said he'd always be there when she needed him. She knew now that Frank had not abandoned her, that he still loved her and would always be there to listen to her with her problems, her hopes and her fears. **END**

Frank can currently be seen in MGM's Some Came Running *and will soon appear in U.A.'s* A Hole In The Head.

Debbie, Beware

(*Continued from page 23*)

Love wasn't anything, you told yourself. Glamour was all that counted. You thought of the endless quarrels with Eddie. He'd wanted to buy you a mink stole, but you'd spent the money on some bargain furniture he'd hated. "Put that junk in the basement," he'd said. He'd wanted you to dress up more, but you were used to buying fabrics wholesale, having your mother run up neat little clothes. You were a green-stamp collector, a string saver. "*Why* do you keep old Christmas boxes?" Eddie'd ask irritably, and, looking back later, you saw that you were always being compared—unfavorably—to Liz. To lovely, sophisticated Liz, who gave you the feeling she threw away her diamonds when they got dirty.

You were the kind who got up and met a 6:30 a.m. plane when your husband was supposed to be on it (he wasn't on it—he was in New York, falling in love).

Still, for all your virtues, when your husband left the house, he took the painting of Liz, not the painting of you, and you felt as though you'd learned a cruel lesson. Now you seem to be competing with all the sexy females in the world; you seem to need to prove you can beat them at their own game.

Well you can't. Not that you don't look gorgeous in evening gowns, not that any man wouldn't want you—just that you can't make a sow's ear out of a silk purse, and you can't make a predatory female out of a lady.

Fighting dirty

You don't know how to fight dirty, even when you've got your hands full of weapons. You didn't name Liz in your divorce suit, and you turned down $10,000 to write the 'inside story' of your marriage. You can't compromise with your standards, they're part of you, like your straight spine, your clear eyes. But those eyes are slightly feverish, these days.

You had a dream that died. A dream of a life with Eddie, love, four children close together. After the dream, the pain came, and then the hate. "I ate dust," you said. And: "I hope they find happiness; they've paid a lot for it."

They've paid for their happiness; you've paid for your unhappiness. Don't pay too much, though, Debbie. Don't be less than you are just because you haven't yet found the right man. Don't join a group of sharp, fast-talking females who frequent night-clubs, and hang around till daybreak with the singers and wonder where they went off the track, how they got lost.

All your professional life, you've been an example to young girls. Don't use too much make-up, you've told them. Dress simply. Respect yourselves, and men will respect you. Only recently, in a mid-western high school, the co-eds were asked to name the woman they'd most like to be. A couple went for Cleopatra, and Doris Duke got a few ballots, but 66% of the kids voted for you!

That kind of faith and affection is a responsibility, Debbie, and you can't run away from it, any more than you can run away from yourself.

Sure, you're a vision in your new Helen Rose costumes, but we think more fondly of the pictures of you in your jeans, with your two babies.

Beware, Debbie

We remember, on your second anniversary, how Eddie came in with a calico doll that looked exactly like you. Now that calico doll is stuffed in a closet somewhere, along with the French horn you played in high school, and couldn't bear to get rid of, and your merit badges from the Girl Scouts. But the doll, the horn, the badges, are real treasures of a real life, in a way that emeralds and satin gowns can never be.

You, for whom 'simple folk' were always the salt of the earth, are living it up now with cafe society. You who valued kindness and fairness more than gold, are taking lessons from Eva Gabor in 'how cruel women can be, and how stupid men are.'

Because we don't believe you'll prove to be a very apt pupil, because we believe it would be hard for you to toy with men, we beg you to beware. Beware of a stranger whose name we can't reveal, a stranger whose name we don't even know. He's a composite of many men, but he's very much around in the world of high fashion and low life. He's suave, and he's careless. He's emotionally bankrupt, with nothing but charm to hide his emptiness. He's out of your league, and you'll get hurt again.

You're a little desperate now. You want to live, and be gay, and forget. Only beware, Debbie. You're a lamb in femme fatale's clothing. We don't want to see you hurt by a wolf who doesn't care.

Sincerely,

David Myers

Debbie's currently in MGM's The Mating Game *and will soon be seen in* Say One For Me *for 20th-Fox.*

Susan Kohner

(*Continued from page 27*)

now the air would be cold and biting, and "home" might be one small room—but she would be on her own. Her mind was made up. She would leave home and go to New York; she would learn to be a really good actress. She gave the panda a little shake, to emphasize her decision.

Her parents were wonderful, loving and understanding. Her home was beautiful and luxurious. She had her very own telephone, her own special number, her own private bathroom. Her big comfortable bedroom was filled with original paintings by famous artists.

To the fabulous Spanish stucco house in Bel-Air where the Kohners lived, came the great and the beautiful and the important people of the world. Her mother was the brilliant Mexican actress Lupita Tovar, her father the biggest independent agent in Hollywood. Susan was constantly surrounded by top actors and actresses, and on first-name terms with most of them. But Susan felt her world was a limited one, and it wasn't of her own making.

She had just finished *Dino* with Sal Mineo—not a very big role, but the critics called her a promising young starlet. If she were ever to be the truly great actress she longed to be, she would have to go out on her own, find her own life, her own friends. And she must study, study hard, with the best drama coach she could find. If she found success, it must be because of her own self, not because she was the daughter of rich and famous parents. . . .

Her mother and father proved how very wonderful they really were when she told them of her decision. Susan was their only daughter, and they adored her. They had tried not to spoil her (believing that they were too intelligent for that) but they had never denied her anything, and they had kept her sheltered from the world, protected against any hard knocks or rude surprises that life might offer. Now the three talked it over, and the Kohners were convinced that their child wanted to go to New York because she was serious about acting, and not as an escape. They understood and they agreed. Her father picked up the telephone to place two long-distance calls: one to enroll Susan in Sanford Meisner's Neighborhood Playhouse and one to ask some family friends if Susan could stay with them. . . .

And so it was that in January of 1957, Susan arrived in Manhattan, awed, but determined, to study with Sanford Meisner and to stay with her parents' friends. She was thrilled at being accepted at the Neighborhood Playhouse. So many actors and actresses she admired had come from there: Joanne Woodward, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., Gregory Peck. . . .

She was thrilled, but—

Susan's own story:

Susan says: "I found it very difficult. I didn't know anyone, and teen-agers seem to know instinctively if you're one of them. They knew I wasn't. Somehow—without my telling them myself, and certainly I never bragged—they'd heard that my father was a 'big shot' in Hollywood; that I was rich. Two other strikes against me: I was shy and scared and they mistook my petrified air to be that of aloofness. Also, I didn't dress like them. I wore high heels, stockings, a smartly-tailored suit; the other girls wore long, black sox, loafers, the most casual, loosest of sweaters and skirts. Most of these kids were barely scraping by to pay for their courses. I didn't have to work, with my background of wealth, my expensive clothes, it was as though I'd come from a different planet. They resented me, made snide remarks. I didn't know how to overcome it. I was so stiff and frightened, I didn't know how to make the proper overtures to convince them I was a 'regular' kid."

Another blow fell.

"I wasn't happy in the home I lived in. The people were wonderful, but I had no privacy. They had two younger children who were constantly barging into my room while I tried to work out a scene.

"I moved into the Barbizon Hotel. I thought this would be the perfect solution. It was a woman's hotel, so I felt I was safe there (and so did my parents). Since I was determined to live on my own money (the earnings from *Dino*) it meant a great deal to me to live in a fairly inexpensive place. My room was about as big as a mailbox, and I shared a bathroom with another girl, but I felt wonderful because I was paying my own way. I was on my own.

My partner's slum apartment

"After I moved in I realized I had a problem living there. At the Playhouse, each girl was paired off with a boy as a dramatic partner, and each of us would work with him at night, after regular classes were over. But I couldn't have my partner come to my room because boys couldn't go past the lobby of the Barbizon. So I had to go to his apartment. The first time I went to my partner's apartment, I thought I'd die. It was against my upbringing to go to any boy's apartment alone, even though it was for purely professional reasons as this was. I was shaking in my shoes when I rang the bell of his flat. He lived in an awful, old, smelly tenement all the way uptown. It was in the heart of the Puerto Rican section, and lots of people yelling and running around in the streets. The whole thing was very frightening. Even the subway ride scared me; I'd never ridden in a subway before. All those strange people, the tight, crammed-in feeling underground—it gave me a dreadful attack of claustrophobia.

"The fact that I found my partner—let's call him Jack—physically revolting didn't make it any easier for me. He was short and fat, wore thick glasses, looked as though he needed a bath and had a constant sneering expression. His flat was awful; one room with a makeshift stove; his clothes and underwear all over the place. Evidently the place didn't have closets. He was eating eggs when I came and he scarcely looked up to speak to me. I thought he was rude, crude, horribly unfriendly—and I was scared to death of him. It was months later—after I'd come to understand some of the people who'd been brought up in a world so different from mine—that I learned he was very earnest and frightened himself of a world that had always been hostile to him.

"He looked at me in my fine clothes; I looked at his angry, sullen face, his unkempt hair and hands—and we hated each other. He was so radically different from anyone I'd ever known in all my sheltered life. I'd met young actors in Hollywood—even struggling ones—and they were all handsome, charming. When I was face to face with this boy, I just wanted to run and run. But I didn't. I remained, and we worked on an emotional dramatic scene. I was frozen. It was a dreadful evening.

"But I knew I had to go back and work with him a few nights later. I forced myself to return, and somehow, I found the situation a little more bearable. I still found him repulsive, I still quaked when I got out of the subway and found myself in the middle of a noisy, dirty neighborhood, but I knew I had to do it if I was going to last in the class.

"I couldn't take that 'left out' feeling much longer. I decided to dress like the other girls, and tried to act more like

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them. I bought long, black sox and loafers, and dressed in shirts and sweaters and skirts—which I didn't bother to press. It made me feel better. I wasn't so conspicuous in class anymore, and my whole personality began to change. I felt freer, more casual. I still had no close friends in class, but as soon as I dressed differently and felt more like them, there was a response.

"One day one of the girls walked out with me after class. It was the first time anyone had shown me any friendship. We were both walking and talking and decided to have dinner together. She looked at me, embarrassed, and I was embarrassed, too. We were waiting to see who would decide on the restaurant; she was afraid to suggest a cheaper restaurant, thinking I was used to the best. I didn't want to name a cheap restaurant, either, for fear I'd sound patronizing. We walked so long that we were both starved, and out of desperation, stopped at a little place and ordered hamburgers.

"By being simple and natural, I began to convince the others at school that I wasn't a snob, and that I wasn't leaning on my father's money or influence. In fact, I went out of my way to cover up any sign of affluence or importance that came my way. . . .

"Once Sal Mineo called me and asked me to go with him to a premiere. But I never told the kids in class that I'd worked with Sal in Hollywood. They'd have thought I was putting on the dog. I went to the premiere, and begged the photographer not to shoot me in the picture with Sal."

My thousand-dollar coat

"This other side of me was one I didn't want them to see. For instance, John Huston is a very good friend of my parents; and he's known me since I was a baby. At Christmas time he wanted to give me a present of a beautiful coat designed by Charles James, the great designer.

"I had to go to Mr. James' studio several times for fittings. Since it was a very posh studio, I couldn't go there in the black sox and beat-up clothes I wore to class. I'd run home, change into my good clothes, and sashay into Mr. James' studio to be fitted for my $1,000 coat. Sometimes, though, I didn't have time to change, and I'd rush into his studio, straight from class, looking so bedraggled that I think I almost gave Mr. James a heart attack.

"At that time, I was taking dancing lessons, also—doing everything I thought I should do to become a good actress. I was always in a mad rush. Still, most of the other girls in the Playhouse were working at odd hours in order to support themselves; one worked as a waitress, another as a salesgirl and they never complained. When I saw how hard they worked, and how they really had to hold night jobs in order to maintain themselves, I tried more furiously than ever not to rub in my background of luxury.

"My father used to send me delicacies from a Beverly Hills gourmet shop—wonderful tins of cavair, smoked snails, imported jams. The first time he did I invited other girls from the Barbizon in to share with me. They looked at the expensive little tins and one girl said, rather bitterly, 'I could eat for a week on what that one can of caviar costs.' I never opened up any more of those imported cans again.

"One night, one of the girls was in my room when the phone rang. She picked up the phone and said, 'It's a man who says he's Tyrone Power.' It really was Tyrone Power. He was an old friend of my parents, too, and knew me well, and he promised he'd check up on me when he came to New York. However, I was so embarrassed, with the other girl around, that I cut the conversation short. 'Was that really Ty Power?' asked the girl. I thought, 'They'll label me Miss Rich-Snob all over again if I tell the truth,' so I laughed and said, 'Oh, no, just a friend trying to tease me.'

"Charles Boyer, who was as close to me as my uncle, called me and invited me to the Pavillon, one of the most elegant restaurants in New York, and the theater. He'd promised my father he would take me out, and he is one of our oldest and dearest friends. I didn't dare tell anyone in class. Going to the Pavillon and the theater with Mr. Charles Boyer required that I dress up in my most beautiful gown. I didn't want any of the other girls to see me. I slipped down the back stairway.

No dates but movie stars

"It was a funny masquerade. And with it all, I was still shy and lonely. I didn't know any young men in New York. True, Charles Boyer, Tyrone Power, John Huston and other men as famous, glamorous and wealthy, who were friends of my father, would take me out in a protective 'little sister' way. But I still was lonely with my own crowd. I was neither here nor there. I tried to be like the others in the Playhouse, and I was becoming better liked, but they still had their reservations about me. In the Barbizon, most of the girls, who were models, had loads of boy friends and were always going out on dates. I spent many nights zipping girls into their evening dresses. Then I'd stay in alone. I was too shy to go to the hotel coffee shop at night, because that would advertise the fact that I had no date. So I'd often sit in my room munching on a box of crackers. And crying.

"One day I found myself with only a quarter in my purse. My own money had run out, and my father was sending me a check, but his check was late. For the first time in my life I was actually down to my last quarter. I was quite exultant. I bought a hot dog and an apple, and ate it proudly in the street. I don't recommend poverty—and I must admit that knowing my father's check was due to arrive kept me from panicking—but I was so anxious to be like the other young people I came to know, that I felt I was sharing some of their experiences this way.

"At the beginning, I was so lonely in New York I'd sit on my bed and bawl. One night, my parents called and I tried to disguise my voice so that they would never suspect I'd been crying. 'I'm so happy—so very happy. I'm terribly, *terribly happy.*' I was almost hysterical trying to show them how happy I was, so that they wouldn't insist that I come home.

"I stayed with the Neighborhood Playhouse for five months. I learned a great deal about acting there. I learned a great deal about people. I learned a great deal about myself. When I rode in a subway for the first time and saw the filth on the floor, the tired, unhappy, splotchy faces sitting next to me and opposite me, when I saw lines of wash hanging outside the window of the tenement where my first drama partner, lived—I didn't know how to take it. I was absolutely terrified. I wasn't a snob. It was like going into another world—a world of startling reality.

"That period in New York on my own did a great deal for me as a person. I learned how to understand people. In being able to get along with different people, I developed as a person myself. I became a little more Bohemian with the friends I made in New York. One boy came by on a motorcycle, and invited me for a ride. I'd never done a thing like that before. I got on the back, and we whizzed in and out of heavy New York traffic on his motorcycle. I felt so exhilarated. I learned how to do things on impulse, another thing I'd never done in the careful, rarefied atmosphere of Bel-Air.

"There's no doubt in my mind that the experience I had being on my own in New York, and having to learn to live with a complete new group of young people, was just as vital to my acting development as the actual acting techniques I learned at the Neighborhood Playhouse. I would have been a shallow actress, always, if I hadn't broken the bonds and gotten out of my shell. Lived like other people. Suffered some, cried a lot, had to learn to give-and-take and make others like me.

"I learned the importance of displaying inner warmth, learned the magic of a smile. Before, these things used to be just words. But when I'd go to the Playhouse every day—usually, still frightened, still shy, still lonely—I noticed an old, white-haired man sitting on the porch of a brownstone house across the street. He used to smile and wave at me. Maybe he could see I was lonely. His smile was so sweet and sincere, it gave me courage. I experienced, first hand, what a smile, even from a stranger, can do. This is all important to me as a person—and as an actress."

The end of the story

Probably the very most important thing that came out of New York for Susan was meeting a tall (six-foot-seven) handsome, thirty-year-old blond giant named Charles Shelander. Ironically, she was introduced to him by one of the family friends she had been so careful never to mention to her classmates. Jane (Mrs. Edward G.) Robinson was giving a party and called Susan to please come because she knew a "wonderful, attractive advertising artist" she wanted her to meet. He would pick her up if Susan would agree.

Susan hates blind dates; they embarrass her. But she couldn't hurt Mrs. Robinson's feelings. Charles phoned her, she liked his voice. He took her to the party, and they got along beautifully. So beautifully in fact, a lot of people think that meeting was the beginning of falling in love. If it is, it will be a perfect ending to the story of what happens when a sheltered little girl leaves home. **END**

Susan is currently in U-I's IMITATION OF LIFE *and can soon be seen in the Buena Vista film* THE BIG FISHERMAN.

Let's Not Wait Any Longer, Darling

(*Continued from page 37*)

knew. The pain had stopped, and the sweat. And the feeling. Her back had been broken, and she was paralyzed.

What must she have been thinking, in that strange room, in that strange country, so far from home, so far from Mel, her tortured mind surveying her wracked body, her fear a palpable thing that she could smell and taste.

You wonder, as you reconstruct the scene. You wonder if she prayed. You wonder if she thought of death. You wonder if she remembered Susan Peters, injured in a hunting accident, living out her last years in a wheel chair.

Audrey and Mel had been married almost five years. A world without him would be a world so grey she could not face it, yet she dreaded the pity which might bind him to a crippled wife. Sick, alone, her pride still blazed, and the spirit which had seen her through a childhood of hunger and nightmare, in a Europe overrun by savages.

Had she survived so much terror—and later, so much emptiness ("Before Mel, I was always a little desolate when my work was over")—only to meet defeat in this sad Mexican city, among strangers?

Five years of marriage, and no children. Always there had been the work. They'd plan a baby, and a picture would come along, and they were both young, and there wasn't any hurry, and suddenly there was a wild horse, and a f l, and the end of her world staring at her.

Maybe I'll never walk again. Maybe I'll never have children. The sense of loss, the sense of waste.

Perhaps she made a promise to herself, lying there, during that awful, endless time. *If I live, I won't wait any more. We'll have a baby, we'll be a family. . . .*

Not that Audrey and Mel weren't always compatible and self-sufficient, just that they always seemed so alone. You'd see pictures of them together, at any of their various rented estates—the villa in Italy, the chalet in Switzerland, any old place where they'd settle down in California. They'd be playing ping-pong, or walking the dogs, but somehow it was as though they had no anchor to their lives, nothing to hold them anywhere.

"Some day I hope we can settle down in our own home with our own things," Audrey said once, to a reporter, half-jokingly, explaining that she longed to buy a large double bed.

Still, the busier the Ferrers got the more their "some day" receded into the indefinite future.

Audrey went to Africa, finished *The Nun's Story* after bouts with heat, infection, fire, snakes and loneliness ("I think some of my anguish for Mel gets on the screen"), came back to Hollywood and went to bed with flu, then started on *Green Mansions*, with Mel directing.

As soon as *Green Mansions* was over, she told Louella Parsons, she would take a year off, have a baby.

The lesson completed

It didn't work out that way. She was offered *The Unforgiven*, and, at first, said no. She didn't want to go to Mexico without Mel. But John Huston was directing, and Burt Lancaster and Lillian Gish were among the players, and she'd be paid $500,000 plus a percentage, and how could she turn it down?

She refused a double for her bareback riding scenes, and a horse is no respecter of movie stars, and the by-now-famous accident occurred.

Audrey's back mended, and Audrey wound up the picture, but she was a different Audrey. She'd been set to go straight into a new Alfred Hitchcock movie, but instead, she and Mel flew to Switzerland, to their house in the mountains.

They wanted to have the baby there.

Once, when Audrey was talking about Mel, she said he'd taught her "how to live for another. I've been restless, and that's over. I didn't know exactly where or what I wanted to be. Now I do."

Love is a good teacher; so is suffering. The lesson begun by Mel was completed for Audrey in Durango, when she lay staring at the ceiling, wondering about the meaning of her life.

At the age of thirty, Audrey was ready to come home. God willing, she'll have another chance. **END**

Audrey's in MGM's GREEN MANSIONS *and will soon appear in Warner Bros.'* THE NUN'S STORY. *Mel is currently in MGM's* THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL.

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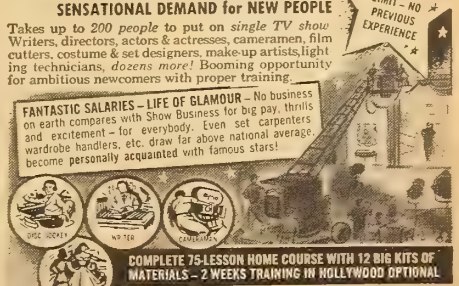
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Dion

(*Continued from page 34*)

Valens and Buddy Holly had come up to him then.

"Come on, Dion," Buddy had said. "Why don't you fly with the three of us 'stead of taking the bus?"

"I'd rather not," Dion had said.

"Come on, man," Ritchie had said, "lots of people charter planes nowadays . . . and this way we can get to our next stop early. We can get a good night's sleep for a change. We can do some laundry. And we can eat in a real-live restaurant, too, instead of one of those roadside places again."

"I'd like to, fellows," Dion had said, "but thirty-six dollars just to go by plane—gee, I can't afford that. Not if I'm gonna save for that car I'm saving for."

The others had shrugged, said okay, shaken hands with him and left.

Dion remembered how he'd waved goodbye to them as the cab that was taking them to the airport pulled away from the Clear Lakes, Iowa, hotel.

And he remembered now how, just a few hours ago, the woman behind the desk of the Moorehead, Minnesota, hotel had looked at him when, signing in, he'd asked, "Are the other fellows up in their rooms now?"

"Other fellows?" the woman had said.

Dion had pointed to a theater poster behind her. "The fellows in the show," he said. "My pals. They checked in here last night."

The woman lowered her eyes for a moment.

And then, looking back up at Dion, she'd said, "You haven't heard yet—on the radio?"

"Heard what?" Dion had asked.

"The airplane the boys were in," the woman had said, "—it went down, in a storm. There was this lightning and . . . your friends were . . . killed."

Who wants it?

Killed and dead, Dion thought now, lying on the cot in the quiet dressing room, trying hard not to believe it, but knowing that it was true.

Killed and dead . . . and dead . . . and dead.

There was a knock on the door.

"Ten minutes, boys," somebody called out.

Dion didn't move.

Normally, ten minutes before show time was the most hectic part of the day.

But Dion simply continued to lie there now.

Ten minutes—and what? he thought.

A stage . . . a lot of colored lights . . . a couple of songs . . . people sitting out there watching you . . .

He closed his eyes again.

Who wants it? he said to himself.

All his life, this was exactly what Dion had wanted—show business, the fun of it, the excitement, the hard work that might pay off someday, the rough grind of the one-night stands, the singing, the improving, the learning . . . but always, the fun of it.

And now the fun had turned to tragedy, just like that.

Just because of one little airplane, one bolt of lightning.

And again Dion asked himself, *Who wants it—this life, this business?*

His dad's dream

His father had wanted it for him even before he was born.

"My wife was about seven months pregnant when it came to me," recalls Pat DeMucci. "I'd been in the entertainment business all my life—as a dancer and a puppeteer—and it came to me this certain night that my son would grow up to be in the same business as I was.

"When I told my wife, Frances, she said to me, 'Really? Well, first of all, how do you know it's going to be a *son* we'll have?'

" 'I know it is, that's all,' I told her. And then I said, 'And you know what we're going to name him?'

" 'What?' my wife said.

" 'Dion,' I told her.

" 'But I never heard of that name,' she said.

" 'That's just the point,' I told her. 'It's different, it's distinctive, it's flashy. People will remember it.'

"My wife thought it over for a second.

" 'Pat,' she said, 'we're Catholics. We have to name our baby after a Catholic saint. And there's no Saint Dion.'

" 'The *middle* name can be Catholic,' I told her. 'So we'll call him Dion Francis—after you, his mother, and after San Francesco, who loved the flowers and the birds and nature so much. Okay?'

"My wife had always loved San Francesco.

"She began to smile.

" 'Okay,' she said.

" 'Dion,' I said, kind of to myself.

"I could see it in lights, even then.

" 'Dion,' I said, louder now, wanting to shout it out. 'Dion . . .'

"And that's the way my son got his start in show business, two months before his birth. . . . He got a good head start . . ."

It wasn't till Dion was five, however, that it was decided just which phase of show business he would go into.

The decision was made the night his dad and mother took him to the opera at a little theater near their Bronx, New York, apartment.

Little Dion at the opera

The bill that night was that favorite Italian double-header—*Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci.*

During *Cavalleria,* Dion was the model of what a good boy at the opera should be; quiet, attentive, seated way back in his chair.

But towards the end of the first act of *Pagliacci*—when the tenor sobbingly began the great aria of the evening, *Vesti la Giubba*—something happened to Dion.

Suddenly, he jumped up from his seat, threw his arms into the air and he began to sing, too.

The tenor, insulted, stopped.

The conductor turned from the podium to throw a mean look in the direction of the DeMuccis.

Shouts of "Shut that kid up!" came floating indelicately from the rafters.

Everybody, in fact, was annoyed—except Dion's father.

"Now I know," he said, proudly, looking over at his embarrassed wife. "The boy will be a *singer!*"

"A little while after that," says Dion's no-longer embarrassed mother, "we bought him a guitar. Pop said a good singer should also know how to play the piano, so he could accompany himself. But things weren't financially very good for us at the time, so we had to settle for a guitar we bought for nine dollars in one of those pawn shops in the neighborhood.

"When we gave it to Dion, he was very happy.

"But a girlfriend of ours said, 'What did you give him a guitar for? That's only what the hillbillies use. And you can't be a hillbilly from The Bronx.'

"I didn't know how to answer her then.

"But I had to laugh that summer when the family—including two little girls by this time, my daughters Donna and Joan, went to the country to visit some relatives for a week.

"It was the first time Dion had ever seen the country. And as soon as we stopped the car at the farm where we were staying Dion got so excited with this new kind of world around him that he jumped out of the car, pulled up some grass from the earth and kissed it.

"And then he began to sing one of those country songs he'd been listening to on the radio on the ride up. He sang it with so much feeling, and just like that singer on the radio.

"And I thought to myself, *Oh yes, you can be a hillbilly from The Bronx! And a good one, too!*"

Dion began to sing professionally when he was about nine.

Every Saturday night—equipped with his guitar, a little straw hat and repertoire of some twenty numbers, mostly hillbilly—he would saunter over to a cabaret down the block from where he lived, pass the front door and walk over to an entrance on the side of the building.

The kid in the cabaret

The routine that followed was always the same.

Dion would rap on the door three times, hard and loud.

The proprietor of the cabaret would open it.

"Can I sing a few songs tonight?" Dion would ask.

"Yeah, sure, Sonny—the customers like you," the proprietor would say. "But

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first let me see if there's any cops nosey-ing around."

"Why?" Dion would ask.

"How many times do I have to tell you," the proprietor would say. "You're under age. It's illegal for a kid to sing in a joint that sells booze. That's why."

The proprietor would then rush out to the sidewalk, give a quick look around, nod—and a few minutes later, Dion would be in the cabaret singing.

"Sometimes I was able to sing long enough so that I could make four or five dollars from the customers," he recalls today. "But other times the proprietor would think he saw a cop standing outside and I'd get the signal to go home. The worst night of all was the night I got there and started to sing my first song—*Jambalaya*. I got as far as *Jamb*—, and then came the signal. I didn't make twenty-five cents that night. Boy, I felt bad."

But nothing could quell Dion's spirit for long.

Not even when four years later, at the age of thirteen, he got what could have been his first big break by appearing on the *Paul Whiteman Teen Tops Show*.

"Win first prize on this show," he'd been told, "and you're good for bookings around the country for six months."

As it turned out, Dion didn't win.

Neither, in fact, did a pretty, dark-haired girl singer who'd appeared on the same show with him.

"I thought you were wonderful," the girl said to Dion backstage, when it was all over. "I'm awfully sorry you didn't get the prize."

Dion thanked her for the compliment and told her he thought she was pretty terrific herself.

Prediction for Connie Frances

"What did you say your name was?" he asked.

"Constance Franconero is my real name," the girl said. "But I call myself Connie Frances."

"My name's Dion," the boy said.

"I know," Connie said. "That's an awful pretty name."

She smiled.

"Wouldn't it be nice," she said, suddenly, "if both our names were famous names someday. . . ."

Dion smiled back.

"They will be," he said.

"How do you know?" Connie asked.

"I'm like my father," Dion said. "He gets feelings about how things are going to happen sometimes. And so do I.

"Like with me, for instance—I just feel that in the next year or two something big is going to happen, something really big . . . You know what I mean?"

"Yes," Connie said, nodding. "And I hope so. . . ."

Dion's last hunch about himself turned out to be a little premature.

He sang a lot, worked hard those next few years.

But the jump to the big-time was not to be so easy.

In fact, it wasn't until he was just eighteen—early last year—when things really started moving for him.

Dion likes to think it was his grandmother, his mother's mother, who had something to do with his sudden success.

The old woman was visiting with her daughter late one Saturday afternoon, sitting in the kitchen, having coffee, when Dion walked in.

"Hi, *Nonna*," he said.

He walked over to her, kissed her, and then he started to walk away.

"*Wey*," the grandmother said, stopping him, "—where you go in such a hurry?"

"I've got a show to do tonight, in New Jersey," Dion said. "I've got to get ready."

Advice from the old country

"Before you go," his grandmother said, "let me tell you something I been wanting to tell you a long time. About this rocks-and-rolls you sing."

Dion couldn't help laughing. It was the first time he'd heard her use the expression.

"You're pretty hip, *Nonna*," he said.

"Never mind my hip," his grandmother said. Very seriously, she went on: "Now you and this rocks-and-rolls. The other night on the television I see some boy sing the same thing like you. And you know what's a-happen, Dion? All the girls, they scream like crazy when he sing."

She told how she had seen him, Dion, in a show not too long ago. She reminded him that while there had been lots of applause, there hadn't been much screaming.

"You got a bett' voice than all of them other sing' together," she said. "But sometimes you a little shy, *carino*. Why you a little shy on the stage sometimes, a good-looking boy like-a you?"

She didn't wait for an answer.

"Now here's a what you gotta do," she said, standing up. "First, when you sing, in the middle of the song, you close your eyes, so the girls don't see you who looking at and think you in love with each of them . . . Then, a little while after, you do this—"

She began to wiggle her shoulders.

"*E non ridere*—don't laugh at me," his grandmother said, looking down at the chair into which Dion had fallen. "This is part of the *art* of the rocks-and-rolls. You try it, *carino*. You try it tonight. And you see!"

Dion did try it that night.

In a phrase, he loosened up.

And the screams that came tumbling up at him from the audience were deafening.

Says a musician who was there, who knew nothing about Dion's talk with his grandmother that afternoon: "He threw a little extra something into the act that night, something that embellished his native talent and that made him, suddenly, a very special performer."

It was only a short time after that when Dion was approached by Gene Schwartz of Laurie Records, a then-new outfit.

"I'd like you to cut a record for us," said Mr. Schwartz. "Pick any number and trio you like."

"Trio?" Dion asked.

"A vocal group to back you up," said Mr. Schwartz. "You must know of some outfit."

"Oh sure," Dion said. "I've got just the boys."

Actually, he was fibbing. He didn't know of any outfit that was available at the moment.

But that wasn't going to stop him. Not at a time like this.

Within a few days he rounded up three neighborhood friends of his—Freddie Milano, Carlo Mastrangelo and Angelo D'Aleo good singers all, though not professionals.

For a week after that they rehearsed, around the clock.

By the end of the week, Dion and the trio—who called themselves The Belmonts now, after the avenue on which Angelo and Freddie lived—reported to Mr. Schwartz.

That afternoon, they made their first record.

And then they waited.

"We thought we were all automatically great stars, now that we had a record," says Dion today, "and that it was just a matter of a little while before fame and fortune came hitting us with a bang. I had the house I was going to buy my

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folks all picked out. Carlo, who'd been working on a liquor truck, quit his job. Angelo, a waiter, got so nervous he started spilling soup and coffee all over the place. Freddie just bit his nails."

For a few days after the record was released, the boys all joined Freddie in biting their nails.

Mr. Schwartz finally phoned Dion.

"I'm sorry," he said. "But, frankly, we've got a bomb. *I* like it. *You* boys like it. I'm afraid, however, that the popularity club ends there."

Mr. Schwartz' faith in the boys didn't end there, however.

Because less than two months later he signed them up for *I Wonder Why.*

"There's something in the air when you've got a hit, even before the record is released," Dion was to say later. "People around the studio begin to hum it right after it's been cut, disk jockeys get to hear about it, people from the newspapers start calling you and asking you when you were born and what are your plans for the future . . . That's the way it would happen later with *No One Knows, Don't Pity Me* and *Teenager In Love.* And that's the way it happened that second time round with *I Wonder Why.*

"That time we *knew* we had a hit.

"That was when the fun began. . . ."

Who wants it?

But now, a little over a year later, the fun was over for Dion.

A few hours earlier, he'd heard the news—that Buddy, Ritchie and The Bopper were dead.

Still, in just a few minutes time, he would be expected to go onstage anyway.

"How am I going to be able to?" he asked himself, over and over, lying on his cot in the little dressing room. "And why should I want to, now, or ever again? My friends are dead, the guys I joked with, worked with, lived with, was going to keep touring with. So why should I want to go on out there without them?"

In the distance, Dion heard the music.

A band was playing the overture—the same happy music they'd played two nights before, in Iowa, the last time the entire troupe had appeared together.

The show must go on!—just as if nothing happened, he said to himself, angrily.

Again, there was a knock on the door.

"Five minutes!" the voice came this time.

Dion looked over at the door.

He wanted to fling something at it.

He picked up the guitar at his side.

He held it up.

He was just about to throw it when he saw the name, printed on the strap—The Bopper's name.

The tears came rushing to his eyes.

This guitar, he realized suddenly—this was all that was left to him of his friends.

Destroy this, he knew, and he would be destroying their last link with show business, the business they had loved with all their souls.

And they did love it, he thought. *Just the same as I—*

He got up from the cot.

He hung the guitar around his neck.

He knew now what he had to do. He would go on stage and he would sing—just the way he had always been meant to sing, and he would accompany himself on this guitar and this would mean that the boys would be out there too, in a way; that they had not been completely destroyed, that a part of them still lived.

And so he opened the door, walked out of the dressing room, through the wings and onto the stage.

And he smiled as he sang that night, even through his tears. **END**

Go, Go, Go!

(*Continued from page 38*)

crash, he had been ticketed for speeding by the State Highway Patrol. . . .

A year later, Ricky Nelson, in a Porsche his parents had given him for his sixteenth birthday, hit an oil slick on the highway, and his car went out of control, rolled over three times, burst into flames, and was demolished. Ricky and his companion were miraculously saved only because the impact had pitched them twenty feet from the burning wreckage. . . .

Steve McQueen, who once drove a souped-up tank in the U.S. Marine Corps, was caught by State Troopers speeding to his own wedding. Fortunately, the troopers felt sorry for him, escorted him to the church and witnessed the wedding ceremony. . . .

Steve, who now drives a Ferrari, has given up speeding, but still loves auto races and the racing crowd. Steve's pal, Bruce Kessler, driving a Porsche in the Pomona Sports Car Grand Prix, lost control at 130 miles per hour and crashed into actor Lee Marvin's car. Steve and Lance Reventlow, a big wheel in the Hollywood auto racing set, were the first to rush to Kessler's bedside at the hospital. . . .

George Reeves, who plays Superman on TV, was driving his sports car when it skidded into an embankment on Benedict Canyon Drive, in Hollywood. Reeves was hospitalized with a five-inch gash on his forehead and other injuries. . . .

These are sample incidents indicating how the speed age has descended upon Hollywood.

Just driving is not enough

In the old days, it was a legend that Hollywood was being ruined by fast women; now it's fast cars.

Sports cars and racing cars are dominating, more and more, the Hollywood scene, especially among the younger actors and actresses. The car is no longer just a method of comfortable transportation. For more and more actors, it is a way of life, an instrument for thrills, a way to prove you're up-to-date, an indication of your wealth and your sophistication.

Just driving a car is not enough any more. The stars tinker with them, rebuild them, re-design them. They own two or three cars, turn them in often, buy new models, follow the newest rages, and try not to be caught with an old-fashioned car.

They run in cliques: the foreign car enthusiasts, the American sports-car crowd, the ones who like custom-made cars, the crowd that remodels old jalopies for drag-strip races, the followers of the car races, the motorcycle crowd, the ones who prefer motorbikes or scooters, and so on.

The racing car enthusiasts include Tony Curtis, Gig Young, Ricky and David Nelson, Dennis Hopper, Jackie Cooper, Ronnie Burns, Sal Mineo, TV's Bill Leyden, John Derek.

Tony Curtis wanted to swap his Mercedes Benz for a Porsche, but his wife Janet said "Nothing doing!" and Tony bought a Cadillac instead.

David Nelson used to drive a midget racing car in competitions under the name of Randy Bigelow. Later, he entered the regular car races under the name of Mike Sullivan, without his parents' permission or knowledge. Scared by a couple of near-misses, he told his parents what he had been doing and promised never to race again. Now he rides a motorcycle in the hills for kicks.

And still he got arrested

The most professional speed driver in Hollywood is Jackie Cooper, who was once under contract to the Austin-Healey Co. and demonstrated the company's car at more than fifty tracks throughout the country. Jackie belongs to the British Auto Racing Club, the Sports Car Club of America, and the California Sports Car Club.

Jackie's top speed was 142.636 miles an hour, during 1953, and he explained that the car could go faster than that but that he would not risk "my neck, or somebody else's neck." Jackie bragged that, in all his years of speed racing, he's never had an accident.

In 1957, however, Jackie was accused by California highway patrolmen of doing 145 miles an hour in his $12,000 Mercedes Benz. Jackie insisted he had not gone over 100 miles an hour.

Another big race fan is Ronnie Burns, son of George Burns and Gracie Allen. He hangs around with Lance Reventlow, Jill St. John's boyfriend, and Bruce Kessler, Molly Bee's former boyfriend. But Ronnie stays in the pits with the drivers, and does not race. A former Corvette owner, he's switched to a Chrysler 300C, and plans to go to Europe to film a documentary on the Grand Prix races, in which Reventlow and Kessler will compete.

Bill Leyden brought back from Europe a copy of the car that won the Le Mans race last year. John Derek brought back a new BMW V8 from Europe. It's a cut-down German car that won the Alpine Cup and Grand Gold Medal in the Deutschland Rally, and the Eiffel race in France.

Elvis Presley, who used to drive Cadillacs before he got into the Army, has become fascinated with the BMW 507, which cost $3,750 in Germany. He says he plans to bring this car back with him.

The few actors who have raced cars on tracks do so under controlled conditions, of course. The big problem seems to be the actors and actresses who drive fast cars on highways and are tempted to go the limit, usually 140 miles an hour.

"I'm going to be killed . . ."

Frankie Avalon, for instance, bought himself a flaming red Thunderbird on his eighteenth birthday. Now he's been driving since sixteen, and he's a good driver, but his new T-Bird can race up to 140 miles an hour, and Frankie realizes the great temptation it presents.

Recently, he confided to a friend: "I'm going to be killed in this car . . . I just *know* it!"

As with all cars, sports cars are safe when driven carefully and under favorable circumstances. But a Jag, for instance, can go from zero to 60 miles per hour in 6.3 seconds—a very dangerous talent in the hands of the wrong person.

Some young actors and actresses are so speed-happy that they just can't wait to get out onto open highways to race their car . . . so they sneak brief moments of racing in the back lots of the movie studios. One big Hollywood studio had to warn Dwayne Hickman and Joan Collins never again to race their cars in the studio's back lot.

For some time, the Jaguar was the most popular sports car with show people in Hollywood, but now the Thunderbird

seems to be ahead. T-Bird drivers include Sandra Dee, Annette Funicello, Jill St. John, Peter Brown, Joan Collins, Earl Holliman, Jayne Mansfield, Lori Nelson, John Forsythe, Nick Adams, Tommy Sands, Tony Perkins, Jimmie Rodgers, Joan Bradshaw, Dick Anderson, Robert Horton, Johnny Mathis, Edward Byrnes, Sal Mineo.

John Ireland, Bob Stack, Rad Fulton, Dave Garroway, Sid Caesar, Skitch Henderson and Johnny Desmond still drive Jags.

Who owns what

Mercedes Benz has been coming up big: Bing Crosby, Eddie Fisher, Tab Hunter, Jeff Hunter, Jackie Cooper, Mel Torme, Zsa Zsa Gabor, John Gavin, Gary Cooper, Dwayne Hickman, Yul Brynner, Lauren Bacall, Clark Gable, Ricky Nelson, John Payne.

The imported Dual-Ghia has its followers, including Frank Sinatra, Eddie Fisher, Sammy Davis, Jr., Tony Martin, Peter Lawford, Dean Martin, John Saxon and Rod McKuen.

MGs are owned by Phil Everly of the Everly Brothers, Ernie Kovacs, Bill Hayes and Henry Fonda. Lee Marvin, a big race fan, owns an Arnold Bristol. Troy Donahue and Dean Stockwell drive a Porsche.

Pat Boone, whose first new car was a white Jag, switched to Corvette when he got his own TV show and his sponsor was Chevrolet. (Corvette is a Chevrolet car). Other Corvette owners include Paul Newman, Gia Scala, James MacArthur, Natalie Wood, Debra Paget and Molly Bee. Fabian, who is taking a car-driving course at South Philadelphia High School, says his first car will be a Corvette.

The younger stars prefer sports cars. For instance, Annette Funicello kept begging her parents for a Corvette for her sixteenth birthday. Her dad was willing to let her start driving at sixteen, but he wanted her to drive the family Cadillac.

Annette gasped, "Whoever heard of a kid driving a Cadillac? My friends will think I'm putting on airs. I want the Corvette!"

But Annette's mother had a different view: she didn't want Annette to start driving until she was seventeen.

So when Annette's sixteenth birthday came, her parents gave her a silver French poodle. She had to wait a couple of months, and then she was given a white two-seat Thunderbird with black upholstery, at Christmas time.

Dolores Hart used to drive the old family Chevy, and when she finally saved enough for a new car, she bought a Fiat. Her mom said it wasn't the right car for her, and compelled her to return it. Then Dolores bought a foreign-make sports car twice, and each time she had to return it and ask for a refund, explaining that she was a minor and could not be held responsible. When she finally bought a blue Ford convertible, mamma okayed it.

Don and the slick salesman

Don Everly, of the Everly Brothers, confesses he had a big yen for the BMW, a German-made car. He had fallen in love with it through pictures he had seen in magazines. So, when he was in New York rehearsing for TV, he hurried to a showroom, during rehearsal break.

He asked the salesman a multitude of questions, and the salesman, eying Don's casual clothes and thick fluffy hair, finally said, "Run along, sonny . . . and get yourself a haircut."

Embarrassed, Don slunk out . . . and never did return for that car. Now he's thinking of buying a Jaguar.

Bobby Darin, who's been driving a white Caddy for years, lost it when it was stolen from a garage while he was performing at the Fox Theatre, in Brooklyn. Now he plans to buy a Jaguar when he gets to Hollywood.

Connie Francis, taking driving lessons, says her first car will probably be a T-Bird or a Jag.

Some go for sedans

But not all stars go for sports models. Plenty still prefer the much heavier sedans. Red Skelton, Cary Grant, Liz Taylor, and Bing Crosby, for instance, have Rolls-Royces. Sophia Loren, Joseph Cotten and Margaret O'Brien have Caddies.

Rock Hudson drives a Chrysler 300D. Debbie Reynolds and June Allyson have Lincoln Continentals. Fess Parker prefers a Studebaker. Loretta Young and Ricky Nelson have Chrysler Imperials. Ricky, of course, has also owned a Porsche, motorcycles and a Plymouth Fury.

Margia Dean has a flip-top Ford convertible. Dinah Shore drives a Chevrolet, her sponsor's product. (All stars sponsored by an automobile company are required to drive that company's cars.)

Gig Young celebrated getting an Academy Award nomination by buying an $8,500 Jaguar Mark IX.

A few stars go in for embellishments, loads of accessories, and other attention-getting gimmicks. Liberace used to drive a Caddy decorated with gold piano-keyboard motifs. His brother George had golden violins embedded in the doors. Dale Robertson drives a big car, a gift from his TV sponsor, and it's equipped with two rifles lodged next to the driver's seat, a cowhide floor, and pistols as door handles.

Frank Sinatra, Sammy Davis Jr. and Eddie Fisher have phones in their cars. Paul Anka, before he got his white Caddy, owned a Plymouth convertible with a built-in phonograph in the dashboard.

Dwayne Hickman's Mercedes Benz has a built-in phonograph, too, and he admits, "My car is my big extravagance . . . I cut out pictures of Mercedes Benz cars for two years until I could afford to buy one."

Paul Winchell's car has a built-in tape recorder, on which he tapes his TV scripts and plays them back while he's driving.

A few stars prefer to remake a car. Sal Mineo had his '49 Mercury rebuilt for jalopy races, and Raymond Burr put $3,000 into converting his Army Jeep.

A few strong individualists, like Connie Stevens and Sheree North, and Diane Varsi when she was still in Hollywood, drive old cars and don't give a darn for public opinion.

There are still a few actors who, bored with conventional cars, turned to motorcycles and motorbikes for difficult trips up the hills and away from the highways. Clint Walker, David Nelson, Elvis Presley, Vince Edwards and Keenan Wynn are part of this crowd.

Next it'll be planes

"We're living in a jet speed age," says Bob Cummings, father of five kids, "and we've got to accept it. Every kid will drive a car, and perhaps a plane . . . and we ought to prepare for this."

Bob permits his thirteen-year-old Robert to drive the family Chrysler under strictly controlled circumstances, and to handle control of Bob's eight-seat Beechcraft plane, except for landing.

"By breaking in the kids early, it takes the edge off the excitement of driving for the first time when they're sixteen," he says.

The sexy side of speed

This tremendous urge for speed has a lot of facets. One angle is that it's sexy. Motor speed is very sensual. Also, girls seem to admire fast-riding boys. One

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newspaper, analyzing the enormous popularity of racing cars, called the drivers "Casanovas in Coveralls." It pointed out that "the big wheels of the speed tracks are winning the international glamour girls these days." It pointed to Linda Christian's romance with the Marquis de Portago, who was killed in the spectacular 1957 racing accident in Italy; and to Lance Reventlow and his buddy Bruce Kessler, who always attract crowds of adoring girls.

It seems girls are attracted, morbidly, to boys who defy death. These boys, according to psychiatrists, drive recklessly because of a "subconscious death wish" and "a suicide urge."

Is a sixteen or seventeen-year-old *ready* to drive?

Some educators feel driving by teenagers is wrong. William Condit, vice-principal of Belmont High School in Los Angeles, insists, "High school boys are joy-riding right out of an education."

He admits the boys' stock with girls may go up when they have a car, "but their marks go down." He quotes from an Idaho study revealing not a single straight A student questioned owned a car. Of the B students, only 15% owned cars; but of the C students, 41% owned cars. And of the D students, 71% owned cars. Of the failing students, 83% owned cars.

If this Idaho study is typical of the nation, then Condit has a potent argument against students owning and driving cars.

At least one star, Sal Mineo, feels the basic problem is not in teen-agers driving cars, but in what they do with their cars. Sal feels the teen-agers' love for cars can be used to combat juvenile delinquency.

"I talked to a police lieutenant in Chattanooga, Tennessee," says Sal, "and he told me about picking up a couple of teenagers racing in hot rods. He said he brought them to the police station and asked them what would make them happy. The kids said, 'Give us a drag strip where we can race our cars.'"

So the police managed to get up a strip for the kids, and now, says Sal, they rarely have trouble with racing kids. "Even the police lieutenant got himself a hot rod, so he could understand the problem better. Now kids of sixteen in Chattanooga can drive their cars in the drag strip."

Sal keeps his hot rod, a '49 Mercury rebuilt job, in Hollywood. "I've driven it to strips, but have not raced it," he explains. "You've got to get an okay from the police before you can race a car. The police have a man to check each car and okay it."

Sal's opinion: "A guy with a hot rod, and no place to race it, is heading for trouble."

He urges more hot rod clubs, more strips, more police supervision, more understanding from adults.

Ricky Nelson was once a drag strip enthusiast, too. He'd slip out to the track, get in a souped-up car with the glass all taken out, and then play the exciting game of trying to bump every other car off the road. He won a trophy the first time he tried it, but the studio found out and bawled him out good.

When Ricky first drove his new Porsche, he was caught many times by traffic cops and given tickets. His attitude was typical of today's young-man-in-a-hurry: "I guess I've got to prove I can *go*," he explained.

This profound urge to go, to move, to risk life and limb, is reflected in David Nelson's yearning to try parachuting.

He explained that his dad had once told him and Ricky that, "Life can be a perpetual dare" and "Don't be afraid of new experiences and responsibilities."

To David, parachute jumping would not be necessarily reckless. It would just be another step in training for other "big dares" of life.

Obviously, then, the younger set is moving, and moving fast. It's go, go, go! The speed age is with us, and nobody can stop it. . . . But remember that it's not how fast that counts, but where you are going, and how safely you arrive. So, please, everybody . . . drive carefully! **END**

TEEN DRIVERS THE WORST

Teen-agers have the worst accident rate of all age groups, according to the National Safety Council.

Teen-agers, who comprise 7.2 per cent of the total number of drivers, accounted for 11.5 per cent of all accidents and 10 per cent of fatal accidents.

Some states (Texas, etc.) issue licenses to youths of 14 and over; some states (California, etc.) permit driving at 15½.

According to authorities on driving, youngsters have excellent reflexes and could make the finest drivers—but they are inclined to carelessness and showing off.

FAVORITE COLORS

The most popular car among the younger Hollywood set is a white Thunderbird.

The most popular color in this set for cars: white, with black second, and red third.

Most popular colors for upholstery: white, black, gray, red, in that order.

Did John Wayne Risk The Lives Of His Wife And Child?

(*Continued from page 28*)

question. When the conversation was ended, Pilar placed the phone back in its cradle and stared dumbly at the distant wall. Then she turned to look at her sleeping husband.

John Wayne was lying on his side as asleep as a man can be an hour before his usual arising time. He looked the size of a fallen tree. Pilar suddenly flew into motion. She shook her husband's shoulders and tugged at his head and finally he opened an eye.

"What are you doing starting a revolution?" she demanded.

"Just a dream . . ." Wayne muttered.

Pilar shook him again and rocked his head from side-to-side until he came fully awake.

"What's the matter with you?" he said.

"What's the matter with *me?*" retorted Pilar. "What's the matter with you? I got a call from Panama and everybody says you have started a revolution down there. It's on the radio and in the newspapers. What are you up to?"

Wayne sat up, wide awake. He shook his head to clear the sleep from his brain.

"Now go slow," he said, "nice and slow and make some sense."

Pilar went into a long, fairly calm explanation of her earlier telephone conversation. It seemed that a Dr. Roberto Arias, a business partner of Wayne in the shrimp fishing and packing industry in Panama, had landed on a remote shore sixty miles from Panama City with a handful of mercenaries and was said to be headed for the country's capital to unseat the government and take over. Shortly after he had landed, Arias was forced to retreat from a cabin he had made his headquarters, leaving most of his luggage behind, and the National Guard had discovered a document stating that John Wayne had advanced him a sum close to a million dollars. The implication was that Wayne was the financial backer of a Latin American revolt.

"That's not true," Wayne said after she had finished. "At least not quite like you say."

"Aha," said Pilar, "not quite like I say! But most of it is true!"

"No," said Wayne. "You're jumping to conclusions."

"You are always jumping into trouble," his wife said. "I'm afraid to answer the phone anymore. You're supposed to be an actor. You don't have to live what they make you do on the screen."

"Now simmer down, honey," Wayne said, getting out of bed. "We'll get to the bottom of this."

"You're darn right we will!" said Pilar. "I wish I had never learned to speak English, so I wouldn't know what adventure means."

Wayne grinned and winked at her and headed toward his dressing room.

"Order some coffee," he said, "I'll be back in a minute and we'll get this straightened out."

The instant she was alone the phone rang. Pilar answered it with a very strong accent. "Who's calling?" she asked. "Associated Press? No, Senor Wayne is not home. No, he is out of the city. No, I don't know where. This is the cook."

She slammed the phone back into position and stared at it angrily as it started to ring again. She didn't answer it.

Fear froze her.

What is he up to now? thought Pilar. *That is his way, to laugh at danger. But what about the baby, me—and him? A revolution—Panama? This is trouble. Maybe some assassin—even now—is after us because of this. . . .*

The next three or four days were as filled with excitement as a movie script—more excitement, in fact, than Pilar Wayne had any use for. By the time he had reached his office that first morning the newspaper headlines, proclaiming John Wayne a master mind in the attempted coup in Panama, were glaring from every newsstand. And his private phone was ringing like the hottest instrument at the town's biggest bookmaker's. The lobby of his production offices on the Sunset Strip was filled with hard-copy reporters from the political and world affairs desks of the top wire services and weekly magazines.

Wayne, holed up in his inner sanctum, was making a survey of the situation, gathering meager information from whatever source he could. Around noon he issued a statement:

I have known Roberto Arias almost all his life, and I like him and respect him as a friend and business associate. I do not, how-

ever, knew anything about his alleged revolutionary activities, nor do I have any connection whatever with the internal affairs of Panama or any other country."

It wasn't much but the newspapers gobbled it up. It admitted at least a *connection* between Wayne and the revolutionary, who, at that time, was being hotly pursued through central Panama jungles.

On the third day the topic got really lively. One eastern paper exploded the information that it had proof that John Wayne had collected an arsenal: that he had a barn in Encino loaded to the rafters with firearms and that he had admitted that they were to be used in a rebellion. Until he explained it, the world was sure that Wayne had political ambitions. The explanation didn't do justice to the hot story. Wayne was preparing a picture called *The Alamo*, the story of the rebellion of Texas against Mexico in 1830, so the guns were indeed intended to be used in a revolt. They proved, however, to be vintage rifles that would be as useful as sling shots in modern combat. But the rumors had added fat to the already crackling fire.

When Pilar Wayne saw the headlines that evening she was thrown into a new turmoil of concern. They were black with veiled intimations and colorfully illustrated with stills from John Wayne movies, depicting the star in fighting poses. Pilar, a native Latin American herself, saw nothing but immediate disaster. Wayne paced his living room and pondered his situation.

"I think I'll go to Panama," he said finally, "and settle this thing down there."

Pilar's reaction was the same as if he had announced that he was going to jump off the Empire State Building.

"Are you crazy?" she demanded. "If you go down there they will lock you up."

"What for?" asked Wayne. "I haven't done anything."

"*We* know that," said Pilar, "but maybe *they* don't."

"I've got to do something," said Wayne.

"Then go to bed—like ordinary people."

Report from Panama

Wayne walked to the phone and placed a call to the Panama Ambassador in Washington. When the Ambassador got on the line Wayne explained who he was and his predicament. The Ambassador assured him that his government was thoroughly convinced that Wayne knew nothing of the revolt and had at no time considered him involved in any way except as an innocent bystander—and he told Wayne there would be no need for him to go to Panama to explain anything. Wayne offered his books and himself for confirmation of this any time he was called upon. And the matter, as far as official circles were concerned, was settled.

That night, very late, John Wayne awakened to find his wife wide-awake beside him.

"Why can't you sleep?" he asked.

"I'm afraid," she said, "that the phone might ring."

Pilar Wayne had reason to be concerned about the possibility of further adventure—and danger. Once she believed that the adventures of even an action star were confined to sound stages and the back lots of movie studios. Her first disillusionment came shortly before their marriage.

It was in Hawaii, on the main island, where her fiance was engaged in making a film about the exploits of a broken-down freighter during World War II. She had come to the islands to prepare for her marriage, which was scheduled to take place when the filming was over. Every morning a studio limousine picked up her husband-to-be at the small house he occupied and drove him to a dock near the village of Kona. There he boarded the lumbering freighter purchased for the movie and set out to sea for the day's shooting. She was not invited along because the crew, actors, movie workmen and the heavy equipment added so much weight to the already creaking vessel that not an extra pound could be placed aboard. Pilar, of course, didn't know this.

The ship would sail off in the early morning and painfully pull in alongside the dock about five o'clock in the afternoon. And Pilar was always there to greet her man.

One evening she stood on the pier gazing out to sea. The horizon was gloomy and foreboding against a silhouette of fishing boats, and there was no familiar streak of black smoke rising from the sea, the signal that the freighter was heading for port. Dusk fell rapidly and Pilar watched but all she saw were angry clouds that shifted about menacingly and the white caps of the towering waves. And when night fell, with the freighter three hours overdue, the sea moved in on the shore, snapping viciously at the rocks and sending spiral sprays of fierce white water thirty feet into the air and shaking the dock with shuddering impacts that made it almost impossible to keep a footing.

Rain fell in driving sheets now, a warm rain that somehow chilled Pilar for it was so ominous. She was joined by anxious fisherfolk, helplessly but intently staring into the black at what they presumed to be the position of their boats. One broke loose and charged like a terror-borne, living thing into the rocks and piled itself high on the giant lava coals, looking like a toy broken and discarded by a disinterested small boy. The fishermen left to climb atop the lava to attempt some salvage. Pilar stood alone on the dock trembling from the night wind and the dread she fought to dispel.

Then there were lights. Small at first and later larger, outlining, possibly, the below-deck portholes of a ship. They disappeared, sometimes it seemed for minutes, below the maddened sea, but each time Pilar saw them they were closer—and she knew her fiance and his company were at least afloat.

There was little cheer in Pilar's heart as the ship, visible now in the reflection of lights from the village, drew closer to the dock. The monster of iron and wood was lifted high on a perch of prongs of licking water and then slammed back into the hard gut of ocean. It shuddered with pain at each assault and it skittered sidewise, out of control, at times, but its approach to the pier was firm.

Soon there were bells and the shouts of seamen getting and acknowledging orders. The fishermen forgot their small craft and ran to the pier to lend a hand in the landing. And then the ship was at the dock, rising and falling like a giant elevator as the whim of the swell had its final way. The lines were thrown and looped loosely on the dock stanchions and one-by-one the wet and tired movie men skidded down a buckling gangplank to safety. Pilar ran to her fiance. He grinned and hugged her.

"You keep off that boat," she said.

"What for?" he asked, purring with innocence.

"I've been standing here for hours," she said, "and you've been out there in the dark probably drowning. That ship is not safe."

A crewman joined them. "Some trip," he said.

"What happened?" asked Pilar.

"Well," said the crewman, "we lost our engines and the storm came up. We

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thought we were going to overturn, and then she started to leak, and then . . ."

Pilar had John Wayne by the arm and was dragging him away. "You don't go out there again!" she ordered. "Even now you've probably got pneumonia." He followed her docilely to the car. When she awoke the next morning and telephoned him she got the message he had left. *Had to get an early start,* it said. *After all this is my livelihood, you know.*

It was 1957 in Africa. Not civilized Africa but 600 miles from the coast, deep in the heart of the Sahara Desert. Pilar Wayne had flown in from Italy to visit her husband who was making a picture down there. When she arrived at the small oasis that was without any conveniences except Arab mud huts and a colony of tents that had been pitched to make a home for the picture company, the cast and technicians were miles away in the desert shooting. Some of the home-based members of the crew welcomed her and explained that the others would be back about nightfall.

"I would like to go out to the location," she said. "Can somebody drive me?"

"Sure," said a driver standing beside a jeep, "the only thing is we don't know where they are."

"You mean," said Pilar, "that they just go off out there and don't know where they're going?"

"You just flew over the Sahara," said the man, "you know how it is. No roads. No town. You've just got to cut out across the sand into the dunes and look for a spot."

"My God," said Pilar. "They could get lost and nobody would ever hear from them again."

The driver just shrugged. "That's the picture business," he said.

"It's the lunatic business," said Pilar.

She sat in the meager shade of a tent on a camp chair until sundown when a convoy of dust-covered jeeps and trucks came churning across the desert in a heavy mist of dust toward the tent village. Her husband leaped from one of the jeeps and ran to her. He held her in a crushing hug. She melted for a moment, then pushed free.

"You told me this was like Palm Springs," she said.

"Well, honey," said Wayne, "it is. It's hot, isn't it?"

"Tomorrow I will go with you," she said, "and we'll see."

And she did. Shortly after dawn the convoy started into the golden brown waste that had swallowed men and camels for thousands of years, headed toward the horizon across sand that had not so much as a camel trail to point a direction. She sat in the back seat of a jeep beside her husband, and in ten minutes they were in a limbo of nothingness, a roaring string of machines in a world that had suddenly dropped population and landmarks.

"Let's stop at the next gas station," she suggested pointedly.

"To tell you the truth," said Wayne, there isn't a gas station within five hundred miles of here."

"That's what I thought," said Pilar. "Palm Springs is full of gas stations. I'm beginning to think you lie to me sometimes."

At noontime the vehicles were lined up in rigid order while the company ate a cold lunch sitting in the sand. One of the cameramen leaped to his feet, pointing to the horizon. He ran to the camera and began pulling tarps over the exposed equipment.

Pilar looked in the direction he had pointed. A curtain of brown, thick as wool stretched from the floor of the desert to the sky. Others began scrambling about hauling tarps from trucks and placing them on the ground under the vehicles.

"What's going on?" Pilar asked.

"Sandstorm," somebody yelled.

Her husband grabbed her by the hand and pulled her under a truck and wrapped them both in a tarp. The last thing Pilar saw was a wall of sand descending on them with lightning speed—then there was only the darkness of the protecting canvas. Suddenly the storm was upon them, whipping and tugging at the slender cloth that separated them from the elements, and roaring like a thousand insane beasts of prey.

Inside the tarp, Pilar was chilly in the heavy heat. "How long do we have to stay here?" she asked.

"Oh, maybe just an hour or two," her husband said. "But keep covered or your lungs will be as solid as marble in ten minutes."

"How often does this happen?" asked Pilar.

"Sometimes not for a couple of days," said Wayne.

Pilar was silent for a long time. "I think," she said, "this sand will cover the tracks we made coming out here. It might be hard finding our way back to the tents."

Wayne didn't answer.

"If we get back home," said Pilar, "I'm going to buy you a new tuxedo and you can work in safe pictures like Cary Grant."

Japan is just about as civilized a country as one can find on a map. But when Pilar landed at the Tokyo airport to meet her husband who was making a picture there, she wore a wary expression as she was led through the ultra-modern terminal building to a large limousine that took her through the cosmopolitan city to a large swank hotel. In her suite she picked up a phone and called John Wayne at a 20th Century-Fox location site some two hundred miles from Tokyo.

"What are you up to?" she asked before she said hello.

"Just working, honey," Wayne said. "Why don't you get a night's sleep and take the train down here tomorrow?"

"I have flown across 7000 miles of icebergs to do just that," she said.

The next afternoon saw her walking through the cobble-stoned streets of the fishing village toward the small harbor, thick with sampans which are the floating breadwinners of the natives of the community. It was very colorful. Women and small children stood in the doorways and stared at her curiously. Gnarled and wizened men worked on ancient nets, repairing them for the night's foray into the Pacific in search of fish. Pilar came to the jutting docks and looked about for the movie-makers. An aide pointed out toward the end of the jetty where reflectors and lights flashed in the brilliant sunlight.

"They're working out there," he said. "They're going to set a sampan on fire and then put it out for a sequence in the picture. They should all be back in an hour or so."

Pilar watched, cooled by the brisk breeze that blew in from the ocean. Presently there was a flash of flame aboard the sampan and men scurried about, looking like ants in the distance, in an enactment of the scene. Then something unexpected happened. The sampan broke loose from the jetty and, picking up speed in its flaming remnants of sail, headed toward the shore lined with the villagers' fishing vessels.

With a roar of concern for their boats the entire village headed toward the shoreline. Fear for their property showed on their faces—and many of them were red with anger. The foreigners were endangering their fleet with their silly picture-making.

Pilar stood with mouth open and saw the rescue. She recognized her husband by his height as he led a flotilla of small rowboats pulling toward the flaming sampan. She saw him leap for the hawser, trailing from the prow of the burning craft and tumble into the water. She saw him attempt to swim seaward tugging on the hawser and the futile effort it was. And she saw help come as other boats arrived and she saw Wayne slide aboard one and cry orders to the now linked rowboats which were straining manfully to tow the rapidly incinerating sampan away from the helpless beached fishing fleet. The wreck burned to the water line and sank—and the cast and crew came ashore in total exhaustion.

The villagers were hostile to a man, woman and child. Wayne strode into their midst and attempted to soothe them through an interpreter. And when it was quiet, he joined a very quiet wife to say welcome to Japan. Back at the hotel, after a change of clothing and a bath, he smiled at her across a tray of sandwiches and coffee. Pilar didn't smile.

"I think I'll write a book," she said, "called *My Husband Is Crazy.*"

The producer walked into the room. "That was close, wasn't it?" he asked.

"What would have happened if you had burned their boats?" Pilar asked.

"I don't know," said the producer. "I suppose they'd have hanged every last one of us."

Pilar Wayne was still sleepless, still afraid the phone might ring. An angry Panamanian, she thought, one who didn't have all the facts, would surely come charging up their driveway at dawn in a tank, pouring shells into their lovely home. Pictures of other frightening events flashed before her eyes, obscuring the pages of the book she held in her hands.

There was the time her husband had chartered a plane in Japan to look at a location. There had been an engine failure in the single-engined plane and the pilot had had to land it in the ocean so he and Wayne could clamber aboard a small boat he had spotted in an endless expanse of sea. Wayne had gotten wet—but what about the next time?

There was the time—another day in the Sahara—when a grumpy band of nomadic Arabs had taken offense at something someone in the movie company had done or said and had lined up before the defenseless and weaponless movie people and displayed swords and daggers to express their anger. That day her husband had, as usual, stepped forward to settle the differences.

There had been a hundred incidents, all spelling jeopardy. And now this Panama thing. Pilar thought of them all.

Wayne stirred in his sleep and opened his eyes. He looked at his wife.

"I'm sorry you can't sleep, sweetheart. Have you got something on your mind?"

Pilar's answer came out a long whistle and a sigh.

"Don't worry," Wayne said, "everything's going to be all right. It always has been."

He rolled on his back and began breathing deeply, an easy sleep instantly upon him. Pilar looked at him for several minutes. She reached for the light switch, and put down the book.

"Who needs a book," she said to herself. *It couldn't be anything like being married to John Wayne.*

She twisted off the light and put her hand in the large warm hand on the pillow beside her. **END**

See John in WB's Rio Bravo *and soon in UA's* The Horse Soldiers.



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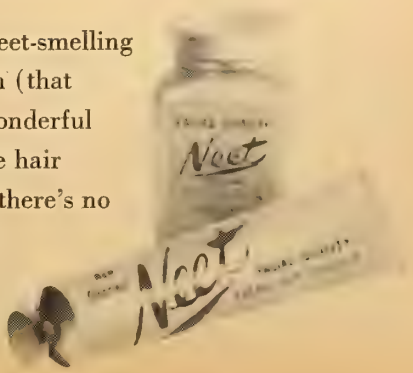
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 8, September 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.



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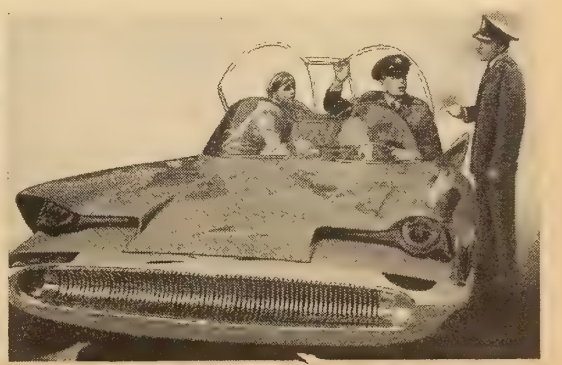
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For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars, get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 53.

Q On TV and in interviews, **Dean Martin** kids a great deal about his consumption of alcoholic beverages. Does Dean really drink as much as he admits to?

—D.C., Fort Smith, Ark.

A *More.*

Q Do you think that there is any chance of a reconciliation between **Cliff Robertson** and his wife Cindy Lemmon Robertson?

—F.F., Hollywood, Calif.

A *Only if absence makes Cliff's heart grow fonder during his three months in Europe.*

Q I've heard that **Elvis Presley** absolutely doesn't drink. Yet in a recent issue of Modern Screen there was an incident in which Elvis was sipping beer in Germany. Has he acquired the habit?

—J.R., Gadsden, Ala.

A *Beer drinking is a national institution in Germany and since living abroad Elvis has indulged in the hops now and then.*

Q I'm trying to keep the record straight. I read that **Linda Cristal** went to the Cannes Festival to be near **Cary Grant** and then that Grant went to be near **Kim Novak** and finally that Kim went to be near Mario Bandini. If this is true—what happened?

—S.B., Lowell, Mass.

A *Chaos.*

Q With all this hullabaloo about **Joan Crawford**'s financial status, I wonder if the fact that Joan really hasn't much money is the reason her daughter Christina took a job as a waitress in a Greenwich Village restaurant to pay for dramatic tuition.

—R.M., Brooklyn, N.Y.

A *One of Joan's gems could pay Christina's drama coaches for a decade. Chris, however, is working by her own choice in order to launch her career completely on her own.*

Q How serious is it between hat-check girl Paula Maurice and **Montgomery Clift?**

—L.H.P., Elgin, Ill.

A *Paula has serious aspirations to become an actress. Monty is a sympathetic guy.*

Q Why was the British press so nasty to **Ginger Rogers?** I read they made her life miserable when she was doing a TV show in London.

—W.C., Columbia, S.C.

A *Ginger made the press wait for an interview. They in turn made her writhe when they wrote it.*

Q Is it true that **Marlene Dietrich** has a voodoo doll of **Carol Channing** and sticks pins in it because she dislikes the Broadway TV entertainer so intensely? What caused the feud?

—P.M., Los Angeles, Calif.

A *Marlene never forgave Carol for the devastating impersonation the latter performed of her. Carol, to end the feud, sent Marlene the voodoo doll as a 'let's make-up gag.' Miss Dietrich discarded the doll and the gesture.*

Q What's behind the mysterious operation **Anna Maria Alberghetti** had recently when she was hospitalized for several days?

—G.P., Rocky Mount, N.C.

A *No mystery. Some girls go out and get a new hat after the end of a broken romance; Anna Maria decided to get a new nose.*

Q Is it true that Universal International yanked **Rock Hudson** from the Broadway musical *Saratoga Trunk* after he was signed, sealed and delivered because they thought he would set his career back ten years if he tried to do a legitimate and singing role?

—M.R., Kingston, N.Y.

A *Rock was neither signed, sealed nor delivered for the play. Universal International said No because they didn't want their most valuable asset frozen on Broadway for two years.*

Q I noticed when **Hugh O'Brian** was here with the **Bob Hope** show that they put **Wyatt Earp** in very large letters and Hugh's name very tiny in parentheses beneath it in the ads. Is this the way Hugh wants it?

—S.A., Cleveland, Ohio

A *No!*

Q It looks like Marlon Brando is losing weight. What is his diet secret?

—H.P., Nanticoke, Pa.

A *Marlon's way of fighting the battle of the bulge is—cottage cheese!*

Q Does **Debbie Reynolds** plan to make diamond-giver Bob Neal her next husband?

—L.McC., Canton, Ohio

A *Not right now, anyway.*

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FIRST PRIZE . . .	$75,000.00
2nd PRIZE	$17,000.00
3rd PRIZE	$9,000.00
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SAMPLE PUZZLE



Largest Island in the Mediterranean.

S I C I L Y

In this Sample Puzzle which is typical of all basic Official Puzzles there are just enough letters scrambled to correctly spell out the name of a certain island. Now look at the Clues. "Largest island in the Mediterranean." Of course you know this is Sicily and, sure enough, when you unscramble the letters, that's exactly the island name you come up with. Furthermore, you can tell by the outline of the island that you've got the correct answer. Finally, the pictured objects in the puzzle (Mt. Etna—a hot sun), also suggest Sicily. (NOTE: An additional clue with each set of basic Official Puzzles will be a list of island names from which to select your answers.)

Puzzles #5, #6, #7 and #8 will be mailed to each entrant within just **14 DAYS!**

HOW TO PLAY THIS GAME

The correct answer to each of the four FREE Puzzles below is the name of an island. The object of the game is to spell out the correct island name in each puzzle by unscrambling the letters in the puzzle. The pictured objects and other clues will help you verify your solutions.

The correct answer to each of the four puzzles below is among the following island names.

ICELAND · PALMERSTON · PUERTO RICO · OAHU
CUBA · HAWAII · IRELAND · HAINAN

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❶



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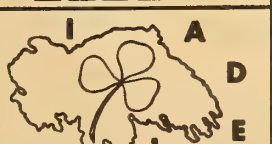
❷



Inhabitants of this island are United States Citizens.

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

❸



Saint Patrick drove out the snakes from this shamrock isle. ☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

❹



Isle of the Hula Hula.

☐☐☐☐☐☐

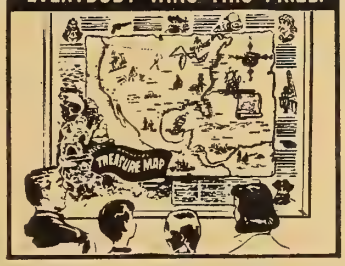
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ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

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Print Your Answers below

Puzzle #1.....

Puzzle #2.....

Puzzle #3.....

Puzzle #4.....

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

☐ I enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope 2

Print Your Answers below

Puzzle #1.....

Puzzle #2.....

Puzzle #3.....

Puzzle #4.....

YOU MUST ENCLOSE A STAMPED SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE



MEET THE FIVE PENNIES

...in five albums!

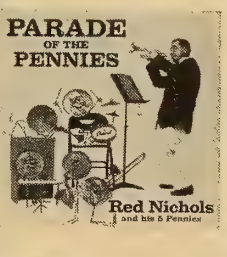


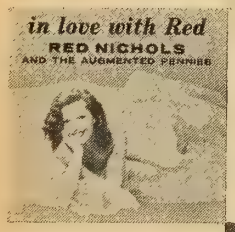
In Stereo! All the great, rousing Dixieland tunes (and more!) that Red and the boys play in their just-released film biography, "The Five Pennies," with Danny Kaye and Louis Armstrong. ST 1228*



Two-beat madness in one whale of a live session at a famed aquatic playground by the Pacific. In Stereo. ST 1163*

The Pennies really shine with eleven arrangements from the old days of Red's rollicking Dixieland music. T 1051





Red adds strings and reeds to his usual jaunty jazz. A brand-new mood that's a listening and dancing dream. T 999

Red's blazing horn and the Pennies don't quit for over six minutes in two of these 10 tunes they're famous for. T 775



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PORGY AND BESS

an American classic

Sidney Poitier
Dorothy Dandridge
Sammy Davis, Jr.
Pearl Bailey
Diahann Carroll

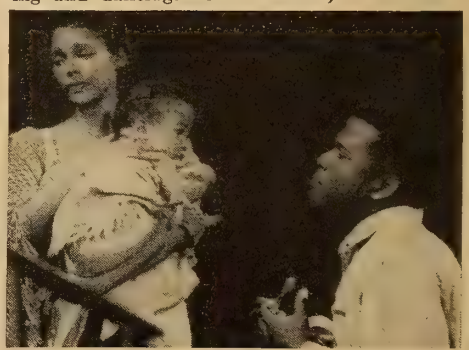
■ Music by Gershwin (George), lyrics by Dubose Heyward and Gershwin (Ira)—the story, an American classic. Just go! Anyway, here's what happens. Catfish Row is the home of Porgy (Sidney Poitier). He has a sensitive mind, a powerful body and deformed legs which are strapped to boards. A goatcart takes him around, but he never goes very far. Life among the Negroes in Charleston, South Carolina in 1912 is poor (and perhaps as vivid) as you'd imagine. Livening up the neighborhood is Sporting Life (Sammy Davis Jr.), a flashy boy who peddles liquor and 'happy dust' (dope). Storekeeper Pearl Bailey, churchwoman Ruth Attaway, Diahann Carroll, her baby and her fisherman husband (Leslie Scott) among others, are there, too. Suddenly into Porgy's life comes love—preceded, of course, by violence. A crap game's going on, attracting the attention of bully Crown (Brock Peters) and his 'wife' Bess (Dorothy Dandridge). A little dispute leads to murder by Crown, who flees, leaving Bess behind. All the doors in Catfish Row slam shut against her. Only Porgy takes her in. It's love for him; for her it's an interesting, touching new experience. A dollar and a half buys her a divorce from Crown. Sporting Life is willing to buy her the world (New York, anyway) if only she'd come with him. To make her easier to persuade he urges her to try some of that 'happy dust.' Bess is a girl men won't let go of. Crown ambushes her one evening on her way home from a picnic, and by the time she returns to Catfish Row she's delirious. Now she wants to stay with Porgy whom she loves—and for a while they're idyllically happy. However, Bess' fate wasn't destined to be calm. Porgy fights for his love; he murders for it; he even chases after it when others think it's too late. Haunting music, beautifully sung and a love story that tears your heart. That's Porgy and Bess.—TECHNICOLOR, TODD AO, SAM GOLDWYN.

SAY ONE FOR ME

Bing's in the pulpit again

Bing Crosby
Debbie Reynolds
Robert Wagner
Ray Walston
Les Tremaine

■ Father Bing Crosby has a parish right off Broadway where he delivers sermons at one in the morning to accommodate his show business parishioners. Among them is Debbie Reynolds who is not interested in the business yet; she seizes the opportunity to break in when her father (Les Tremaine) is removed to a hospital. (Les wants her to finish college and take up a high-class career.) Working for Bob Wagner in his sleazy nightclub is not exactly top billing. Wagner thinks of himself as a ladies' man (the ladies think of him as unbearable) and is forever chasing Debbie with pizza pies and indecent proposals. Wagner's sidekick and pianist is Ray Walston who has a lot of talent which he is preserving in alcohol, but he's retained a clear enough head to know that Debbie's in danger. Father Bing has made some spiritual headway with Ray but he can't handle Wagner, who wants to be handled by Sam Goldwyn or his equivalent. Finally, Bing comes up with an idea: to help sick show folks like Debbie's father, he organizes a star-studded charity benefit for network TV. Wagner's offered a spot on it—if he gives up Debbie. Good singing and dancing.—CINEMASCOPE, PARAMOUNT.



Even the baby Porgy and Bess have 'adopted' won't keep them together.

(Continued on page 8)

LISTEN TO THE KIDS
IN THE MOTION PICTURE

"blue denim"



the lost innocence... the rude awakening to what they had done...

JANET (AGE 15):

"Maybe I could go to my Aunt Clara's. She's over two hundred miles away. Maybe I could just disappear somewhere or–just kill myself..."



ARTHUR (AGE 16):

"You're not going to go anywhere —or do anything. I'm responsible and I know a way out.. I'll take care of everything..."

CAROL LYNLEY · BRANDON de WILDE · MACDONALD CAREY · MARSHA HUNT

Produced by CHARLES BRACKETT Directed by PHILIP DUNNE Screenplay by EDITH SOMMER and PHILIP DUNNE

CINEMASCOPE 20th Century-Fox STEREOPHONIC SOUND

AMERICA'S MOST GLAMOROUS WOMEN APPLAUD...



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only 39c PLUS TAX
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Available at leading variety and drug stores everywhere.

HOUSE OF WESTMORE, INC., NEW YORK • MONTREAL

new movies

(*Continued from page 6*)

THE HORSE SOLDIERS

another part of the Civil War

John Wayne
William Holden
Constance Towers
Althea Gibson
Hoot Gibson

■ It looks as if the Union is losing the war (the Civil War) so it's no wonder that Union soldiers don't like the idea of riding 300 miles into enemy territory (poor boys, they think they're heading north for a parade). The situation is: if Grant doesn't take Vicksburg by summer, the South may be victorious. Grant can't take Vicksburg; he can't even get near it. That's why he orders Colonel John Wayne to destroy Newton Station, thus cutting off the railway line that Rebels have been using to send troops into Vicksburg. Wayne sets out on the 300 mile march (by horse). With him is Surgeon-Major William Holden. Naturally Wayne can't stand him. One: Holden rides unarmed; two: Holden has the right to declare soldiers unfit for action, and Wayne has few enough soldiers to start with. As if Holden weren't enough of a thorn in his side, Wayne next acquires the company of plantation owner Constance Towers who, if he doesn't take her along, will betray his plans to the Rebels. He destroys Newton Station, all right, but how's he going to get home? They're shooting all around him. Directed by John Ford, here's heman stuff, with some old southern charm.—DeLuxe Color, United Artists.

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS

in cha-cha-cha time

Clifton Webb
Jane Wyman
Paul Henreid
Jill St. John
Carol Lynley

■ Clifton Webb's a proper Bostonian—but a psychologist, which ought to even things up. His wife (Jane Wyman) understands him better than any one. She's there to comfort him when their oldest daughter, college girl Jill St. John, goes on a month's study tour of South America. Hysteria sets in when Jill cables from Brazil that she plans to extend the tour under the personal guidance of architect Paul Henreid. Webb, Wyman and their younger daughter, Carol Lynley, rush to Sao Paulo. Hysteria increases when Webb discovers that Henreid is his own age, is famous, never sleeps and seems enamoured of Jill. Jill's in love with his artist son (Niko Minardos) but when Webb meets *him,* he wishes she'd settle for Henreid. To get Jill away from both men he takes his reluctant family on a sightseeing binge. In Lima he nearly faints at a bullfight. Later, in a nightclub, he gets drunk enough to board a plane for Trinidad (actually, he's carried on). By that time Jill has decided to elope and Carol has met Gary Crosby, a soldier from Georgia, who followed the family across South America—on foot—to propose. Mama Wyman is all for young love; Pop is all in pieces, but rallying by altar time. Wonderful scenery and Webb (plus a brilliant display of dancing by Jose Greco) make a delightful Holiday.—Cinemascope, 20th-Fox.

THE BIG CIRCUS

death-defying acts

Victor Mature
Red Buttons
Rhonda Fleming
Vincent Price
Gilbert Roland

■ Is the day of the circus over? "Maybe," says the bank where Red Buttons works. That's why they don't want to lend any money to impresario Vic Mature. Well, okay, they'll lend him, as long as Buttons goes along on the seasonal tour to protect their investment. Mature tolerates penny-pinching Buttons (who's mellowed by the sight of Mature's sister, Kathy Grant) but he can't bear the woman press agent forced on him. (That's Rhonda Fleming. Actually, he can bear *her* very well; it's just her brain that pains him.) Here we are—with Gilbert Roland and his wife who, with David Nelson, form the greatest trapeze act in the world; with clown Peter Lorre, ringmaster Vincent Price, wonderful elephants (painted all colors), the whole exciting works. Trouble is, someone hired by a rival circus owner is busy setting fires, letting lions loose, wrecking trains, doing everything to put Mature out of business. *Nothing* puts Mature out of business. Not even Rhonda who daringly suggests that Gilbert Roland walk over Niagara Falls (on a tightrope) as a publicity stunt. Tragedy, love and thrills aplenty in this old fashioned circus story.—Cinemascope, Allied Artists.

THE ANGRY HILLS

intrigue in Athens

Robert Mitchum
Gia Scala
Elisabeth Mueller
Theodore Bikel
Stanley Baker

■ Foreign correspondent Robert Mitchum arrives in Athens just before it falls to the Nazis (he's been arriving one jump ahead of them everywhere). Not that the war means much to him—he's the cynical type. Waiting to fly to England, he's approached by a Greek patriot (who is later murdered) asking him to deliver a list of underground leaders to London. For $20,000 Mitchum's glad to do it. Unfortunately, the plane doesn't leave the ground. Athens is occupied and the Nazis are looking for him. His only refuge is a small village where he finds (and is nursed by) Gia Scala. Peace—it's wonderful, but it doesn't last. The Nazis hound him into a nunnery. There, underground worker Elizabeth Mueller comes to help him escape out of Greece. The hitch is: two of her childern are held hostage by the Nazis. If she wants, she can use Mitchum to bargain with them. Does she want?—MGM.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

THE NUN'S STORY (Warners): An indulgent but disapproving father (Dean Jagger) watches daughter Audrey Hepburn enter a convent. Before she achieves her goal of nursing nun, the nun's life restricts her independence, fills it with discipline and a new kind of tension. But, later, the jibes of her co-worker in the Congo, Doctor Peter Finch, bring only her religious dedication as answer. With recall to Belgium and the onset of the war, Audrey's strong feelings call for a new decision over her vocation. A subtle, moving treatment of a difficult theme.

THE MIRROR HAS TWO FACES (Continental Films): Michele Morgan, an ugly duckling, is married off by her mom and dad to a miserly schoolteacher (Bourvil). The grateful Michele overlooks the fact that hubby has advertised for his wife, lives with his mother, and mistrusts prettiness. Years later, after an auto accident, Bourvil and Michele run into a surgeon who makes the duckling a swan. The results are interesting; beautiful wife, lunatic husband—murder! In French, with English titles.

ASK ANY GIRL (MGM): Shirley MacLaine, a newcomer in New York, wants to get married. Instead, she is prey to wolves like Rod Taylor, who steal her clothes and snarl her lovelife. Gig Young has the door-to-door part of a consumer research agency shared with brother David Niven. Shirley decides that Gig is *it,* and the following antics have a new and funny lilt to them.

THE YOUNG PHILADELPHIANS (Warners) The separation of upper and lower classes in Philadelphia leads to much confusion as to who has fathered whom, and what the best marriages might be, in two generations of high society. Irish Brian Keith loves social Diane Brewster. She marries another but bears Brian's son (Paul Newman). Newman, grown up, wants Barbara Rush and money. Frustrated at getting neither, his ambition makes him a brilliant lawyer and a socialite, gets him involved with blueblooded Alexis Smith, and in the murder trial of boyhood friend Robert Vaughan. There are a hundred questions to be answered in the lives of these people, and eventually most of them are puzzled out, in this absorbing drama.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

Louella becomes a doctor

The truth about Debbie

The most elaborate party



Doctor Parsons with Father Woods. . . .

The Most Courageous Girl

Debbie Reynolds has more men vying for her smiles now than any other actress in Hollywood but I feel that deep in her heart she isn't as happy as she appears. She is trying to put a smiling face to the world. **Eva Garbor**, who has become very close to Debbie, told me that Debbie is the most courageous girl she has ever known. She said, "I was prepared not to like her. I thought she would be almost too good, but I found out she doesn't feel sorry for herself and doesn't want the sympathy of anyone. She knows **Eddie Fisher** and **Elizabeth Taylor** are married and that's a closed chapter in her life."

There have been all sorts of rumors about this one and that one, the most ridiculous, of course, is that she and **Glenn Ford** have been having a secret romance. When this gossip grew so loud it could no longer be ignored, Glenn, himself, telephoned me.

"This gossip is too ridiculous to dignify with a denial," he told me heatedly. What a shame that when two people have a nice association making a picture as Debbie and I did on *It Started with a Kiss*, lots of fun and lots of clowning around, it's turned into something vicious."

Then, along came the announcement from MGM that Debbie and Glenn will be teamed in a *second* picture, *The Gazebo*—and up crops all the wild talk again.

When I called Debbie, just before she took off for New York, for a visit with Eva Gabor, some fun, and a much needed rest (she hoped), she said, "Yes, I'd love to work with Glenn again—but I can't possibly meet a July starting date. I'm so tired. I can't tell you how tired I am. Before I even think of making another picture, I want to take the children and go to Honolulu where I'll just sit, and sit, and *sit*."

In New York, Debbie's old friend Bob Neal, the Texas millionaire, presented her with a diamond pin. You'd have thought he presented her with the crown jewels of England with all the publicity it occasioned! "Oh, dear me," Debbie said, "it was just a nice gesture from a friend."

And this isn't all. When it became known that another millionaire, Harry Karl, was going to be in Honolulu on business almost all the time Debbie was there—headlines again! And Debbie just keeps saying, "Oh, dear me—dear me."



Debbie arrives with the children in Honolulu where she's going to just sit and sit and sit.

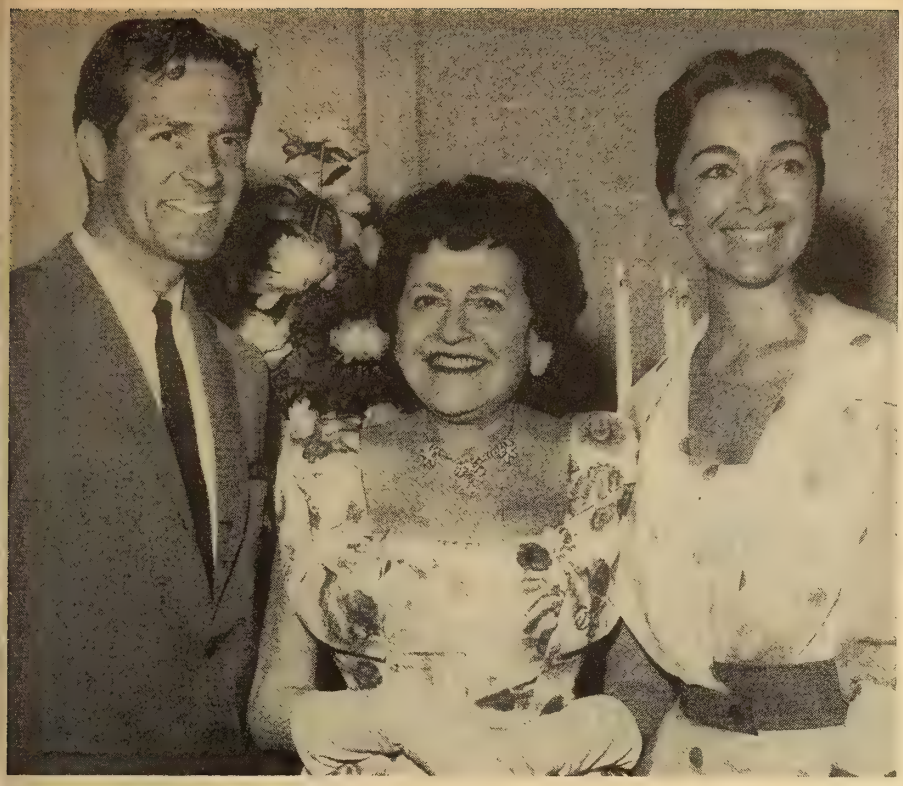
For the time being at least, Lauren Bacall is keeping her word that she will not come back.



Lauren Today

When **Lauren Bacall** left Hollywood she told all her chums she wouldn't be back. She had just gone through her unhappy romance with **Frank Sinatra** and Betty was more unhappy than she cared to have the world know.

Obviously for the time being at least, Betty is keeping her word. When she returns to the U.S.A. the last of August, she stays right in New York to go into rehearsal of *Goodbye Charlie*, a George Axelrod comedy which Leland Hayward is bringing to Broadway. There's a bit of sentiment in Betty's doing a play for Leland. It was the present Mrs. Hayward, then 'Slim' Hawks, who saw a portrait of Betty in a fashion magazine and persuaded Howard Hawks to put her in a picture called *To Have and Have Not* at which time she played opposite **Humphrey Bogart** and met him for the first time. The famous gold whistle, which was buried with Bogey, figured in this picture.



Hugh O'Brian and Joan Weldon were on hand in Chicago to congratulate Louella on receiving her doctorate from Quincy College.

One Bright Side for Audrey

The sadness of **Audrey Hepburn** in losing her expected baby had one bright side. Her doctors in Switzerland told her she and **Mel Ferrer** could have other children. "There is nothing to prevent you from having a family," said one of the important medics.

Paramount is expecting Audrey to fulfill her commitment with them and make *No Bail for the Judge*, an Alfred Hitchcock production. She has told friends she does not want to make this picture because she doesn't like the role.



Audrey's doctors have told her that there is nothing to prevent her from having a family.

It's Doctor Parsons now

JUST HEARD ABOUT YOUR DEGREE. THRILLED TO HAVE THE ONLY FAN MAGAZINE WITH A DOCTOR WRITING ITS GOSSIP. SERIOUSLY, YOU DESERVE THE HONOR AND I'M TERRIBLY HAPPY FOR YOU. LOVE (SIGNED) AL.

This, my friends, is the telegram I received from your friend and mine, Al Delacorte, young guiding editorial light of the Dell Publications. It was one of the first messages to arrive after it was made public that I was to receive an honorary Doctor of Letters degree at Quincy College, Quincy, Illinois, my native state!

To state that I was proud and thrilled goes without saying. But I also felt unworthy, and, as I said in my speech at the commencement exercises, "I don't know what I have done to deserve this honor."

In retrospect, although it was just a few weeks ago, it seems like a wonderful dream: the surprise and pleasure of receiving that first notification from Father Julian Woods—("We would like to honor you because of the wonderful leadership you have demonstrated in your profession"); the added honor of learning I would be the first woman in the nearly 100-year history of the Franciscan college to receive an honorary doctorate; the flying trip back to Illinois with a small party made up of my immediate family and closest friends—will always be a memory deep in my heart.

I have a little saying, "It's nice to receive the flowers while you can still smell them"—and I never meant it more than on this glorious trip.

Before and after the trip to Quincy, in the private car of the President of the Santa Fe Railroad, there was the excitement of being in my former 'home town,' Chicago, and seeing old and new friends at party after party.

Remember **Colleen Moore**, the idol of the flapper days? If you don't, your young mother will. Colleen came to the party given by my good friends of the Ambassador Hotel, the Frank Berings and Jimmy Harts—and she just looks wonderful. She told me she was just back from a trip to Russia with her son and daughter-in-law. How time flies!

And, then—my girl **Judy Garland** happened to be in Chicago appearing triumphantly at the Opera House, and of course she came to wish me well.

Also **Hugh O'Brian**, **Red Skelton**, **Joe E. Brown** and so many, many others among old and dear friends I hadn't seen since my newspaper days in Chicago.

I hope I don't sound boastful about this honor. I do not mean to sound that way.

It's just that having written for you young, medium and older readers of MODERN SCREEN for fifteen years, I am used to sharing many of my experiences with you as I look on all of you as my friends as well as my readers.

And thank you again, Al, for your telegram.

(signed) Doctor Parsons



The party gave Gary Cooper and Rocky a chance to say goodbye to all their friends.



Anne and Kirk Douglas are always so attentive to one another at parties.



Tony still wore a cast on his right leg, but Janet wore a long, very formal black chiffon and diamonds . . .

PARTY *of the month*

The most elaborate party I've ever attended in a private home was hosted by young David May and his lovely wife, Rita, in honor of Tom May, father of David, on Tom's 76th birthday. Tom heads the May Department Stores.

To start with the young Mays have a beautiful modern Hawaiian home on the old May estate right in the heart of Beverly Hills. Decorated by William Haines and boasting the most beautiful fruitwood floors I have ever seen, it was a perfect setting for the early summer night festivities.

Rita had personally supervised the novel decorations including the long, narrow twenty foot white lanterns suspended over the swimming pool.

So cleverly had they been strung up that no wires could be detected, giving the effect of lights suspended from the night sky.

Pink and red peonies in mass profusion were everywhere. After cocktails by the pool, we were invited into the piece de resistance—an enormous pale pink tent complete with dance floor, Bernie Richards' dance band, and formally appointed place settings for over two hundred guests.

Before I tell you about all the beautifully turned out movie stars who enjoyed this lovely affair, I must speak of Tom's birthday cake—*two* life-size display window 'dummies,' one representing Tom in dinner clothes, and a beautiful blonde 'dummy,' dressed in the height of style, whose entire torso was made of birthday cake!

The first star to catch my eye when I arrived was **Shirley MacLaine**, already playing Gin Rummy!

No matter how formal the affair nor how dolled up she is (the redheaded pixie was wearing a Dior of brocaded silk)—Shirley plays Gin Rummy from the time she arrives to the time she leaves. I must look up Emily Post on this and see what an etiquette expert has to say about this.

Next unusual sight to catch my attention was **Tony Curtis** in the *top* of his dinner jacket, evening shirt, black-tie and all—but with dark Bermuda shorts, a cast on his right leg, and a long black stocking on the other! Of course, everyone knew about poor Tony's accident, slipping and fracturing his leg—but he certainly created something new in apparel for evening wear for the crippled!

Janet Leigh said she was making up for him in formality by wearing a long, very formal black chiffon with diamonds, one of the few long gowns worn by the belles.

Those two cut-ups, **Jack Benny** and **George Burns** were amusing large groups clustered around them. **Gracie** looked like a doll in pink although **Mary (Livingston)** was ill and couldn't attend.

Rhonda Fleming, back to her red hair after being blonde, looked quite regal in white chiffon. Her beau was Harry Karl.

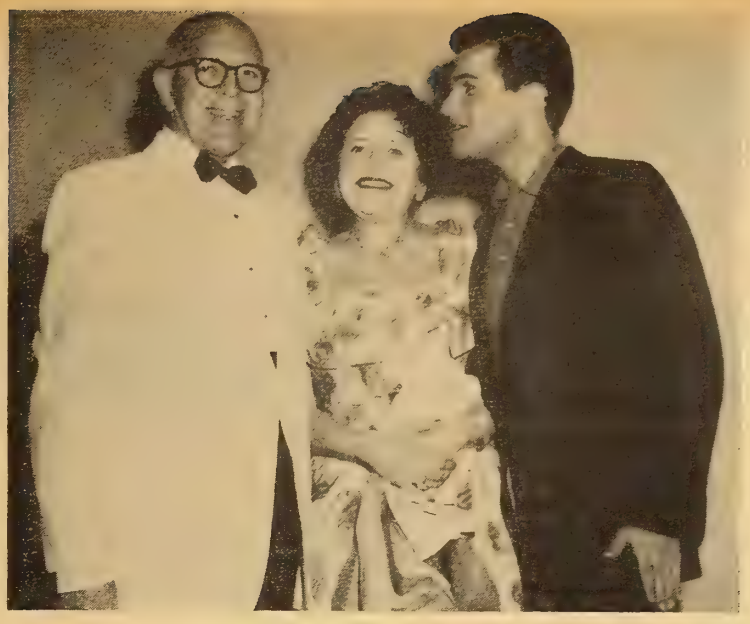
Gary Cooper said it was nice of the Mays to have a party this night as it gave him a chance to say goodbye to all his friends before leaving for London early the next morning for *The Wreck of the Mary Deare*. Rocky and daughter Maria were joining him in a week.

Joanne Dru was with the devoted **Lew Ayres.** This romance is becoming serious.

Anne **(Mrs. Kirk) Douglas** was a fashion plate in a short but elegant yellow dress. She and Kirk are always so attentive to one another at parties—not always true of Hollywood marrieds.

Tommy at the Waldorf

My young favorite, **Tommy Sands**, was cheered by the teen-agers when he sang at the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf Astoria in New York. He was also a guest at a large cocktail party Margaret Ettinger gave in my honor. Saw many old friends there. **Dinah Shore**, on her way to Europe, was as excited as a sixteen-year-old at having a vacation. She and her daughter, Missy, went on ahead, sailing on the Liberte, and **George** flew over and joined them in Rome. Dinah came to the party in the yummiest peach colored dress with coat to match. I was glad to welcome **Steve Allen** with **Jayne** and **Audrey Meadows** on his arm, **William Gargan**, **David Niven**, **Jim Backus**, **Red Buttons**, **Basil Rathbone**, **Hermione Gingold**, **Sir Cedric Hardwicke**, Walter Winchell and many others.



Tommy Sands was cheered by the teenagers when he sang at the Waldorf Astoria—and by Jimmy McHugh and me.

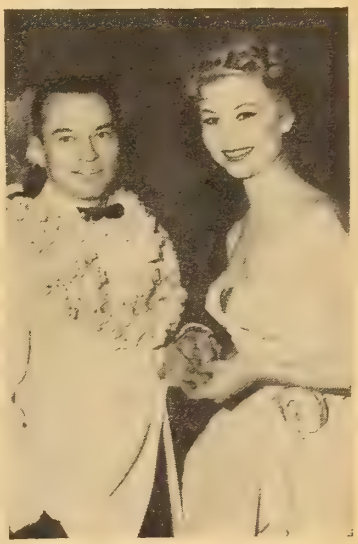
Party at the Stork Club

Another New York party, which many of our visitors from Hollywood attended, was the one given by **Dolores Gray** and Jon Whitcomb at the Stork Club to celebrate their joint birthdays. **Mitzi Gaynor**, who has turned out to be a fashion plate, was there with her husband, Jack Bean. Our Hollywood girl is very popular in New York. **Eva Gabor**, who seems to be everywhere with Dick Brown and admits he's the one she cares for most, arrived early and left early. **Miyoshi Umeki**, the little Japanese girl who plays a Chinese in the Broadway musical *Flower Drum Song*, has a contract to appear in the play to January, 1960, and the producers tell me they hope she'll stay longer. Looks like it will run forever. Many of the guests came directly from their shows to congratulate Dolores and Jon.



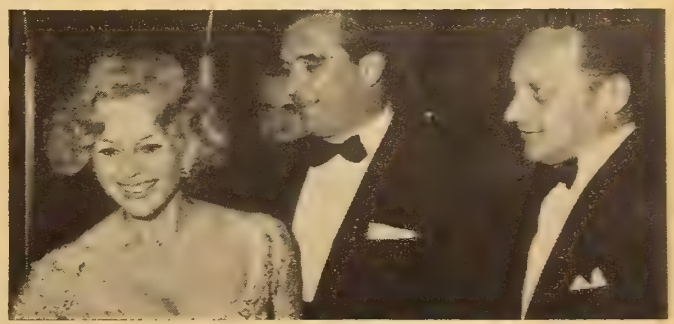
Dolores Gray and Jon Whitcomb celebrated their joint birthdays together.

Fashion plate Mitzi added her best birthday wishes.





Pretty Miyoshi Umeki came directly from her hit show.



Eva Gabor, Dick Brown and Bob Lewine arrived early.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued



Pier, Vic and Perry: love's brought family harmony again.

OPEN LETTER

To Pier and Vic:

Now that you two have kissed and made up (and no one is more delighted than I am because I've always thought you were still in love, even after Pier sued for divorce) try to remember one thing:

Every time you have a little tiff—and there will be others because no marriage is perfect—don't rush into print saying bitter and mean things about one another.

Every family has its problems. The whole world now knows that one of yours was mother-in-law trouble, Vic even having authored a national magazine article blaming Pier's mother, Mrs. Pierangeli, for being the bone of contention between them. Nor was Mrs. Pierangeli any too silent herself.

But this is beside the point. The solving of this situation is your personal affair and should be accomplished in the heart of the home—not on the front pages of newspapers or in gossip columns.

You owe this attempt at family harmony to your little three-year-old son, Perry. And you owe it to yourselves.

I realize you are both young and handsome Italians—and hot headed. But if you are going to insure your future happiness you must learn to control those hot words of anger every time something goes wrong.

But enough of scolding words. I admire you for putting stubborn pride to the side and realizing that you love each other enough to give your marriage another chance.

May you be successful . . . and *silent.*



Worried Rex Harrison is planning to devote his days to Kay.

Grave Reports From London

Difficult to picture gay, happy **Kay Kendall** of *Les Girls* as a very sick girl. Yet reports from London are very grave. She is suffering from a blood disease which saps her strength. **Rex Harrison** is so worried about her he plans to take time off and devote his days to making her as comfortable as possible.



Sal won his point about the Gene Krupa Story.

Sal as Gene Krupa

"Sal, I hope you're getting paid plenty for your Australian tour—this telephone call is costing you a fortune," I said laughingly to **Sal Mineo** who called me from half way around the world and talked a full thirty minutes.

"Don't worry, I don't care what it costs—I'm so glad I won my point about the *Gene Krupa Story,*" said my brown-eyed friend, laughing, too.

What had brought on this costly call is that Sal had just learned that, despite his youth, he'll play Krupa as a married man as well as in his younger days as a musician.

"If they had insisted on making Krupa an unmarried man, I just wouldn't have reported for work," Sal went on; "I'd have gone to Tokyo and let them find somebody else for the part." This, I doubt. Sal wants that Krupa part like he never wanted another movie.

"How do you like the Australian fans?" I put in now that the Krupa issue had been settled.

"They are *great!*" he enthused. "So far they've torn three tuxedos off my back!"

"And you *like that?*"

"Doesn't everybody?" he cracked back.

Rock 'n' Roll in Hollywood

Who says rock 'n' roll is on the wane? Not I. With seventeen-year-old **Fabian** (Fabian Forte, singin' son of a Philadelphia policeman) heading to Hollywood to star in *Hound Dog Man* for 20th and his pal **Frankie Avalon** (another hit rock 'n' roller already at Warners for his first movie) our town is jumpin'.

The Hollywood hangout for these young musicians is the Villa Capri, haunted almost nightly by **Jimmy Boyd** and **Lindsay Crosby** and usually by the other Crosby boys plus a group of composers.

Jimmy Boyd and Linny Crosby have a gag they pull at the Capri: They send cocktails made of *milk* to their friends with their compliments!

But most of the time they're gathered around Morty Jacobs, the piano player, doing a little close harmony until the Villa closes.

Frankie and his sweaters

Speaking of **Frankie Avalon**, I get a kick out of these kids being so 'hep' about their careers. Before Frankie was finished in *Guns of the Timberland*, Warners submitted two new scripts to him. But he tells me he turned them *both* down.

"They're *period* pieces," he scoffed. "I need something where I can show off my fancy sweaters and sharp outfits my fans expect of me."

Out of the mouths of babes!—yet.

Margaret's Wedding

We were short on June brides this year, **Barbara Rush** (the new Mrs. Warren Cowan) being the only big name to be wed in the traditional month.

When I asked **Margaret O'Brien** why she and Roger Allen didn't select June and chose August (8th) instead, the little Irish girl said: "I don't want anything about our marriage to be routine." She is very much in love with the young commercial art student and she told me quite seriously that if he joins a New York advertising company following his graduation here, she'll make her home in the East. "I could commute for movies—meanwhile doing TV or the stage in New York."

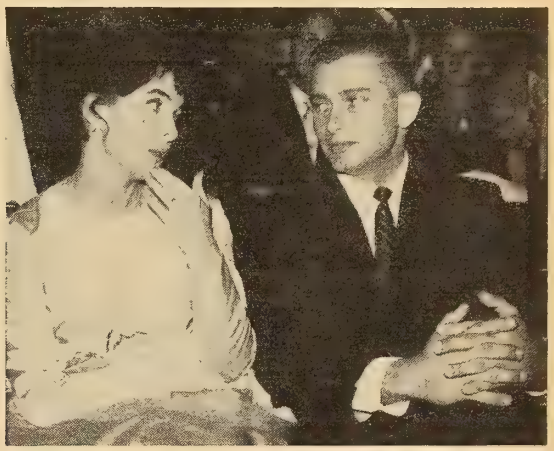
But the present holds excitement enough for Margaret. Simonetta, the Italian designer, is making her white wedding gown with long veil, 'the old fashioned kind.'

Her bridesmaids will be **Anna Maria Alberghetti** and Jean Allen, sister of the bridegroom and the nuptial mass will be said in the Church of the Good Shepherd in Beverly Hills.

She's very sentimental about the fact that her reception and wedding dinner will be given by George Lim, the beaming Oriental host of the Kowloon cafe at the Kowloon. George was a good friend of Margaret's late and beloved mother, Gladys, and since her death he has been very kind to Margaret.



Frankie's hep about his career—and his wardrobe.



No routine marriage for Margaret O'Brien and Roger Allen. August 8 is the date.



Alena Murray:

Not just because she's young and beautiful in the Grace Kelly tradition, not because she has a 20th contract and a really good role in *The Best of Everything*, not entirely because of her talent.

But this girl definitely has that certain something—that flair for attracting attention when she walks into a room, be it a movie set or a Hollywood nightclub with an escort like the distinguished Conrad Hilton.

And she also has the gift (as far as the press is concerned) of being good copy.

Life has not always been as bright for her as it is today—but she doesn't try to hide the sad or bad spots. Less than two years ago when she was struggling for a foothold on the ladder of fame, she was stricken very ill. On Christmas day she was rushed to a Los Angeles hospital for a major operation for what was feared to be a malignancy.

Alone, and far away from her family in Canada, Alena is quick to say that no one will ever know what she went through until she gradually came to and heard the voice of a nurse saying over and over in her ear, "You are all right, dear. You are all right. It is not cancer."

She says from that moment on, she was reborn. "I returned my thanks to God and knew in my heart I would never again be doubtful of life being a beautiful gift. And health and peace of mind are the greatest gifts of all."

Alena came up to movie attention the usual way—TV shows in New York, some modeling, an offer from Warner Bros. and then a bigger chance at 20th. You'll see her briefly in *Say One For Me*—then quite prominently in *Best of Everything.*



Alena Murray definitely has that something that makes good copy.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

It Could Happen Only in Hollywood Department

Esther Williams, dining at the Beverly Derby with her ex, Ben Gage, with whom she is very friendly again these evenings, gave him a nice friendly peck on the cheek when they finished dinner and he left for a business appointment. "I'll see you soon," called Esther cheerfully waving off her ex.

Then, she called the captain and ordered another dinner for two to take to the ball game. Sure enough, right on the dot, up drove **Jeff Chandler**, picking up Esther and the box lunches, and off they went!

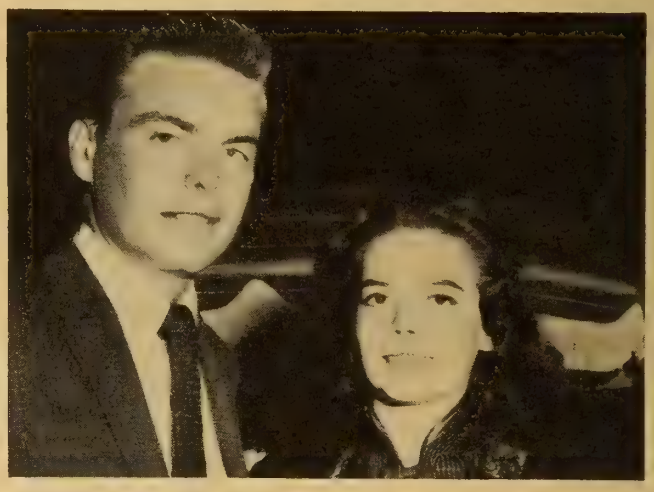


Esther Williams and Ben Gage are very friendly again.

Natalie and the Burglar Alarm

Not yet sure of all the buttons and switches in their new home, **Natalie Wood** reached out in the middle of the night to turn on a light (she thought) and set off a burglar alarm that awakened the whole neighborhood. "It sounded like the Russians were in Bel Air," said poor Natalie, her face very red.

At least, neighbor Mike Romanoff didn't hold it against her. The very next night he showed up with two waiters to serve Nat and **Bob Wagner** a complete dinner, from caviar to champagne, from Romanoff's Restaurant, so the bone-and-back weary movers could dine in luxury while they nursed their aches!



Was Nat's face red when she woke up the whole neighborhood in the middle of the night.



LETTER BOX

Maybe you are surprised getting a letter from a PFC, U.S. Army, stationed in BAMBERG, GERMANY, writes PFC GERALD BENTLEY. *But a lot of us read* MODERN SCREEN *and like your column—particularly the Letter Box. Got a big kick out of that letter from* SIMONE *who wrote: "The newest thing in Hollywood seems for the deceased's best friend to start consoling the widows as witness* **Rock Hudson** *dating* **Mrs. Tyrone Power** *and* **Eddie** *and* ***the widow Todd*** *getting married." . . .*

HARRIET BAKER, BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS, wants me to list some *stars who wear glasses in private life.* Tell you a little secret, Harriet. Many glamour girls wear glasses—but don't emphasize it. But among those who don't care if you know they resort to specs are **Dorothy Malone**, **Virginia Mayo**, **Joan Bennett**—and, I believe, **Doris Day**. . . .

I'm trying to write, not act, my way to fame, writes DONNA COLHRING, RENFREW, PA., *and I have a certain person in mind, a man I have always admired, I'd like to have for a boss—Sam Goldwyn!* Take a bow, Sam. . . .

There's a new trend in the mail this month—much mention of the established stars after months of **Ricky Nelson, Elvis, Fabian, Tommy Sands, Sal Mineo**:

LUPE AQUIRRE, SUTHERLAND SPRINGS, TEXAS, requests—*Please, more about* **Sophia Loren**, **Deborah Kerr**, **Bill Holden**, **Gary Cooper**, **Jimmy Stewart**. *Many of us are growing weary of a steady diet of the doings of the teenagers' delights. . . .*

PEPPY PETERS, ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO, adds: *Not a single story about my favorite* **Gregory Peck** *on the stands this month. . . .*

ALICE BYRNES, SEATTLE, snipes: *Do you think it possible to put out just one issue of a movie magazine without mention of* **Liz-Eddie-Debbie**, **Kim Novak**, *or* **Tony Curtis**? Nope.

From GARY, IND., CAROL CAVE feels sure she understands **Monty Clift** as few do: *How can people be so blind when it is so clear that all this great actor needs is love and encouragement—not slander! I want him to know that there is one person in this world who truly understands him.* Carol, I'm afraid your words prove what has often been said of Monty, "He brings out the maternal in women" (or girls). . . .

SUE LICATO has a word of encouragement to **Tuesday Weld**, lambasted recently for smoking at her tender years: *I've noticed that people frequently criticize others for things they'd like to do themselves. At least, Tuesday isn't a hypocrite—and that's more than I can say for some other fifteen-year-olds . . . !*

A wistful letter from MILDRED VILLAVICENCIO, who lives at 209 K. LUNA ST., LA PAZ, PHILIPPINES. She has been a very sick girl and her illness has used up the money that might be spent for copies of MODERN SCREEN. If you care to help lighten her days, perhaps you can mail her some of your copies. . . .

EDYTHE WALTER, CLEVELAND, opines: *The greatest new star on the horizon today is* **James Garner**. *Great as "Maverick" he'll be even greater as a movie star in "Cash McCall". May he never be off screen or TV.*

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES



Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give style-support for the flipply casual look of "*Social Whirl.*"

For the new, softly controlled look of "*Melody,*" Bobbi waves in style-support to keep it trim and tidy.

Style-support is the key to the lifted crown cap of "*Missy*"—soft and young. With improved Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting

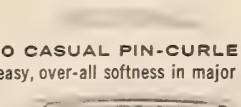


The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

The only permanent with 3 kinds of curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs!

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and there's no re-setting. Just brush out natural-looking waves right from the start. New *improved* Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50. Look for the bright pink box.

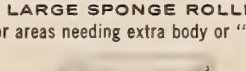
ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS



40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS
for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



6 LARGE SPONGE ROLLERS
for areas needing extra body or "lift".



6 MIDGET RODS
for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.



KOTEX and KIMLON are trademarks of Kimberly-Clark Corp.

Smart girls choose this new, more modern protection

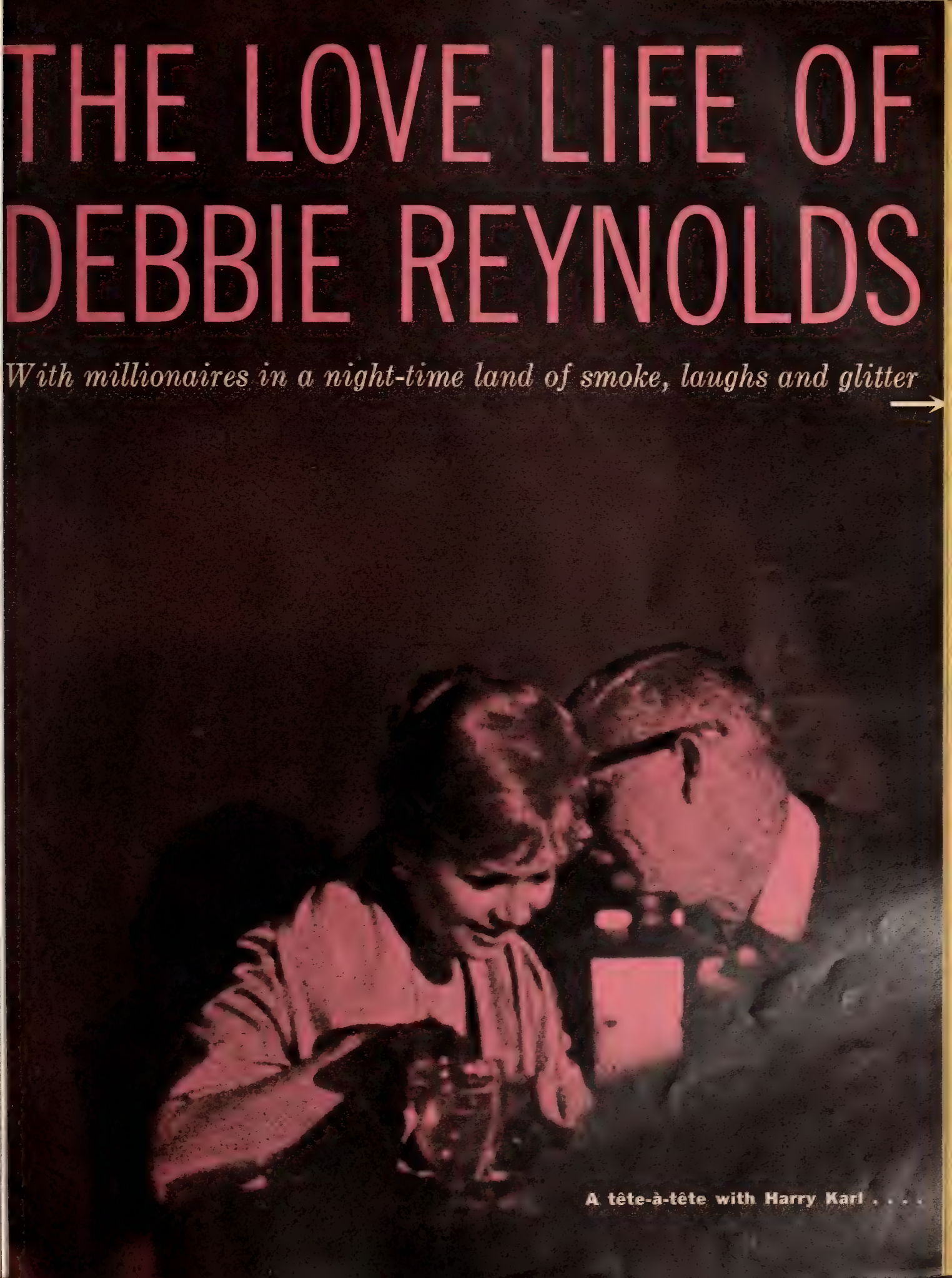
Life is so wonderful—why miss a minute of it? There's no need to, if you count on Kotex for your feminine protection . . . most girls do. You're extra confident with Kotex napkins—for a very good reason. Gentle Kotex has the Kimlon center which protects better, protects longer—gives you wonderful assurance when you need it most.



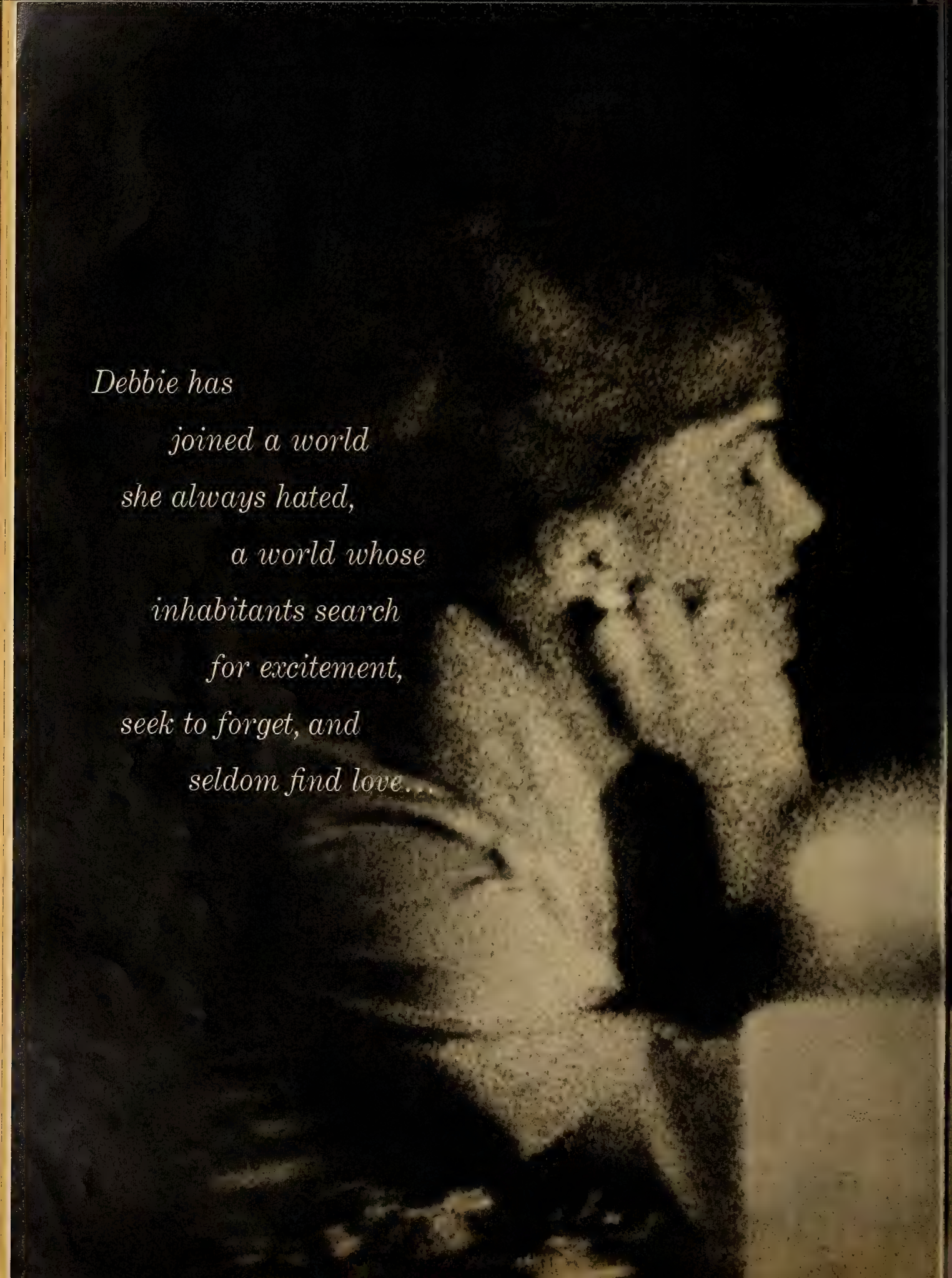
New Kotex napkins . . . choice of most girls

THE LOVE LIFE OF DEBBIE REYNOLDS

With millionaires in a night-time land of smoke, laughs and glitter



A tête-à-tête with Harry Karl . . . .


Debbie has
joined a world
she always hated,
a world whose
inhabitants search
for excitement,
seek to forget, and
seldom find love...

THE LOVE LIFE OF DEBBIE REYNOLDS

When she was married, she was crazy about a particular living room chair. Don't laugh. It was a big, comfortable chair, the right size for two people to curl up in, and it was like a symbol of her marriage. There were times when he and she would sit in that chair, listening to some moony record about a poor guy who was lost out there in the stars, and Debbie would feel so unlost, herself, so completely found, in fact, that she'd cry for everybody who wasn't her.



with Bob Neal

Lovers con themselves. Maybe they have to. Even when the party's over a celebrant doesn't always know. Sometimes she has to read about it in the papers.

Debbie got the word that way—out of the *Times*, and the *News*, and, most probably, the *Police Gazette*. She took it like a lady and a sport. She fed her husband hot soup the day he walked out on her, and she never uttered an ugly word about his new beloved. She okayed a divorce, she went to Spain to make a movie and she came back, but with a difference. *(Continued on page 65)*



■ Roger Smith was eighteen, and about to leave home.

He'd packed a suitcase, restrung the old beat-up guitar he'd always liked to play, and he stood now on the front porch of the Nogales, Arizona, home where he lived with his parents, saying good-bye to them.

His mom was crying.

introducing

ROGER SMITH

...and his beautiful wife, Victoria

His father was angry and confused and his hands were shoved deep into his pockets.

"Roger," his father asked, "you've had a good life here, haven't you?"

"I've told you, Dad—I have," the boy said.

"Then why, why do you want to leave?"

He'd asked this question before, this whole past week, a hundred times, and more. He'd told his son that it was foolish, silly and bad thinking—to want to leave college, to want to leave his home and his family and his friends, not to want to continue in the family business someday—a very successful and respectable tailoring business, to want to take off like this.

"Do you think," his father asked now, as he'd asked before, "do you think the streets of Los Angeles are paved with gold?"

"Maybe," Roger said.

"Do you think the air is fresher and better there, that your life is going to be any better than if you stayed here?"

"I don't know, Dad," Roger said. "I only know that I've *got* to go."

He tried to smile.

He looked at both his folks.

"Mom, Dad," he said, "there's something calling me to leave here. What it is, I don't know. But someplace inside me there's a call—to get up, to go. And I'm going."

"A call," his father said, shaking his head. "A call."

"Maybe that's the wrong word, Dad," Roger said. "I don't know. But there's *something* beckoning me on. It's like a whisper. It says, 'Go, Roger, now . . . Go!' I've heard it in my brain for a long time. I tried to ignore it at first. But I can't, not any more I can't."

He picked up his suitcase. He shoved his guitar under his arm.

"I'm sorry to have to leave you like this," he said to his folks, "both of you so unhappy." Facing his father, he continued, "I'm sorry,

(*Continued on next page*)









. . . . . Introducing Roger Smith

. . . and his lovely children,

. . . and his



cat Tyrone . .

. . . and his

(*Continued from page 23*) too, that you won't let me have one of the cars—"

"No," his father said.

"I know, Dad," Roger said. "You feel like you feel, and that's that . . . But I've got fifty dollars I've saved from work I've done. And I've got my two legs and a thumb. And I've hitchhiked before, to the lake and places. I know what hitchhiking's all about."

For a long moment, they were all very silent.

Then Roger walked over to his mother and kissed her.

"'Bye, Mom," he whispered.

He turned once again to his father, and nodded.

"'Bye, Dad," he said.

His father didn't answer.

Roger left the porch and began walking down the pathway that led from the big house and towards the long, dull-gray, sun-sallowed strip of concrete road at the end of the pathway.

and his beautiful wife Victoria . . .



Tracy and Jordan . . .



dog Nanook

He was nearly at the road when his father called out to him.

"Roger Smith!"

The boy turned.

"I don't approve of this, I want you to know that," the father called. "But," he continued, "I don't want any son of mine half-walking any three-hundred-fifty miles, either. It'll cost him a lot in shoes, too much."

And with that he (*Continued on page 73*)



Ricky
and
Sandy



Sandy woke that Friday morning with the most delicious feeling of anticipation. The sun was shining in through her window and she felt absolutely wonderful.

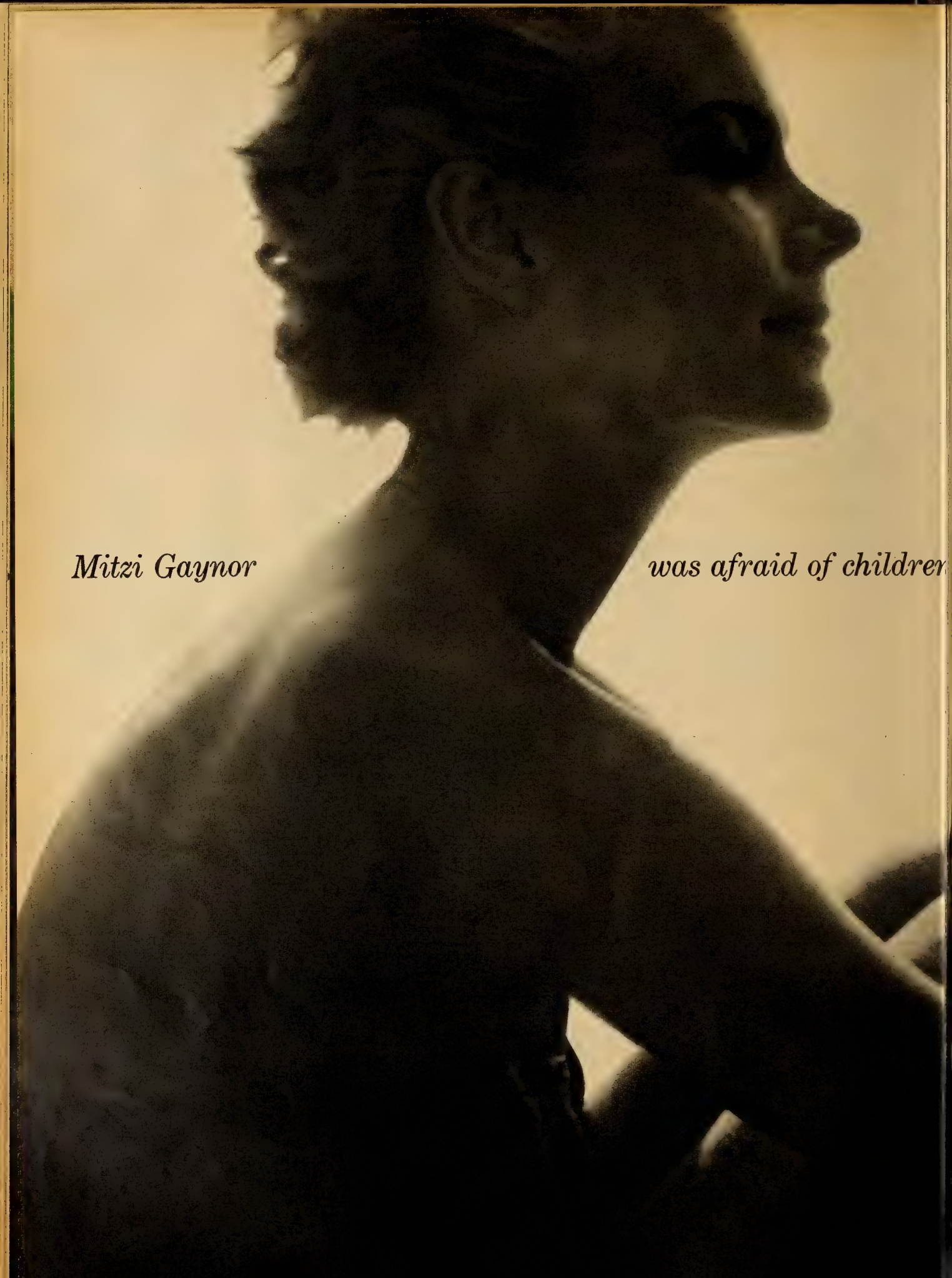
Something special is going to happen today, she thought. *Something special always seems to happen to me when I feel this way. It's just like the time back in New York when my agent called and told me that Ross Hunter had seen me in a Coke ad and wanted me for a movie.*

Sandy snuggled up to her pillow and looked at the little clock on her nightstand. It was just 8:00. She had intended to sleep late this morning because she had a rare day off from the shooting of *A Summer Place.* But she was just too excited to fall back to sleep.

Mmmm mm, she thought. *Now what do I have to do today?*

No, no special plans for today. Just tonight. I have to appear on Juke Box Jury. *Nothing crucial about that. Just sit there on* (*Continued on page 60*)

Maybe it's LOVE


Mitzi Gaynor
was afraid of children

CONFESSION *of a* CHILDLESS MOTHER

Now she begs God to forgive her and make her fruitful...

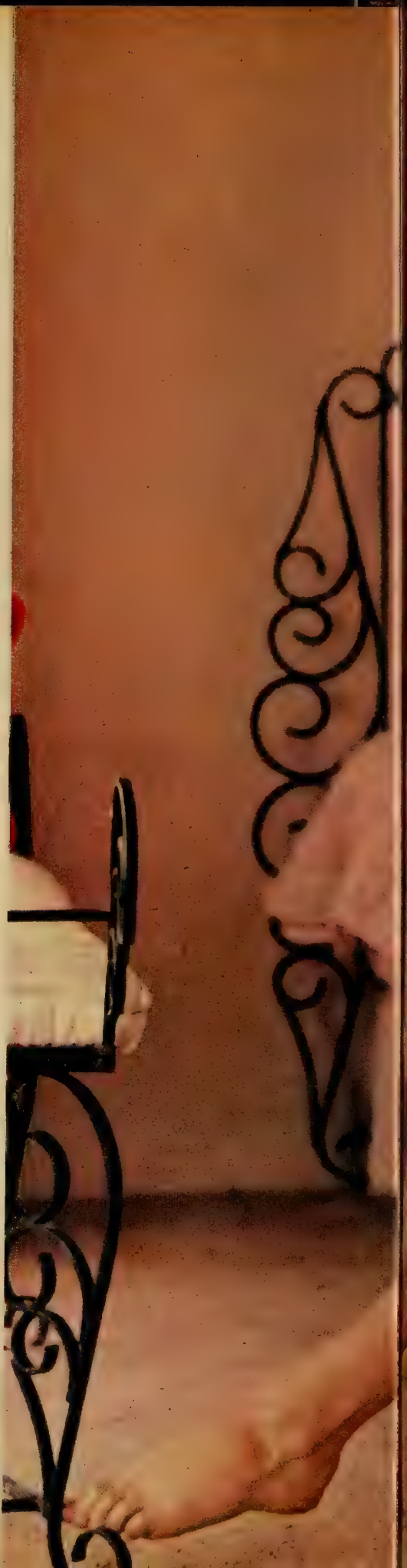
■ Jack and I were standing at Idlewild Airport in New York, waiting to fly home to California. The sun was going down, and shadows were falling, when suddenly, almost from out of nowhere, there was a little boy looking tired and lost and a little scared from the oncoming dark. He put his arm around Jack's leg. I felt so funny, so unwanted. The little boy didn't look up at me or smile. And I was standing right next to Jack. But he kept holding on to Jack who patted his head. In a moment his worried mother came and picked him up. She looked at Jack gratefully and said, "He just wandered off the second my back was turned. Thank you so much for looking out for him. I can see he really felt safe with you." She smiled and hurried off, and the little boy waved good-bye sleepily to my husband.

Why does Jack always attract children? I began to wonder. How often, whenever we visited friends who had youngsters, the children would cuddle up to him, even fall asleep in his lap! That evening on the plane Jack, with a wistful look in his eyes, said, "Gee, Mitzi, I wish I had a little girl—just like you—because I missed out on your childhood!" Something shivered in my heart. We had been married several years but we had never seriously faced the decision of having children. He was busy developing (*Continued on page 57*)

Young Girls in Hollywood: 3rd of a series—subject: JILL ST. JOHN

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A TEENAGE DIVORCEE

■ At just-nineteen, beautiful redheaded Jill St. John—already married and divorced and now dating Lance Reventlow, one of the richest young men in the world—is probably the most excitement-directed of today's batch of young Hollywood hopefuls. And, considering the go-go-go community in which she lives and works, that's pretty excitement-directed. A big girl—five-nine in (*Continued on page 33*)





Big diamonds, private planes, dim lights, deserted beaches and men who live for danger...where will it all lead for this 19-year-old thrill-seeker...









(*Continued from page 30*) heels—Jill likes to do things big.

Hobbies? "Comes a quiet afternoon," says Jill, "and I get into my T-Bird, drive over to Beverly Hills and go jewelry-crawling. I pick the most expensive shops, of course. I walk in, sit down and try on everything—tiaras, brooches, bracelets, rings, everything; the more expensive the better. Of course, I don't buy anything. But the salesmen don't seem to mind. And I have a ball."

Sports? "I used to like flying a plane and motorcycling—till the studio clamped down. But occasionally I still like to go falcon-hunting. They're hunted in the mountains. You use little white mice to lure them down. You've got to be very careful and wear thick glasses so they don't peck out one of your eyes when they come swooping down towards you. It's pretty dangerous. But I'm not afraid of them, or anything—and I love it!"

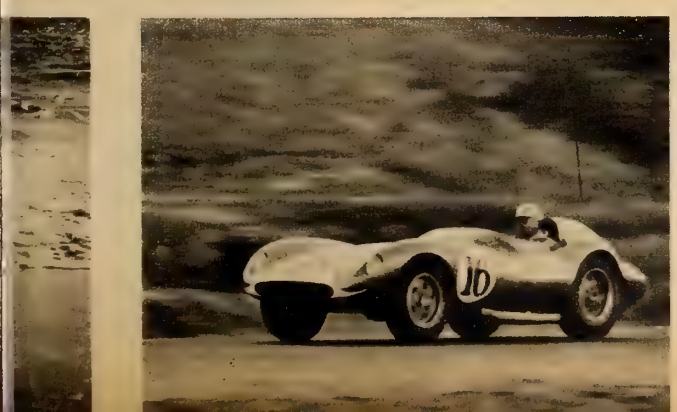
THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A TEENAGE DIVORCEE

Eating? "Most of the gals I know like steak, a few slices of tomato and a cup of black coffee. Me, I *like* to eat, and I eat like a cow. When I cook, for instance, I start the meal with hors d'oeuvres—a Polynesian bit like chicken livers wrapped in bacon and broiled, and pâté de foie gras and curried shrimp. Then, for the main course, I make a juicy chateaubriand and peas with a cheese and onion sauce and French stringbeans and carrots with lots of sugar covering. Dessert is usually a lemon sherbet imported from Italy—it actually comes packed in a real lemon. And then for pastry—well, like I said, I *like* to eat."

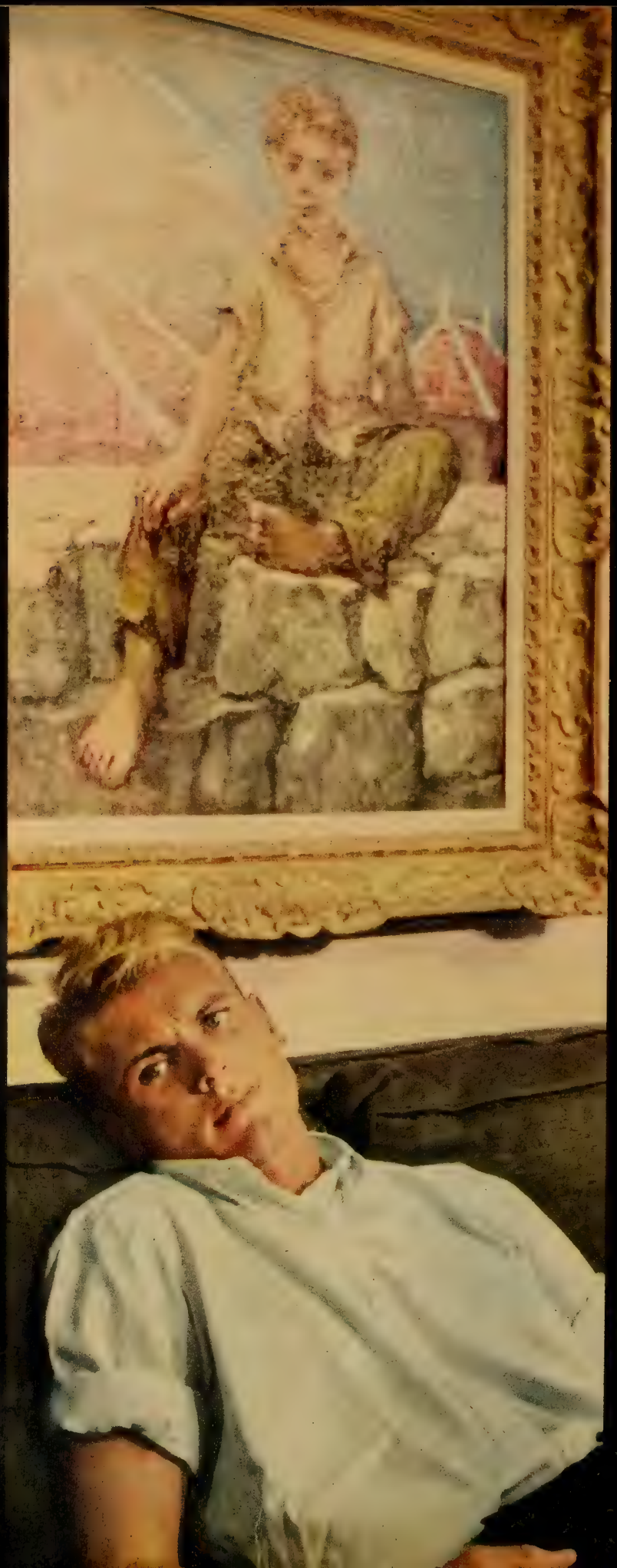
Clothes? "I can't stand sloppiness. I can't stand gaudiness. I like my clothes well-made and tailored. I'd rather have five terribly good dresses than twenty-five cheap things. Of course when it comes to shoes there's no stopping me. I own 150 pair—expensive, cheap and indifferent."

Sleeping? "I think sleeping should be glamorous. I think I sleep in the most glamorous (*Continued on page 54*)









There was a terrible secret hidden behind the door that had clicked shut in Tab's tormented mind. If he could just bring himself to face it, he could have the real reason why none of his romances had ever lasted... and he would be free at last to let love work...

THE REAL REASON TAB HASN'T MARRIED



■ "But look," Tab said desperately into the telephone, "it isn't my fault. I have to have the stills taken, don't I? There's no time but Saturday afternoon. So if I have them taken Saturday, here in Hollywood, how can I come to New York for the week end? It's impossible. Isn't it?"

The girl on the other end of the wire, three thousand miles away, closed her dark eyes for a moment. "Yes," she said finally. "It is impossible."

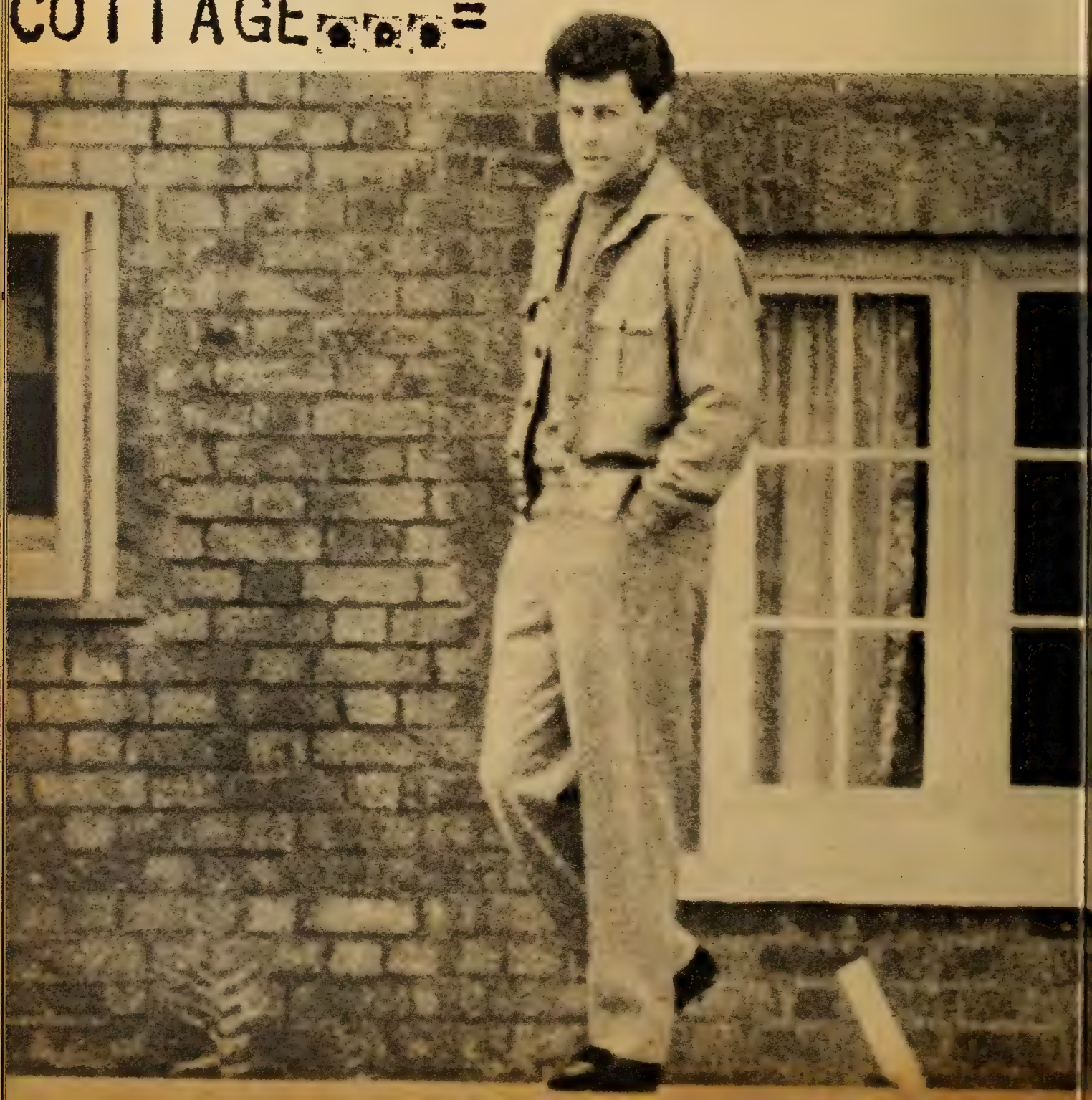
There was a pause. "Well," Tab said, "so I won't see you this week end. But maybe next—?"

This time there was no pause. "No," the girl said sharply, her soft, slightly (*Continued on page 52*)

A BABY FOR LIZ AND EDDIE

RUMORS....EXCLUSIVE REPORT

COTTAGE....=



THE TRUTH BEHIND THE

FROM LONDON HONEYMOON



We at MODERN SCREEN have been getting reports at least once a week for the past eight months that Elizabeth Taylor is pregnant. We've heard it from closefriends and from reputable sources. Even the mother of one of our secretaries called up to tell us the news. Needless to say, these early rumors, as

(Continued on page 18)



With great pride
Modern Screen prints
a truly moving document-
a letter
from Alan Ladd to
his son David

On location, Nevada, 1959

Dear David:

The other day I was hustling along a street up here in Reno when a boy about your size, with cornsilk hair just about as wild as yours usually is, handed me quite a jolt.

"Say," he nailed me, "aren't you David Ladd's dad?"

I told him I sure was - and I just had to write and tell you what a kick I got out of that. Not, "Aren't you Alan Ladd?" But, "David Ladd's dad" - that's a new one for me! But I can't say I'm too surprised, because I figured you for a winner the first time I laid eyes on you.

Time scoots along pretty fast when you grow up, Davy. That's why it's hard for me to realize that you're twelve years old and making



(*Continued on page 62*)

Our Wedding Night

By
Mrs.
Nick
Adams









DUSK was falling as our wedding party (Nick and I, and his close friends, Bob Conrad, Craig Hill and Andy Fernady) reached my parents' house in the Valley.

Nick and I hadn't eaten all day, and offhand you might imagine that we'd be dying to walk into my mother's house and have one of her home-cooked meals. Bob, Craig and Andy had already loped out of their taxi and walked into the house, leaving the door invitingly open for us.

My husband of a few hours looked at me and grinned. Almost in the same breath, the two of us said to each other, "Let's get away now." Nick nodded to the driver and gave the address of his apartment.

Then I was in Nick's arms,

...and the next morning →

and we were on our way.

When we got to his place, I was about to walk in when Nicky said, "Whoa there, wife," then lifted me gently in his arms, carried me over the threshold.

We had begun our married life!

"Nicky Poo," I said, "I loved your carrying me over the threshold."

"Carole Poo," he said, "I can't tell you how much I love you."

He turned on the lights. They lit up the face of my beloved. I took that face be-

(Continued on next page)



Our First Morning As Man And Wife





(*continued*)

tween my hands, as Nicky sat on the floor beside me, and gently kissed him on the neck and the lips.

"My husband," I said. "I love you. . . . Now you stay right here."

In a little while I was back, wearing a white nylon gown and a white negligee. Nicky looked at me as if he could never have his fill of staring.

"Like it?" I asked.

"My lovely wife," he said softly, cupping my face between his hands.

Only a few minutes before I had been completely exhausted, famished. Now, forgetting food and exhaustion, we were in each other's arms, and the world was blotted out for love.

Our first precious moments alone. Will I ever forget them? Never. For this was the beginning of a new life for me, the beginning of happiness such as I have never known before. . . .

I had meant to get up early and make Nicky a wonderful breakfast. But my darling had a lovely surprise for me instead. When I opened my eyes, there was Nicky kissing me awake. He had breakfast all ready on a tray.

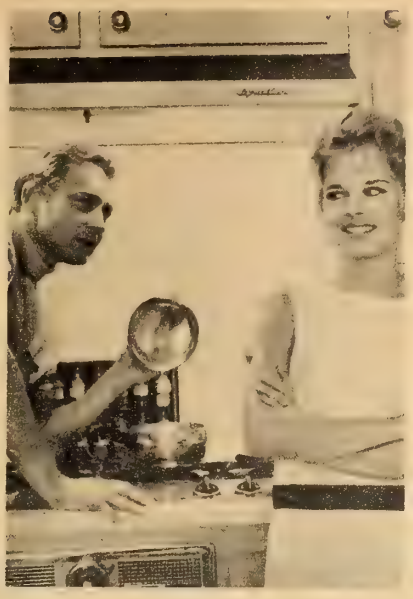
"Breakfast in bed for my Carole Poo," he said.

After breakfast, we decided to take off on our honeymoon trip. Before we left, I inspected the kitchen where I hoped to prepare a sumptuous dinner all by myself when we got back. I was a little worried because I'd never done much cooking at home, but Nicky was so helpful I knew he'd lend a hand if I got stuck.

We stopped off at my folks' to (*Continued on page 71*)









I wasn't too smart about the brand new bride bit—but Nicky turned out to be a big help in the kitchen.



DIRT-

SHE was the prettiest girl in school, and young Jimmy Dean cast longing eyes in her direction.

But she would have nothing to do with him. After all, he wore bib overalls to school, and he was skinny and too-tall for his age.

Jimmy wore bib overalls all week, except Sunday, when he put on his cast-off clothes for Sunday morning church.

As the older of two sons of the husband-less Mrs. Ruth Dean, Jimmy was dirt-poor.

He knew what poverty meant.

It meant living in the basement of an old house so decrepit that, when the family upstairs walked, the ceiling shook down torrents of dust . . . and Momma had to tack newspapers to the ceiling, to reduce the dust.

It meant pulling cotton, cleaning chicken houses, milking cows, slopping hogs, running errands, doing anything to earn a quarter or a half dollar.

It meant crawling on your belly into Farmer Jones' watermelon patch to swipe some watermelons. Of course, this was not real stealing because Jones expected kids to invade his patch and grew melons right by the road so they could be stolen without the culprits tromping on the vines.

It meant telling Momma about the girl that wouldn't talk to you because you wore a bib overall, and crying, "Guess nobody likes me with my big ears, and overalls . . . I wish I was *somebody else!*" And then Momma would put her big arms around you and sigh, "Don't you go worryin' yourself about being somebody else. *You be yourself,* honey!"

It meant feeling blue at having so much less than the other kids, and promising Momma, "I'm going to grow up and be a big movie star, and get rich, and bring you a lot of money, Momma!"

That's when Momma held you in her lap and said, "Honey, always remember to be yourself. You don't have to be no actor, pretending you're somebody else . . . because, if they don't like you as you are,

Sometimes the fruit of poverty is sweet– Witness the life of country singer James Dean

POOR



they sure won't like you as somebody else."

Jimmy was born in a sharecropper's cottage on a cotton farm near Plainview, Texas, a couple of years before another Dean, also a farm boy, was born in Marion, Indiana. He lived to see this other Dean in the movies and admire him mightily . . . but never met him.

As far back as he could remember, Jimmy had very little in life but his Momma's great love and his faith. But they were enough, and they sustained the little skinny boy through his growing years.

Daddy wasn't working steadily, and when

(*Cont'd on page 70*)

HEARTBREAK ON THE



RIVIERA





The tragic romance of Kim Novak and Cary Grant

It was a few minutes before 7:00 a.m. Train No. 147—the de luxe Riviera express—was about to leave Cannes for Rome. Kim Novak and her parents sat in their compartment, waiting. The reporters had come and asked their usual questions, the photographers had come and taken their usual pictures, and they were gone now. A few early-bird fans, teenagers, still stood on the station platform, however, on tiptoe, peeking into the compartment.

At exactly seven, a horn tooted and the sleek train began to move.

The teenagers began to scream their good-byes.

Mr. and Mrs. Novak smiled.

Kim waved.

A few moments later the train was rolling along full speed, already out of the city, through the pastel-colored countryside, dashing now towards the sea, now away from it, towards it, away.

A few moments after that Mr. Novak got up, stretched, said something about the dining car and a little more breakfast, and left.

Kim leaned back in her seat.

So did her mother, across from her.

They both turned to look out the window.

Then, suddenly, Mrs. Novak turned back towards her daughter.

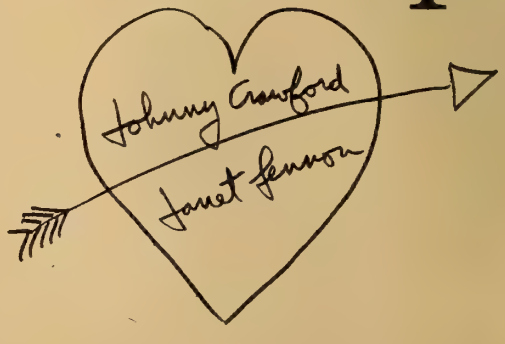
"Too bad the sun isn't shining this morning," she said. "The water's certainly bluer and prettier when the sun shines here."

"Yes," said Kim.

"My," her mother said, sighing, "the time sure flew. I can hardly believe (*Continued on page 66*)



ur very first grown-up date

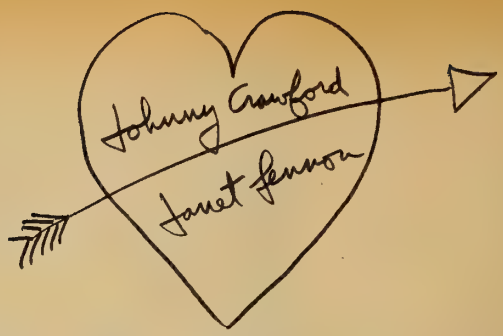




Johnny Crawford had been Janet Lennon's
secret admirer ever since they started working on
the same ABC-TV lot.
He never missed a chance to see her or say hello,
but he didn't dare to really ask her for a date.
She probably isn't allowed to go out with boys,
he figured, and she's always busy
with rehearsals, and maybe
she wouldn't want to go with me anyhow . . .
Then one day as he stood silently
in the wings watching Janet
rehearsing with her big sisters for
the Lawrence Welk Show,
he decided he just might have a chance after all.
So he rushed out to make a very important call
before he lost his nerve. . . . (continued)







Our very first grown-up date (*continued*)

He could hardly believe it when she said yes.
They wouldn't have much time together—Johnny had to get ready for his Rifleman show—but he wanted to make this an extra-special occasion. The bouquet of flowers seemed like a great idea until he had to stop and ask the guard the way to Miss Lennon's dressing-room and the crowd of fans began kidding him, "Hey Mark, who're the posies for . . . ?" That walk to Janet's building seemed mighty long and lonely, with all those eyes staring at him . . . Guess he'd just send the flowers in and wait for her outside. . . .





Meanwhile, Janet—who'd been so poised on the phone, accepting her very first date like she did it every day—was worrying to her daddy if she'd done the right thing.
"I told him I had a few hours off this afternoon, Daddy. Do you think I should have said I'm busy, like Diane does . . . ?
Look at the flowers he sent me; I guess I should get dressed up . . .
He's older than me, Daddy, do you think he'll think I act like a kid . . . ?
What'll we ever talk about . . . ?"



There was something
Janet wanted
to do
before they'd have to
go in
and get
the once-over
from her
teen-age sisters.
Janet wanted
Johnny's autograph,
and
she didn't want
to be teased
about it . . .
But Diane, Peggy
and Kathy were
pretty impressed with
their little sister's
new beau.
He had
such nice manners—
and
it wasn't often
their boyfriends
brought flowers!





Her sisters put Johnny's gift in a vase for her
while Janet quickly took down her pin curls and changed into
her best velveteen jumper. They sat and talked over a Coke
and discovered that they didn't feel shy at all.
What did they talk about? Everything, it seemed.
It was a day of three firsts for Janet:
first telephone call from a boy, first grown-up date, first kiss.
All too soon it was time to say good-bye. Janet left,
hoping Johnny'd call her again soon . . . We think he will. . . .





The Real Reason Tab Hasn't Married

(Continued from page 35)

foreign voice taking on an accustomed edge. "Not next week end. Maybe next week end you will have to do some dubbing. Or pose for a magazine. Or something. *Something* will come up."

"Oh, honey," Tab said softly. "Don't. Don't talk like that. You sound as if you think I've—gone Hollywood or something. As if I don't care about anything but my career. You know that isn't true. You know—"

"All I know," the girl broke in, "is that we had a date for this week end, and you are breaking it. We had one last week end, and you broke that one, too. All I know is, you said once you thought we might be important to each other—and now *anything* is more important than I am. That is what I know. Now, you tell me—why? Have you—like you say, 'gone Hollywood?' Have you met someone else? What is it? Tell me, Tab."

She hung on for a long moment. The seconds ticked by. No answer came.

"I see," the girl said at last. And very slowly, very deliberately, she lowered the receiver, and hung it up.

Click went the phone in Tab Hunter's ear. *Click.* A short, sharp, final sound, like a trigger on a gun, like a cracking whip—like a door shutting behind him.

A door shutting, Tab thought, numb. *A door shutting—but where? When?* He found himself standing with the phone still in his hand, staring down at it, blind.

Tell me, Tab . . . the girl had said, and he hadn't answered. He hadn't known the answer, as he hadn't known where that door had shut in his past. He knew only one thing, and it was enough.

Tab Hunter was running scared—again.

The phone clicked softly. Hardly hearing it, Tab pushed the disconnecting button down with his finger. *I ought to call her back,* he thought. *I could tell her—*

Tell her what?

Weak, phony, frightened

With his finger still holding the button down, he stared off into space. He had done that once, almost a year ago—had tried desperately to explain to a girl how he felt. She, too, had had a foreign lilt to her voice, a gay, charming, exotic way of holding her head, looking up at him through long, dark lashes.

But there had been no lilt, no gaiety that day.

"I don't understand," she had said. "I don't see why—"

"Just think about it, Etchika," Tab had pleaded then. "We're both Catholic. If we get married, it's forever, no outs. We can't afford to make a mistake. We have to be *sure.*"

"But we are sure," she had said, her French tongue turning 'w' to 'v', sliding softly over the words. "We love each other."

"I know," Tab had said. "At least, I *think* I know. That's just it, honey. How can I know *for sure?* There's been so much publicity, so much *pushing.* I—I don't know if I'm really in love or if I'm getting talked into it."

Etchika had raised to him bewildered, tear-filled eyes. "Tab," she said, "are you telling me you can't tell the difference between what you read in a paper and what you read in your heart?"

"No," he said hastily. "I mean—of course I can tell. Only, I think we should wait longer, and be surer. It would be so—so terrible if it should turn out wrong."

Even to him, it sounded weak, it sounded phony. But why should it? All was true—wasn't it? He really believed it, didn't he?

Etchika had stared at him. Finally she had stood up, pushing her blonde hair back from her face, wiping the moisture from her eyes. "I think it is going to be terrible *this* way," she had said at last. "I think you are frightened, Tab."

"Frightened?" Tab had echoed. "Frightened—of what?"

And somewhere, in the back of his mind—that door had clicked shut again.

Where? When?

He didn't know. But Etchika walked out of his life, leaving behind a few letters—and a great, empty void.

I was a fool, Tab wrote months later, for Modern Screen, *to let her slip through my fingers. I loved Etchika. . . .*

And so he had lost her.

At a Washington dinner for President Eisenhower, Bob Hope claimed that Ike bawled out his caddy for looking at his watch—and that the caddy retorted, "This isn't a watch—it's a compass."

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

If he didn't phone New York now, if he didn't phone the studio and say, *Sorry, I can't take those pictures Saturday. I have a date in the East*—if he didn't do that, he could lose again. He could be left again—and not even a year had passed—with an aching void in his heart, with an emptiness in his life.

How had he filled that gap, that vacancy, when he and Etchika parted? His right hand hovering, undecided, over the dial, he remembered. . . .

He had plunged into a buying spree. A house, a ranch, and horses. Those first, wonderful horses, with their sleek coats and proud, high-stepping legs. He had bought them and spent all his time with them for weeks, grooming them himself, training them, riding them over his newly-purchased grounds. He had brought a friend out to see them put through their paces, and for hours he had raved about them to his pal. Until finally at the end of the day, the friend said, "You know, Tab, you sound as if you're in love with the horses."

Tab had laughed, but his friend had not. "What do you hear from Etchika?" he asked.

"Oh, she's fine," Tab had said lightly. "She writes every now and then. . . ."

His friend nodded. "And did you ever figure out just why you two broke up?"

"Figure it out?" Tab said blankly. "Why, you know why. Because of all that publicity, all that—"

"All that hogwash," the fellow said sharply. "I know that story, Tab. That's what you told Etchika, and what you told the magazines, and the press, and me. What I want to know is: when you're alone at night, when you aren't driving yourself into a rapture over a horse, when you let yourself slow down enough to really think—what do you tell *yourself?*"

The blank look faded from Tab's face. He put up a hand to shield his eyes from the sun. "I—don't know," he muttered. Then, abruptly, he lifted his head. "Let's get out of here," he said. . . .

Work and forget

What he needed, he decided, since the horses weren't helping so well, was to work harder at his career. That would do it.

So he stormed into the front offices at his studio, and told them that he wasn't going to take any more of those boy-next-door parts. He wanted roles he could get his teeth into, roles that took talent, not just broad shoulders and a bright smile.

Roles—though he didn't say so, even to himself—to keep a man from thinking about something he didn't want to explore.

Unfortunately, the only thing he got was a suspension.

Left in idleness, he was really lost. He recorded an album of songs—but as long as the studio refused to release it, it gathered dust on the shelf. He plunged into lessons—acting lessons, singing lessons, dancing lessons. When they weren't enough to keep him from thinking, he fled, like a frightened animal, from one place to another, one gimmick to another. He took up the health-food fad sweeping Hollywood; for months he would eat only the foods bought in one small health store, lectured his friends on the virtues of farms where the crops were de-bugged by hand instead of by insecticide, refused to set foot in a restaurant. Then that faded, and he became a gym-addict, reporting for steam baths and exercises, punching bags and ice-cold showers, every day.

They all knew he was running. Running scared. But—from what?

He dated the same way. Venetia Stevenson one day, Dolores Hart the next, Tuesday Weld the evening after. Running, running.

And then, quite unexpectedly—he fell in love again.

It happened almost as soon as the studio took him back. Not entirely on his terms, not entirely on theirs. A compromise. One of the best parts of it was that they were going to lend him to Columbia for a part in *They Came To Cordura,* a really important picture, with Rita Hayworth and Gary Cooper. He was so excited he almost flipped—he felt like a complete amateur about to meet a movie star.

Maria

He also met the movie star's daughter.

Maria Cooper came out to the location site with her mother. She moved into Tab's life like a fresh wind across the desert—a tall girl with a wind-blown beauty. She smiled at Tab and in that smile he saw a world he had never known.

It is a strange thing, but most movie stars have had troubled, unloved childhoods. Many of them felt rejected by the people they knew, and needed the love of strangers, of fans, of applauding audiences to make up for the love they had missed. Tab had some of that in him. The actresses he dated had much of it.

But Maria Cooper had been loved all her life, and she knew it. Not with arrogance, not with self-satisfaction—but with the sunny warmth, the quiet confidence, the poise of a girl who has known only understanding and affection, and is therefore unafraid. Her parents' love for her was enough to keep them together always, even when their marriage hit rough spots. She never feared being left behind or torn apart by them. She was, and is, a completely whole person.

Hardly knowing how much he was enjoying himself, Tab spent more and more time with Maria. Days when he wasn't needed for a scene, they rode together through the desert country. Evenings, instead of playing poker with Gary, as he had done, he took Gary's daughter to the movies, or to the one restaurant in the closest town, or sat with her outside his bungalow, holding hands, watching the stars grow incredibly bright in the still, clear air. She gave him a feeling of peace he had never known. And watching her eyes shine when he entered a room, feel-

ing her hand lie trustingly in his, he knew he was giving her something wonderful also—the joy, the beauty, the discovery of her first real love.

It lasted a few weeks—and then Maria's mother, too, began to read the signs. Before he knew what was happening, Tab discovered that Rocky Cooper was packing, was arranging to take herself and her daughter home—and was gone.

"What happened?" Tab asked, bewildered, of a company member who knew the Coopers well. "Why did they disappear?"

The man shrugged. "Rocky comes from a very high-society background," he said, "in case you didn't know it. Being married to a movie star isn't the easiest life in the world, and I guess she doesn't want it for Maria. Wants her to fall in love with some old-family type, I guess. You know."

"Oh, is *that* it," Tab said. He felt utterly relieved. "Oh, I can fix *that*."

The letter he would write

All the way back to his bungalow, he planned the letter he would write. No, better still, he would get a day off and fly down to see Mrs. Cooper. He would say, *Mrs. Cooper, I want to tell you I know how you feel, but you're wrong. I could take good care of your daughter. A year ago I wouldn't have been sure, but now I think I've proved to myself that I can develop into an actor, a real actor. I may never have a great talent, I may never have the tremendous stature that your husband has—but I've learned to work hard, to make the most of what I've got. I'm putting some money away from my record albums, I'm studying, I'm taking big roles or little ones as long as they're good, I'm learning, I'm maturing—and all I ask of people is that they say I'm improving myself. I know I'm doing that; I could give Maria a stable, happy life—that is, if we should—if she were to—well, if—*

And there he stopped. *If Maria will marry me*—those were the next words, obviously. And they followed logically and honestly, for everything he had said was true. And yet—

And yet—

What if, after saying all that, he failed to come across? What if he should stop improving, or flop as an actor, or go broke? Other people had failed, hadn't they? What right had he to take on the responsibility of someone else's life, to guarantee to provide for a young girl?

But so many of his friends had done just that. Most of them were married. Lots of them had gone to their weddings with far fewer prospects, far less money than he had. They hadn't seemed frightened. Why should he be?

"I don't know," Tab Hunter cried out.

The letter remained unwritten. The flight to talk to Maria's mother was never taken.

And Maria, too, passed out of his life.

Badly in need of love

Now, months later, he stood again at the same spot. He must, he thought, be badly in need of love to come to it three times in one year. But here he was again, this time with his heart full of a third face—a grave face, without the sparkling brilliance of Etchika's, a wise face, without the naivete of Maria's—a face that combined two worlds, with their pain, their laughter and their wisdom. This girl he loved more than he had ever loved before.

The girl he was about to lose, as he had lost the others. He'd turn his back and walk away from her, down an unfamiliar street.

Suddenly Tab Hunter raised his head. "A street," he whispered aloud. "A street—that door—" And then he knew.

He still stood, poised over the phone. His hand still reached out uncertainly. But he was no longer there. . . . He was remembering.

He was walking down a street, a street he didn't know. He could see himself walking down it, looking at the house numbers. He could see the fear and the expectancy in his eyes, see the nervous tension in his shoulders, in his walk.

The door

He saw himself stop finally before a house, draw a deep breath and then quickly go to the door.

He heard the bell ring, inside the house.

And a woman came to the door. A woman he had never seen, wiping her hands on an apron. "Yes?"

"I want—" he said, "that is, is Mr. Gelien home?"

"No," the woman said. She looked at him curiously. "You want to wait?"

A look of relief came over Tab's face. His shoulders lifted as if the weight of the world had been taken from them. "No!" he said rapidly, joyously. "No, I don't want to wait." He had turned to go, and behind him the woman said, "Well, listen—don't you even want to leave a message?"

Tab stopped. "Sure," he said, release still pounding in his heart. "Tell him—tell him his son dropped by."

And as he almost ran back to the sidewalk, away from that house, he heard behind him—the door clicking finally shut.

It shut, he thought, on a world of pain and hate. It shut on his father's house.

It shut upon the memories he had carried with him through boyhood, of the father who walked out when Tab was a baby, of the man who deserted his wife and his two sons without leaving them a penny, without so much as a word to bridge the terrible years ahead. He had grown up seeing his mother struggle with the life that man had left her—unending work, exhausting work, followed by the trip home to a tiny dark apartment and more work—work to support her babies, to care for them, feed them, send them to school—and try, with the little strength she had left, to love them enough to make up for all they could not have. He had grown up knowing he was different from other boys; he had no money, no one to talk over his problems with, *no father*. He had only a futile longing for the man he had never known—and a futile hate for what that man had done to them. More than poverty, that knowledge made him a lonely, frightened boy. More than cold and hunger, it made him cry. More than time passing, it drove him to grow up—

To grow up and walk down that street and ring that bell, open that door and confront his father at last!

But when the moment finally came, when the door finally opened, he had not gone in. He had turned and fled.

And the door had clicked shut behind him forever.

He had thought then, that he was doing the right thing. That he had proved himself to himself, that he was too mature to need revenge, too secure to need that man's love. He was walking away from the past, he had thought.

But instead, he had walked away from the future.

For all his old fears, his old insecurities, had not disappeared, but were only hidden. Hidden too deep for him to see—and deep enough to click shut the door upon his heart whenever it reached out for love.

Now or never

He could see so clearly now.

He had said to Etchika: "We come from different backgrounds. We love each other, but what if we grow apart?"

He had meant: "My father loved my mother, but they grew apart and he left her. How do we know that I—my father's son—mightn't do that to you?"

He had said of Maria: "I can take care of her, give her a stable, happy life."

But his father had planned to care for his mother—and he had left her in a life that was almost a hell.

He had told his new love she was the most important thing in the world to him.

But his father had thought that of his mother once—and he had finished by beating her.

But now, now that he knew—what if he were to call the girl in New York? "I've found the root of my problem at last. Help me solve it—please."

This girl, Tab's friends believe, is the one who can say what everyone knows but him: "Tab, your past is not your curse, but your blessing. You, with your knowledge of suffering, would never inflict it upon another; you, who needed a father, should *be* a father; you, who were a miserable child, will make your own children happy. You, who need love so badly, have tremendous love to give. You know how to cherish a home, a family—and a wife.

This girl is the one to say those words, to open the door in Tab Hunter's heart.

If he gives her the chance.

If he stops running away from love.

Wondering, Tab Hunter stood gazing at the phone. *Should he call—?* **END**

Tab can be seen soon in THEY CAME TO CORDURA *for Columbia.*

Learn 4810 facts about the stars!

*

Which actor was once bat boy for the N.Y. Giants?

What famous actor's real name is Anthony Papaleo?

What popular star was almost elected Miss America?

*

Find the answer to these and other interesting questions in

MODERN SCREEN'S SUPER STAR CHART

*

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Enclosed please find 25 cents in coin. Please rush my copy of

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Address .....

City..... Zone....State...

A Teenage Divorcee

(*Continued from page 33*)

and the biggest bed in Hollywood. It's got a quilted headboard and measures eight-by-nine feet. When I asked my folks if I could buy it, they said, 'Only if *you* make it up in the morning!' This takes me twenty minutes, every day. But who cares? When I sleep in it, I feel like a princess. And that makes it worth it, believe me."

Acting? "I don't want to be just another actress—competent, well-paid, well-liked. I want to be a star someday, a great big star, in the tradition of Garbo and Carole Lombard and Jean Harlow. When I was at Universal-International last year I did one good picture. Then they handed me a script titled *The Water Witch*. I knew this would be horrible for me. So I turned it down and left the studio. I knew I was taking a chance by leaving, but I figured: Why fool around with the bottom or the middle when there's a top to reach. . . ."

Jill began heading for the top back in 1944—like another well-known Jill, by tumbling.

First love

It happened this way:

A cousin of Jill's, a GI, passing through Los Angeles, stopped at the house one afternoon to visit with her folks.

Because he was tall and good-looking, Jill immediately fell in love with him.

And she told him so.

"Do you think we could get married?" she asked, excitedly.

"I'd like to, Jilly," the cousin said, "—but I'm afraid I can't. You see, I'm already engaged to be married."

Jill wasn't fazed.

"Is she prettier than me—this girl you're engaged to?" she asked.

"No," her cousin said.

"Is she nicer?"

"No."

"So?" Jill asked.

"Well, you see," her cousin explained, "my girl is quite a bit older than you, Jilly, and that makes a difference. She's twenty-two. You're four. That's *quite* a difference . . . And my girl happens to be an actress. And, well, I just happen to like actresses."

"But I'm an actress, too," Jill said, not giving up.

Her parents, who had been listening quietly, both turned to look at one another.

"I mean," Jill went on, correcting her fib, "I want to be an actress—now. And I bet I can be one, too."

She jumped up from her chair and took her cousin by the hand. She led him from the living room and into the hallway of the house.

"Now you stay here," she said, "and we'll make believe the top of the stairs is a stage and I'll go act. . . .

"Ready?" she called out a few breathless seconds later, looking down.

Her cousin shrugged. "Yes," he said.

Jill began to perform.

For the next half hour she recited every nursery rhyme and sang every child's and big people's song she had ever learned, making up a few originals as she went along.

Then, to prove her versatility, she began to dance—tap, ballet, shag, conga, more, separately and combined.

It was while in the middle of her grand finale, a routine that included a somersault and a few over-enthusiastic jetés, when Jill lost her footing and went falling down the stairs.

She'd gotten hurt.

She was afraid she'd cry; she wanted to. But she didn't.

Instead, she looked into the eyes of her cousin, who had picked her up, and asked, "Am I a better actress than her—your girlfriend?"

"You sure are," he said.

"And you're still going to marry *her?*"

The cousin didn't answer.

Jill sighed.

"I guess," she said, very dramatically, "I guess maybe I am too young to be your wife. . . .

"But, you know," she went on, switching to a sudden smile, "being an actress must be a lot of fun. Even though I fell and my head hurts, it was wonderful singing and dancing and talking and having somebody watch."

She turned to her parents, who had rushed into the hallway right after the fall.

"Mommy, Daddy—can I be an actress?" she asked.

They nodded.

Hard to beat

"I think," Jill says today, "they were both so relieved I hadn't cracked my head open, they'd have said yes to anything at that moment . . . Besides, even though my dad was in the restaurant business and he and mother knew nothing about show business, something must have told them if this kid of theirs was such a smash in her first staircase scene, she'd be very hard to beat as time went by."

Next Month's

MODERN SCREEN

Why

EDD BYRNES'

Sweetheart

Walked Out . . .

(on sale September 3)

As time did go by—the next seven years, to be exact—Jill proved herself one of the phenomena of the Child Star field.

She started out as the lead in a kiddie review called *Pigtails*. ("I was a terrible brat at the auditions. I told the director to send everyone else home because I was the one he was going to pick. And he did.")

Then she did a radio show, the first of nearly 1,000.

Then modeling, television, a few movies and a stint as Minnie in the stage version of *Annie Get Your Gun*. ("Martha Raye played Annie and she and Nick Condos, her husband at the time, were great to me. Martha would give me huge boxes of Blum's chocolates and Nick would teach me Greek. Also, they introduced me to Hopalong Cassidy one night after the show. He kissed me on the cheek. I didn't wash my face for two days.")

And then came the age of twelve and the theatrical retirement that usually accompanies those temporarily awkward years.

Lots of former stage moppets sit around moping during this period, waiting for the day when their skin will clear and their figures develop, for the day when they can burst back into the business.

But not Jill.

She knew where she was going

She knew she'd get back to work when the time came.

For now, however, there was the matter of her education to be considered. One of those rare Hollywood birds who admits to having loved school, she now decided to devote all her time to this love.

"I was tired of being a professional child, working most of the time, studying scripts, always signing on the dotted line," Jill says. "I figured it was time now to hit the books, like other kids, and try to be normal—for a while, at least."

At fourteen, after taking an abnormally heavy curriculum of extra courses, Jill was graduated from high school.

At fifteen and one month she entered UCLA, stunning her professors not only with her physical arithmetic (already 36-21-35), but with the number of points she made on her entrance IQ exam—162, or genius level.

At sixteen, however, midway during her sophomore year, a movie contract and a marriage certificate somehow crept into the picture and Jill left college and was back to signing on the dotted line again.

About the movie contract, she says:

"It's one of those Hollywood-type stories nobody believes.

"It happened on a Sunday, in April of '57.

"I had a date, but my boyfriend got tied up with some business, and so I went out to dinner alone. I remember the name of the restaurant was the Barraclaugh. I remember I was wearing an imitation toreador outfit I'd just bought—tight pedal pushers and jacket, all black with orange and white and yellow design, and a frilly blouse and a thin black tie.

"After I ate I went up to the cashier's booth to pay my check. The cashier turned out to be a girl I'd known, whom I hadn't seen in a long time.

"We began to talk. And it was while we were talking that I felt the tap on my shoulder.

Fantastic discovery

"'Young lady,' I heard the voice say, very slowly, 'you—are—fantastic.'

"I turned.

"A man was standing there, smiling.

"'Fantastic,' he said again.

"'I know,' I said, 'I'm really the ginchiest.'

"I turned back to my friend.

"'Pest,' she whispered.

"I agreed.

"'Young lady—,' the voice came again.

"I turned again.

"'Look, sir,' I said, 'the next thing you're going to tell me is that I should be in pictures, right?'

"The man nodded, pulled out a card from his wallet and handed it to me.

"I gulped when I read his name.

"'You're Bill Shiffren, the agent?' I asked.

"Then, before he had a chance to answer, remembering stories I'd heard about young girls in Hollywood restaurants and strange men with agents' cards, I said, as bluntly as my nervousness would allow, 'P-prove it!'

"He did.

"He took me to a room on one side of the restaurant where a wedding reception was in progress. I looked over at the bridal table. The bride, I saw, was Linda Darnell. Then I looked all around the rest

of the room. I saw so many famous faces that I felt for a minute as if I were at the movies, watching a dozen pictures all going on at once.

"Well, Mr. Shiffren introduced me to Miss Darnell and all the famous faces and proved that he *was* Mr. Shiffren, for true.

"Then he said to me, 'Be at Universal Studios tomorrow at nine and we'll arrange a test. I guarantee they'll have you signed up by Wednesday morning.'

"Actually, sure as he sounded, he was a little off in his figuring.

" 'Cause I didn't get to sign any movie contracts till Thursday—and late in the afternoon. . . !"

About her marriage contract, signed a little over a month later, Jill says:

"To be honest, this was the biggest mistake I ever made.

"I'd met Neil Dubin on a blind date—my first and last blind date. He was handsome and twenty-one—five whole important years older than I. I'd never been in love before, but I thought I was now that I'd met Neil.

"We dated steadily for three months. We had fun, lots and lots of fun.

"Then, on the night of May 12, he asked me to marry him. And I thought: 'What is marriage if not a continuation of the fun you have with one person?'

"I said yes.

"My parents, I knew, would have hit the ceiling if they'd found out beforehand.

"Three weeks later, I—and Neil, too, I guess—began to get the miseries.

"Suddenly, we found ourselves bored. The dating, the excitement, the early laughter—all of this was suddenly over and we realized that we had absolutely nothing to talk about, absolutely nothing in common.

"I'll say this for myself. Even though I cried myself to sleep every night, I'd get up the next morning vowing that I would do everything I could to make my marriage work.

"And I did try.

"In fact, it's the only thing I'd ever really tried for in life up until that time. Back in school I'd gotten good grades without really trying. In my career I'd gotten all sorts of good breaks, all without really trying.

" 'But this marriage of mine,' I'd say, those mornings, 'to keep this marriage going, I will try until I am weak from trying.'

"Neil liked golf.

"I tried to like golf.

"Neil liked certain people I couldn't stand.

"I tried to like them.

"Neil liked this and that and the other thing.

"I tried to like them, all, everything.

"But after ten months we both realized it was no good.

"I was getting sick.

"Neil was getting nervous.

"The big, beautiful step we'd taken had turned into a first-class flop and it didn't seem worth pretending that it was anything else.

"One night we had a long talk.

"After the talk, I packed a few bags and went back to live with my folks.

Time to live again

" 'Neil and I are filing for divorce tomorrow,' I told them. 'I was too young. I never should have gotten married in the first place.'

"Then I went to my room, went to bed and, somehow, this night I didn't cry.

"Instead, I had a little talk with myself.

" 'Jill St. John,' I said, 'face it. For nearly a year you've been dead. I think it's time you live again—really live. Don't sit around mourning. How about it, huh?'

"And I fell asleep agreeing that that was a very good idea. . . ."

Jill's whole new life since that night has centered around (1) her work, and (2) a fellow named Lance.

For a girl who is determined to become a star in her field someday, things look unusually good for Jill. Here is an excerpt from a confidential report filed recently at Twentieth Century-Fox, her new studio:

One of the wisest moves made here was to sign this girl. She was fine in Pennypacker. *She is even better in* Holiday for Lovers. *In short, she's a remarkably good little actress, beautiful of face and figure, dynamic, spirited, witty, a doll, one of the most colorful young girls we've ever had under contract. Watch her. Guide her. Push her. Coach her. She does not happen along every day.*

As far as her personal life goes, Jill is happier now than she has ever been.

The reason is Lance Reventlow, sports car builder and racer, cosmopolite, adventurer, man about the great and glamorous towns of the world, son of multimillionairess Barbara Hutton.

Jill makes no bones about her relationship with the dashing Woolworth heir.

Like about how they met, for instance.

It was a few weeks after her separation from her husband, she says. She was out dining with a friend, male. Presently another male—a sort-of friend of her friend—came over to the table. His name was Lance.

"I knew who he was, of course," Jill goes on. "And I'd always heard that while he was very nice, he was very shy. So I expected him to say a few words and then walk away from our table. But he didn't. That is, he said more than a few words. And then he asked if he could join us for

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

2. I LIKE ROGER SMITH:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

3. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE RICKY NELSON:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

4. I LIKE MITZI GAYNOR:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

5. I LIKE JILL ST. JOHN:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

6. I LIKE TAB HUNTER:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

7. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE EDDIE FISHER:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

(*see other side*)

a while, if we didn't mind and he sat down."

After a while more, Jill's date said they had to be going.

Lance looked over at Jill, smiled and asked if he could join them.

Three's a crowd

Jill's date didn't think this was a very good idea.

"Ahem," he started to say. "Three's pretty much a—"

But Lance interrupted him. "To make it more of a crowd, why don't I get a date?" He explained that a girl he knew since childhood, an old friend of the family, was in town. He'd phone her, get her to come along and then everything would be okay—okay?

"Okay," Jill's date mumbled.

"It was a few hours later," Jill recalls. "We were at a nightclub. By this time I was fascinated with Lance. He had a marvelous sense of humor. That was the first quality about him I liked. Also, he was very intelligent. And I sensed a tremendous feeling of excitement about him, a boy who was always traveling, always racing, who had his own plane and special cars and motorcycles.

"And there I sat, listening to him, looking at him, a little plan buzzing through my head.

"As the evening wore on I wondered about this plan.

"Should I go through with it?

"Or shouldn't I?

"Yes?

"Or no?

"'Make up your mind, Jill,' that little friend inside me kept saying, '—or else.'

"'Or else,' I found myself whispering.

"The girl with Lance turned to me. 'Did you say something?' she asked.

"'I—I'm going to the powder room,' I whispered. 'Would you like to come with me?' If she would, my plan would work.

"She smiled and said she would.

"When we got to the door of the powder room I stopped and told the girl I had a personal question to ask her.

"'I'd appreciate knowing,' I said, 'if you like Lance. I mean, if you have any kind of romantic feelings about him.'

"She assured me that the answer was no.

Who's faster?

"'Oh boy!' I found myself saying.

"Then I opened my purse, got out a pencil and a piece of paper, wrote down my phone number and gave it to her.

"'I'd appreciate it if—' I started to say.

"'Golly,' she interrupted me, looking up from the paper. 'I didn't even ask you for this yet.'

"'What do you mean?' I said.

"'As we were leaving the table,' she told me, 'Lance leaned over to me and whispered that I should try to get your phone number.'

"She looked at the slip of paper again and began to laugh.

"'Honest,' she said, 'I don't know which of you is quicker. . . .'"

Jill is equally forthright in telling about the many gifts Lance has given her since they first met.

The gifts, by the way, include:

A ring, of Imperial jade.

Another ring—a 22-carat peridot (Jill's birthstone).

Still another ring—a cluster of twenty-four small diamonds in the shape of a rose (Jill's favorite flower).

And another—this one of antique Persian turquoise.

Another—three giant emeralds set in the shape of a clover.

A key-shaped pin, encrusted with rubies.

A solid-gold whistle charm inscribed, *To prove I'm at your beck and call—Lance.*

A solid-gold ankle bracelet.

And, as if this sundae of baubles needed any topping, a charge account at Wil Wright's Ice Cream Parlor in Beverly Hills.

"People have criticized me," Jill says, "not only for accepting these gifts, but for talking about them.

"Well, the fact is that I'm Lance's friend and that I'm proud to take and tell about anything he wants to give me.

"Besides, every time Lance gives me something, I give *him* something. And believe me, if this keeps up, *I'm* the one who's going to be going broke!"

They swear they'll never marry

Eventual marriage with Lance?

"No!" Jill said, emphatically, the day we asked her.

She went on to explain.

"I'm not ready to marry anyone right now. I tried marriage once. It didn't work. I don't want to try it again, not for a long while . . . Anyway, I want to live some more, just the way I'm living now; to learn about life and have fun and grow up, really grow up. And, as I've said, I want to be a star someday, and this takes time and a certain amount of independence. And—"

She went on and on, listing one reason after another.

And then, suddenly, she stopped.

"I have a confession," she said. "Lance and I have sworn that neither of us will ever get married."

"Ever is a long time," we said, feeling very mature and wise.

"But life is very short," said Jill, with a strange little smile that followed us as we left the room. . . . **END**

See Jill in Twentieth-Century Fox's HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS.

8. I LIKE ALAN LADD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him

I LIKE DAVID LADD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE NICK ADAMS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE JIMMY DEAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE CARY GRANT:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE JANET LENNON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE JOHNNY CRAWFORD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE . . . . . **NAME** . . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . (STREET) . . . . . .

CITY . . . . . **ZONE** . . . . . **STATE** . . . . . .

Confessions of a Childless Mother

(*Continued from page 29*)

his business, and I was involved in my career. But Jack's remark moved me deeply. Maybe it was because suddenly, for the first time, I was confronted by the truth. Was I going to be a childless wife?

I didn't answer Jack. Something in my mind told me if I had a child my career would end. All those years of struggling to get ahead in showbusiness, all the practice and hard work of performances—were they for nothing? And what about all those fears the dancers put in my head when I was growing up?

Out of the blue I began to cry. Jack asked me what was the matter. I told him I didn't know. He consoled me, and the subject was dropped. But my mind went back to my early girlhood and I remembered clearly something I used to say. . . .

I was an only child and used to endless attention. My girlfriends and I would talk about marriage and husbands, and I'd often say, "Oh, sure, I want to get married. But I'll never have any children."

I never understood children, and I pretended they belonged to another world, not the world I lived in. Maybe I was jealous of them because grown-ups liked to make a fuss whenever they came into a room. This is probably why children never responded to my presence. They could sense that I dismissed them.

Then, when I became thirteen I embarked upon my dancing career at the Los Angeles Civic Light Opera company (I convinced Edwin Lester, the impresario, that I was sixteen, and I landed a role in the musical, *Song Without Words.*) Older dancers began confirming my childish fears about having children. "If you have a baby when you're married," they said, "it'll ruin your dancing muscles for life. Your legs will get weak, and you just won't be able to dance the way you do. You'll see—your career will be over!"

This scared me. Scared? Petrified! (Although much, much later I learned from my doctor this was all hogwash.)

After *Song Without Words,* I began performing at hundreds of charity recitals for the Assistance League in Hollywood. I did impersonations of Carmen Miranda or I'd dance Oriental-style to the music of *In a Persian Garden.* People would always come backstage and tell me, "Mitzi, you're so talented! You must make dancing your career!"

Well, I got spoiled. After a while I took all the backstage fuss over me for granted, even expected it. One day—I was still in my teens—a younger dancer who was eight years old shared the program with me, and when the recital ended everyone who came back praised her to the skies.

You can probably guess how this made me feel. Like a cast-off piece of clothing. And let's face it. The scene-stealing eight-year-old didn't exactly endear herself to my heart.

All through my growing-up years then I became suspicious of children and the affection everyone gave them. When I finally married Jack Bean after my twenty-first birthday in 1954, I never dreamed the day might come when *I* would *want* a child.

The first rejection

One evening when we were first married we visited a business associate of Jack's. The man and his pretty blonde wife had three young children. Jack had told me about the kids and how darling they were.

Well, children are sensitive, more sensitive than we realize. They have a built-in radar. During dinner they paid very little attention to me, and after dinner when the time came for them to be tucked into bed, the little girl ran over and gave Jack a big fat good-night kiss on the cheek.

Her mother said, "Mary, don't forget to kiss Auntie Mitzi good night, too."

Mary bellowed, "No!"

Her mother insisted, "Mary, kiss Auntie Mitzi!"

Mary screamed *no* again, then reached over and pulled a button right off my dress. . . .

I was afraid

It's true. Wherever Jack and I went, children didn't take a shine to me. Who was to blame? I was. I never gave them any attention. To tell the truth, I was afraid of cradling a baby in my arms. . . .

But, then, one night we were dining at the home of some other friends. I was alone in the powder room after dinner. I was putting on fresh make-up, and a little golden-haired girl came into the room in her pink pajamas.

"Mommy . . ." she said, rubbing her eyes. "Mommy, please tell me a story."

I smiled a nervous smile.

Then, looking up at me, she said, "Oh, I thought you were my Mommy."

"Mommy's downstairs," I told her.

"I'm . . . I'm scared," the little girl said. Her golden hair reminded me of Rapunzel in the fairy tale. "I . . . I can't sleep, and I want someone to tell me a story."

I tried to control my nervousness. I had never told a child a story before.

Extending a small chubby hand, she said, "Would you tell me a story, please, a story that's nice to fall asleep to . . . ?

"I . . . I . . ." I faltered, never finished my sentence. I just didn't know what to say. There I was, a grown woman, trembling in front of a child who offered me her hand with such confidence. The little girl wasn't afraid. But I was!

"My name's Tari. What's yours?"

It took me a moment to answer.

"Mitzi!" she repeated, smiling. "That's a pretty name to remember." Then, holding my hand tightly in hers, she asked again, "Please, Mitzi, please tell me a story."

Hand in hand, we walked out of the powder room into the long upstairs hallway. "My room's over there," she said.

I trembled. I was stunned. What was I going to tell her? I couldn't think of a single bedtime fable! Why did she want to spend time with *me*? Didn't she sense I felt strange and uneasy with her?

But destiny sent her that evening to me. Meeting this little girl was to be a turning point in my life. Tari held my hand tightly. She *needed* me. And she liked me.

Tari's mother must have heard our voices in the hallway, and she came up the stairway. "Tari?" she asked. "Why aren't you in bed?"

Her big blue eyes beaming, Tari looked up at me and said, "I'm waiting for Mitzi to tell me a story."

Suddenly I melted. Tari's mother just said, "Mitzi, please make sure she's tucked in. Tari sometimes kicks the covers off."

Tari led me into her narrow room, dark with the shadows of the California night. I lit a lamp on the dresser, and Tari crawled into bed. After I tucked her under the covers, she reached out for my hand.

I can't remember what I told her. I rattled on and on, and, in a little while, her pretty blue eyes closed and she was sleeping soundly, blissfully. . . .

I started to tip-toe into the hallway to go downstairs. But no sooner did I reach the stairs than I began sobbing uncontrollably, hysterically, I went into the powder room and cried hot, miserable tears. *You fool,* a voice was telling me out of the back of my mind, *you silly, selfish fool!* Moments from my career paraded through my head in a dizzying whirl. Did they *really* matter?

No, I didn't have the answer right then and there. But, after I dried my tears and fixed my make-up, I went downstairs, and, all through the evening, I couldn't talk.

"What's the matter with you?" Jack asked me a couple of times, but I just shrugged my shoulders.

Later that night as we were driving home I told Jack everything. I told him about the older dancers who frightened me when I was younger, about how I resented children because they took attention away from me, about how I was always embarrassed by the way he attracted children.

"But now," I told him, "something's happened. I don't know what, but maybe it was the way Tari needed me. . . ."

That night, for the first time in my life, I wondered what it would be like for me to have a child.

Gradually, my attitude toward children began to change. I wasn't so afraid of talking to them, of giving them affection. When a neighbor woman came home from the hospital with her firstborn, I brought her some ice cream and cake and I asked if I could hold the baby in my arms. I *wanted* to. In the weeks that passed I would go over and talk goo-goo talk with the baby. I forgot about my dress wrinkling or my hair being mussed. Why should such superficial things matter when I held another life in my arms and gave it comfort and love?

More than anything now I pray God will give me a child. All that matters to me now is my marriage *and the blessing of having a child come out of our love.* Movie stardom? It can't measure up to the hearing the gurgle of a baby's laughter or wiping away a child's tear—*this is life!* And *living* is far more important than a name on a movie marquee.

But everything doesn't happen that easily in this world. There are complications. My doctor has told me only nine out of every ten women can have babies. He didn't say I can't have them. But he tells me to pray and to have faith.

"After you have your first," he says, "the others will be easier."

Each day—morning, noon and night—I pray to God to grant me this wish. I ask for his forgiveness, for being a child so long myself.

". . . and a little child shall lead them," the Bible tells us. So each day when I pray to God to make my deepest dream come true I also thank Him for guiding me into the hands of young, golden-haired Tari. And I wait for the time when I can give my love forever to a child of my own.

END

Mitzi will be seen in HAPPY ANNIVERSARY *for United Artists.*

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A Baby for Liz and Eddie?

(*Continued from page 37*)

we suspected all turned out to be false. That 'special glow' on Elizabeth's face was not the 'glow of pregnancy'—it was just the glow of a woman in love.

Nevertheless, the rumors persisted and recently hit print, showing up first in a Paris newspaper (we'll go into that in more detail later), then in a New York column which referred to "the honeymooning Liz Taylor and Eddie Fisher" as "heir-conditioned," then in another column that made the outright statement that "Mrs. Eddie Fisher has a midwinter date at Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center." This last item was immediately denied by another columnist, who quoted Dr. Anthony Di Sopa, chief obstetrician at Columbia as saying that "published statements about her (Elizabeth's) condition are inaccurate." It seemed odd to us that a doctor should have made such a statement, so we called Dr. Di Sopa. "I said nothing about Mrs. Fisher to anyone," he stated.

Ever since they fell in love

And that's the way it's been going, ever since Liz and Eddie first fell in love—innuendo and denial, or, to put the matter bluntly, just plain old-fashioned backfence gossip.

MODERN SCREEN doesn't go in for gossip. We like our secretary's mother but we don't believe her—not yet anyway. Nor do we believe everything we read in the papers. Our policy is to get the truth firsthand, and so we went to England to find out for ourselves. . . .

The airline terminal when we arrived was crowded with London reporters waiting for Liz and Eddie's plane. We listened to their conversation: the refined accents could not hide the snickering cruelty of the words, words we have been hearing everywhere for so many months. We felt like going over to the loudest snickerer and gently reminding him that "to err is human, to forgive divine"—but just then everyone suddenly stopped chattering and watched expectantly as Liz and Eddie's plane glided down through the grey sky, dropped its landing gear, and gently came to rest on English soil.

Arm-in-arm, tanned from the Mediterranean sun, and smiling radiantly, Liz and Eddie stepped out and were immediately engulfed by photographers and reporters who swarmed around them like buzzing bees and threw out questions that stung. Liz and Eddie maneuvered through them graciously to the dark green Rolls Royce that waited. They got into the back seat, waved and smiled again, and the car purred slowly through the congested airport traffic and, once on the highway, sped to Englefield Green . . .

Liz and Eddie sat silently, unhappily. Then Liz blurted out, "What made them ask such a thing, Eddie? Why did they have to . . . ?" She was angry. She was hurt. She didn't finish the sentence. There really wasn't much need.

They were both used to batteries of cameras, news conferences, cynical questions. "What are your plans for the future?" The query had come, tamely enough at that moment.

"I want to quit movies," she'd answered. "Settle down. A home is all in the world I want."

The scribes had shuffled their feet and raised their eyebrows. Then one had inquired, "Didn't you make a similar statement when you were here with Mike Todd eighteen months ago?"

Startled, she'd said, "Yes." She stopped. She began again. "But the circumstances . . ." She couldn't go on. How could she answer? Why should she? Everyone knew the circumstances.

A representative from the studio moved into the foreground. "The press conference is over," he announced curtly. "That's enough for today." Under his breath, he added, "Brother, it's more than enough for today!"

The car purred on through the green English countryside. The groom held the bride's hand. "We'll have some peace pretty soon," he said. "We'll be home in a little while."

"We're almost there now," the driver volunteered. "Did you know that when Marilyn Monroe was here she lived just down the road from Crown House . . . that's the name of your house y'know." And minutes later, "That's Crown House. Right up ahead."

Elizabeth saw the six-foot wall. "*Privacy*, she thought, *blessed privacy*. She sat up straight. "Barbed wire, too? And *police*?"

The driver nodded. "Neighborhood custom," he explained. "Whenever a celebrity rents one of the houses, the owner alerts the law to keep an eye on the place. Just to guard against any incidents."

The car turned into the driveway and came to a stop beside the house. The Fishers got out and found themselves surrounded again, but this time the crowd was a welcome one. The studio man and Mrs. Gratton-Storey, who'd arranged for them to live there, and three small citizens with very familiar and not at all forlorn faces. "Mommy! Eddie! Come look at the yard! Come see the house! *Come on!*"

They came and their new home was quite a sight. The ceilings were works of art. The carved wood paneling in the hall had come from an Italian palace. A stairway seemed to wind straight down from the sky into the side of the living room. "It's fantastic," Elizabeth blinked. But it wasn't long before she came down to earth, via the stairs. "It won't do."

"No," said Eddie. "It certainly won't."

The studio man was perplexed. In his mind's eye he couldn't imagine a more effective pathway for a star. What entrances an actress could make! "We'll have to have a banister." It was the mother he heard speaking, not the actress. "It has to be safe for the children."

He sighed. "Not being parents, I guess a studio overlooks that sort of thing," he admitted. "You'd better check around and see if there's anything else we've forgotten."

There was. A crib for Liza.

Publicity in their garden

They had another week before the start of the picture, and the Fishers had a chance to entertain. Sam Spiegel, the film's producer, dropped in and they found the visit recorded in the next morning's papers. Elizabeth got up from the breakfast table and went to the window. "In just which tree could the man have perched with his telephoto lens?" she wondered out loud.

"If you're not looking for publicity, you don't entertain guests in your garden," her husband reminded her.

They both grinned, remembering their cruise. Everywhere, they'd been met by reporters. They'd pose for pictures, then plead for privacy. "We're on our *honeymoon*. . . ." After a time, the press would vanish. In Portofino, the fourth estate had stuck like glue. "It's our honeymoon," Eddie began.

But a spokesman for the press interrupted. "If you're not looking for publicity, you don't come to Portofino," he told them firmly. And shrugging his shoulders sympathetically, he'd gone on with the questioning.

During the days that followed at Englefield Green, the Fishers were hosts to Monty Clift. Director Joe Mankiewicz came to dinner, too. Michael Wilding paid them a call, bringing his wife Susan. She and Elizabeth had liked one another the instant they met and Susan shared her husband's love for his children. Of course, she wanted to see them. All the same, the Wildings and the Fishers would have probably garnered better notices if Michael had locked Susan in their flat when he drove away for his visit to Crown House. The newspaper editions that followed dubbed them highly civilized . . . in prose apt to make one wonder what civilization was coming to, and if it was advisable at all.

For the most part, they stayed at home. However, when they did leave their fireside, the eyes of the world followed. In London for a business conference one afternoon, they stopped by a pub. As they were getting ready to leave, Elizabeth took out her lipstick. "Would you like a mirror, dear?" asked the proprietor.

Elizabeth smiled a mischievous smile and shook her head. "I'll use my husband's eyes," she said.

It was charming in person. Slightly shmaltzy in print. One overcome columnist threw up typewriter keys.

There was the episode known as the great Van Cliburn crisis. On the day of his London recital, studio conferences were held. "Think they'll plan to go?" the executive shuddered at the possible consequences.

"He's a friend."

"Should we send someone with them?"

"If we do, they'll say it's a stunt."

"If we don't, they'll say the kids are on a phony culture kick."

"Get Eddie on the phone."

They did. "Yes, we're going," he told them. "We had a long talk about it."

The executive was on the verge of ordering a medal sent over for courage. "If you're sure then. . . ."

"We're sure," said Eddie. "We figured since it's an afternoon recital we can get home in plenty of time to have dinner with the kids."

The executive hung up, dazed. "Were they worried?" an aide asked him.

"Yeah." The big man smiled. "And do you know something? They're worried about *important* things! They've got something there. Something like the beginnings of a good marriage. . . ."

They settled down to everyday living, much like newlyweds, and everyday working. Eddie's accompanist, Eddie Samuels, was scheduled to arrive to work on some new arrangements. In the meantime, Elizabeth began her picture. It meant leaving home at seven thirty to be at the studio and ready to shoot by nine. Eddie was a frequent visitor. When a scene was finished she'd run to find him. And when the assistant director was calling for another take, he'd know where to locate Elizabeth. As likely as not, on Eddie's lap.

At first they were watched by a curious crew. But the oldtimers soon began to tender their opinions. "He's a thoughtful guy," said a propman. "And a teaser. Likes to refer to her as Madame, always giving her that 'at your service Madame' routine. He's devoted. But, mind you, he's not servile."

He brought her gifts. No diamonds. Packages of chewing gum . . . because she likes to chew gum between scenes. One morning, he bought her a gift on the way to the studio. She'd happened to glance out the window when the car stopped for a light. "Eddie . . . look! In the pet shop window. . . ."

"Could you pull over to the curb . . .

a few minutes?" Eddie asked the driver.

That's how they acquired their Dandy Dinmont terrier.

When they reached the set, Elizabeth introduced their new acquisition. "Meet Maggie," she said triumphantly. *"Maggie, the dog!"*

Maggie became a regular on the soundstage. "Remarkable dog," everyone had to agree. "Only barks *between* takes."

At times Eddie visited alone. Other times he brought Eddie Samuels. And when the weather was too bad for the children to play outside, he'd have a lunch packed, bundle the kids into the car and they'd picnic in Liz's dressing room. Afterwards, he'd get the small fry and take them home.

But some evenings they were late. She and Eddie would watch the rushes with the rest of the cast after the day's shooting. In the car heading home she'd ask, "Eddie, what did you think about that last scene . . . ?"

Or he'd begin, "You know, Liz, in the scene where you. . . ."

And they'd rehash her work all the way to Englefield Green. All wasn't cooing. They talked things over frankly, in a commonsense kind of way. Every so often she'd kid, "You're a very outspoken fellow."

"Mind?"

"No," she'd smile. "I don't mind at all."

He was proud of her . . . and his pride grew whenever there was a conversation about her on the set. "She's a real pro. Knows her lines right from the first take. Of course she doesn't like impositions. Can't stand 'em. But what pro can?"

At home with Eddie

That's the way it went on set. At home, Eddie helped her with her lines and she, in turn, heard the new songs he and Eddie Samuels had been rehearsing. "I like you better in person than on shortwave," she'd grin. They both recalled the kick they'd gotten from hearing Fisher records, broadcast from all over the world, that they could pick up on the yacht's shortwave set.

There were surprises. The day Liz announced she knew the most wonderful place to dine. With a twinkle in her eye she said she'd just love to show it to Eddie and Joe. "What's the name of this fine establishment?" Eddie inquired.

"Raffatina Honorina," his wife replied.

"French! Hey, where do we find it?"

"In Paris," Liz smiled.

They left on a Friday night and landed at Le Bourget airport at nine, and checked into the hotel Meurice a short time later.

They found the restaurant near a small market place in the Saint-Germain district. "Mike brought me here," Liz told her escorts.

She and Eddie could talk of Mike naturally. He'd been Elizabeth's friend. He'd been Eddie's best friend. He'd have approved. He'd have wanted it that way. Because they'd both known him so well and loved him, they knew this.

On Saturday they shopped. Elizabeth wanted to buy shoes. Photographers followed them down the Rue Saint Honore and into the shoe shop. Crowds gathered.

Eddie was asked to make a recording for AFN. An interview. He was taken aback by one question. "The way people talk about me, you're asking *me* to give advice?" he said. He said it good-naturedly. He was just surprised, that was all.

A bystander recalled the scene later. "Eddie's a nice boy," he said. "A real nice boy. He and Liz aren't two evil people. They're not trying to corrupt the world. All they ask is to be able to live in it. Together."

Back in London, the sky fell. During their stay in Paris, they'd agreed to see a French reporter. The girl had spoken no English. They'd spoken no French. An interpreter had relayed the information that they'd come to Paris because they loved French cooking. And that had been about the extent of it.

The lowdown on Mike, Eddie, parenthood

They were in for the surprise of their lives when a copy of a Paris newspaper was called to their attention. Hot off the presses, so to speak. Really hot. The information had come straight from the newlyweds—a personal interview—the paper claimed. Elizabeth had spoken of Mike Todd, the writer said, and he offered the readers quotes. Some pretty disparaging ones. The subject of parenthood had also come up. And the article went on to give the impression that the Fishers had an announcement to make, but thought it might be proper to delay it.

One look at the paper and Elizabeth hit the ceiling. Eddie hit the ceiling, too. Mankiewicz, Spiegel and the rest of the studio powers joined them. Lawyers were called in, and the legal huddles began.

That's the way it went. The bitterness is still with Elizabeth and Eddie. For good reason. But many of the memories are good. They'll remember the jibes. Yet, they'll remember the cheers, too. . . .

"We'll be on our honeymoon for thirty or forty years," said the bride. Well, she's Elizabeth Fisher, not Barret, and she can sound as corny as any other deliriously happy bride. But no one who's been married thirty or forty years has been heard sneering. A honeymoon lasts, they'll tell you. In the heart. And after all, isn't that where it really belongs? **END**

Liz's latest pictures include TWO FOR THE SEESAW *for United Artists, and* SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER *for Columbia.*

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Maybe It's Love

(*Continued from page 27*)

the panel and tell which song I think will be a hit and which will be a miss. Panel shows are fun. But they're not anything to feel this exuberant about. . . .

At breakfast, her mother caught her mood immediately.

"Goodness, Sandy," she said. "You've certainly got out on the *right* side of the bed this morning. A pleasant dream?"

"Uh, huh. No dream. At least no dream I remember. I just feel bubbly."

She picked up the morning papers and looked at the TV section. There she was—*Juke Box Jury—Sandra Dee, Annette Funicello, Ricky Nelson.*

"Ricky Nelson," she murmured to herself. "I wonder how he'll like me."

Then—"I wonder if *that's* the reason I feel the way I do. . . ."

Sandy gulped down her breakfast and dashed back to her room. She had planned to wear a simple little cotton to the show that evening. Now it no longer seemed 'right.'

Sandy finally chose her most elegant gown—a satin Empire coat-dress, in a delicate eggshell color.

She got to the theater where the show is telecast a good half hour early.

When Ricky arrived, he looked so different. His unruly hair was combed neatly, he was all dressed up in a dark suit and white shirt and tie—a contrast from the casual informal clothes he usually runs around in. He looked older, more mature. *Sophisticated.*

Sandy looked at him and recalled how few boys she had known in her own age bracket, how she always preferred older men, how uncomfortable she always felt around teen-agers. But she didn't feel a bit uncomfortable around Ricky.

Ricky looked at Sandy and recalled how *he* always preferred a girl a year older than himself, how he never dug formal clothes on his dates, how uncomfortable he always felt around 'name' actresses. But not around Sandy. . . .

After the show Ricky asked Sandy if he could drive her home—maybe stop for a malt or something. And Sandy said yes, although she'd never before been able to manage to down a malt without gagging.

She couldn't manage the malt that night either—so Ricky did double duty. But it was being together that counted. . . .

It was a wonderful evening. But in some ways it was a frightening evening too. She felt different than she had with any other boy. And she wondered whether or not this was good. She wondered what the odds would be for her and Ricky to have a successful, fulfilling relationship. She had never had a fulfilling relationship with a boy before. In so many ways she and Ricky were different. In other ways they had much in common. And there were still so many things she didn't know. All she knew was that if he called she would use none of her old subterfuges to get rid of him as she had done with other boys in the past. She was still excited, she was still glowing when she fell asleep—wondering: *What would our chances be?*

Across town, Ricky too lay awake, wondering. Should he call again? Sandra was so different from most of the girls he knew, girls he could fun-date without worrying about the consequences either to the girl's emotions or to his own. *What would our chances be?* he asked himself again and again.

MODERN SCREEN wondered too. Theirs could be the loveliest romance of all. Each could fulfill the emptiness in each other that comes from not having someone special to love . . . *if* they were right for one another. We've come up with a personality test, a kind of love meter. We think it could answer Ricky and Sandra's question: What are our chances?

What do *you* think?

Age
The facts:
Sandy: 17
Ricky: 19
Conclusion: We doubt a two year age difference will ever mean much in their lives.

Education
The facts:
Sandy: Educated by tutors in professional schools and graduated from U-I's studio school (June, 1959). Her best subjects were English and psychology. Her worst was math. She has no plans or desire for a college education.

Ricky: Graduated from Hollywood High June, 1958, with a B average. Favorite subjects were psychology and English Lit. Does not want to go on to college. Is continuing studies with private tutor Randolph Van Scoyk.
Conclusion: Neither is bookish . . . interests *should* coincide.

Family Background
The Facts:
Sandra: She's an only child. Her mother divorced her service-man husband shortly after Sandy was born. She never knew her real father but was wildly devoted to her stepfather, Eugene Douvan. When he died she was fourteen and was completely shattered. She and her thirty-six-year-old mother share a new house in Beverly Hills. She prefers her mother's company to that of girls her own age, finds it difficult to make friends with teenagers. She has no intentions of reconciling with her real father, makes all the decisions regarding her career and her way of life by herself. Her mother says: "I'm not raising Sandy, she's bringing me up."

Ricky: The younger of two sons, Rick's family background was perfect. The Nelsons' marriage has always been secure and they have tried to pass on their feeling of security to their sons. Ricky still lives with his parents in a large comfortable house in Hollywood. As he is maturing, he gradually is making more of his own decisions but still listens to and respects his parents' advice on matters they know more about. But he's growing independent, hopes to have a place of his own soon. His income and that of his folks are separate entities.
Conclusion: Both are extremely independent. Is that good?

Professional Background (And financial status)
The facts:
Sandy: Her step-father was a theatrical agent and friend of many Broadway stars. She grew up among theatrical people, mostly older ones. At twelve she started working as a professional model for *American Girl Magazine* at $25 an hour. The year after she had appeared on her first cover she made the jump into show business via an appearance on the Vaughn Monroe Show. She was earning $78,000 a year as a model by the time she came to Hollywood. She was always taken to the best restaurants, the best plays. She has no conception of money, gets no regular allowance, always has a little money with her—but whenever she wants anything, all she has to do is ask for it.

Ricky: As the sprig of Ozzie and Harriet he was raised in a show-business atmosphere, started working on his parents' show playing himself, when he was eight years old, made his first solo movie, *Story of Three Loves* at eleven. He can barely remember when he wasn't working. But he loves it. His money has been wisely

invested for him and he earned a six-figure income last year. He is definitely not money conscious, seldom has much with him, often borrows lunch money when he's out. He's on a ten-dollar-a-week personal allowance. He intends to remain in show-business.

Conclusion: Both have theater in the blood, cash in the bank. Neither is likely to be thrown by the other's glamour.

Temperament
The Facts:

Sandy: She loses her temper quickly and blames it on the fact that she's growing up. Whenever she does *anything* she shouldn't she blames it on the fact she is growing up. She admits she talks too much. She cannot identify with girls or boys her own age.

Ricky: He resents being treated as a child or shoved around. He rarely shows evidence of temper although he has one. He is quiet-spoken and shy with adults and strangers. He identifies with teen-agers, is their staunchest defender.

Conclusion: Both have a temper. Sandy is the more self-confident of the two. Doesn't that signal bad arguments ahead?

What They Like
The Facts:

Sandra: Eye-make-up, fancy restaurants, large lavish parties, cooking—especially Russian dishes, her two dogs—Pumpkin, a Pomeranian, and Melinda, her poodle, watching TV, flannel nightgowns, her champagne colored Thunderbird, mink, fancy dresses, fancy jewelry, shopping sprees, rare steaks, long-distance phone calls, Rock Hudson movies, hamburgers, black sheaths, reading, Las Vegas, riding horseback, Raymond Burr on *Perry Mason*, fresh fruit, raw lettuce, amusement parks, the colors blue, orchid, silver . . . Gregory Peck.

Ricky: Rock 'n' roll, figure skating, bull-fighting, drums, blue jeans, white shoes, cashmere sweaters, malts, chocolate milk, the outdoor life, ranching, playing tennis, sleeping late, going to bed late, motor-cycles, hamburgers with mayonnaise, drive-in movies, horseback riding, in-formal parties, Elvis Presley, performing in front of live audiences, foreign cars, girls who share his specialized interests in music and sports.

Conclusion: No real difficulties here. After all, they should be able to afford *both* hamburgers *and* malts.

Their Dislikes
The Facts:

Sandra: Criticism and misunderstanding from strangers, chocolate, which she has been allergic to since she was nine, her father whom she hasn't seen since she was a baby and doesn't remember, malts, eating a great deal, facial make-up, house-cleaning, most active sports, people who are overly demonstrative, wolves (the two-legged variety), exercises, doctors, vaccinations and injections of any kind, her nick-name, Sandy. Rock 'n' roll music.

Ricky: Liquor, his nick-name, dressing up, formal parties, Ivy League clothes, girls who pretend to be something they ain't, the word cute, alarm clocks, criticism and misunderstanding of teen-agers, dentists, studying, large premieres, hair-cuts, the color black which depresses him.

Conclusion: Sandra might do well to pick up on that rock 'n' roll.

Personal Habits
The Facts:

Sandra: She's always well groomed, both at home reading and watching TV —and when she leaves the house, whether it's to go to a local super-market or on a date or party. Her room, however, is always in a chaotic condition. She admits she's messy, drops things all over her room and leaves them there. Her mother says, "When Sandra is deciding which dress to wear her bedroom looks like the aftermath of a cyclone."

Ricky: Despite his fondess for jeans and a complete casual look he manages to always look neat and well-groomed, shuns the torn T shirt, dirty sneakers bit. His room, however, is always in a chaotic condition. He admits he's not the neatest person in the world, and although he can't stand messy rooms, "My room is usually a mess of guitars, records, books, shirts, socks all lying around. I just walk around in the debris a couple of days and when I can't stand it any more I put things away. Two days later I'm walking around the debris again.

Conclusion: Since marriage isn't in the picture, is sloppiness really such a problem?

Attitudes about Dating
The Facts:

Sandy: She dated less than most girls her age; never had a date until she was past fifteen, then started going out casually with the young Hollywood set. She saw a great deal of Lindsay Crosby last winter, but it wasn't serious. She dated Troy Donahue during filming of *A Summer Place*—but that was for publicity. She's undemonstrative usually on dates, rarely shows affection or outward emotion. She uses such dodges as, "Tell him I'm in the tub," when a boy calls that she doesn't want to speak to. She won't kiss a boy good night because it's time to say good night. She doesn't believe in first-date kissing.

Ricky: He started 'dating' girls when he was twelve. First to school parties, then to local movies, double dates occasionally, prefers to see a girl alone. Once a girl crowds him he feels a prompt and orderly retreat is necessary. He's against going steady. Doesn't like to be tied down. It makes him feel he is getting trapped. When he dates a girl to a point where she begins to get possessive he just withdraws. He uses such dodges as, "Maybe we're seeing too much of each other." He never formally broke off a friendship—just lets them fade away. He'll kiss a girl the first time he goes out with her if he thinks the time is right. If he likes a girl he wants to kiss her good night.

Conclusion: When two play hard to get, no one gets anything . . .

Attitudes About Love and Marriage
The Facts:

Sandy: (A year ago): I won't get too involved in my career at the cost of my happiness. All I want to do is get married and have a lot of kids—no later than twenty-two. When I do, I'll quit.

(A month ago) Marriage used to be my big ambition. It's still terribly important to me or will be—but being a great actress, a fine one, is the most important thing now. I know that one day a long time from now I'll meet someone who means more to me than anything. Then I'll get married. Of course I'll stay with my career—but I'll devote more time to my marriage. That's the only way to be happy.

Ricky: He dislikes marriage talk. "I've got to make sure a girl likes me for what I am . . . what I really am. Marriage? What's the hurry? I'm not going to wait until I'm an old man of twenty-nine like Dad did but right now I'll play the field.

Conclusion: It seems to us we've heard those songs before. Do *you* think this all could add up to love? **END**

See Sandra now in IMITATION OF LIFE *for U-I, and, this fall, in* A SUMMER PLACE *for Warner Bros.*

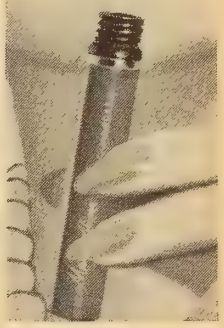
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Letter from Alan Ladd

(*Continued from page 39*)

a name for yourself in pictures. It seems only yesterday that Sue and I got you, pretty much the hard way, Son. You don't remember that, of course. But your birthday is one day neither your mom nor I will ever forget.

We were both at the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Hollywood that February 5, 1947. It was along about four o'clock in the afternoon, as I remember, and already the winter light was getting dim. Your mother was where mothers have to be when they have babies—in the delivery room. I was in a cell where they put fathers. Some places call it *The Stork Club*, which is a grim sort of joke. It's no fun spot, David, as you'll find out some day. The suspense is terrific. I'd been in a place like that twice before, sweating in your big brother, Laddie, and your sis, Lonnie. But it never gets any easier—and this time it was rough, very rough.

We'd been there since long before dawn and I'd walked the nap off the rug, piled up a mountain of cigarette butts and raked out half my hair. Every time a nurse padded by out in the hall or a dish clinked in a cart I jumped. Sometimes I'd think I heard a cry and I'd jump again. Nerves. I'd hear that crack, *We've never lost a father yet,* but it wasn't funny.

Because, suddenly the doctor was standing before me in his mask and white surgical gown and what he said bluntly was, "Well, Alan, which do you want—your wife, or your baby?"

"I want both," I told him and my words sounded faint and far away in my ears. So I said them again, whirling on him unfairly, like an angry terrier and barking it out so the whole place could hear, "I want both—you hear me—*both!*" He gave me a long, tired look, and went out.

Well, I got both, David. I got you and kept your mother, too, thanks to a skillful physician, the Supreme Power and maybe my own stubborn unreasonableness. You were finally born a perfect baby, but Sue—she dipped down into the shadows. Her pulse was gone until stimulants brought her back to life and she held on. But for two days after it was nip and tuck.

Old enough to understand now

I've never told you this before, David, but I think you're old enough now to understand that there are times when you have to gamble. Someday you'll know that a man is only half a man without the woman he loves. And that people who are married are only half married without their children. So I had to go for broke for you both—and I'm mighty glad I did.

Now, I want to tell you about another gamble I had to take—this one not so long ago, when we were both up in Cedar City making *The Proud Rebel.* Remember that scene where I tell you you have to go to the doctor? Then you kneel down and hug your dog, King, for comfort and courage? Some critics tag it as one of the best child scenes ever played. I'll never forget it, because it almost ripped my heart out. Not the scene, but what I had to do before you made it.

I guess you were tired that day, or maybe finding out what you know by now—that acting's not all a game, but hard, emotion-drawing work sometimes. Anyway, David, you just weren't with it at first. There you were kicking your feet in the dirt, hopping around and playing, your mind miles away from the job you had to do—and it was a big job, I'll admit. I was trying to act and sweating you in, too, and could be I was pressing you too hard. But you just weren't giving, you weren't interested and that was no good.

I knew what I had to do, so I took you for a walk up the road—and I let you have it hard and straight. "David," I said, "Look—if you don't want to work with Daddy, you don't have to any more. You can forget the whole thing right now, get off the picture and go home today. The way you're acting I'm not sure I ever want to work with you again."

We broke for lunch about then and you disappeared, to eat with the crew, I thought, as you like to do. But you didn't eat at all and when Mommy and I finally found you in a barn nearby you were huddled with three dogs and two donkeys (as your mother said, "like a child in a manger") sobbing your heart out. "I *do* want to be an actor," you choked when I asked you what was wrong, "but I can't be as good an actor as you are, Daddy."

Ingrid Bergman said about Ernest Hemingway: "It's easy to act the roles created by Hemingway. An actress can digest the words easily, and doesn't need salt or pepper."
Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

Well, David, you could and you were, after that—a better actor than Daddy, and never any more trouble. But I haven't told you about that gamble I took: If you had said Yes to my offer to go home—why, we were half way through the picture and that would have killed it and cost the company plenty—still, Davy, I was serious. My relationship with you meant more to me than any money or any picture and I had to straighten it out.

As I look back, it's always been a mighty close relationship, David—for a lot of reasons: Maybe because we got you so precariously, so dangerously. Maybe because you're the baby of the family. Maybe because, as your mother swears, you're a "carbon copy of your dad."

You see, I never knew my dad, really, David. He died when I was only four years old and, after a pretty rough go of it alone, my mother married another man. He was a good man, and good enough to me. But he wasn't my real dad and that makes a difference. When your big brother, Laddie, was born, things were pretty desperate with me. I was struggling for a toe-hold in Hollywood. I didn't have a chance to buddy with him until later when he was fairly grown up. But when you came along I was over the hump and things were easier. So we could be pals from the start.

Up here on this Nevada ranch where we're shooting *Guns of the Timberland* I think especially of you, David, and I miss you. It's logging country crowded with tall dark trees and, if you could shinny up one, it seems as if you could pick the stars right out of the sky, they're that close. You'd like it but maybe not as much as our ranch out in Hidden Valley. Somehow the ranch and you go together in my memory. I got that place about the same time I got you and it's where you practically grew up.

That was the first piece of land I ever owned, David. The first land a man owns does something substantial for him, just as a son does. They're new chances and he wants to make something important out of them both.

I guess you had about everything out there to make a kid happy, David—dogs, horses and room to run them—chickens, rabbits, pigs, cows, sheep—yep, and

rattlesnakes, too. I'll never forget the scare you gave me one day down by the barbecue pit. About two you were then and I didn't pay much attention when you kept pointing to some shaking grass and chattering. "See—see—see—!" Lucky for us old Jezzie, our boxer, sniffed out the snake and started barking, or—let's don't think about it. I got him with a rock and we cut off the rattles, which Lonnie promptly stuffed in her mouth. But she was only four and didn't know any better.

I don't know which shook up your mother most—that or the time she caught me out there with you on one knee and Lonnie on the other and thought—what a sweet family picture! Only, Davy, when she found out what was really going on—wow! I was cutting off your golden curls with the horse shears and Lonnie was catching them as they dropped. You looked like a cherub by Raphael before that, it's true, and it was also true that your Mom cried, "They'll never grow back!" They didn't and I guess you can thank me, Son, for hair that looks as if it was ironed, just like your dad's.

But I told her then, "If he's a boy, then, by God, he's going to look like one!"—and I'm sure you approved. I also said, "Sue, you take care of the girls and leave the boys to me. I understand 'em."

Advantages don't make a gentleman

Then there were two years in Europe, '53 to '55, which is quite a hunk out of a kid's life, isn't it? That was the Grand Tour, all right, for all the lucky Ladds and some rugged picture work for Daddy. But, you know, Sue and I never were quite sure what you were getting out of it, David. Seemed to us all you cared about was trying to locate an American hamburger, with the works, until I finally fried you one myself in the kitchen of a fancy Swiss hotel.

But we were wrong. How can parents know everything that a boy's mind sops up? You learned a lot—from your tutor and the sights you saw. When we got back they boosted you two grades at school, and it's been mostly straight A's at Black-Foxe and Harvard Military academies since.

I'm pretty proud of those A's, David—as I am of your spot on the swimming team, the baseball squad and in the band. Maybe I'm even prouder of what your dancing teacher reported to your mother just the other day. "I want to tell you, Mrs. Ladd," she said, "what a nice boy your David is. There are girls, you know, who aren't so pretty and don't get invited to dance. They stand around embarrassed, and most boys let them. But when I pointed this out to David, he said, 'Sure—I understand,' and danced with them all." You've had all the advantages, I suppose, a boy could ask for. But that doesn't necessarily make a gentleman. Consideration for others does.

I didn't have any of the things you have, David, when I was a kid. No private schools, trips abroad, dancing classes, horses and nice clothes. When you got that Playboy motor bug your last birthday I couldn't help thinking of the bike I got one Christmas, fourth or fifth hand, I imagine. It cost $3 but it was the most wonderful treasure in the world to me.

We were poor, very poor. After my father died my mother washed and cooked for people to take care of me. Later on she married a housepainter, and that was no road to riches in the Depression. We jolted West from Arkansas, Okie style, in a Model-T, and my stepfather painted houses along the way for gas and food. . . .

It's natural, though, I suppose, to want your kids to have the things you didn't have. The less you've had the more you want to give them. If there's anything you kids have lacked I don't know what it could be. Sometimes that's worried me. I thought maybe I was spoiling you rotten, until I found out that none of you were the spoiling kind.

But I've been strict. You know it, Davy, so do all the rest. I don't think I've ever had to lay a hand on you. Most times I've never even had to say a harsh word. Just a look and you knew what I meant and that I meant it. I figure that's my duty to you. I believe discipline is good for children, David. I think it gives them character and security. One thing I've always cracked down on hard, as you all know—family squabbles.

Remember that playhouse we built for Lonnie? It was her special castle with her own key and she didn't like you messing around there when you got old enough to be a pest, did she? We got a lot of complaints from Lonnie about that situation and a few stormy scenes. And then suddenly it was solved—by Lonnie herself.

She came into the breakfast room one morning when your mom and I were having our coffee. "I'm getting too big for that old playhouse," she said, handing us the key. "Why don't we give it to David? He'll like it. He's just a kid," she added, covering up.

We were pretty pleased with the way Lonnie handled that family problem, And we're just as proud of the way you're handling this star business that's happened to you, David. If I hadn't known you could it wouldn't have happened, believe me. If there's one thing I can't take it's a precocious Hollywood kid with a head blown up like a balloon. . . .

Remember our talk when Sam Goldwyn, Jr. came up with the idea of casting you as *David* in *The Proud Rebel*? I was excited, as you were. I knew you could do it. What I didn't know was if you really wanted to do it or if I really wanted you to. So we sparred around for a while. It was a pretty big decision for us both.

"Well," I finally said, "Do you want to try it, David?"

"Sure!" you came back. "But what do *you* want me to do?"

"I want you to be a little boy," I told you.

"Heck," you grinned, "that's what I am and what I still will be."

So I had my answer—and my promise.

You've never let me down on that promise. Davy—not for a minute. Even though all that fan mail you're dragging in makes our secretary, Muriel, work nights, even though you've already copped a lot of awards. Neither all these radio and TV interviews, nor those rock 'n roll records that are wowing the teen-agers have given you big ideas. On that p. a. tour, Carol Lee tells me you worried more about your collie, Lance, back at the ranch than you did about how you looked to kids mobbing you for autographs. I know you aren't exactly living it up on a dollar-a-week allowance, either. And that twenty-five cents an hour dusting shelves at Higgins-Ladd hardware store in Palm Springs isn't exciting along side a movie check. But, believe me, those are the things that make it all right with me.

I know now I wouldn't have missed doing that picture with you, Davy, even if I made it for nothing. Frankly, I didn't want to play your dad on the screen at first. I wanted to *be* your dad, not play him. But not every father gets a chance to start his son off in his own footsteps.

I've always had a great respect for the moving picture business, David. It's been good to me. I didn't have anything and it's given me everything. Not only security but the satisfaction of doing what I wanted to do and being what I wanted to be.



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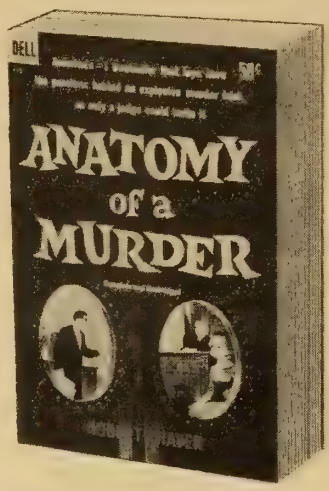
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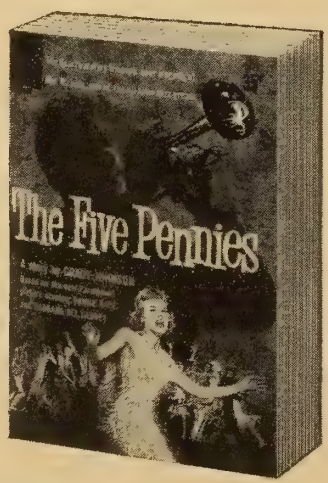
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My break didn't come fast, as yours has, David. I suppose I worked in fifty or sixty pictures before anyone knew who Alan Ladd was. I was an extra, I played bits. I even did a stretch as a 'grip' up on the catwalks, and I've still got my union card to prove it. I was slugging away at dinky radio jobs when your mother heard me on a show and called me in to her office. She was an agent then and a good one. She still is at heart and, by the way, Davy, when you want advice on this new career of yours, you listen to your mom.

Because, after she signed me on as a client we fell in love and I signed her on for life. It's the best deal I ever made, but business was the last thing on my mind. Sue Carol was the prettiest actress in Hollywood when she was sweet sixteen and in my eyes she always has been. They wrote a song about her once, *Sweet Sue*. That's your mommy.

I guess down deep Sue always hoped you'd want to act, David, just as I guess I did. For her it's a second chance, as it is for me—where we both came in. We've felt that way about all our kids. They've all had their chances with our boost and blessing. You know, we talked Carol Lee into majoring in Dramatics at UCLA and she graduated *cum laude*. But what she really wanted was a husband, a home and children. She has those now with John Veitch and little Jonathan Alan, just three months old. In a way, that happened, too, because of Hollywood. If Sue and I hadn't made an Army hospital tour on the movie-star circuit we'd never have met Johnnie, badly wounded, liked his looks and encouraged him to come out here after the war. Now he's helping me produce pictures, so Carol Lee's still represented. Then Laddie grew up and tried his luck on the set. Acting wasn't his dish, though; he liked the business end. Now Laddie's an agent and doing so well that we'll dance at his wedding to pretty Patty Beazley this fall. As I write, Lonnie's up here with me getting her feet wet playing a junior romance with Frankie Avalon. You know how Lonnie is these days at sixteen—lost in a dream world all her own—so you can't tell if it's for real with her or not. We'll see.

A real trouper

Looking back, though, it was always real with you, David. You got the genes from both sides of the house. You know, we named you after an actor, David Clyde. I used to room with him in those hunger days, and he was like a father to me. He's dead now, but he'd be proud that a trouper's bearing his name. Because, almost from the start, Davy, that's what you were.

You had the bounce, the beans, the winning smile and the talent, too, that it takes. Just the other day for instance, when Walt Kent came out to work you up for those Dot records—what's the one I like, *Can I Carry Your Books?* You'd never sung a note, but you got the beat and bent your notes like Frank Sinatra in no time. "He catches quick and likes it, doesn't he?" Walt said. That's how it always was. . . .

I took you on my sets, Son, as soon as you could toddle and I don't know of a location you missed—until this one, but now you're too busy. Most of the crew who used to ride you on the camera dollies are still with me, so going to work for the first time wasn't really as rough as starting off to school.

Tiny but tough

But you were never a Hollywood kid in the obnoxious sense of that word. You were all boy—jeans, T-shirt, dirty neck, scraps and everything. And speaking of that first day at school—did you ever yell when we started you at Westlake, where

Lonnie went! "That's a girls' school," you squawked. "What do you think I am, a sissy?" You're still touchy about Westlake, but it was only for kindergarten and it was close to home. Next to that, the only thing that really bugged you—and I guess still does—is being on the small side. Four-feet-eight and seventy-two pounds isn't your idea of what a Little League pitcher should register, is it? I know how you feel.

I was a shrimp, too, at your age. They called me *Tiny,* and it's a tug that still makes me wince. But I finally sprouted and so will you. And, if you'll let me brag a little, when I hit high school I captained the track, swimming and football teams. There are some records I made in the sprints, shotput and free-style swim still standing in the San Fernando Valley high school league today. What's more, I was headed for the Olympics as a diver, only I got a little girl crazy about then, didn't practice and the coach dropped me. Just remember this—you don't have to be big to be good. There was a little guy with your same name, David, who knocked over a giant with a sling-shot and went on to become King of the Israelites.

The importance of fans

I think you like the girls too, Davy, and the girls like you. Who's the latest—your pal Bill's sister? Well, there'll be others and that's as it should be. When you grow up you go along best two-by-two in this world. Plenty of time for that, of course. I just hope when the time does come you're smart and lucky enough to pick one like your mother. Right now, as you told me the other day, girls write you and you don't know how to answer—but *answer,* David, it's important to know how they feel. They are very important to you.

Don't ever forget your fans. They're the ones who hire you, David, pay your salary and keep you working. You're just as good as their opinion of you, no better. You'll find it rewarding to like them back. Fans have been my friends, they've stayed with me in my house and a lot of them have wound up working for me. I always appreciated them and they made me what I am today. There's a responsibility you'll take on as an actor and I hope you never let it lag: always live up to what the people who see you think they see in you.

But the important thing Mommy and I want you to know right now is this: it's great to see you make movies as long as it's fun for you. But nobody's pressing and there's no sweat. You can stop whenever you want to. I know you don't want to. Like me, you're a guy who can't sit still. You want to do everything now, all at once. But there's school and sports, fun and just growing up, too, to think about. We don't want to gain a star in the Ladd family and lose a boy. You're the last one we have.

I guess that about wraps it up, David. It's late and tomorrow's a rough day. But I'm glad I had this talk with you because, to tell the truth, I needed it more than you did. Mommy sends her love and says to wash your hands and comb your hair once in a while. Lonnie wants to know how you did it and please keep out of her room. I say I'd rather be David Ladd's dad than Alan Ladd any day. And, before I forget, have Muriel shoot up one of your pictures and you might scribble your name on it. I'll run into that Reno kid again, and I promised.

On second thought, better make it two pictures. He has a sister. . . . So long, Cowboy, and lots of love,

Daddy

The Love Life of Debbie Reynolds

(*Continued from page 21*)

Walter Winchell discovered her doing "the bright lights bit," and the whole world observed that she had accepted a diamond brooch from Bob Neal as casually as a kid would take a stick of chewing gum. She was seen in a strip joint with millionaire Harry Karl, and in a restaurant with the King of Belgium, and Eva Gabor was suddenly her best friend, and there were rumors linking her with a married man.

None of it sounded like Debbie. A picture of that big empty chair kept getting in the way. An empty chair in an empty living room in an empty house. Why, you wondered, isn't Debbie looking for a man to be a father to Carrie and Todd?

Not that you can just go out daddy-shopping, pick someone who's the right size, or whose eyes go nicely with your wall paper. First you fill the heart, then the chair. But the thing that's alarmed and confused everybody is that Debbie acts as though her heart's the last place she wants to hear from. She says she's in no mood for marriage, she's in the mood for freedom and fun.

It's like a movie where the hero keeps calling for madder music and stronger wine, and underneath it all he's dying.

The letter

The new picture of Debbie Reynolds disturbed not only MODERN SCREEN's editors, but also a lot of readers who've written in. We think we ought to reprint one letter, because it moved us. It's from a girl in Pennsylvania, and she (we won't disclose her name) asked us to send it on to Debbie if we thought it wasn't "too fresh." We think it's just fresh enough. It goes:

Dear Debbie:

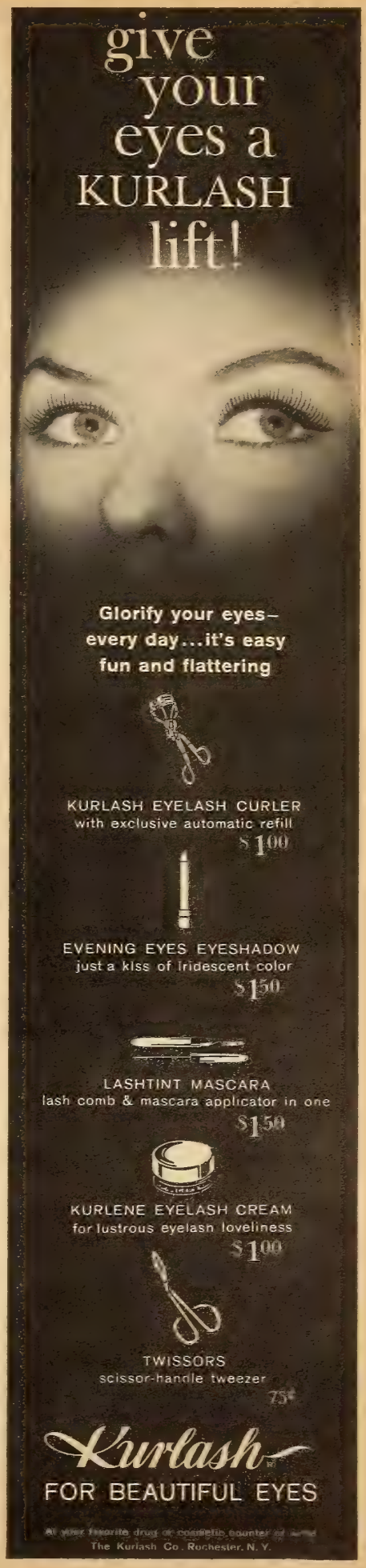
This is a nervy letter to write, but I have to do it because I feel so bad. So who is this nut, you're most likely saying, that I should worry how she's feeling. Well let me tell you who I am, and don't quit reading yet, please. I'm a fan and I'm still in high school and you've always been my favorite movie star.

I enjoyed other movie stars but it was different. I mean I could get a kick out of how gorgeous they made up their eyes and everything, but there was something so special about you. Like you could have been my sister or even me, if I was prettier and had talent.

My mother wasn't crazy about my reading movie magazines until I showed her articles about you. She had this idea Hollywood was Sinsville and all the stars over sixteen were divorced at least once. Well, do you remember the stories where you told how you were president of the Non-Neckers' Club when you were a kid? And how you weren't ashamed to sell Girl Scout cookies even after you got married? Boy, plenty of us that used to be scared of being called square quit worrying.

And I remember that you would wear clothes your mother made for you, and you were proud how nice they were, and the other stars had thousand-dollar gowns, but you looked better than all of them.

Well, not that you still don't look better than everybody, but in the papers there's this news how you don't want to get married, and you won't pose with the babies



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and you neck with guys in night-clubs and all your clothes and hairdo and everything is like out of a mold.

Listen, Debbie, I don't blame you that you want to have a good time, but don't you think all those kings and millionaires are too sophisticated for you? I mean you've had some of the crummiest breaks in the world, but it's just not your nature to be a cafe society girl. In my opinion anyway. Even if you would drink champagne and drive men crazy three times a day and more on week ends, I wouldn't believe you were enjoying it. I mean I don't want to sound like a lecture, but you have to be true to yourself and you were always a home kind of person.

Once you said this thing that tore me up. It was after you and Eddie split, and you said, "We dreamed too big—"

I can't stand to think that now you'll dream smaller. Or get smaller. I mean this country is full of beatniks and nuts and atom bombs, and everybody is yelling tomorrow we die so let's throw our ideals out in the garbage, but you always seemed so good, and you stood for something.

I don't mind somebody else losing their sense of values, but not you. I mean if you're shaken, I'm shook.

She figures she's been wrong

This letter is only one of many. There were others who reminded us of Debbie's tough time with Bob Wagner, several years ago. She cared, he didn't. She stuck her little chin out, announced she'd been jilted, and rolled with the punch.

They say she carried a torch that time, too, but the experience didn't change her basic ideas about love. She still wanted a boy who'd fit in with her family (her nice, middle-class family who'd brought her up in Burbank, and who'd cared so much about her they'd been willing to let her practice the tuba right in the house). She wanted a boy who'd love kids, and home-cooked meals, and evenings by the fire.

She tried to tell herself Eddie was that boy, because she wanted him, but she picked wrong again. And two wrongs don't make a right. The trouble is that this time, Debbie seems to have figured out it's *she* who's been wrong, and not the men.

She who'd just about quit pictures for home life and motherhood—she didn't work for nearly two years while she was married—is now in the wildest of career throes. She's booked solid until 1960. *(But when does she see the babies?)*

She who used to run around in pigtails and dungarees has been voted one of the best-dressed women in America. *(But don't you cherish more deeply the picture of her in a funny little blouse with diaper pins stuck through the front of it?)*

She who loved the sun, the beach, the early life, now plays the Late Show in night clubs on both coasts. *(But remember when her eyes were so bright she didn't need diamonds to light herself up?)*

Bob Neal and Harry Karl, the two men with whom Debbie's name is presently linked, have been described as 'fun-loving millionaires.' They run with the movie crowd, they enjoy being seen with stars.

Karl, a shoe manufacturer, is the ex-husband of Marie MacDonald, and he's getting over a bruised heart of his own. (He was engaged to Harry Cohn's widow, but she changed her mind.) Incidentally, Karl has rented a house in Honolulu, where Debbie, her parents and the babies will vacation soon.

Neal, whose money comes from oil and Maxwell House Coffee, has never been married at all, though he's circulated around Hollywood for some thirteen years, romancing glamour girls.

Neal doesn't like involvements but he doesn't mind publicity, which Debbie attracts by the carload. Telling a friend about a party to which he took Debbie, Neal said, "It was really *upper* class movie people, and they all gathered around Debbie. She was the most popular girl there!"

He also mentioned doing New York with Debbie. "Mobs of people, from headwaiters to newsboys ran up and told her how terrific she was."

This isn't to say that Neal doesn't admire Debbie, her stardom aside. He thinks she's "the brightest girl I've ever known," and he's more than willing to piece out her jewelry collection. "It's all a matter of relativity. Some other guys can give a girl a box of candy for a going-away present I can give a diamond brooch. Besides, you can't take it with you."

Debbie's fond of Neal too. He's amusing, generous, thoughtful. He and Harry Karl are both reputed to know how to flatter women, and Debbie, so recently rejected and humiliated, is ripe for a little masculine flattery.

But Debbie's no fool. She knows a crowd can be the loneliest place of all. She knows a home needs a man. She knows that babies need a father. And she knows that what's right for her isn't a good-looking bon vivant who'll stuff her with caviar on the rocks, and introduce her to more Gabors, but a plain guy who'll want to marry her and take care of her, and warm the cold place in her soul.

An astrologer who's studied Debbie's horoscope says Debbie's "inner self" has been shattered, and that fear will prevent her from loving again. "She will fear being hurt, and fear being made a fool of—"

We hope it isn't true. For Debbie's sake, and her children's sake, and the sake of that empty chair. **END**

Debbie can be seen now in SAY ONE FOR ME *for Twentieth Century-Fox, soon in* IT STARTED WITH A KISS *for MGM, and later in* THE RAT RACE *for Paramount.*

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Heartbreak on the Riviera

(*Continued from page 47*)

we've been here two whole days. Seems like we were just arriving here, really . . . doesn't it?"

Again Kim nodded.

"Yes," she said.

Mrs. Novak turned to look out the window again.

Kim closed her eyes.

And she remembered their arrival. . . .

The night Kim met Cary

They'd come to Europe, she and her mother and her dad, for two reasons: one, so that Kim could attend the annual Cannes Film Festival for the showing of her latest picture, *Middle of the Night*. And two, and more important, so that Kim could take her parents to Rome and show them the Vatican and St. Peter's, and to show them a little bit of Venice, and then to take them on to Prague, Czechkoslovakia, behind the Iron Curtain, to see the places the older folks had remembered from their childhoods, to see some of the people —relatives and friends—they'd known and wondered and worried about all these

years since they'd come to America.

And so, they'd come first to Cannes on business really, the business of publicity, exposure, of premieres and cocktail parties, the stuff that any big star like Kim must go through.

And Kim couldn't help smile a little to herself now as she remembered their arrival there two days earlier, as she remembered thinking what a bore she was sure this would all be.

It had been a bore, as a matter of fact —at first.

The Mayor of Cannes had greeted Kim at the station, along with a couple of dozen Festival officials. They had brought a couple of dozen deep-red roses along to present to her and then they had whisked her off to a luncheon, complete with what seemed like a couple of dozen courses, very delicate, very pretty; wonderful, Kim had thought, if she'd been happy and hungry . . . which she hadn't been.

Then, that afternoon, after a short rest, there had been a reception somewhere, then a dinner, then a movie gala and then a caviar-and-champagne shindig at some hotel, given by the Yugoslavian delegation or were they Swedes?

No matter, Kim remembered, it had all been very formal and uninteresting.

Until that moment close to midnight when, while sitting at the table with her folks and some of the Festival officials and their ever-chattering wives, Kim had heard one of the women say, very excitedly, "Look who comes here . . . and towards us. Look."

Before Kim had had a chance to turn around, she'd heard the voice, behind her, saying, "Fellow American, I presume?"

She'd turned.

She'd smiled.

She'd met Cary Grant before, once or twice, back in Hollywood—the last time seven or eight months ago, at a party, shortly before his divorce from Betsy Drake.

She'd barely known him.

But he'd seemed like an old friend now, standing there smiling down at her—a friendly and welcome face from home.

"Hello," she said.

"Hello," said Cary.

Introductions were made around the table, Cary explaining to the delighted officials that, since he was vacationing in Europe at the time, he had decided to stop off in Cannes for a few days.

Then he pulled up a chair and for the next half hour, in flawless French, he spoke with the officials, answering their questions mostly, or rather the questions of their wide-eyed wives.

And then he turned back to Kim.

"You don't *parlez* the language?" he asked, softly.

"Two whole words," said Kim. "*Oui* and *Non*."

"Must be a drag," Cary said.

Kim shrugged.

"Look," Cary said, glancing around the room, after a moment, "it seems they're getting ready to close shop here in a while . . . But I wonder, what are you doing tomorrow?"

"Nothing much during the day," said Kim.

"Then let's go swimming," Cary said.

"I'd like that," Kim said.

"You won't have to know a word of French," Cary added.

"I'd like *that*," Kim said.

"Pick you up at ten?"

"I'll order the Mediterranean drawn just right—about seventy-two degrees."

"You are *charmant*," Kim said.

"You lied," Cary said, shaking his head. "You know *three* whole words of French."

And he had laughed.

And so had Kim. . . .

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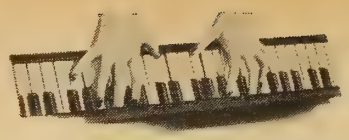
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Isolated beach

Kim opened her eyes.

The train had stopped.

Kim picked up a magazine she had brought along and flipped its pages.

After a while, the train began to move again.

The door to the compartment then opened and a conductor poked his head in.

"We are now leaving Nice," he said. "We will be in Monte Carlo in twenty-five minutes, in case you wish to note a little of that famous place."

He left and Kim put down her magazine and turned to look out the window once more.

The train was skirting the sea again.

Kim stared at the quick scenes that fleeted by; a cluster of tiny boats at anchor, a dock, a small villa with a rock garden running down to the water, another dock, an ancient fishermen's chapel, a beach.

"How lovely," Kim said, suddenly.

"What's that?" her mother asked, looking up from her knitting.

"A beach we just passed," said Kim. "It was very small, very isolated. There were just two people on it, lying on the sand. A couple."

"Too bad for them," her mother said. "It's not exactly a good day for swimming."

"Neither was yesterday," Kim said, half to herself. . . .

She remembered how gray and overcast it had been the day before, as she and Cary had walked onto the beach at Cannes. She remembered how she'd been disappointed at first. A beach, to be fun, she had always thought, should be crowded, with people laughing and playing, and filled with sun, lots and lots of sun.

But, as the morning had gone on, she had found herself minding less and less that the weather was not exactly ideal, that other people had stayed away.

Because she had found it extraordinarily pleasant being with him, lying there alongside him, talking, the two of them, alone.

And, she remembered, she'd felt especially good when Cary had asked, suddenly, at one point, if anyone was taking her to the premiere that night.

"Just the group," Kim had said, referring to the entourage of officials.

"Then how about me taking you instead," Cary had said. "I'd planned to chuck all the movies this trip and spend tonight visiting some friends. But—"

"I'd love for you to take me," Kim had interrupted him.

"You would?" he'd asked.

Kim had been amazed—for in that moment Cary's normally debonair, sophisticated way had seemed to leave him and, though he was a man in his middle fifties, he had been like a very young boy then, a lonely boy, asking a girl for a date and being pleased, almost grateful, when she accepted it.

"I'd love that," Kim had said again, "really."

And Cary had told her, "I'm glad"—very simply. . . .

The night, the night, the beautiful night, Kim thought now, remembering how it had started.

Cary had picked her up at eight. He'd brought flowers—a few small bouquets of violets—and he'd watched Kim arrange them in a vase. Then they'd had a cigarette and a drink. And then they'd gone to the *Middle of the Night* premiere first, then on to the Palm Beach, the waterfront nightclub where a reception in Kim's honor was being held.

As they'd entered the nightclub the band had been playing *Cherie, Reveille-toi*—Arise, My Love—the most popular song in Europe at the time.

And before they had reached their table, Cary had asked Kim to dance.

"Now?" Kim had asked.

"Sure," Cary had said, sweeping her into his arms.

"The night, the night . . ." she thought.

They'd danced for nearly an hour.

And then, finally, they'd gone to their table, already filled with the ever-present Festival officials and their wives.

There had been a small supper, and large amounts of champagne.

Best of all, there had been a fireworks display, a glorious display, that came from the beach.

And it was during this display, at a point when the sky turned breathtakingly scarlet, when Kim found herself reaching for Cary's hand and turning towards him.

"What are you thinking?" he'd asked, almost in a whisper.

"That I'm so happy," Kim had said.

"Would you like to leave, when this is over," Cary had asked, "and maybe take a little walk."

"Oh, yes," Kim had said, quickly, "yes." . . .

The night of the song

"This is Monte Carlo we approach!"

The train had begun to slow down again and the conductor had poked his head into the door again.

"If you look now," he said to Kim and Mrs. Novak, pointing out the window, "if you look *up,* you will see the beautiful palace where the Princess Grace lives with her Prince and the beautiful children."

Mrs. Novak stopped her knitting and looked and was impressed.

But Kim's attention was elsewhere, her eyes focused straight ahead, at the lower part of the town—the Old Quarter—as they passed through it now.

It was still early and the streets of the Quarter were still fairly empty. But Kim could see, at different points, a wine truck stopped outside an empty café; a butcher busy hanging a cow or sheep carcass onto a hook outside his shop; two old ladies carrying the family laundry to the public *blanchisserie;* a few children already on their way to school.

It was a different Quarter from the Quarter at Cannes, and the mood this morning was certainly different than it had been the evening before.

And still, there was something about all this now that caused Kim to remember the place she had been only a few hours earlier, and the man with whom she had been. . . .

"This is the real Cannes," Cary had said, as they'd entered the Old Quarter, "—the original Cannes, settled by the Italians, captured from them by the French, retaken by the Italians, re-captured by the French—"

"Also," Kim added, breaking in, "a very chilly place."

A stiff breeze from the Mediterranean had swept into the town.

"Are you getting cold?" Cary asked.

"Brrrrrr," said Kim.

"Here," said Cary, taking off his jacket, "put this on."

He stood behind her and draped it around her shoulders.

"When are you planning to leave here?" he asked, as he did.

"We'd planned to go tomorrow," Kim said. "The folks are kind of anxious to get to Rome, then go on."

"Is it definite, about tomorrow?" Cary asked, still behind her.

"Not really," said Kim.

She turned and faced him.

"Not really," she said again, taking his hand again, her eyes—radiant—looking deep into his.

They continued walking through the Old Quarter. They stopped once for some coffee. Then at a tobacco stand for some cigarettes.

And then they stopped at a cabaret, for a cognac.

It was a tiny place, dark, a few tables, a few more chairs, little else.

The waiter, a large man, brought them their drinks.

Then he asked if they would like some music.

"A nickel for the juke-box" Kim asked Cary, kidding.

"No, Mademoiselle," the waiter said, "no zhook-box here. My wife, *she* is the music."

He clapped his hands. From behind the bar emerged a woman, a dyed redhead, a large woman, even larger than her husband.

"You want I sing?" she asked, coming towards Cary and Kim. "I have good voice if you give me 300 francs . . . All the Americans like the way I sing."

Cary winked at Kim and reached into his pocket.

"Here," he said, handing the woman some bills, "here are 500 francs."

"Ahhhh," the woman said, thrusting the money into her blouse, "now I sing even better than good."

She stepped back.

She began to sing. Cary turned his chair a little, to face her, politely.

Kim, however, barely listened.

The melody was very trite-sounding.

The woman's voice was bad.

The words—in French, naturally—were unintelligible.

And besides, Kim was with Cary and having a wonderful time with *him*—and that was all she really cared about.

And yet, after a while, as the woman continued to sing this little song of hers, Kim found herself strangely intrigued by the trite melody, the bad voice, the unintelligible words.

For the song, strangely, seemed suddenly haunting, and very sad, an eerie dirge-like quality shadowing its outward lilt. And Kim found herself feeling, after a while, that she had heard this song before —another time, in another place . . . maybe even in a dream one night.

On and on the woman sang her song.

On and on.

On and on.

And when, finally, she was finished and had bowed slightly and was about to return to her bar, Kim called her over.

"Oui, Mademoiselle?" the woman asked.

"What was the name of your song?" asked Kim.

"You like it?"

Kim nodded.

"It is called *The Girl of the Uncertain Heart,*" the woman said. "It is an old song."

She leaned her hands on the table.

"It is *triste,* sad—no? It is about a girl, beautiful girl. She is young. Always she is falling in love, quickly. But, just as quickly—because she is young, uncertain—she is falling out of love. . . . Then one day she meets this gentleman. He is older than she. He is good and kind. She finds that she is falling in love with him. She thinks . . . 'Yes, I am really in love now, truly in love now. This is the man for me.'

"So she stays with the gentleman. And he is happy. You see, this is an important love for him. This will be his final and his greatest love. Ah, he is happy. He is so happy.

"But then one day the girl, her heart grows uncertain again. And she leaves the gentleman. And, being so young, she never knows how much she has broken his heart. . . ."

Sacrifice

On the walk back to the hotel a little while later, Cary had tried to make conversation. But Kim had been very quiet. When they reached the hotel, Cary said something about the beach the next day.

Kim shook her head.

She tried to say something.

It wasn't what she wanted to say. But, she knew she must say it.

"I don't think so," the words came. "I think we'll be leaving in the morning, Cary. The folks are counting on it . . . I've thought it over. I'd hate to disappoint them."

"You're sure?" Cary asked, surprised.

"Yes," Kim said.

They'd looked at each other for a long moment.

Then Kim had put her arms around Cary, gently, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Goodbye," she'd said.

She'd watched him as he'd tried to smile, then as he'd turned and walked slowly away.

"It's better this way, Cary," she'd whispered, when he was gone. . . .

"Good breakfast," Mr. Novak said now, opening the door of the train compartment and sitting down.

"Good?" his wife asked.

"Very good," he said.

His wife went back to her knitting.

Mr. Novak looked over at his daughter.

"Waiter was telling me, Marilyn," he said, calling her by her true name, "that we'll be approaching Italy in a while. We go through a long tunnel first, right under the Alps, and then after about twenty minutes, we're in Italy. . . . You know that?"

Kim didn't answer him.

"Going to be nice seeing St. Peter's," Mr. Novak went on, smiling. "And Venice—I've always wanted to see the canals. I've seen pictures of them before, the streets all water like that. But somehow I've never actually believed it. . . . You've been in Venice," he said to Kim. "How did you like it?"

Again, Kim didn't answer.

"Marilyn," her father said, his smile fading a bit. "Is there something wrong, Baby?"

Still there was no answer.

"Marilyn!" her father called out, sharply this time.

"Yes?" she asked, hearing him now.

"Is there something wrong?" her father repeated.

Kim shook her head.

"No, Daddy, no . . . nothing's wrong," she said.

And at that moment the train sped into the tunnel that led away from France, and into Italy. And, in the privacy of the sudden darkness, Kim lowered her head and stared down at the vague outline of her tightly-clasped hands. . . . **END**

Kim, presently in MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT *for Columbia, will be seen in* STRANGERS WHEN WE MEET, *also for Columbia. You can see Cary soon in both* NORTH BY NORTHWEST *for MGM, and* OPERATION PETTICOAT *for U-I.*



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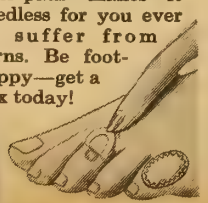
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Dirt Poor

(*Continued from page 45*)

Jimmy was eleven and brother Don nine, Daddy left the house, never to return. From then on, it was Momma, Grandpa, Jimmy and Don against the world.

To pay the $8.50 a month rent for their little cottage, Momma became the local barber. She invited the neighbors to come and set on a stool in the parlor and get their hair cut. She propped the kids up on books, and told the tall folks to please scrounge a bit so she could reach them.

She had to use hand clippers, because there was no electricity in the house. And the water in the basin had to come from buckets hauled from the well, because there was no plumbing in the house.

Yet life was not grim. There was the joy of hunting jack rabbits, going berry picking, fishing in streams.

And Christmas stood out as a joyous occasion amidst the shambles of their poverty. Momma somehow managed to give Jimmy and Don three oranges, two apples, one candy bar, ten cents for firecrackers, and a new pocket knife.

There was no Christmas tree in the house, not because they couldn't get a tree—they could have cut one down in the nearby woods—but because they had no money to buy decorations.

But no one moaned about his fate. Instead, life went on with enormous zest. Momma bought the boys a new red hand wagon every two years, partly as a toy, but mostly for hauling buckets from the well. The boys took baths in the 'Number 3' size galvanized washtub, and splashed and laughed. They laughed, too, when they lived in a house where the boards were so loose that the rain poured through.

Momma was the center of their life. She was loving but firm. When the boys broke rules, she reached into her supply of switches behind the kitchen door and let the boys have a few slashes.

Once, when Momma was about to slash into the boys, they made funny faces and she just bust into giggles, losing her anger and neglecting to switch the boys. From then on, when Momma descended on them, switch in hand, they tried to get her laughing before she landed on them. But they didn't succeed often. She had a heap of wrath in her, and she moved quickly.

God-given talent

Jimmy and Don pulled cotton, earning fifty cents for pulling a 100 pounds of cotton, which took them a whole day. They did a multitude of other chores, saving their pennies and helping Momma to buy a second hand piano for $40. Momma had a book on *How To Play the Piano,* and taught herself. Then she taught Jimmy how to play C chords.

When Jimmy got to high school, he worked hard to save $35 and buy an accordion. He taught himself, and soon was able to join his mother in parlor musicals, when Momma played old church songs from the *Boardman Hymnal,* like *Sweet Hour of Prayer* and *Amazing Grace.*

Jimmy never did learn how to read music. But he discovered he was blessed with perfect pitch, could start a song on key, and could imitate a sound or a voice almost instantaneously.

It was a talent that was God-given, natural, and when he used it he was being himself, Jimmy Dean, and nobody else.

When they earned enough money to install electricity in the house, it was as if a miracle had occurred. Jimmy gazed on the new electric bulb and gasped, "Momma, this is the biggest light I've ever seen!" Then they bought their first radio, a white plastic five-tube Motorola.

Jimmy continued to grow up but not out. He grew taller but remained skinny, and he was convinced he had the biggest ears in Texas. "I wish I was . . ." he would sigh, and Momma would say, again and again, "Honey, don't try to be somebody else. Be yourself. You'll see . . . the day will come when people will love you for what you are, your natural self."

At Plainview High School, he was a good student, but he had little to do with the girl students. He felt inferior, awkward, and it was a long time before he finally asked a girl for a date. She said "Yes" but when he arrived to meet her, she was not there. He never found out why, and he was too embarrassed to ask.

Kirk Douglas believes there's nothing like a child to take you down a peg or two. He was undertaking to show his son how to do some arithmetic.

"Oh, Daddy," exploded his son, "that's the way old people do arithmetic."

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

He confessed to his Momma, "I'm about as popular as a rattlesnake at school." She engulfed him with the sweetness of her ample arms and murmured, "Honey, don't you worry none. You're a fine boy. Just be yourself, and don't you change."

"Some day," Jimmy vowed, "I'll be rich and I'll own a store-bought suit with an extra pair of pants!"

Next to his Momma, Jimmy loved his grandpa, William Jasper Taylor, best. Grandpa was a farmer, a good farmer who was kind to his animals.

"Jimmy," he would say, "I can go into a man's horse lot, and I could tell you about the man by just looking at his horses. If the horses shy away, then watch out for that man. But if the horses come to you without fear and you have to push them away, then he's a good man."

As he grew older, Momma laid down the law. "Jimmy," she once said, "wherever you go, and whatever you do . . . if you never do anything you wouldn't do if I was standing there watching, then you'll never go wrong."

At fourteen, he went out into the fields, digging ditches for irrigation, a backbreaking job. He rough-broke horses for twenty-five dollars a horse.

At fifteen, he quit high school so he could work full time and help his mother.

For a time, he worked in an alfalfa dehydrating plant.

It was an awful job. He would spit green and blow his nose green, and wallow in thick green dust as he stacked 100-pound sacks of alfalfa eight-high in a box car.

It was enough to make a kid go crazy. One night, he heard on the radio that two panthers had escaped from a circus in the area. Everyone in town was tense, and Jimmy felt especially apprehensive that night. While waiting to catch a sack coming down a chute and thinking hard of the panthers, he was startled when, suddenly, a hound came clomping by.

Jimmy gazed at the hound, saw it was a hound, but he was so bugged up about the panthers, that he started to run like crazy. He slid down a ramp, and a nail took off a hunk of his flesh, but the terror-stricken Jimmy got up and ran and ran.

At sixteen, he decided to join the U.S. Merchant Marine. Momma signed the consent papers, sighing, "I want you to do whatever you want to do, so long as it's honest work."

Jimmy became an oiler on ships and began to see the outside world for the first time. A year later, he joined the U.S. Air Force, again with his mother's consent. He sent her his monthly allotment so she could buy two lots and a small white frame house in Plainview.

After a basic at San Antonio and radio training at Scott Field, Illinois, he was assigned to Bolling Air Base near Washington, D.C.

It was here that he made his first dollar out of music, when he substituted for a fiddle player in a small combo of GIs picking up extra money playing local cafes on their night off. He got $5 a night and tips.

When he was discharged in 1949, he didn't want to go back to picking cotton or loading alfalfa sacks, so he stayed on with the band. He had a vague feeling he could make a living with his accordion and singing.

First taste of the business

When the band broke up, he and his best pal, Herbie Jones, guitarist, joined three other musicians in going to Philadelphia. When they crowded instruments into their jalopy, there wasn't enough room . . . so two of the musicians had to hitchhike. They re-grouped at a Philadelphia bus station, then discovered they had been misled: there was no job waiting for them.

Stranded and broke, Jimmy sold his wrist watch for $5 and rented two cheap hotel rooms. Then he sold his leather jacket for twenty hamburgers, which fed the band. Herbie sold his coat for gas for the car. Jimmy traded in an alarm clock for two lemon meringue pies.

Still, he wouldn't quit.

Back in Washington, Jimmy's little outfit played the beer joints, and finally wound up at the Dixie Pig, where their booking stretched into eighteen months.

It was at the 400 Club that Jimmy first saw a pretty brunette college student, Sue Wittauer. He had never dated steadily, had never proposed to a girl, and in fact had had very few dates in his life. He still felt he was not attractive.

Yet, this time, he got up enough nerve to get Sue's phone number, call her and make a date. Then, called away suddenly on a job, he didn't have the nerve to phone her for another six months. When he did, he was amazed when she accepted another date. Soon they were in love. . . .

And so they were married in 1950 in Presbyterian Church, in Sue's home town, Tacoma Park, Maryland.

Jimmy continued singing and squeezing the accordion in and around Washington, and when Elvis Presley got big, people advised him, "Why don't you wriggle like Elvis? That's the thing today!"

Jimmy said, "They've already got one Elvis. What do they need an imitation for? I'm not changing."

One day, Jimmy heard the local CBS station was looking for a country-style show. So he auditioned, and got the job.

He was so great, he was put on the network. His first record, *Bumming Around*, piled up 900,000 sales. Soon CBS had signed him to a long term pact, and transferred him to New York.

Now he's got a daily show on CBS-TV, and is getting more fan mail than the champ himself, Arthur Godfrey.

But he had to fight to be permitted to be himself. At the beginning, network producers tried to citify him to 'broaden' his appeal. They gave him citified talk, but Jimmy objected: "I'm not a spit-and-polish guy like Ed Sullivan. Why can't they let me be myself? If I get anywhere, it will be 'cause I'm Jimmy Dean, and nobody else."

So they let him be himself, and they let him say things like, "Haven't had so much fun since the cow had twins," and "Grin once in a while, it's good fer ya," and "I'll be hog-tied if I'd say that."

At thirty, he has established the name Jimmy Dean so firmly that he's no longer confused with the late movie Dean. He's now six-foot-three, with a fine smile and nice blond hair, and somehow the ears don't stick out as much. Most of his fans think he's downright handsome.

Life is good for Jimmy now, and the days of being dirt-poor seem gone forever. Mother is happy in Texas; brother Don is a big milk distributor; Jimmy and Sue and their kids (Constance and Garry) live in a nice house in Connecticut.

His faith is strong and he has gone to many churches. But his favorite was the Seth Ward Baptist Church. "I liked the ministers, Rev. Gaston Green and Rev. Weathers, because they tromped on your toes. A minister ain't much good unless he really stirs you up."

He seems to have no bitterness at the poverty of his childhood and having to quit school at fifteen. He's not even mad at poeple who swindled him. "I don't stop having faith in people who let me down . . . but I don't ever want to let down anybody who has faith in me."

After his show, he likes to sprawl in a chair in his dressing room and sigh, "I'm happy as a clam the way things are. . . . They're letting me be myself." END

Our Wedding Night

(*Continued from page 42*)

say good-bye. As we entered, Nick called out, "Hi, Mom. We're back. You didn't get rid of your daughter after all."

Sitting in my parents' house, holding hands with Nicky, where Nicky had visited us so often during the hectic, wonderful month of our courtship, I remembered the many nights he had slept all night on the couch there, and remembering, I couldn't help giggling. . . .

Taking orders from a new husband

Originally, Nicky had planned to go to Carmel, but then he learned he had to start work almost immediately on his TV series, *The Rebel*.

"Let's not go to Carmel," he said. "It's too far. We'll drive to Arrowhead instead."

"Uh, huh," I said. It was so wonderful to be a brand new wife, taking orders from a brand new husband. I felt so excited.

When we got to Arrowhead up in the mountains, the place was deserted because it was off-season. Were we miffed? What do you think? We wanted even more privacy, so we took a little cabin at the edge of the lake instead of staying at the big hotel there.

We changed into bathing suits, and sat on the sand by the lake front and dreamed. Nick started reading aloud from the book, *Hondo*. If you saw John Wayne in it, you'll remember it's the story of a lone wolf kind of character who thought he didn't need anybody—least of all a woman in his life—till he met *the* girl.

"A little like us," I said.

"A lot like us," said Nicky tenderly. Before he met me, Nicky thought he had everything in the world he wanted. He wasn't exactly a lone wolf, but the most popular bachelor in town. He believed that he travels fastest who travels alone, and so far as marriage was concerned, he was going to travel all the way alone.

Before me, Nicky thought he was happy.



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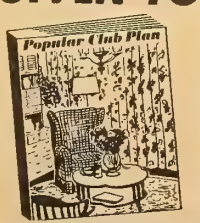
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Before I met Nicky I thought I was happy, too. I never understood why I suffered so from anemia, why food interested me so little and why all of a sudden I'd go on crazy eating binges. These are often symptoms of unhappiness and restlessness. I thought I had everything to make a girl happy—devoted parents and a happy, normal teenage life.

But I didn't know what happiness was till I met Nicky. Since the day I met Nicky I haven't been near a doctor. I'm not suffering from any symptoms. I don't starve for days, then feel like going on a binge. . . .

Suddenly Nick sprang up. "Wife," he said, "let's not waste away our lives reading. Let's live a little. Let's live a lot."

We got into Nicky's car. He put the top down. He asked, "How'd you like to go to Santa's Village, right up the mountain? I feel as if it were Christmas. If it can be June in January, it can sure be December in May."

"Uh huh," I said dreamily. "I've never been to Santa's Village. Let's go."

We whizzed along the mountain road. And while we whizzed we talked.

"It's a terrific village for kids," he said. "Kids . . . funny thing, sweetie, I always said I'd never marry, but that if by some wild chance I did get married, I thought I'd never want to be tied down with kids.

"And now everything's different. I'm not only married, but crazy, wild to have children, just as long as they can be our children and have your funny nose. How many would you like, sugar?"

"Oh, a dozen. But let's settle for two, so that we can give them lots and lots of love. You know, my younger sister, Judy, and I were spoiled by love. Let's spoil our children the same way."

Mixing the upbringing

"Just as long as they turn out like you," said Nick. "But let's mix their upbringing a little. I was brought up very strictly, you know. I'm glad I was brought up with some hard knocks. Now I can appreciate all the good things that have happened to me. But, of course, I'll still want to spoil our children rotten."

"And what shall we name them?" I asked.

"If the first one's a boy, let's name him Reb."

I sat up upright. "Nicky, you're kidding. You wouldn't name a child of yours Reb Adams."

"Who said I wouldn't? Look what *The Rebel* has done for me. A brand new career in TV. And don't forget the month in which it came. Our lucky month—the month we met. Would you really mind the name 'Reb'?"

"It's beginning to sound better to me all the time. *Reb Adams.* I can just see him now, hootin' through the house!"

"And if our kid's a girl . . . what name do you like best?"

"Oh, Nicky, you'll laugh at me."

"Come on, funny face. I won't."

"Dawn Jonette. A girl I knew in school was named Jonette and it's such an unusual name I made up my mind then that I'd name my own daughter that."

Said Nicky musingly, "Say, that's not bad. I'd fall in love with a girl named Dawn Jonette. Any guy would. I can just see our daughter in church, getting married to a guy who first fell in love with her name. Do you mind, honey, losing our daughter to this fine young man?"

"No," I said very solemnly, "not as long as I have my Nicky Poo."

When we got to Santa's Village we discovered it wasn't open for the season yet.

"I'm glad," I said, "that Reb and Dawn haven't been born yet. Maybe they would have been disappointed."

"Are you, darling?" He smiled at me.

"Not when I have you! Santa's come and gone, where I'm concerned. He gave us each other. What a whopping big Christmas present!"

We drove along, dreamily, talking as we'd never talked before, the hours melting as we talked, our hearts melting, too.

Nicky and I had thought we were in love before we were married. But not the way we fell in love on that long drive around the Arrowhead mountains. We learned to know each other as we'd never known each other before. We fell in love one hundred times more than before we were married. We had thought on our wedding day that our hearts were filled with love beyond comprehension . . . immeasurable waves of love. But they were tiny ripples compared to what swept over us now.

Oh, the wonder of you, I felt like singing. I looked at my bridegroom's profile, as he stared straight ahead at a winding mountain road, and I thought of the things I'd read and heard about him before we were married.

Nicky threw the wrapper

"I knew you were right for me the first time I looked into your eyes," I said. "I was afraid you were the conceited type. But your eyes were so kind."

"Even though I'd thrown the chewing gum wrapper at you!" he laughed.

"Oh Nicky, darling, that just broke the ice. I was so bored at that party, I didn't want to go in the first place, you know. I'd never been to a Hollywood party before. I always thought they were noisy and phony. But Judy insisted that I go, so I went. But from the moment we got there, the party wasn't for me. I wanted to go right home, but Judy kept saying, 'Oh, wait. Wait.' I'm so glad now that we waited. If I hadn't, I'd never have met you, darling."

"And I almost didn't go, either. What a dame Fate is. I went with a couple of other guys just for laughs. I thought, *I'll stay a minute, then take off.* Then I spotted you. You know, you were special even then. . . ."

"I saw you staring. I thought, *I know Mr. Nick Adams' type. He thinks he can have any girl he wants.* I wanted to high-hat you, but when you offered to take me home, I just had to give in. I wanted to get away from that party. But as soon as I sat next to you in the car, just the two of us, I began to trust you. Even when we had to go to your place to pick up something, I wasn't afraid to go in."

Nicky laughed. "I had you alone in my apartment and I didn't even go on the make. That's when I knew I was in love. You really meant something special to me. Also," he added with a grin, "I knew that if I'd tried to go on the make, you'd probably have belted me."

"Probably," I said smugly.

"You're beautiful and sweet and good, Carole Poo. And if you don't mind, let's put in our order for three children, not two. . . ."

Not too smart about the bride bit

We were back at the lake, and again we sat on the sands, and stared at the still blue waters. I thought, *What a different Nicky this is from what he's usually like.* In Hollywood, he is always on the go. But here at the lake it was peaceful and calm, and Nicky relaxed and was peaceful and calm. And the peace descended into both our hearts. . . .

But of course, being brand new newlyweds, it couldn't always be peaceful like that. I'm not pretending that we never argue. Some of our arguments have occurred because Nicky has been baching it for ten years, and here I was, expecting

him to make like a married man pronto.

I wasn't always too smart about the brand new bride bit myself.

Before we married, Nicky used to toss soiled clothes into corners, but somehow, miraculously he always managed to have fresh shirts to put on his back every day.

After a few days as Mrs. Nick Adams, I was appalled by the sight of a large, rolled-up ball of soiled underwear. I called up a laundry and told them I wanted the finest service they had.

"There's our one-day service—that's our ordinary service," the man told me. "But if you're really particular, we can recommend the eight-day de luxe service . . ."

The next morning, Nicky asked, "Where'd you put my shirts and shorts?"

"Why, they're in the laundry, darling."

"At the laundry? But I'm down to my last pair. Better call up the laundry and have them send the stuff right over."

"But I sent it out yesterday, and it's the special de luxe eight-day service."

"Eight days! Am I supposed to go around naked for eight days?"

"I guess so," I said, close to tears. "But I just did my best and you don't appreciate me at all. Maybe you got along better as a bachelor than married to me. . . ."

Nicky had to dash out, and that left me with some time to straighten things out. I went out and bought up smart, new underwear for him. Lots of it. Enough to last for twice eight days if necessary. I spread the pieces lovingly on the bed.

When Nick came home he took me in his arms. "You are the best wife I ever married." He kissed me. Our first near-quarrel was over.

The worst argument we ever had happened one night when Nick didn't want to go to bed. We'd had some friends over for dinner, and after they left I said, "I'm tired. I'm even too tired to do the dishes. Let's go to bed now."

Nicky said, "I'm going to sit up all night."

I said, hurt, "You're kidding."

"No. I have to stay up. There's one of my television scripts I want to work on."

"Can't you do it tomorrow?"

"No," said Nicky firmly. "It's got to be tonight." I gave him an angry look. I was plenty miffed. *So this is what you're really like,* I thought. *Just stubborn. Make an issue of nothing.*

Thinking dark thoughts, I tossed and turned, couldn't fall asleep for about an hour. Then I fell into an uneasy sleep. This was the first time Nicky and I had had a serious misunderstanding.

The following morning I woke up and found Nicky asleep on the sofa. Beside him were three treatments for the script he was working on with a friend.

I went into the kitchen, and discovered that all the dirty dishes and glasses had been washed and put away. The kitchen was immaculate, too.

I almost choked.

I gently woke Nicky Poo up, so we could both go back to bed. . . . **END**

Introducing Roger Smith

(*Continued from page 25*)

reached into his pocket, dug out a key and threw it to his son.

Roger caught it.

"Thank you, Dad," he said, the simple words coming hard.

And then he walked, not towards the road any longer, but across the neatly-mowed lawn, towards the driveway and a middle-aged car there.

And without looking back this time, at the two people he knew were still looking at him, he got into the car, started it up and drove away. . . .

The trouble with L.A.

The streets of Los Angeles were not paved with gold.

He had been in L.A. for six days and he was down to his last seventy-five cents (gas, food and a month's advance rent at a flea-bag boarding house had taken care of the cash), when he got his first job.

It was at an aircraft factory. It was a pretty good-paying job.

The only trouble with it was the foreman under whom Roger had been assigned to work.

"This is no joke when you work for me, kid," the foreman—a big fat man with a big fat voice—had said the day Roger started. "This is important, serious, a big thing we're doing here. I don't take no nonsense. Hah, kid—you understand?"

Four days later the foreman caught Roger in the washroom, taking a break, standing near the window and smoking a cigarette.

"Pick up your check, you're fired," came the news.

The next job, at a gas station, turned out to have its foreman, too.

He was a distinguished-looking, tie-wearing man from the main office who popped by one day.

"I hear, Mr. Smith, that you're working out very nicely here," he said.

"Thank you," said Roger.

"Now," the man said, "it's time for you to learn a few pointers, shall we say, of the business?"

"Pointers?" Roger asked.

The man explained. And very bluntly. Because, after all, we *are* in business, it's a good idea for you to check the oil, walk over to the customer, plant a few wrinkles in your brow and say, 'I would suggest a quart of—' "

"Our most expensive oil," Roger broke in.

The distinguished-looking man smiled. "In other words," Roger said, "you want me to con the customers into buying what they don't really need."

He watched the smile before him as it began to wither.

"Phony outfit," he said, beginning to walk away.

Each job had its quirks, complications, disappointments, dishonesties.

Finally, things got to the point where Roger couldn't hold any of these jobs, couldn't pay his rent—had, in fact, just enough money to pay for gas home.

He spent a long, sleepless night wondering what he should do.

He decided, in the morning, to go home.

Home again

When he arrived back in Nogales late that night—tired, his face drawn, his body grimy with a full day's coating of desert dust—he said hello, simply, to his folks, explained what had happened, had a bite to eat and went upstairs to his room. . . .

His father, alone with his wife later, in the parlor of the big house, shook his head.

"It's no good," he said, "once a boy's got a dream started, to have it broken. Even if he didn't know in the first place what that dream was all about."

His wife sighed.

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If your birthday is in September, your birthstone is a Sapphire and your flower is an Aster; and here are some of the stars you share it with:

September 1—**Yvonne DeCarlo**

September 3—**Alan Ladd**

September 4—**Mitzi Gaynor**

September 7—**Peter Lawford**

September 9—**Cliff Robertson**

September 10—**Wayde Preston**
Edmond O'Brien

September 13—**Scott Brady**
Claudette Colbert

September 16—**Lauren Bacall**
Anne Francis

September 17—**Anne Bancroft**

September 18—**Frankie Avalon**
Rossano Brazzi
Phyllis Kirk
Jimmie Rodgers

September 19—**Ray Danton**

September 23—**Mickey Rooney**

September 24—**George Raft**

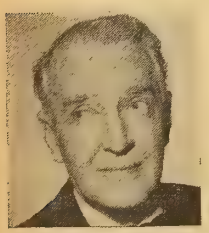
September 25—**Aldo Ray**
John Ericson

September 26—**Jack Kelly**

September 28—**Janet Munro**

September 29—**Lizabeth Scott**
Anita Ekberg
Greer Garson

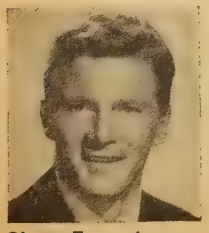
September 30—**Deborah Kerr**



Otto Krueger
September 6



Pat Crowley
September 17



Steve Forrest
September 29



Ben Cooper
September 30

she said. . . .

It was a night, two years later.

Roger had completed college and was in the Navy now, stationed in Hawaii.

There was a show this night, a big Navy-talent show, for the other sailors, the big brass and guests.

Roger, one of a few dozen performers, sang a few songs, accompanying himself on his old guitar.

At a party later, a man, one of the guests that night, came up to him.

"I don't usually pass compliments like this," the man said, "but you've got talent, Sailor."

"Thank you," Roger said, his voice wavering a little.

"I like the way you sang," the man went on. "I like the way you handled yourself. Have you ever thought about going into the entertainment business?"

"No, sir," Roger said.

"Have any other type of work in mind when you get out of the service?" the man asked.

"No," Roger said.

"Then give it a try."

"Hollywood?" Roger asked.

"Why not, Sailor?" the man said.

A few moments later, the man left and a pal of Roger's came rushing over to him.

He didn't hide the fact that he was impressed.

"What was that all about?" he asked.

Roger told him.

"I don't know," Roger said, shrugging.

"Boy," his friend said, "from a guy like Jimmy Cagney—that's really some advice to keep in mind. . . ."

The second round

When Roger was discharged from the service a little over a year later, he decided to take the advice and go to Hollywood.

It didn't take long for him to land a movie role.

And it was a stroke of fate that his first role was as James Cagney's son in *The Man of a Thousand Faces,* a Universal-International picture.

It was a wonderful stroke of fate, too, that Columbia Studios became interested in him soon after the picture's release and offered him a contract.

Because it was at Columbia, in a drama class there, that Roger met the beautiful Victoria Shaw.

Benno Schneider, the coach, called the class to order.

"This afternoon," he said, "I want to do the beach scene from *From Here To Eternity.* The girl will be played by Miss Shaw, the boy by—"

He pointed to the newcomer.

"—by you, Mr. Smith," he said.

Roger had seen Victoria around and he'd wanted to meet her—and, since nobody had bothered introducing them, what better way than this?

Up on the stage a few moments later, they said hello—the boy from Arizona, the girl from Australia.

"I caught you in the *Eddy Duchin* picture," Roger said. "I thought you were fine . . . Your first picture, wasn't it?"

Victoria nodded, but said nothing.

Mr. Schneider, busy with something else these past few minutes, turned to them now.

"Let's begin," he said, handing them their scripts.

Roger and Victoria began the scene.

It went terribly.

As someone who was there has said, "Roger seemed all right. But Victoria was frozen. They did it once, then again, then again. The more they did it, the worse it got. I couldn't understand what was wrong with Victoria. She just wasn't reacting."

Finally Roger, too, got annoyed.

Mr. Schneider, still watching, said nothing.

But Victoria did.

Facing Roger squarely, she said, "I think, Mr. Smith, that something is wrong with what we're doing."

"So do I," said Roger. Loudly, he added, "What we should do is go down to the beach, just the two of us, and practice this."

The class began to laugh.

The heck with the beach

Victoria tensed.

"Fine, yes, indeed," she said.

"After class?" Roger asked.

"After class," said Victoria.

After class, alone, neither of them said anything for a moment.

Then Victoria spoke.

"I'm ready if you are," she said.

Neither of them moved.

"Look," Roger said, "I know you don't want to go to the beach. So to heck with it. . . . But I'd appreciate it if you'd tell me just one thing. What was wrong before, with the scene, between us?"

"I was nervous," Victoria said.

"Why?" Roger asked.

"It's a thing with us Australians, I guess," Victoria said. "We get nervous, just like anybody else. Only we show it in a different way. We get cold . . . reserved . . . snobbish. Our noses go up in the air. It's awful, but we can't do anything about it."

"But I don't get it. Why were you nervous?" Roger asked.

Victoria blushed.

"Because of you," she said. "I liked you. And it made me nervous to be near you, talking to you—all of a sudden."

As it turned out, all was not to be to heck with the beach. . . . In fact, it was not long after that that Roger proposed. . . .

Roger's parents sat in the parlor, this soft-breezed autumn night of 1957.

Roger, their son, had arrived in Nogales a few hours earlier, bringing with him Victoria, his wife of this past year.

It had been a wonderful few hours.

And Victoria had talked about her life in Australia and then she and Roger had talked about their little house in Hollywood and how they had fixed it up—a small place, they said, but they'd fixed it nice, with a patio and an extra room.

And then, because Victoria was expecting their first child, they had all talked about the still-unborn baby.

After dinner Victoria had helped Mrs. Smith with the dishes while Roger had smoked a pipe with Mr. Smith.

And then the young couple sat on the front porch, Roger playing his old beat-up guitar, Victoria humming—while Mr. and Mrs. Smith sat in the parlor, very proud of these two young people.

It didn't matter to them, this night, that Roger and Victoria, while Hollywood folk now, weren't exactly very successful Hollywood folk. They had no way of knowing that within a short time—by 1959, say—things would suddenly take a turn for the better and Roger would be a big TV star, one of the leads on something to be called *77 Sunset Strip;* that Victoria, after having given birth to her second child, would resume her picture-making career with Columbia.

All that mattered to them was that their son and his wife were happy. . . .

It was after about an hour when Roger lay down his guitar.

"Vicki and I are going to take a walk," he said. "I want to show her the neighborhood."

"Why don't you take the car, the old car," Mr. Smith said, "and show our girl the whole darn town."

And he reached into his pocket and pulled out a key and threw it to his son.

Roger looked down at the key.

"Remember, Dad?" he asked, looking up.

His father nodded.

And they both smiled. **END**

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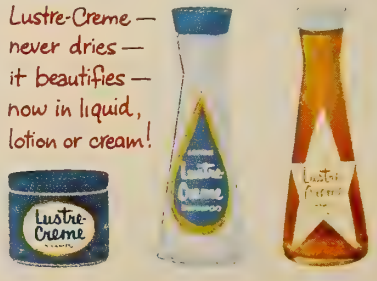
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 9, October 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lily, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

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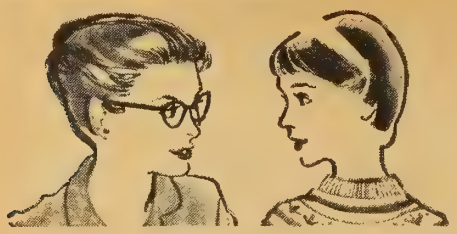
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Q. Must I feel blue at certain times of the month?

A. As you learn more about your monthly cycle, you will realize that "blues" are only *temporary*. Just don't give in to them. *Take your mind off yourself*—Do things you enjoy doing. Get into loose clothing—Feel free. Smart girls won't wear anything that binds on those days. They prefer wearing Tampax because it's invisible and unfelt when in place. It helps them forget a difference in days of the month.

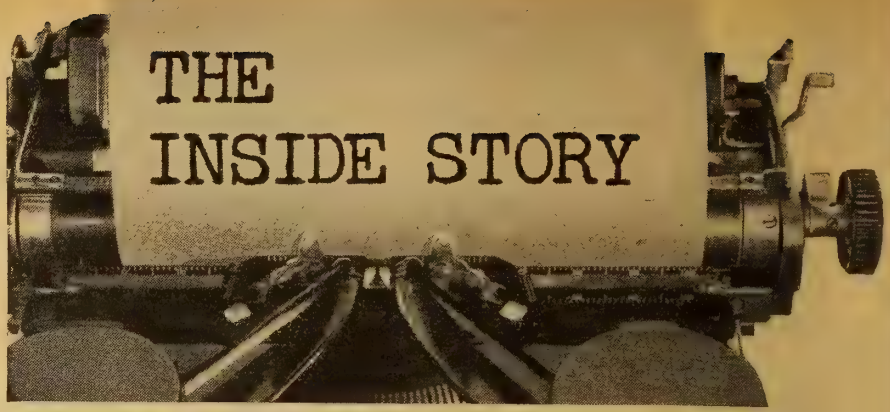
Q. How should I act on a date during my period?

A. As you would any *other* time of the month. Your naturalness and discreetness will prevent embarrassment. Be sure to change your protection as often as necessary. Keep extras out of sight in your handbag. You'll appreciate Tampax® because it tucks away in a tiny purse. You'll like it, too, because it prevents odor from forming. Banishes *other* telltale signs—lines and bulges. Ends chafing, too.

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For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars, get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 64.

Q I heard a report that **James Garner** was officially voted the most unpopular male star on the Warner lot by the office help working there. Is this so?
—M.P., Glendale, Calif.
A *The voting was unofficial.*

Q The columns have **Jane Wyman** dating her ex-husband Fred Karger again. Is this one of those usual Hollywood 'let's be friends' things or what?
—R.S., Tulsa, Okla.
A *Looks more like one of those 'let's be married again' things. Time apart has minimized Jane's original marital problems.*

Q And whatever *did* happen to **Veronica Lake?**
A *When last heard of—this summer—Veronica, age 40, was playing a 24-year-old in a summer stock version of* Fair Game. *She's also writing her bio.*

Q Is all still moonlight and roses between **Rita Hayworth** and James Hill?
—N.O., Omaha, Neb.
A *A quarter moon—and no posies.*

Q Is my eye-sight failing or did I spot that gorgeous new dreamboat **Gardner McKay** in an extra role as one of the soldiers at the Army base in *Holiday For Lovers?* If I'm right, why did he accept the part when he's the star of a TV show, and why wasn't he mentioned in the cast?
—K.I.L., San Diego, Calif.
A *You have 20-20 vision. That was Gardner hovering about* **Carol Lynley.** *He got the part before* Adventures in Paradise. *When the series came through the studio thought it inadvisable that he be billed for a 'bit.' See story on page 19.*

Q Do you think the big romance between **Elvis** and figure skater Vera Tchechowa will lead to the altar?
—Y.T., Watertown, S.D.
A *It is more than likely when Elvis returns to America both the romance and Miss Tchechowa will be back on ice.*

Q What is the status of the on-again-off-again-on-again status of the **Peter Brown—Diane Jergens** marriage?
—J.R., Carlsbad, N.M.
A *Off again.*

Q Why didn't **Brenda Marshall** accompany **William Holden** on his latest trip to Switzerland? I have read that she goes everywhere with him. Is she tired of the marriage?
—P.S.L., Columbia, S.C.
A *No—she's just tired.*

Q If **Shirley MacLaine** is so hot, how come she insisted that **Barrie Chase** be removed from the cast of *Can Can?* Is she afraid of competition?
—P.R., Joplin, Mo.
A *Shirley wants to stay hot. The dance numbers given to Barrie were the ones that made* **Gwen Verdon** *a star in the Broadway version of the play. Shirley wanted the numbers. When she got them—Barrie got out of the picture.*

Q Can you tell me the exact details of the settlement in the **Deborah Kerr**-Tony Bartley divorce action?
—P.L., Trenton, N.J.
A *$300,000—allegedly paid to Bartley.*

Q If **Yul Brynner** ~~*does*~~ ~~have~~ his own hair, then why did he have to wear a wig for his films *The Buccaneer* and *Sound and the Fury?*
—G.V., Brooklyn, N.Y.
A *Both parts required more fuzz than an unshaven Brynner could raise quickly.*

Q How does **Henry Fonda** really feel about his daughter **Jane** embarking on a movie career in *The Way The Ball Bounces?*
—O.R., Falmouth, Mass.
A *Proud.*

Q Whatever happened to the **Audie Murphy** TV series that was supposed to be on the air this month?
—L.S., Lima, Ohio
A *Audie decided movies were better than ever, accepted one instead.*

Q Is it true that **Liz Taylor, Monty Clift** and **Katharine Hepburn** weren't talking to one another all through the shooting of *Suddenly Last Summer?*
—B.B., Utica, N.Y.
A *Liz and Monty talked to one another—but not to anyone else.*

Q What happened to **Bette Davis'** career? Is she so broke that she was willing to accept bit parts in *John Paul Jones* and *The Scapegoat?*
—L.C., St. Charles, Mo.
A *Bette's Catherine the Great was a 'guest spot' in* J. P. J.—*done for a lark and lots of loot. A star role in* Scapegoat *was turned into a 'guest spot' by a cutter with a careless scissors.*

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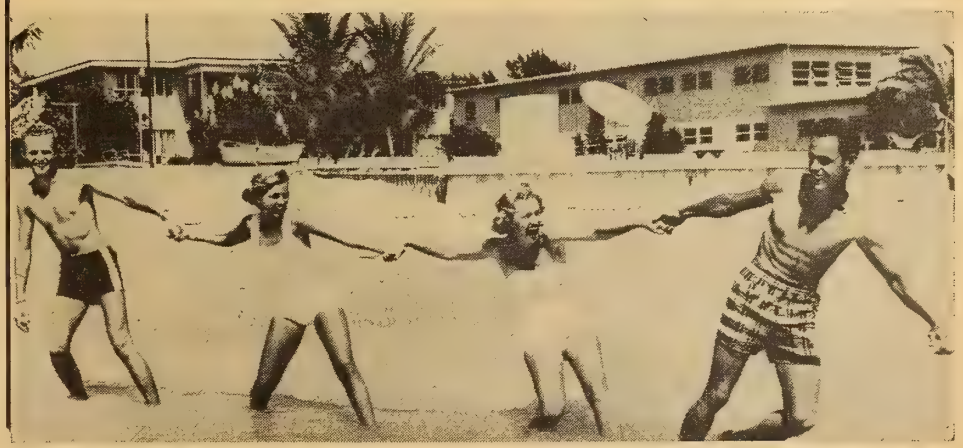
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NORTH BY NORTHWEST

Cary Grant
Eva Marie Saint
James Mason
Jessie Royce Landis
Leo G. Carroll

Hitchcock at his best

▪ Let's start on Madison Avenue where debonair Cary Grant is an executive. The thing he never should have done was to meet a few other executives for cocktails at the Hotel Plaza. Because there he's mistaken for one George Kaplan. He is mistaken, that is, by a couple of hoodlums who snatch and carry him up to a Westchester estate where James Mason (posing as a UN member) tells him to spill the beans. What beans? Miraculously escaping death by drunken driving (Mason's boys poured a fifth of bourbon down his throat) Grant races over to the UN just in time to be accused of murder (a knife in the back finishes the man Mason posed as). Now Cary's on the run. To Chicago, first, in pursuit of Kaplan. On the train he is very easily seduced by Eva Marie Saint who hides him from the police (in a closed upper berth) and invites him to spend the night in her compartment. The next day he's standing in the middle of a vast corn field (where Eva has sent him to meet Kaplan) and is being machine-gunned from an airplane. Whose side is Miss Saint on, anyway? Events pile up to a stunning finish on the side of historic Mount Rushmore (the huge monument to four presidents sculpted out of a mountain). The point is: Cary can't convince anybody he isn't Kaplan and, apparently, Kaplan is driving James Mason and his evil mob crazy; they are going to wipe him out if it takes forever. The Federal government (ours) knows who and where Kaplan is; they know that Grant is innocent, but for security reasons, they decide not to lift a finger to help him. This is a classic thriller, slick as ice and about as exciting as you can stand.—TECHNICOLOR, MGM.

THE BIG FISHERMAN

Howard Keel
Susan Kohner
John Saxon
Martha Hyer
Herbert Lom

religious spectacle

▪ Based on a best-selling novel by Lloyd C. Douglas, *The Big Fisherman* is one of those giant spectaculars that manages to remain absorbing drama. It concerns the life—and influence—of Simon Peter (Howard Keel) who becomes a disciple of Christ and a 'fisher of men.' But the story opens in a desert at a lavish Arabian encampment where Susan Kohner discovers that her father is not a noble prince but the cruel tyrant of Galilee (Herbert Lom). She vows, by her blood, to kill him. Leaving camp on an Arabian charger (to be followed shortly by her sweetheart John Saxon) she heads for Galilee, a rough journey, even if she is disguised as a beggar boy. But a new kind of gentleness seems to be descending on the land. A man named John the Baptist (Jay Barney) freely gives her food and tells her of his Lord in Galilee. Simon Peter, a hulk of a man—at first scornful, then awestruck by the peace and power he finds as he listens to Jesus—is in Galilee, too. Susan finds shelter at his home. Eventually, she finds relief from venegeance. But first she must confront her father in his place on the hill. Beautiful scenery (73 major sets) make this three-hour film a stirring experience. —PANAVISION, BUENA VISTA—WALT DISNEY.

(*Continued on page 8*)



OCTOBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in October, your birthstone is the opal and your flower is the calendula. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

October 2—**Bud Abbott**
Charles Drake

October 4—**Felicia Farr**
Charlton Heston

October 5—**Skip Homeier**

October 7—**June Allyson**

October 10—**Richard Jaeckel**

October 13—**Judi Meredith**
Laraine Day

October 15—**Virginia Leith**
Jean Peters

October 16—**Angela Lansbury**
Linda Darnell
William Elliot

October 17—**Julie Adams**
Spring Byington
Montgomery Clift
Rita Hayworth

October 18—**Inger Stevens**

October 19—**George Nader**

October 20—**Dolores Hart**

October 22—**Joan Fontaine**

October 23—**Diana Dors**
Coleen Gray

October 25—**Anthony Franciosa**

October 27—**Teresa Wright**
Leif Erickson

October 28—**Suzy Parker**

October 29—**Hope Emerson**

October 30—**William Campbell**

October 31—**Dianne Foster**



Diana Lynn
October 7



Jack Carson
October 27



Cornel Wilde
October 13



Dale Evans
October 31



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BESTFORM

(Continued from page 6)

ANATOMY OF A MURDER

the defense never rests

James Stewart
Lee Remick
Ben Gazzara
Eve Arden
Kathryn Grant

■ The murder is done. That's no secret. Ex-G.I. Ben Gazzara has marched into a saloon and shot the owner for raping his—Ben's—wife, Lee Remick. Lee is the kind of girl who wears tight slacks, tight sweaters and an inviting smile. She calls up lawyer James Stewart and asks him to defend her husband. James, who has been doing more fishing than lawyering, is only too happy to latch onto a case already in the headlines. It's a tough case because Gazzara, aside from being guilty, is jealous and a sorehead. Only a very clever lawyer stands a chance of winning him an acquittal. Stewart is very clever, and he has the help of an old lawyer friend (Arthur O'Connell) who'd given up alcohol for this cause. In the courtroom, presided over by Joseph Welch (from the real Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954) we're treated to a highly dramatic spectacle of shrewd legal minds at work. Wooing and winning a jury of twelve ordinary citizens calls for all kinds of verbal fireworks, surprise witnesses and astute psychological warfare. Stewart nearly meets his match when he comes up against prosecutor's assistant George C. Scott.—COLUMBIA.

BUT NOT FOR ME

behind-the-scenes-comedy

Clark Gable
Carroll Baker
Lilli Palmer
Lee J. Cobb
Barry Coe

■ Clark Gable is the kind of producer who'll tell *Life* magazine he has a hit play in the offing when the playright (Lee J. Cobb) is too drunk to write the third act—because the first two acts were lousy. Flamboyant, self-assured, a powerhouse of charm, Gable even has two telephones in his limousine, but that's not why his secretary, Carroll Baker, falls for him (that is, the telephones aren't why). He's twice Carroll's age but she can overlook that. (He can, too; he's been trying to overlook his age for years.) The plot is that Cobb's play is so terrible even Gable gets scared. He decides that his career is finished and the first person he fires is Carroll. Now that she's free, she's equal—and tells him off. What she tells him is that she loves him madly. In two minutes Gable's back in business—because all of Carroll's dialogue is perfect. Word for word it finds it way into Cobb's script. And who could be a better star for that script than Carroll? After her debut she feels important enough to marry Gable. But does he feel young enough? Around to persuade him otherwise are his ex-wife, charmingly brittle Lilli Palmer, and Carroll's ex-boyfriend, young actor Barry Coe—PARAMOUNT.

TAKE A GIANT STEP

a Negro boy grows up

Johnny Nash
Estelle Hemsley
Ruby Dee
Frederick O'Neal
Ellen Holly

■ Johnny Nash is a bright, idealistic teen-ager who happens to be a Negro. His parents, to give him every advantage, settled in an all-white neighborhood when Johnny was a kid. As a kid everything was swell, but now that his pals have begun to date girls, the girls' mothers don't want Johnny around. Along about this time he gets kicked out of school as a result of talking back to a history teacher who made slurring remarks about the Negroes during the Civil War. It seems that all of a sudden Johnny's pleasant world has crashed around him. His parents are nice people, but not much help; they think Johnny should 'stay in his place' and are upset when he asserts himself. It's sensitive drama considerably enlivened by the performance of Estelle Hemsley as grandma.—UNITED ARTISTS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

HOLIDAY FOR LOVERS (20th-Fox): Proper Bostonians Clifton Webb and wife Jane Wyman are upset at daughter Jill St. John's apparent romantic involvement with an aging South American architect (Paul Henreid). Papa, Mama, and younger daughter Carol Lynley rush to Sao Paulo and the rescue. Jill really loves Henreid's artist son, Niko Minardos, and Carol picks up Gary Crosby along the way. Bullfights and tequila upset Webb more before things get settled. Wonderful scenery, wonderful dancing (by Jose Greco) make a pleasant Holiday.

PORGY AND BESS (Todd AO, Sam Goldwyn): Catfish Row has some colorful inhabitants and some poignant stories. Sensitive cripple Porgy loves sultry Bess (Dorothy Dandridge), but she is bully Crown's (Brock Peters) woman. Crown murders a man, flees, and leaves Bess, who is taken in by Porgy. Their love, and life on Catfish Row, is complicated by Sporting Life (Sammy Davis Jr.), who sells dope (he calls it 'happy dust'), and a violent storm that frightens storekeeper Pearl Bailey, churchwoman Ruth Attaway, Diahann Carroll, her baby and fisherman husband (Leslie Scott), among others. Music by George Gershwin, lyrics by Dubose Heyward and Ira Gershwin, and a classic American love story make this film a must.

SAY ONE FOR ME (Paramount): Show business is the password here! Father Bing Crosby has a parish right off Broadway. Debbie Reynolds, a parishioner, breaks into the biz (at Bob Wagner's sleazy nightclub) against her father Les Tremaine's wishes (he's sick at the time). Debbie's protected from ladies' man Wagner by his semi-alcoholic side-kick Ray Walston. Bing finds the happy answer to all problems: a spectacular TV show. Much good singing and dancing throughout.



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LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue: **parties for Jimmy McHugh and Natalie Wood**
an open letter to Tuesday Weld
the boy who sings *Ingenue*



Dean, Tony, Connie, Janet, Patty, Irene and I help Jimmy McHugh divide his birthday cake.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

Hero in the Sky

If those of us who said good-bye to **Laurence Harvey** at the Jules Stein party knew the great danger he would be in just a few hours later, we would have kept him by force from catching his plane to his native London.

For Larry was aboard the transatlantic jet plane which lost its landing gear during the New York take-off and circled the airport for four hours before making a miraculous 'belly' landing without wheels!

And it wasn't from Larry (such a big hit in this country since *Room At The Top*) that I heard the details of what a real-life hero this movie-hero was during those hours of agonizing danger.

On the same plane—and ironically, on her first air trip to Europe—was Hollywood public relations gal, Pat Newcomb, who was headed on her vacation to visit her friends, **Liz Taylor** and **Eddie Fisher** in London and later, **Audrey Hepburn** and **Mel Ferrer** in Switzerland.

"Larry was simply magnificent," the breathless Pat relayed to me via telephone as soon as she could reach one. "From the moment the Captain told us what had happened and that we were circling the airport for a crash landing, Larry was our morale booster, psychiatrist, and guiding light.



Five minutes after his emergency landing Laurence Harvey was sipping coffee at the airport.

"Along with the fine crew, for four long, unbearable hours, he kept talking to us either privately or addressing the whole cabin. He was always encouraging, sometimes humorous—but mostly just making good common sense.

"When the moment finally came when the crippled plane was out of gas and we had to come down—no matter what the outcome—Larry set to work helping the pilot ready the escape chute down which the passengers would slide to safety—we *hoped*. Along with the fine and courageous Captain, he repeated to us what was taking place on the ground—with the foam being put down to cushion our landing. And, as the big craft came down in a shower of sparks, Larry was helping everyone to the makeshift exit, smiling and congratulating *us* on how well we had behaved!"

If you ask me—Mr. Harvey has himself a great, great fan in this Miss Newcomb.

Movie director Otto Preminger (*Anatomy of a Murder* and *Porgy and Bess*) was another Hollywoodite who acquitted himself well on the nightmarish adventure. Asked if he was giving up flying, Otto told New York reporters, "When is the next plane leaving for London? I want to be on it!"

Marriage on the Rocks

One thing I can tell you for sure about the break-up of the **David Nivens**—David's winning the Oscar and all the subsequent acclaim he received, did not turn his head, nor is it in any way responsible for his separation from Hjordis.



David Niven just couldn't keep up with his wife's social interests.

For as far back as a year or more ago, their friends have known that all was not well between the popular English star and his beautiful Swedish wife.

Their worlds seemed to be separating. Hjordis appeared to love the social side of Hollywood and also busied herself with committees outside of pictures working on local charity affairs. These activities took up a great deal of her time—not that David really objected.

But his career in pictures has been so much on the upgrade since *Around the World in 80 Days* that he has frequently gone from one film to the other with no time off between closing and starting dates. Because of his backbreaking and wearying schedules, David frequently bowed out of party engagements to get to bed early.

Also, he attempted to spend as much time as possible with his two sons who had reached their mid-teens, one sixteen, the other thirteen. Their mother had died eleven years ago following a tragic fall down the stairs at the home of **Tyrone Power.**

In fact, just before the news of the parting of the Nivens was officially given to me, David and his boys caught a plane to Honolulu for a month's vacation.

Knowing both David and Hjordis very well, I am deeply sorry about this rift. But I doubt there is a chance of a reconciliation.

PARTY *of the month*

Birthday Party for Jimmy McHugh

"R.J. was so afraid he'd miss a minute of your party, he drove out to Warners to get me and wouldn't even let me get my make-up off —he was in such a hurry to get here," **Natalie Wood** told me as she and her R.J. (**Bob Wagner** to you) arrived at my cocktail party for Jimmy McHugh.

Sure enough, Natalie was still wearing the face, shoulder, and arm make-up she had on before the cameras of *Cash McCall*.

"Well, you're among friends who will understand," I laughed. Even so, her good friend 'Fieldsie' (Mrs. Walter) Lang kidded Natalie: "Is all that make-up just to prove you're off suspension and back at work again?"

Jack Warner, Natalie's boss and head of Warners during her long suspension, was standing nearby and laughed, coming over to put his arm around his lovely dark-haired little star. "She looks good to me in make-up," he said indulgently.

The party was in the garden of my home, and in addition to composer McHugh, it was also the natal day of Buddy Bregman and executive Hernando Courtright, and *Hollywood Reporter*'s Mike Connolly, so there were four birthday cakes on display and much greeting and singing of *Happy Birthday to You*.

It had been one of the hottest days of the year, but thank heavens the early evening turned cool. And **Jack Benny** said, "The girls look like ice cream sodas in their pretty summer dresses."

Guess who was one of the hits of the party? None other than TV's *Richard Diamond*, **David Janssen** in private life! It was the first party he and his charming wife had attended at my home and he certainly received enough compliments from other stars to set up his ego. (He's really too nice and modest for that.)

I heard **Janet Leigh** and **Dorothy Kirsten** telling David that they hated to go out Sunday night because they'd miss one of his mystery sleuthings. Janet asked him if he'd ever been told that he talks like **Clark Gable**.

"Yes, but not intentionally," Janssen said. "I only hope I can one day be as well liked and popular as Gable without imitating him.'

Janet, wearing a sort of peek-a-boo sheer cocktail shirtmaker dress, was with **Tony Curtis**, who is a wonderful guest at a party because he always seems to be having such a good time. Tony's here, there, and everywhere, clowning and cutting up at all social affairs.

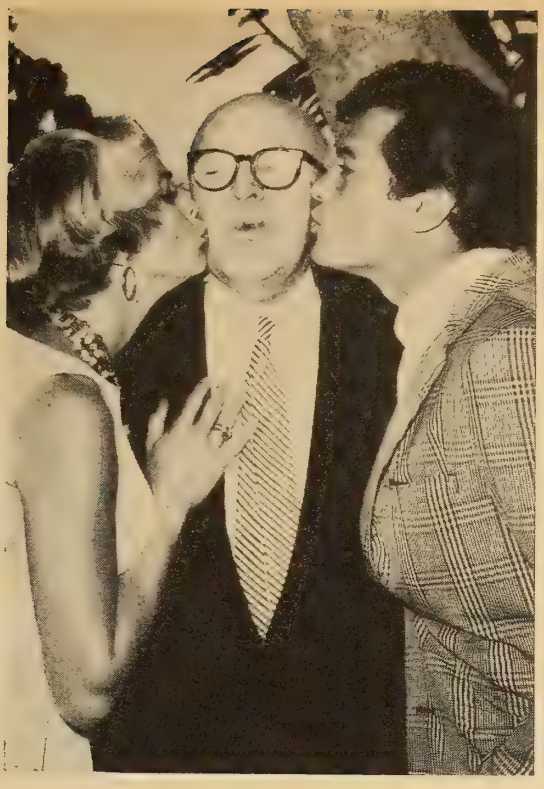
Martha Hyer, in a pretty taffy-colored dress, was one of the beauties on parade, as was always lovely **Irene Dunne**, in a soft print.

Mrs. **Gregory Peck** (Veronique) has the cutest new short haircut, very becoming to her chic Parisian style. She and Greg always seem so happy holding hands and staying close together.

Paulette Goddard, the fascinating one, had just arrived in town from New York on a hurry-up call for a TV show, and attracted much attention from old and new friends—and so did her enormous emeralds.

Because it was son **Ronnie's** birthday, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns** had to leave early to have dinner with him. Gracie looks so young and cute I'm sure the other cafe diners would think Ronnie was out with his best date.

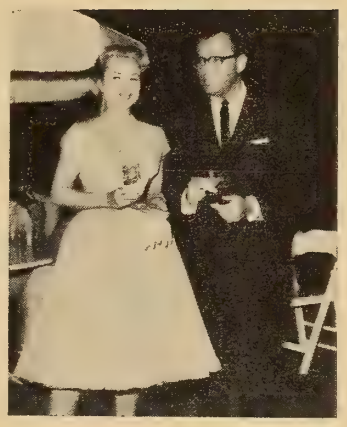
There were my good friends the Mervyn Le Roys, **Eddie G. Robinsons**, Tom Mays, David Mays, **Patti Page** and Charlie O'Curran, Buddy Adlers, **Dana Wynter** and Greg Bautzer, and many, many others who came to make the party an extra happy one for 'the birthday boys'—and the hostess.



← *Songwriter Jimmy McHugh got two big birthday kisses at once from Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis at my party.*

Jack Benny (here with Irene Dunne) must have had his mind on food. He said, "The girls look like ice cream sodas."





Martha Hyer (with producer Ross Hunter) looked lovely in a pretty taffy-colored dress

And I couldn't stop admiring Veronique Peck's new short hairdo. →



Frank Sinatra, Bob Wagner and Dean Martin sang the first chorus of Happy Birthday to guest-of-honor Natalie.

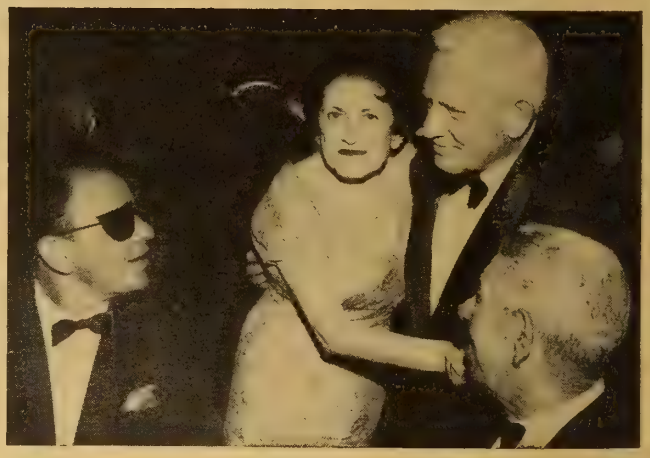




Nat was so surprised at Frankie'sthoughtful gesture that she burst into happy tears.



Natalie looked her prettiest in a black chiffon dress—and her R.J. obviously thought so too!



Spencer Tracy made one of his rare social appearances and had a good time—more fun than anybody.

Frankie's Party for Natalie

A party you fans would have paid money to attend, with so many stars present and so much hilarity and fun, was **Frank Sinatra's** surprise birthday dinner in honor of **Natalie Wood** on her twenty-first birthday.

Although the day previous Frankie had almost lost the sight of his right eye when he failed to avert his gaze just as a burst of gunfire exploded in a scene for *Never So Few*, and he was temporarily blinded and still wearing a patch over his eye, he insisted on going through with the party. He was quick to admit he had the help of his good friends **Dean Martin** and **Peter Lawford.**

The party was held in the Penthouse at Romanoff's and Frank went all out on the decorations. The ceiling was covered with clusters of big pink and rose balloons and the pink and rose color scheme was repeated in the centerpieces of flowers on each table.

I can tell you that Natalie was genuinely surprised. Frank had telephoned Natalie and **Bob Wagner** earlier saying he had to stop at a cocktail party on his way to dinner with them, and would they be willing to 'dress.' Of course, Bob was in on the secret and he told his wife he wanted her to look her prettiest—which she did, in a beautiful black chiffon gown.

She was so excited—and well she might be at all the thought that went into this affair. There were twenty-one separate birthday cakes to mark her twenty-one years, a cake on each table. In addition, there was a huge birthday cake just for Natalie. When it was time for her to blow out the candles, Frank, Dean Martin and Bob all sang the first chorus of *Happy Birthday* and then everyone in the room joined in.

Spencer Tracy, who became a very good friend of the Wagners when he made *The Mountain* with Bob, made one of his rare social appearances. And did he have a good time! When I left to go home (and it wasn't early) Spence was still there having more fun than anybody.

Claire Trevor, who played Natalie's mother in *Marjorie Morningstar*, and whose boat is anchored beside the Wagners' at Newport Beach, came in from the beach for the party. Another old pal from *Marjorie Morningstar*, **Ed Wynn,** was there dancing with all the pretty girls.

A new young actress, **Judi Meredith,** who was on **George Burns'** TV show for some time, received a lot of attention. She is so pretty. Judi is being courted by millionaire Ivan Townsend-Smith.

Barbara Rush, out of her sick bed for the first time in a week, wore one of her pretty trousseau gowns, a modified sari. With her dark hair and eyes, the dress was most becoming to the new Mrs. Warren Cowan.

A surprise twosome was **Rhonda Fleming** and writer Sy Bartlett. All of Natalie's chums were there,—director and Mrs. Walter Lang, Mary Anita and Richard Sale, the Buddy Adlers, and Natalie's boss, Jack Warner. All in all, I guess about seventy-five or more enjoyed the Italian dinner and all the fun. There was a million dollars worth of talent in the room to wish Natalie the happiest, happiest birthday.

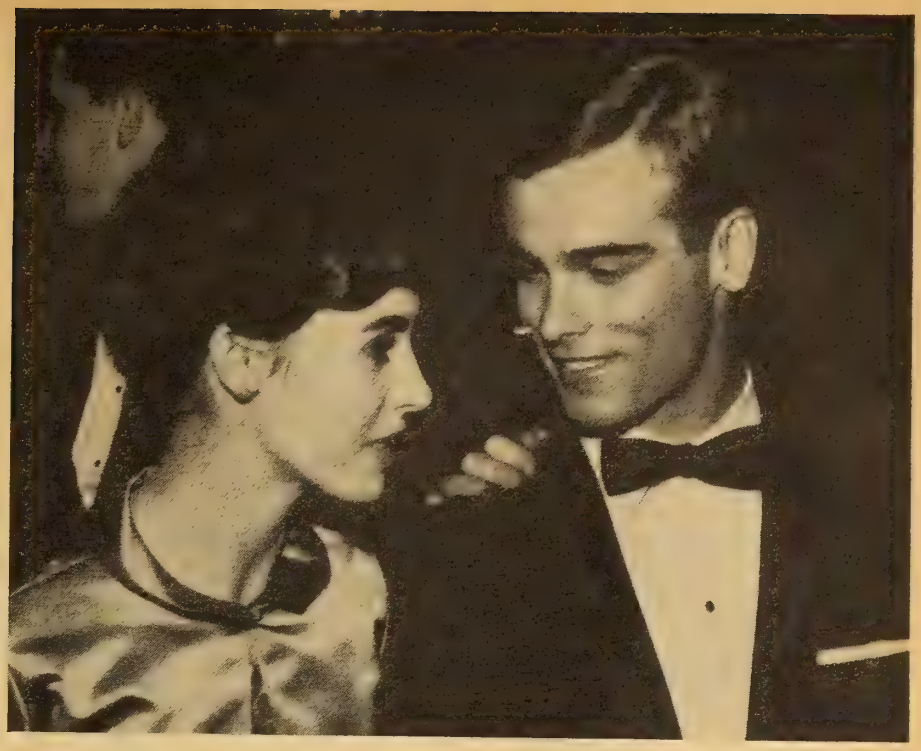
Millie and Dean—Interrupted

I wonder if my 'tip' which I printed—that **Millie Perkins** and **Dean Stockwell** planned to elope to Las Vegas—caused Millie to back out of this plan at the last moment?

Someone at 20th, who is as close to this strangely lonely and retiring girl as she permits any friend to be, told me: "Not since **Garbo** has anyone in movies had the terror of publicity Millie has.

"She and Dean are deeply in love and are together constantly. But your story could well have interrupted their plans."

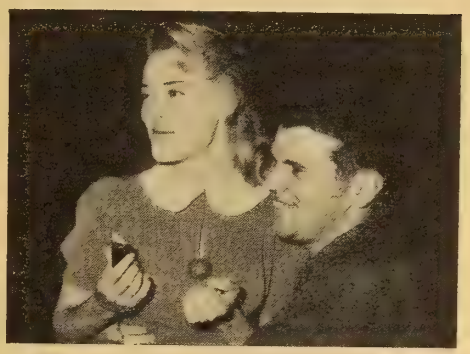
I remember Garbo once got as far as the court house with **John Gilbert** when my story broke that they planned marriage. And Garbo walked right back down those courthouse steps—and never married Jack.



Is it possible that my story interrupted the elopement plans of Millie Perkins and Dean Stockwell?

Don and Hope Defend Their Happiness

The usually mild tempered **Don Murray** actually blew his top denying that there is serious trouble in his marriage to **Hope Lange.** He blames all the talk on "False friends, who have been working on *The Best of Everything* with Hope, misinterpreting the fact that my wife did not feel well for a couple of days. It's too bad, a shameful thing, that people as happy as we have to resort to denials, or feel we have to defend our happiness."



It's too bad that people as happy as Hope Lange and Don Murray have to defend their happiness.

OPEN LETTER

To Tuesday Weld:

Although I can't say that I approve of a fifteen-year-old doing some of the things you do—such as smoking in public and wearing décolleté gowns a thirty-year-old divorcee might select—you've handed me the chuckle of the month in a manner of speaking.

It's a wisecrack about your recent dates with **Paul Anka,** the sensational young singer whose record of *Diana* sold a mere 8,000,000 copies. As you usually date such older men as **Tab Hunter** and **Sal Mineo,** and Paul is just a mere eighteen, somebody cracked about you: "What's Tuesday trying to do—rob the cradle?"

It's meant as a joke, of course—but it's indicative of the way you have stepped into a mature world so many years ahead of yourself when you're still really a little girl, I don't care how 'sophisticated' you are.

I'm not lecturing you that you should go around in middies and skirts, using no make-up and checking in early from dates. Fifteen-year-olds don't do that anymore—so they tell me. But there is something wonderful about being young while you are still *young.*

Life and maturity and responsibilities come to everyone with enough of a rush these days. Particularly, young people in show business are burdened early with career and financial responsibilities.

But they don't have to tumble pell mell into *emotional* tangles and 'cafe society' behavior as early as you are taking on 'life.' Maybe all this is just a front you are putting up. Maybe behind this nonchalance and sophistication, you are still a little girl playing at grown-up emotions as some young girls dress up in their mother's cocktail clothes.

Just don't cheat yourself of your youth, Tuesday—in your case, such tender youth.



There's a wisecrack that Tuesday Weld who usually dates 'older men' like Tab Hunter (above left) was 'robbing the cradle' with Paul Anka.

LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

I nominate for STARDOM

Lee Remick:



This is a repeat nomination for Lee in this department but after her electrifying performance as the sexy floozie wife who is raped in *Anatomy of a Murder* all I can say about Lee is this:

She is the most authentic candidate for *big* stardom since **Ava Gardner.** Lee has much the same appeal Ava had in her early days, a beautiful face and body—but the Remick girl has a warmth Ava lacks.

I first started to rave about Lee when I saw her in *The Long Hot Summer*—but as good as she was in that, she hadn't begun to show the talent she does in *Anatomy*.

A well-educated girl who attended such fine schools as Thayerland, Miss Hewitt's School and Barnard, Lee gets her theatrical talent from her mother, Patricia Remick, a successful stage actress. "My mother didn't care whether I went into the theatre or not," Lee tells me. "But I always knew I would. As a child I studied ballet and also did some child modeling for Powers.

"I hated modeling and was glad to grow up to where I could accept TV roles." Lee is happily married to television producer-director William Colleran and in January of this year they welcomed their first child, Katherine Lee. She is as proud of her husband's brilliant career, perhaps more so, as she is of her own. "Bill is going to do both **Bing Crosby's** and **Frank Sinatra's** spectaculars this fall," she tells you happily.

Even though her Hollywood career is booming, Lee considers herself a New York belle. But she doesn't mind in the least catching that plane to Hollywood—particularly if it involves such great roles as *Anatomy of a Murder.*

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

One of the most unusual gifts I ever received came from **Dorothy Malone** and **Jacques Bergerac** soon after their marriage in Hong Kong. It was a sealed tin with a live oyster in it, guaranteed to contain at least one pearl—and sure enough, it did . . .!

Strangely enough, most of the parties this month were marked by serious dramatic events. I've already told you about **Frank Sinatra's** badly injured orb the night of his surprise party for **Natalie Wood.** And



Honeymooners Jacques and Dorothy sent me a live oyster with a real pearl in it!

also about **Laurence Harvey's** leaving the Jules Stein cocktail soiree to catch that (nearly) fatal flight to London.

But I must add that the Steins' party was also given right in sight of a blazing fire which had broken out in the hills near Laurel Canyon. Everyone there—and I saw the **Eddie G. Robinsons,** the **Joseph Cottens,** and many other stars—were deeply concerned about friends whose homes were in the fire line. . . .

No couple could be happier over the expected visit of the Stork in January than **Richard Egan** and his pretty **Patricia (Hardy).** Both sides of the family are delighted over the impending event. Richard's mother, who has been so ill, got much better when she heard the news. . . .

It can never be said that **Shirley MacLaine** isn't a wonderful wife to Steve Parker. When Steve imported his Japanese variety show to Las Vegas, Shirley invited all the Hollywood press to attend, then pitched in and acted as mistress of ceremonies for the two opening shows. Shirley even had two lovely Oriental gowns whipped up to keep in the spirit of Steve's extravaganza at the New Frontier. . . .



No couple could be happier over the expected January visit of the Stork than handsome Richard Egan and his pretty wife Patricia Hardy.

How a Record Hit Is Born

Do you remember the gala coming-out party I hostessed for INGENUE magazine at the Beverly Hills Hotel early this year? Well, out of that party, and in honor of that magazine, has come a charming, sentimental ballad called *Ingenue,* sung by the hot young newcomer **Eddie Morgan** and recorded by 20th Century-Fox music company!

You'll admit, I'm sure, that composing and naming a song after a magazine for teenage girls, is a whimsical follow-up to a party. But, since I was in on it from the beginning, I'll tell you how it happened:

After the INGENUE party, composer Jimmy McHugh took a group of us, including publisher Al Delacorte, to the Villa Capri for pizzas. At the table, Jimmy, who does his composing in the strangest places (he wrote *Sunny Side Of The Street* in the waiting room of the Pennsylvania Station!) began humming a catchy tune and rhyming the word *ingenue.* He did this over and over.

Most of us didn't pay too much attention, but Al Delacorte was listening attentively. "That's interesting," he said—and pretty soon he, too, was humming the few bars of the melody he remembered. Jimmy never did finish that idea for *Ingenue*—but Al kept the song in his mind. When he returned to New York—he had the rest written.

Result of this strangely conceived song-writing incident is that 20th Music has cut the record, as sung by Eddie Morgan, and mailed it to five thousand disc jockeys. (Did you know there were that many?)

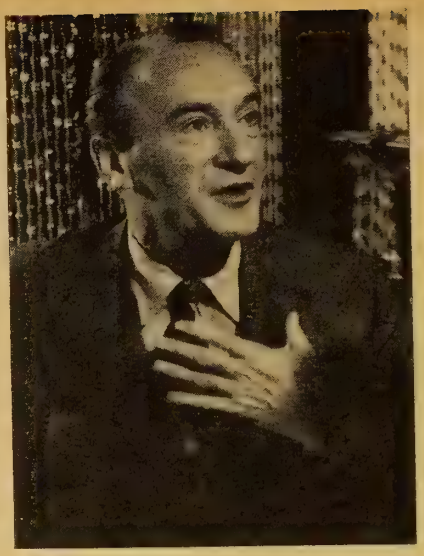
Now publisher Delacorte calls *Ingenue*—'our song'—and when you stop to think of it—it really is.

This is the hot young newcomer Eddie Morgan singing the charming, sentimental ballad "Ingenue," named in honor of the magazine.



LOUELLA PARSONS

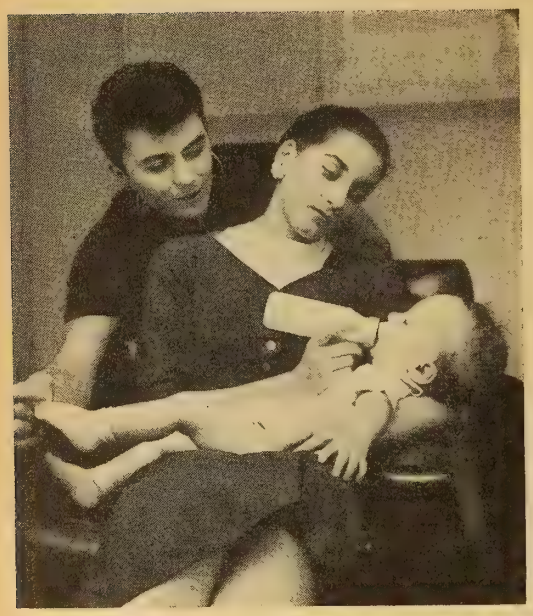
continued



A fan blasts us for ignoring actors like George Sanders.



A fan asks, "Who is Maximillian Schell?"



A devoted fan of Jimmy Darren's wishes he would think again about his broken marriage.



A poetic fan remembers Ritchie Valens with a verse.

LETTER BOX

I realize it's none of my business how **Jimmy Darren** *runs his life, I'm just a fan of his. But I'm worried sick about the turn his private life is taking as his career soars in Hollywood,* writes MARCY G., fifteen-year-old resident of WARREN, MICHIGAN. *I have kept scrapbooks on him since he was Jimmy Ercolani of Philadelphia and I've seen how his love for Gloria Terlitsky grew—and hers for him. Now this fine marriage is on the rocks and Gloria is back in Philadelphia with their son Jimmy, Jr. And Jimmy is about to marry* **Evy Norlund**! *Oh, if he would only think, think, think!* You certainly are a devoted fan, Marcy. . . .

Many letters of praise about IMITATION OF LIFE. ELLA BIERSDORF, ST. LOUIS writes, *I felt like a square sitting there crying my eyes out over* **Lana Turner**'s *movie until I looked around and saw everybody else was sniffling. Maybe this is a tear-jerker—but mark my words, it will be voted the most popular movie of the year by the fans.* . . .

Speaking of this same picture, KAREN CHRISTIAN, DETROIT, says, **Susan Kohner** *is a young* **Ava Gardner** *but with more warmth than Ava ever had. Susan's sure to be a big star.* Susan thanks you, Karen. . . .

THE YOUNG LIONS *is just playing in my town,* CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS, writes CAROLYN LOKSE, *and I am most impressed with a young actor named* **Maxmillian Schell.** *Is he any relation to* **Maria Schell**? Her brother. . . .

MRS. BETSY BARON decides to blast us this month: *You, and* MODERN SCREEN, *cater too much to the tastes of teenagers, completely ignoring actors who appeal to us mature women—like* **George Sanders.** *If I don't see a story on him soon, I'll know you don't care about adult fans!* Are you listenin', DAVID Myers . . .?

PEARL JOHNSTON, ARLEE, MONTANA, writes a beautiful poem to the memory of **Ritchie Valens**, which is a bit long for complete re-printing. But the last lines are lovely and I think Pearl would like to share them with other fans of this young singer so tragically killed in an airplane accident:

We know we'll always remember this
boy who went away
We know that he is near, just a
melody away.

From GUATEMALA, comes much praise from DORIA for Doris Day. *I hope you in Hollywood appreciate the very fine impression Doris makes for you Americans all over the world. We, in Guatemala, think of her as the typical American woman—fresh, young, vital, even though she has a teenage son. You notice I do not refer to her as 'the typical American girl.' No, Doris has maturity and poise along with her youthful appeal. . . ."*

PAT PERRINS (don't know whether it's a male or female Pat) is wild for **Fabian.** *You can have your* **Elvises**, **Pat Boones**, **Ricky Nelsons**, comes in this letter from DENVER, **Fabian** *is the greatest thing that ever hit the music world and the screen.* On second thought, this Pat *must* be a gal . . .!

I wonder if **Maurice Chevalier** *realizes how dear he is to American fans?* asks CELESTE WEIR, ATLANTIC CITY. *His songs, his gay charm are as typically French as that bubbling champagne from his native land.* I'm sure Maurice appreciates the warm feeling we have for him, Celeste. He is an old friend and he has often spoken of how grateful he is for his American friends.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons

LADIES — Last season more than 20,000 women accepted the opportunity offered in the advertisement below. We hope that you, too, will take advantage of it. Just fill out the convenient coupon, paste it on a postcard, and mail it today. Hurry!

FEMALE HELP WANTED

$23 WEEKLY for wearing lovely dresses supplied to you by us. Just show Fashion Frocks to friends in spare time. No investment, canvassing or experience necessary. Fashion Frocks, Cincinnati 2, O.





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PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD — Mail Today!

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Yes, I want the opportunity of earning $23 weekly for wearing lovely dresses supplied to me by you. Without cost now or ever, please RUSH everything I need to get started at once.

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If you live in Canada, mail this coupon to North American Fashion Frocks, Ltd., 3425 Industrial Blvd., Montreal 12, P.Q.



If you're the adventurous type you're up-to-date and sophisticated—you like to go places and do things. Made to order for the life you lead is new Kotex with the Kimlon center. This remarkable new inner fabric helps keep Kotex softer by far. And it protects longer, better—gives you perfect confidence when you need it most.

New Kotex—

the napkin most girls prefer



Special tips for you on grooming

Where others hesitate, you dare to be different. Take the simplest of fads like the Italian gondolier sunhat. Add your own flourishing touch with a pretty scarf tied around the band, accented with a cluster of flowers.

- To express your flair for color, be bold with this year's fashions. Mix or match the pretty pastels . . . accent one vibrant color with another. Or give a whirl to the elegant one-color look.
- Jewelry, too, can express your individualism. Satisfy your expensive taste with one good decorative piece . . . a pin, a neck pendant, a pair of earrings. Let it be your fashion trademark.

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INTRODUCING
The most exciting young man in the world



GARDNER

ARTIST

sculptor of the famous 18' mobile in the White Museum, New York

ADVENTURER

8 stormy weeks alone on an open boat in the Atlantic at age 16

ACTOR

catapulted to stardom overnight despite absolute lack of experience

ATHLETE

great skin-diver, baseball and basketball player, hunter, fisherman

ADONIS

six feet five, one hundred eighty-five pounds, hazel grey eyes, and...

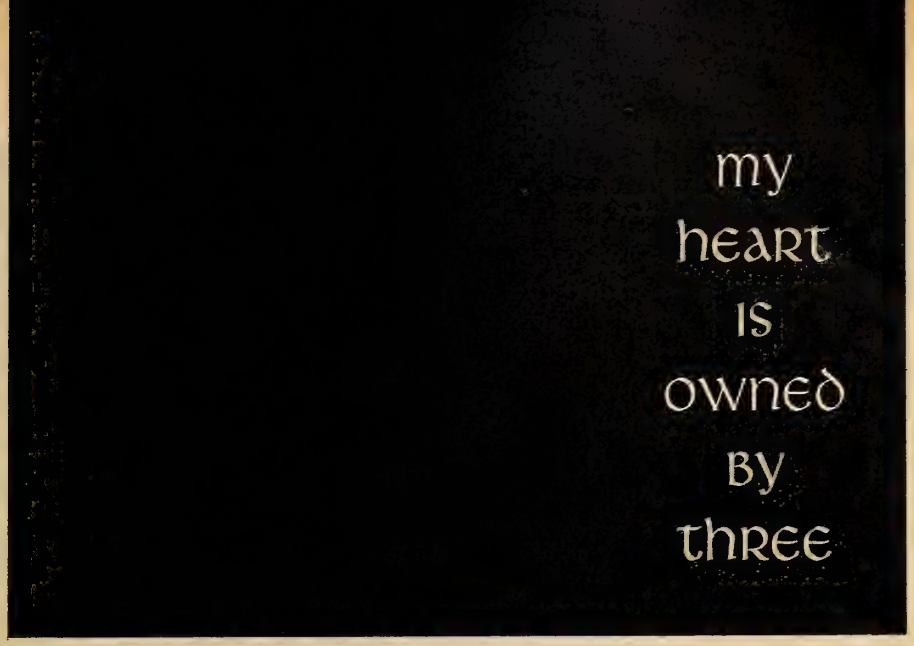
It was nearly six o'clock and the TV cameramen and technicians were getting restless. They'd been working on these *Adventures In Paradise* tests all day. One test had been worse than the other. "When do we knock off?" one of the men asked, loud enough for the producer to hear.

"One more," the producer said, turning to his director. "Who've we got?"

"Who've (*Continued on page 84*)

McKAY





By Janet Leigh

■ Recently, Tony decided to give me a birthday party. He thought about making it a surprise party—then realized that it would be very hard to fool me and really keep it a surprise. We decided that the party would be on a Sunday, for Tony and most of our friends are too busy working during the week.

On Sunday afternoon, with Tony, our two little girls—Jamie and Kelly—and about forty of our closest friends, I was enjoying the party which we held outdoors around our pool. It was a barbecue party, informal and fun, but there were, I thought, to be no surprises.

Then suddenly, we heard an airplane droning above. Natalie Wood, one of our guests, called out, "Look up, Janet!" I looked and in the sky, circling our house, was a plane with a long banner flying in the breeze, and on it the words: HAPPY BIRTHDAY JANET.

Tony hadn't wanted my birthday to be without a surprise, and out of his (*Continued on page 74*)





Dorothy Malone's Chinese Wedding

IT all happened very suddenly.

Dorothy Malone, in Osaka, Japan, making a picture, received the cablegram. It was from Jacques Bergerac. WILL YOU MARRY ME? it asked.

Dorothy thought over her answer for a full ten seconds and wired back: YES.

Three hours later she received the second cable from Jacques. WHEN? it asked.

Dorothy answered: AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

This all happened on a Thursday morning.

The following evening, Friday, Dorothy was sitting in the living room of her hotel suite, talking to her mother, Mrs. Esther Maloney, who'd accompanied her daughter to Japan and who, for fun, had even taken a bit part in the picture Dorothy was working in.

They talked (*Continued on page 66*)





→ Dig this scene, man... that swinging chick with the mad hair... mph that



(Editor's note: The gentleman in the photographs with Miss Reynolds is Mr. Leon Tyler, a friend from high school days. The purpose of the soiree was to raise money for retarded children. Mr. Rupert Rupert, writer of the prose on the right is a retarded adult.)



like it is a drag man
and then this chick
flakes into the pad and i say
cool it man because i
recognize this chick like
she is Deborah Reynolds
of the silver screen
and i say to her chick
why did you split the scene
from Squaresville there
is no bread here and
she says man like maybe i dig
the poetry jazz so i
give her like this way out
book by the madman
and she says crazy and like
grabs the mike and
starts blasting like man
she is so beat i flip
and when she has made the poem
i say like deb i will supply
you with a pizza so she
says cool man i will
indulge instead in my basic
diet which is pretzles
from Pennsylvania after which
we will do the dancing
bit like that is if you
dig me man and i do. man i do...
—Rupert Rupert
(King of the Beatniks)

crazy...man that Debbie is way out...

DEBBIE JOINS THE BEATNIKS

After 10 years of silence, a heart-rending plea from the father Sandra Dee forgot—

"I'm your father, Sandra—Don't turn your back on me!"

Sandra, we have been talking with your father.

No. We don't mean the ghost of Eugene Douvan, the man you have called your father . . . but the real, very live John Zuck of Bayonne, New Jersey.

John Zuck impresses us as a nice guy.

John Zuck, however, is a man very badly hurt.

He is happily married. He is delighted with his charming four-year-old son, Kenny.



He has a good job and many friends.

What hurts John Zuck?

That eleven years have passed since you, his daughter, last talked to him.

That would break any father's heart but, as John Zuck pointed out, he can hardly forget about it for a moment. He cannot walk past a newsstand without seeing your face on a magazine cover. He sees your photographs in the newspapers while drinking his morning coffee. He sees your name on theater marquees . . . but he has not heard your voice. He does *not* go to Sandra Dee movies. That would be torture he fears he could not stand.

John Zuck loves his daughter. He has always loved you, Sandra.

How did he lose you?

"I wish I knew," states John Zuck. "I only wish I knew." And you, Sandra have refused to talk about it.

During your school days and the years you spent as a high-priced model, all through your short and brilliant movie career, you have wanted to be known legally as Sandra Douvan.

That was your stepfather's name. When curious reporters asked what your real name was you always answered, "Cimbolic." But that was your mother's maiden name.

When the reporters pressed and asked about your real father, you shrugged off all questions with, "I've never known him. I haven't seen him since I was an infant."

And you still seem to be

(*Continued on page 78*)

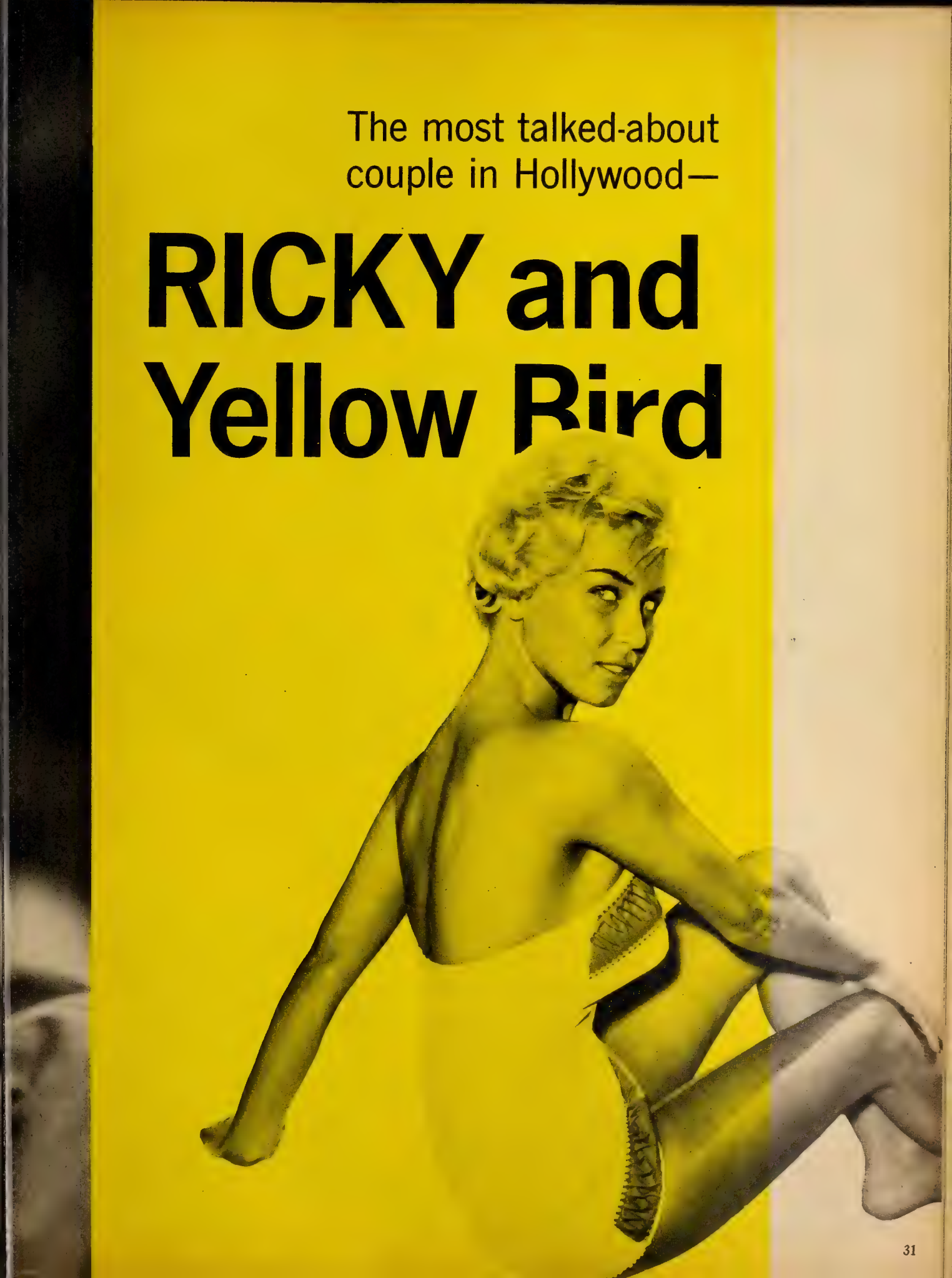




EACH evening Yellow Bird danced out onto the glittering stage of El Rancho Vegas, bathed in the golden circle of a follow-spot, wearing her gargantuan headdress of canary yellow plumes with wings of matching feathers on her suntanned arms and legs that were streaked with sprinklings of golddust. And she wowed everyone. Audiences shoved, pushed, squeezed like canned sardines in the standing - room - only crowd to catch her act.
(*Continued on page 82*)

The most talked-about couple in Hollywood—

RICKY and Yellow Bird





ANNETTE

Young Girls in Hollywood:

4th of a series—

■ Annette Funicello! Not since the early days of Debbie Reynolds has there been a girl like this . . . absolutely normal, absolutely sweet, non-phony, endearing, with all the big virtues in great big wonderful quantities.

By now nearly all of you know the facts and figures of her life and career—born in Utica, New York, nearly seventeen years ago; came to California at age four; studied tap and ballet at the Margie Rix School in Hollywood; was signed by Walt Disney to become TV's cutest Mouseketeer when she was twelve; is now on her way to becoming a movie star, etc., etc.

But to get back to that personality of hers, have any of you figured what makes *that* tick?

We hadn't been able to—not until we'd read (*Continued on page 34*)



ANNETTE continued



Annette may be a Hollywood star, but she leads the life of an average teenager. Her day (when she's not working) starts out with a loooong phone call, but pretty soon she'll have to make that bed and clean up that dressing table—before Mom catches her. . . .





(Continued) the two letters.

Both letters arrived in our office last week, within two days of one another.

Both are about Annette.

One is from Hollywood and a young fellow named Steve Stevens. Steve's eighteen, an actor, a friend of Annette's. His reason for writing to us is honest, blunt—"I just want her to know what I think of her, and I want other people to know the kind of gal she is, too. I hope you'll print what I've written."

The second letter is from a (*Continued on page 64*)







Oooops, trying to sneak out before her bedroom is straightened up! Mom's too sharp for that. Just as soon as Annette's done horsing around with her little brother Mike (far right) she'll get right to that room detail, Scout's honor . . . She doesn't want to let Pop (right) go off to his gas station without checking with him that it's ok to go out driving with Tommy Rettig of the Lassie show this afternoon.





They rode around in Tommy's new Impala till they got thirsty and then took off for the driving range . . . When Annette got home, she just couldn't go to sleep . . . She knew she wasn't in love with Tommy, but he sure was awful nice. . . .



WHY I HAD TO END MY LOVE-AFFAIR WITH



EDD BYRNES

■ The tall, lean young man with the unruly brown hair stood in the doorway of a Hollywood apartment house. The girl with him—a beautiful blonde with hazel eyes—paused expectantly, as though waiting to be kissed.

But he made no move in her direction. Instead, an inexpressibly sad look passed over his face.

Alarmed by that fleeting expression, she said, "Edd, what's the matter? Are you feeling all right?"

"Well enough," he said, but his eyes did not smile. "Oh, I'm okay," he added, "but . . . well, if you must know, I'm really low tonight, doll."

"Why? Is there anything I can do?"

He paused. "I don't think so, honey."

(*Continued on page 72*)

conversation

with a

'trapped

animal...'



MADRID, SPAIN: Ava Gardner clapped her hands three times—staccato, loud, like an empress—signaling the waiter to come take our order.

We were sitting in a small, nearly-empty cabaret on one of the side streets of this Spanish city.

It was early evening.







Ava had just driven in from her country house to meet me—our first get-together in five years, ever since that afternoon a few days before she flew from the United States to begin the self-imposed exile nobody thought would last a month.

She wore a simple blouse and skirt this night.

She appeared tired.

Her hair was uncombed.

I noticed lines in her face—under her eyes and on the sides of her mouth—I hadn't noticed five years earlier.

I noticed a deep-set weariness I hadn't noticed then.

"Excuse the way I look," she said, after we shook hands. "I was up late last night and I think I've still got a little bit of hangover. . . How about a drink?"

"Fine," I said.

She smiled—her eyes were the same, I could see now, green, beautiful, clear—and then she clapped for the waiter.

When he was at the table, she introduced us—"*Amigo español,* meet *amigo americano,*" she said. Then she ordered.

"*Antes de Corrida,*" she said, "—doubles."

"Whew!" the waiter said, as he walked away from the table.

"What kind of drink is that?" I asked.

"Very special," Ava said. "It's a bullfighters' concoction—something the matadors and picadors and all of them drink just before the fight. It's flaming cognac doused with champagne. You'll like it. You'll see."

She clasped her hands on the table, tight.

"Now," she said, "just one favor. . . Don't ask me about Australia."

I knew she'd just made a picture there and had recently returned to Madrid. "Why not?" I asked, ignoring her request.

"Because it was awful," she said. "I felt like a trapped animal there."

Suddenly I remembered reading something a month or two back, about Ava saying: "This picture (*On The Beach*) is about the end of the world, and this is sure the place to make it!"

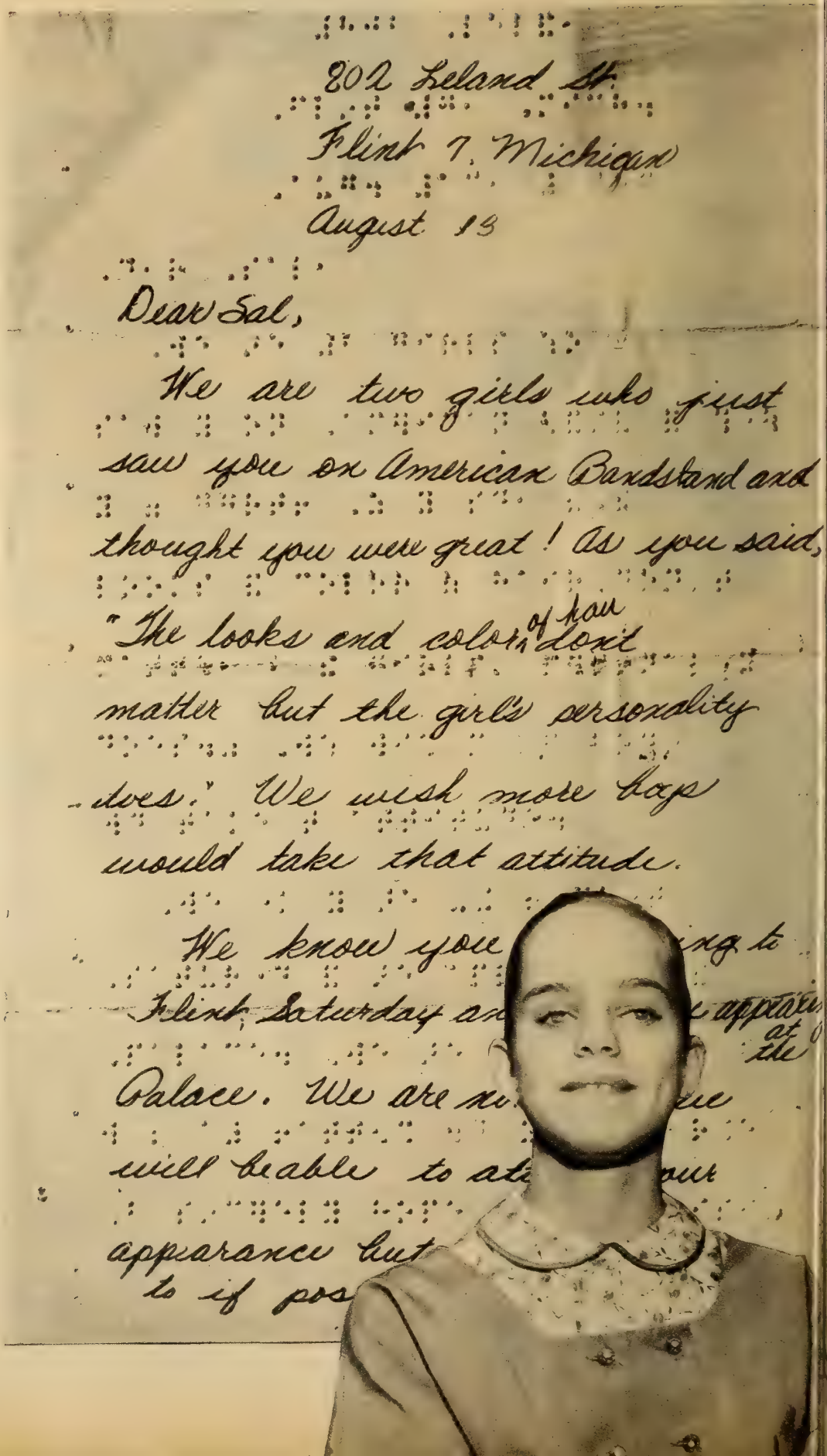
I mentioned the quote.

She made a face.

(*Continued on page 68*)



Sal Mineo and the little blind girl

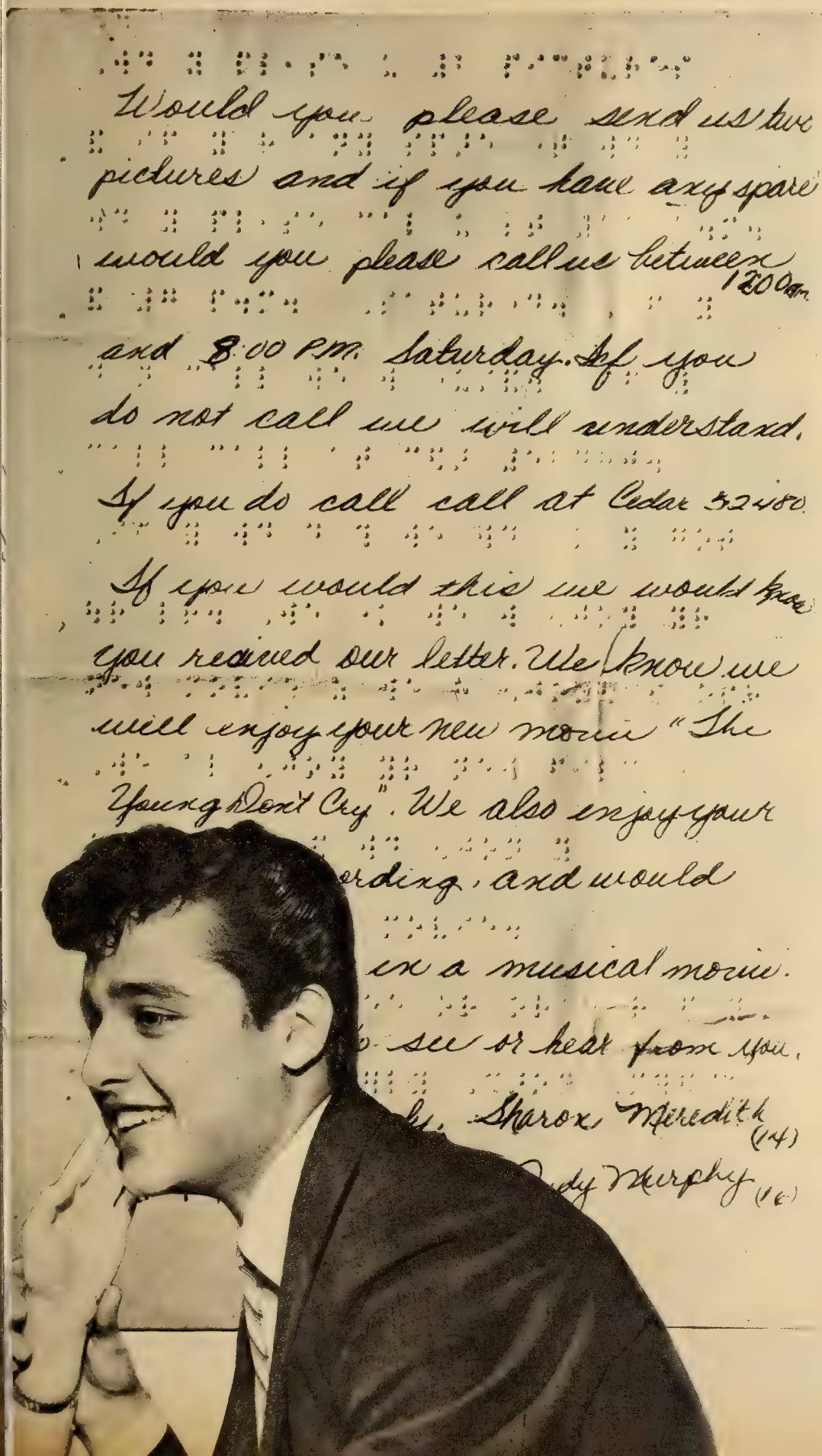


202 Leland St.
Flint 7, Michigan
August 13

Dear Sal,

We are two girls who just saw you on American Bandstand and thought you were great! As you said, "The looks and color of your hair don't matter but the girl's personality does." We wish more boys would take that attitude.

We know you [illegible] to Flint Saturday and [illegible] appearance at the Palace. We are [illegible] will be able to [illegible] your appearance but [illegible] to if pos[illegible]


Would you please send us two
pictures and if you have any spare
would you please call us between
1200 am
and 8:00 pm Saturday. If you
do not call we will understand.
If you do call call at Cedar 32480
If you would this we would know
you received our letter. We know we
will enjoy your new movie "The
Young Don't Cry". We also enjoy your
ording, and would
ee a musical movie.
see or hear from you.
Sharon Meredith (14)
dy Murphy (16)

THERE are some girls a guy just doesn't talk about, but now that word's leaked out about Sharon Meredith I want to set the record straight. No, I've never mentioned Sharon in an interview or a story. Why? Because the afternoon I met her is a memory I wanted to keep sacred, a memory I'll always cherish.

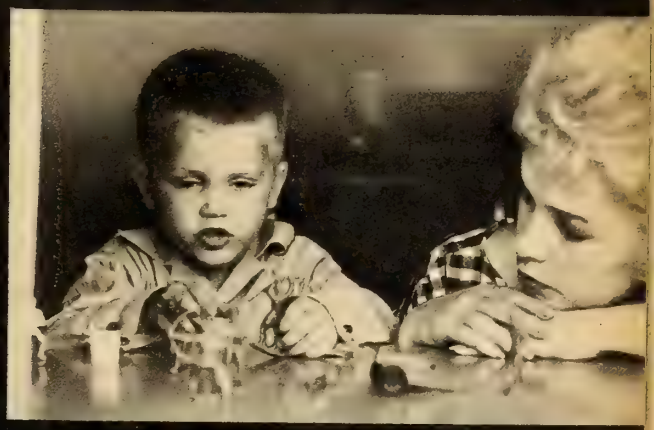
Sharon is blind. She's in her teens, and everyone says

(*Cont. on page 72*)


Is Stella Stevens (star of Li'l Abner)

right to break the law that was breaking her heart?

I STOLE MY BABY





■ "I looked at my little boy this morning as he was sleeping in the bedroom next to mine," Stella Stevens told me in an exclusive interview for MODERN SCREEN. "It was very early—even too early for a lively little fellow like Andy to be up. His blond hair was tousled, there was a sleepy pout on his lips and his arms were curled around Murgatroyd, his stuffed monkey. I bent down and kissed him before I left for work at Paramount where I'm in *Li'l Abner*. I couldn't seem to get my fill of looking at my little boy. I thought, *No matter what price I have to pay for stealing my own son, it's worth it. I'd do it all over again, just to have him with me so* (Continued on page 70)

DEAN JONES:

WHAT'S LEFT



■ Dean Jones invited me to the Malibu Beach apartment he had leased after his recent separation from his wife Mae. "Everyone is so surprised that Mae and I plan to divorce," he told me, his boyish face very grave. "Everyone says, 'After all you two have been through, why would you break up now—when things are good?' And then they begin to suspect that one of us has done something wrong, that there's another man, another woman . . . all sorts of (*Continued on page* 79)

WHEN LOVE FADES AWAY AND DIES?







ALL ABOUT MY DADDY BY MY MOMMY (who is having a BABY)

A big man from a magazine came to my house the other day and talked to my mommy. He wrote this story. I think it's pretty good.

(signed) Tex Crosby

"I wouldn't want him to be any way but the way he is!" That's the way Kathryn Grant Crosby summed up her husband Bing Crosby. She didn't admit outright that she'd been worried about how her marriage to Bing could work out, but it was apparent from the way she talked that she'd had a number of apprehensions. One of them was her relation to Bing's mother, ninety-year-old (which she'll never admit) Mrs. Kate Crosby.

"When we came back from our (*Continued on page 76*)





...Phone Call To

Mothers defend their sons.

That's a fact of human nature.

Mrs. Kate Stupp, Eddie Fisher's mother, is not different from any other mother. When her son is hurt, it hurts her. When her son is attacked, *she* fights back.

It hurts Kate Stupp that to this day Eddie Fisher and his new wife Elizabeth have not told their side of the divorce-remarriage story . . . that Eddie and Liz are relying on time to blot out the gossip and not relying at all on themselves.

"They have a story," claims Mrs. Stupp. "A very real one. I don't know why they

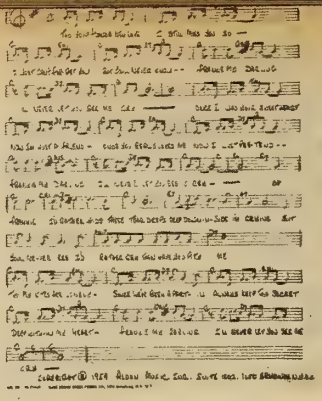


Eddie Fisher's Mother

don't tell it . . . but I don't know any reason why I shouldn't tell mine."

Actually, Mrs. Stupp has every right to say what she will. She was damaged (and *still* is being damaged) by the talk of her neighbors and relatives and friends. She might have remained silent, but a recent telephone call from her ex-daughter-in-law, Debbie Reynolds, got into the newspapers. It damaged her, says Mrs. Stupp, even further.

It does not seem odd to us at MODERN SCREEN that Debbie Reynolds should have wanted to call (*Continued on page 63*)





Who's Frankie, My Darling?

December, 1957

Dear Diary,

I got a call today from my agents, and they asked me if I'd like to go out with a young fellow they liked. They wanted to fix a publicity date for the premiere of April Love. . . .

"Who is the fellow you want to fix me up with?" I asked them.

"Well, he sings and plays the trumpet," they told me.

"How old is he?"

"Oh, he's seventeen!"

"You mean he's a year younger than I am!" I said, indignant.

"Yeah, he is," they said. "But don't you want to go to a big-time premiere?"

Well, they had me. I'd never been to a premiere ever, and I was curious, so I said okay.

After we said good-bye over the phone, I realized I forgot to ask the boy's name, so I called them back, and they told me my date was Frankie Avalon!

The night of the premiere I took a bus to New York City all by myself. I was wearing a special premiere outfit—a dress with a black velvet top, long sleeves, a scooped neckline and a wide, wide skirt of white organza in accordion-pleated tiers. My mom said it was too sophisticated, but I swooned over the dress when I saw it in a dress-shop window in Newark, and she finally gave in.

At the bus terminal a stranger came up to me and said, "Are you Connie Francis?"

I didn't know this guy from Adam, but I nodded.

"Connie," he said then, "Frankie's waiting for you!"

We walked into the bus terminal, and (*Continued on page 69*)

When Connie Francis sings "Frankie" there's an Avalon in her mind. We went through Connie's diary and asked some questions, to find out just what Frankie means to her.



THE Story-Book Homes FOR 1960





Live . . .

. . . like a king

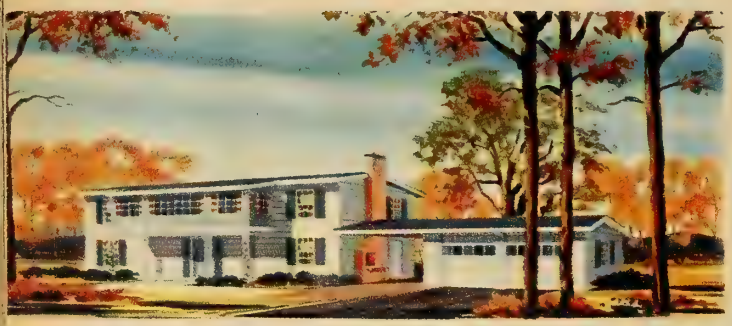
while you are young enough to enjoy it . . . in one of these fabulous homes

HOUSES LIKE THESE START AT $18,000 . . . AS

ROMANTICA . . . If you are romantically attached to the gracious charm of the past, including colonial columns and Strauss waltzes, and want to combine it all with everything that modern science can bring to the joy of living . . . *this is your home!*
The deluxe model home, pictured below, has a full-length colonial porch, a covered and an open patio, barbecue, two-car garage and large *indoor swimming pool* (heated and filtered). Also . . . big kitchen, colonial living room with fireplace. Separate dining room. 3 or 4 bedrooms, 2½ baths and a romantic library balcony. Budget and deluxe models: $22,000 to $36,000.



Architect . . . C. Chadburne Shumard, A.I.A. *This model built by Trenton Home Builders (N. J.)*



NEW ORLEANS . . . Cantilevered second floor balcony and French windows. Family room, 3 or 4 bedrooms, covered patio—barbecue and 2-car garage. Large kitchen, dining room and living room, and large indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). Budget and deluxe models $20,000 to $25,000. Optional indoor pools $4,800 extra when added.

REGENCY . . . Large living room, dining room and kitchen, plus big basement game room and handsome family TV room with fireplace. Separate 3-bedroom and bath children's wing and master bedroom and bath. Covered patio-breezeway with built-in barbecue and 2-car garage. Standard and deluxe models with (20 x 40) oversized swimming pool $27,000 to $38,000.



20TH CENTURY . . . Magnificent living room and separate dining room. Large kitchen, basement game room, handsome family TV room. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths and powder room . . . with children's wing separate. Covered patio—with barbecue. Standard model with indoor garden or pool optional $26,000 to $27,000. Deluxe with garden or oversized (20 x 40) heated indoor pool $28,000 to $34,000.

The wonderful story of

Story-Book Homes

Yes, you can live like a KING . . . and your wife will be a QUEEN, when you build your STORY BOOK HOME . . . designed for you by a non-profit home-research organization . . . established by leading manufacturers of building materials and appliances to develop a more complete and wonderful way of life in homes that are built to last and grow in value! In your Story Book Home you can live in comfort and pride and bask in "sunny" climate all year 'round. You can even swim in "tropical moonlight" — lush, warm and lazy — every single night of your life, summer and winter.
You can loll around in complete privacy in the soft, caressing water of your own big *indoor* heated pool before you go to bed . . . And then — the deep sleep of a man and woman whose lives are full and wonderful.
These are the Story Book Homes now available to any successful young American working man who wants more for his family than any king could have had a few years back. Read the thrilling story of this new young family-man's paradise — that you can afford today, or build in easy steps for tomorrow. The following pages tell the whole wonderful story. And you can get complete plans for $1.00.

**Costs of land and land improvements are extra. See back pages of this section for nearest model home in your locality.*



LITTLE AS $22,000 WITH INDOOR SWIMMING POOL*

FUTURAMA . . . Built on a warm, moisture-proof, "monolithic" foundation with the "cellar" upstairs in a masonry tower . . . a huge "chimney" with many flues that vent out, not just furnace gases, but all of the exhaust from kitchen, bathrooms and laundry! All utilities are housed in this soundproof masonry core. Deluxe model, shown here, has vast living room with handsome fireplace, shoji-screened entrance. Huge family and TV room surrounds magnificent scientific kitchen with formal dining, overlooking beautiful indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered). 4 or 5 bedrooms, 3 baths, 2-car carport (or garage).



This model built by Allen Brothers, Fairhaven, N. J.



ENTRANCE TO FUTURAMA. This home of the future has a magnificently simple exterior of great dignity and hospitality, with its massive chimney and glowing fireplace showing through wide floor-to-ceiling window-wall. Yet from the road, there is complete privacy for the den and the more intimate end of the living room, where sofas and chairs accommodate large gatherings. Huge, exposed natural beams make this house look as strong and durable as it truly is! This wonderful new and better kind of home comes in budget, standard, and deluxe models with prices ranging from $18,000 to $38,000 complete with air-conditioning and large indoor deluxe swimming pool. (Land extra, of course).

CONTEMPORA . . . Large indoor pool, covered patio and barbecue with 2-car garage. Huge kitchen, living room, separate dining room, 3 or 4 bedrooms, special balcony mezzanine off large family TV room. 2½ baths. Deluxe modern version of the Romantica shown at left above, $28,000 to $32,000. Budget model with some rooms slightly smaller, no breezeway garage, but complete with heated indoor pool, $22,500.



ABUNDANT VILLAGER . . . For the young married couple who want everything . . . as fast as their income increases. Start with 2 bedrooms and 1 bath and expand to 5 bedrooms and 2 baths. Do your own panelling and painting. Budget and deluxe models $16,000 to $24,000. 2 bedrooms with pool only $22,000 . . . or get deluxe 5-bedroom, 2 baths, heated and filtered indoor pool . . . all for less than $25,000.



TOPSFIELD . . . A traditional colonial that originated in "garrison" and pioneer days in Topsfield, Massachusetts. Deluxe model with indoor swimming pool (heated and filtered); 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths, beautiful living room, modern kitchen, cozy dining room, huge closets and full basement. Budget and deluxe models $18,000 to $25,000 with indoor pool. Remember, your lot prices vary and are extra.



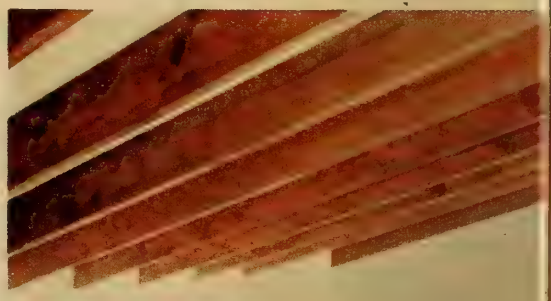


mantica decorated by Donna Gail Slavitt

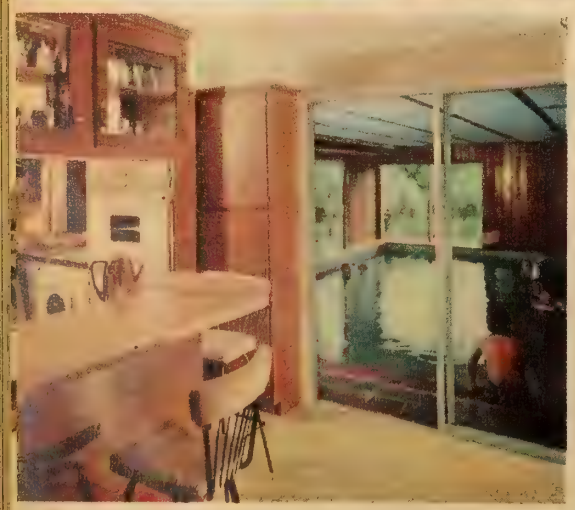
LOOK THROUGH this charming colonial dining room of the beautiful ROMANTICA Story Book Home, and you'll see portions of the spacious living room with its romantic balcony and cozy open fireplace. The lovely furniture from Baumritter's Ethan Allen line, the Aquamarine wall paint by Dutch Boy, and the handsome fixtures by Lightolier . . . all contribute to the old world charm of the Romantica, so happily combined with the latest marvels of science. It is this delightful "marriage" of the old and the new in this liveable house that makes it the ultimate in gracious living.



THE MASTER BEDROOM of the ROMANTICA is furnished in true colonial fashion by Schumacher and Baumritter. The serviceable floors of beautiful Flexachrome vinyl asbestos floor tile blend perfectly with the decorative scheme; yet they require only a damp mopping occasionally to keep them spotlessly clean.

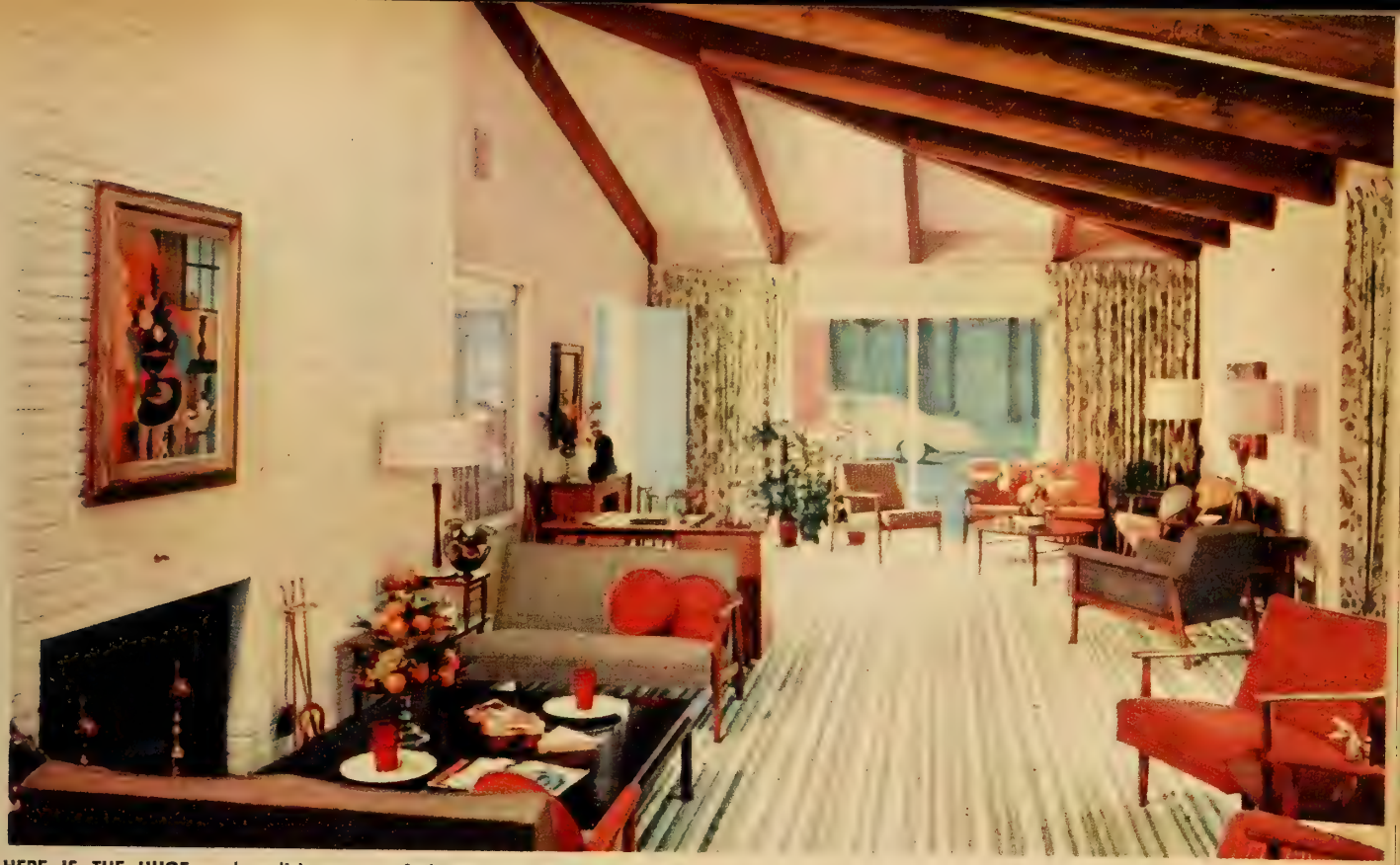


THIS BEAUTIFUL PICTURE shows the living room of the Romantica as you look down from the charming colonial balcony. Notice the unusual wood beams exposed beneath Flintkote's 3-way roof deck which insulates as well as decorates this lovely home.



MOTHER CAN PREPARE DINNER, and watch children swim from this spacious kitchen of the Romantica. Handy to barbecue grill, the kitchen is complete with Westinghouse appliances, including huge 24" oven. It is virtually wearproof, with Formica bar front and counter tops. The Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floor tile requires only damp-mopping.

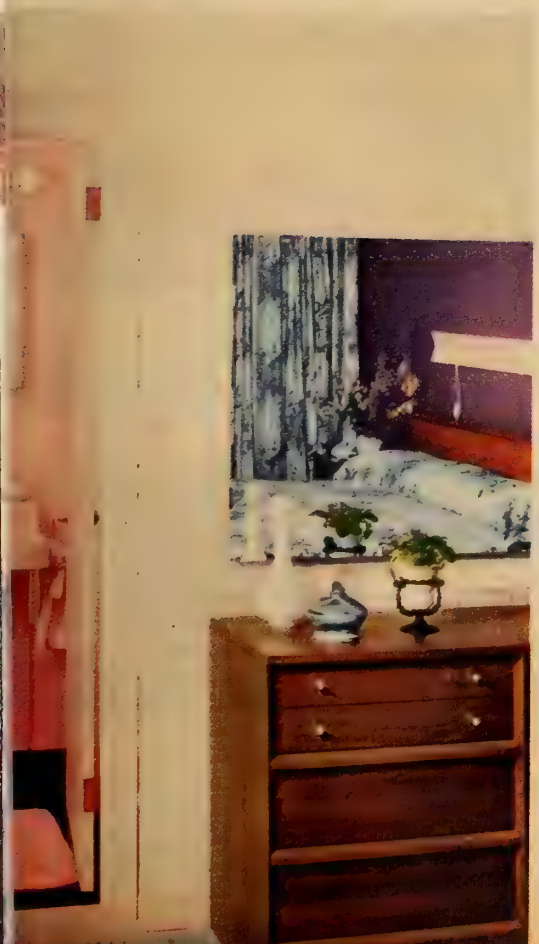




HERE IS THE HUGE modern living room of the Futurama. Nearly 16 feet wide, it is so long it accommodates 2 large groups of people at either end! Notice the massive exposed beams and the lovely decorative effect of the ceiling, Flintkote's 3-way roof decking. Three inches thick, this wonderful scientific product eliminates 3 or more building operations and helps make this magnificent living room possible! A curtained picture window provides an optional view into the equally huge family room and 12-place bar!



THIS ATTRACTIVE DEN in the Futurama model can also serve as a guest room when desired. The ceiling and window wall trim are Dutch Boy's Desert Gray, and all other walls, interior of closets, doors and trim are painted with Dutch Boy's Avocado paint.



THE MASTER BATH, compact, but complete with glass-enclosed shower stall and floor-to-ceiling Formica wall-tiles of camellia and white sequin pattern. Easy to keep immaculate. Mirror gives daylight view of smart bedroom shown in night scene (right). Incidentally, this bedroom and bath of Mother's is immediately accessible from her kitchen. And remember, it's just one jump from the swimming pool!



THE MASTER BEDROOM in the Futurama has all the elegance of your own private villa on the Riviera . . . for you can step out of the room, right into your own warm and filtered swimming pool. Imagine the luxury of an early morning swim for Mom and Dad, or a relaxing night-time dip . . . in complete privacy, unhampered by bathing suits!

THE STARS OF HOLLYWOO

Not even movie stars or millionaires can live a more luxurious or thrilling life than you can in your fabulous STORY BOOK HOME.

For the STORY BOOK HOME is not just a shelter like so many houses. It's a family kingdom where all members of the family can work and play — together when they want to be, or quietly alone if they prefer. The lounging and entertainment areas are huge in comparison with houses of equal price.

This is accomplished by not wasting space in the bedrooms, which are compact, with large double closets. Master bedrooms have the equivalent of 4 regular closets. Hall space is held to a minimum or eliminated entirely.

Yet the pool, living and family rooms together give you luxurious spaciousness found only in houses costing $60,000 to $80,000!

And remember that all Story Book Homes are double-insulated and much stronger than most other houses built today. Thus their design, and proper use of the newest and most durable materials, make them far better investments for your money.

IT'S VACATION-TIME EVERY DAY!

Remember, too, that the indoor pool adds tremendous resale value to the house itself. Visitors are overwhelmed by the luxury of these first truly all-year-round "estates"! It is June *every day* in a Story Book Home. Yet the extra cost of the pool — even in the deluxe Story Book Home (financed at 6% interest)—is less, *far less per year,* than the average family spends for a few short weeks of vacation!

The extra health and happiness that the heated indoor-pool assures are worth almost as much as the house itself. It makes each home a marvelous place to entertain. It keeps the younger generation at home, more capable of controlling their own social life. In many Story Book models, you can build the house now . . . add the pool-wing later!

WIN A STORY BOOK HOME* FREE on the "PRICE IS RIGHT" Starring Bill Cullen N.B.C. NETWORK

Check local newspaper for time.

*Standard model Romantica or Futurama with indoor swimming pool, $27,500.00.

SEE YOUR NEAREST STORY BOOK HOME *TODAY*

For the next several weeks, the leading builders (in or near the larger cities across the nation) are holding "open house" in a model Story Book Home. These builders have been carefully chosen for their ability and integrity. They, and they alone, display the certificate "Story Book Home AUTHORIZED BUILDER" signed by the architect and officers of Story Book Homes Inc., a non-profit organization established by the leading manufacturers of the finest materials, to plan and foster the building of *better* homes. *No* builder is the authorized builder of these homes *unless he is certified and displays this sign!* Be careful. These Story Book Homes will have many imitators.

No other homes even closely duplicate the wonderful features and all of the top-quality materials in these Story Book Homes. For instance, the double insulation, the special roof decking, the moisture-proofing are positively not combined in any other houses. The beautiful and durable Flintkote Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floors are easy to clean, require no waxing.

Kitchen appliances are by Westinghouse and the kitchen snack bars and table tops are protected by gleaming and scuff-proof Formica. And new Formica Wall Tiles, from floor to ceiling, provide a beautiful, grout-free and easy-to-clean surface in the bathrooms of these care-free homes.

Husbands will recognize the value of Flintkote Seal-Tab hurricane-resistant roof shingles, 3-way roof decking, double insulation, and fireproof Van Packer chimneys with round, factory-made flues. And in many of the furnished model homes you will enjoy the beautiful drapes by Schumacher, the lovely furniture by Baumritter, the colorful carpeting and rugs by Cabin Crafts, and lamps and fixtures by Lightolier. And inside and out — the houses are lastingly protected and beautified by the world-famous Dutch Boy paints.

"OWNER-FINISHED" CUTS COST WAY DOWN

By using Dutch Boy Nalplex paints you can easily save a lot of money. Because Nalplex rolls-on or brushes-on so smoothly a child could do it. And clever do-it-yourself men can install their own Flintkote Tile-Tex asphalt tile or Flexachrome vinyl-asbestos floors. Many builders offer to construct these homes and let the owners do most of the "finishing."

The new wonders of science also make possible your own indoor swimming pool. The interior walls are moisture-proofed with a marvelous plastic (polyethylene) sheet . . . and there is a special ceiling of expanded polystyrene that insulates, decorates, and controls moisture perfectly! No humidity problems in these swimming pool homes. You make your own healthy climate. When you want moisture added to the dry, heated winter air, you simply open (just a crack) the sliding glass door to the pool. To shut out moisture, you keep the door closed. Furniture never dries out one minute, swells up the next. Doors and drawers don't stick or bind. And your own sinuses and nasal passages don't dry out and become irritated.

Read more and see more on the color pages that follow. Send for a complete set of plans. Then list your old house "for sale", and you'll be on your way to a new, happier life — now possible for almost any successful young working man and his family.



THIS SPACIOUS BREEZEWAY between the **ROMANTICA** and its two-car garage is the ideal spot for a steak "cook-out" or a casual drink . . . and gives you and your family a delightfully cool and sheltered place in which to relax and entertain. It's so handy to the snack bar and pool, too, located just inside the doorway shown at the right of the barbecue and grille. Enclosed with screens and glass jalousies, this will also make a perfect "Florida" room, opened in summer; safe from insects. In winter it becomes an extra family room.



YOU ARE READY FOR ANY OCCASION in this spacious family room of the **FUTURAMA**. For it has all the equipment and room (16' by 32') for any type of fun or entertainment. Drinking fountain! Separate matching freezer and refrigerator units by Westinghouse. You can serve a casual drink or snack or a formal dinner by candlelight. And as you dine, your guests will envy the romantic shimmering waters of your own indoor "tropical lagoon." And what a room for the youngsters! A snack bar and pool to themselves while Mother and Dad relax in the living room.

:AN'T LIVE A MORE THRILLING LIFE!



SERVE A SNACK OR DRINK . . or even a complete meal, at thi beautiful and serviceable snac bar in the family room of th Futurama. Facing the kitche range, oven and refrigeratio units, the bar seats 11 to 1 people and is covered with gleam ing and durable Formica. The ba front is Formica, too, and un marred by children's scuffing fee And the Formica front is designe to match perfectly the wood grai of the kitchen cabinets. Overlook ing the 32-foot indoor swimmin pool, the family room is a para dise for children of all ages. Fo it lets them build their ow friendships at home, instead o roaming to find their fun. And it fun for Mother and Dad, too, fo it provides the perfect place t have cocktails and to entertai either formally or informally dinnertime.

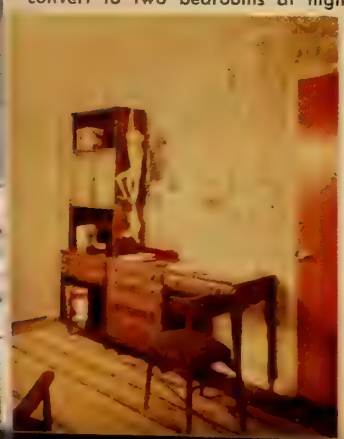


LOOK THROUGH from the rear of the ROMANTICA, and you'll gaze across the beautiful, heated indoor swimming pool typical of every indoor pool in every Story Book Home. Airtight Thermopane doors furnish complete protection from the elements and prevent condensation from the pool. A two-speed fan removes humidity from the air. Ceiling is protected by moisture-proof polystyrene panels which decorate, insulate, and won't condense moisture.

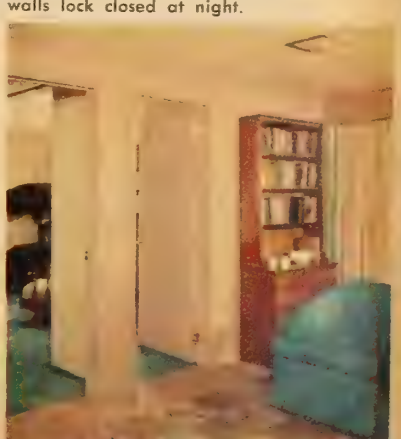


VIEW OF FUTURAMA POOL as seen from the family room (also see front page, this section). The master bedroom also opens onto the pool, and the pool's large Thermopane doors (with screens for summer) open onto the patio at side of house and onto the back lawn in the rear. All Story Book Home indoor pools require little or no work. Filtering and cleaning are automatic. Water requires no changing to be purer than drinking water.

BOTH THE FUTURAMA AND ROMANTICA feature ample children's bedrooms which provide one large play area during the daytime and convert to two bedrooms at night, thanks to Novafold plastic folding walls. This feature of Story Book Homes was voted the most popular by thousands of women who were polled. And Mother has only one area to clean instead of two. Folding walls lock closed at night.







EASIER HOUSEKEEPING AND MOR



LOOK! FORMICA WALL TILE FROM FLOOR TO CEILING . . .
. . . and the beauty of it all is so easy to maintain. Formica Wall Tile is smooth fitting—that means no grout lines to scrub . . . and its satiny finish won't water spot. A damp cloth removes dirt, grime . . . restores its original beauty. Notice the Queen Size squares (10" x 10") for extra beauty, cleaning ease, extraordinary decorative possibilities. With Formica, its beauty is permanent—its cost surprisingly low. The pattern is gray and antique



In the Story Book Home kitchens, not only the counters, but the bar fronts are mar-proof Formica in wood grain colors to exactly match the grain and color of the builders' cabinets.

. . . with NEW Formica® Wall Tile

Here is a brand new "way of life" for bathrooms. It's the revolutionary new Formica Wall Tile with a smooth, gleaming surface that enhances the beauty of bathrooms and other areas, assures long wear, and saves cleaning time and work for Mother.

In all STORY BOOK HOMES, the kitchen table tops and bar areas are lastingly protected and brilliantly decorated by Formica as well as the wall areas surrounding them. You see them beautifully illustrated on this page and in other photographs taken in various rooms of the "Romantica" and "Futurama" models.

The bathrooms with the "wife-time" guarantee!



ANOTHER FLOOR TO CEILING FORMICA BATH . . . Isabel Barringer who chose the lovely Formica Wall Tiles states "Rarely have I ever found it so easy to achieve such beauty with a product that saves so much work for the housewife."

FORMICA® WALL TILE

Choice of beautiful colors. Enduring Formica!

NO Grout lines to scrub.

ATTRACTIVE, LONG-LASTING FINISHES



Dutch Boy Hydrangea Pink is the subtle backdrop for this spacious living room in the "Romantica" model. The colorful surprise on the balcony above is Nalplex Aqua . . . Suntan in the family room beyond.

. . . and carefree color — all through the house — with Dutch Boy Paints



Dutch Boy Starlight Blue is largely responsible for the mood of this serene dining room in the "Romantica" model. Hydrangea Pink in the living room is the pleasing companion color.



Dutch Boy White combined with muted Seasand create a pleasing freshness with remarkable stamina in the living room of the "Futurama" model. Nalplex washes perfectly, remember.

Story Book wall colors live happily ever after, thanks to Dutch Boy Nalplex — the famous acrylic-latex paint that washes brand-new again, time after time. All the beautiful Dutch Boy colors for Story Book Homes were chosen by Isabel Barringer, the famous decorator, and applied by expert painters. But, confidentially, you can get the same handsome results *yourself* with Dutch Boy Nalplex. Color spreads on like velvet. Brush and roller marks vanish in thin air. And that paint-y odor just isn't there. All in all, you'll *like* Story Book living with Dutch Boy Nalplex.

Here's a chart of the beautiful colors Isabel Barringer selected for the exterior of the two Story Book Homes and for the rooms shown in the photographs on this page. Your Dutch Boy dealer has a wide range of exciting colors to make your Story Book Home come true. You'll find him listed in the Yellow Pages.

ROMANTICA			
Exterior	All Siding	Bright White	House Paint #110
	Shutters	Charcoal Gray	House Paint #168
Interior	Living Room	Hydrangea Pink	Nalplex (Intermix)
		Aqua	Nalplex #72-73
	Dining Room	Starlight Blue	Nalplex #72-73
FUTURAMA			
Exterior	All Exterior Redwood	Redwood Stain	Woodcote #23-52
	Flat Paneling	French Blue #51	118 House Paint
	Overhang	White	111 House Paint
Interior	Living Room	Seasand	Nalplex (Intermix)
		White	Nalplex #72-11

Dutch Boy

NALPLEX

A PRODUCT OF NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY



Carefree beauty in materials high-styled for every

STORY BOOK HOME...

from FLINTKOTE — the manufacturer of America's broadest line of building products!

FLINTKOTE

® Registered trademark, The Flintkote Company

MORE COMFORT AND ECONOMY IN YOUR STORY BOOK HOME WITH THESE FLINTKOTE BUILDING PRODUCTS: Roofing and Siding • Tile-Tex® flooring • Van Packer® Chimneys and Flues • Foundation coatings • Flintar® driveway sealers • Insulation roof deck, sheathing, wool and ceiling tile • Insulrock® • Flintrock® Gypsum Products.

EASY LIVING FLOORS with beautiful Flexachrome® vinyl-asbestos floor tile. Patterns styled by the nation's top color consultants to match *any* decor in *any* room. Takes barely a whisper of work—a damp mop to keep it spotless.



TOP ROOFING PROTECTION with Flintkote's SEAL-TAB® Shingles. Seal-Tabs are self-sealed by the heat of the sun to make a sturdy, weather-proof roof hurricane winds can't budge. They have rich-looking, double-thick tabs in a variety of handsome pastels and blends.



YEAR 'ROUND COMFORT with Flintkote siding and insulation products. Exterior wall made of fire and weather-resistant asbestos-cement flat sheets is backed by layers of Stalwart® Insulating Sheathing and Flintkote Insulating Wool.



SEE your nearest STORY BOOK MODEL HOME!

Where model name and model address are not given, check with the authorized builder listed for model being built and completion date.

ARKANSAS

John E. Bryant & Sons Lumber Co., Inc.
East Lawrence Street
Batesville, Arkansas

Vernon E. Pittman Const. Co.
1326 Eastwood
Fayetteville, Arkansas

CALIFORNIA

R. T. Campbell
2865 Forist Lane
Merced, California
Model: Romantica
Address: Harris Acres
973 Arizona Drive
Merced, California

L & M Enterprises
5200 Orange
Long Beach, California
Model: Romantica
Address: 4189 Bouton Drive
Lakewood, California

Charles W. Roberts
3427 San Luis St.
Ventura, California

Wacker Construction Co.
6353 Palm Drive
Carmichael, California
Model: Futurama
Address: Capricorn Drive
Northridge Woods
Citrus Heights, California

COLORADO

Werner Livingston Construction Co.
1617 Marion Street
Denver 18, Colorado
Model: Contemporary Romantica
Address: Applewood Grove
Corner Zinnia & Willow Lane
Denver, Colorado

CONNECTICUT

The Drazen Lumber Company
85 Washington Avenue
North Haven, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Patten Heights
Mill Road
North Haven, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Corner of Welch Road
and Stanford Lane
North Haven, Connecticut

Finneran Weston Builders, Inc.
7 East State Street
Westport, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Hollow Tree Ridge
Boston Post Road and
Hollow Tree Ridge Road
Darien, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Burning Tree off
Stanwich Road
Greenwich, Connecticut

Green Acres, Inc.
99 Wintonberry Ave.
Bloomfield, Connecticut
Model: Romantica
Address: Laurel Park
Bloomfield, Connecticut

Neil Scala
30 Victoria Drive
Meriden, Connecticut
Model: Futurama
Address: Brownstone Ridge
left off Allen Avenue
from Meriden, Connecticut

DELAWARE

Gordy Enterprises, Inc.
Gordy Bldg.
Wilmington Manor
New Castle, Delaware
Model: Romantica
Address: Llangollen Estates
223 Gordy Place
New Castle, Delaware

Seaford Lumber Company
Seaford, Delaware
Model: Romantica
Address: Nanticoke Estates
River Road
Seaford, Delaware
Contact builder for date of completion.

FLORIDA

Hugh Edwards, Inc.
27 N. W. Tenth Avenue
Gainesville, Florida
Model: Futurama
Address: Libby Heights
1201 N. W. 34th Terrace
Gainesville, Florida

ILLINOIS

Abreco Realty, Inc.
6731 N. Mt. Hawley Road
Peoria, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Brookcrest
3900 Block
North Brookdale Place
Peoria, Illinois

Cross Country Homes Corp.
Route 1, Fox Lake Hills
Lake Villa, Illinois
Model: Abundant Villager
Address: Banbury Village
Libertyville, Illinois

A. J. Erickson Construction Co.
800 Ogden Avenue
Downers Grove, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Dutch Creek Woodlands at
Johnsburg on Fox River near
McHenry, Illinois

Ozier Construction Co., Inc.
315 Van Doren Street
Champaign, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Summit Ridge
2410 West Bradley Avenue
Champaign, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: 2400 West Bradley Avenue
Champaign, Illinois

Ri-Dora Home Builders
R #2
Quincy, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Lyn-Mar Subdivision
Route 2
North 12th Street
Quincy, Illinois

Willard R. Shields, Inc.
821 Greenwood Avenue
Waukegan, Illinois

Sleepy Hollow Land & Development Corp.
Route 72
West Dundee, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Sleepy Hollow Manor
Route 72
West Dundee, Illinois

Square Builders
4004 Auburn Street
Rockford, Illinois
Model: Romantica
Address: Berkshire Hills Subdivision
4225 Cushman Road
Rockford, Illinois

Tilton Homes Corporation
100 East 4th Street
Rochelle, Illinois
Model: Futurama
Address: Tilton's Winfield Knolls
Winfield, Illinois

INDIANA

LaPorte Lumber & Coal Co.
1719 State Street
LaPorte, Indiana
Model: Futurama
Address: Glendale Subdivision
East Lincolnway
LaPorte, Indiana

McCracken Homes
4800 S. Fellows Road
South Bend 14, Indiana
Model: Futurama
Address: 4825 So. Fellows Road
South Bend 14, Indiana

H. J. Hoevel, Inc.
2524 Hoevelwood Drive
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Model: 20th Century
Address: 2535 Paulding Road
Hoevelwood, Fort Wayne

Piccadilly Construction Company
Box 105, R. R. 19
Indianapolis, Indiana
Model: Romantica
Address: Avalon Hills
6310 Macatuck Drive
Indianapolis, Indiana

IOWA

G. E. Platts and Sons
714 S. Jefferson
Mason City, Iowa
Model: Romantica
Address: 75 Kentucky Court
Mason City, Iowa

KENTUCKY

Cole-Freeman Builders
431 So. Broadway
Lexington, Kentucky

John A. Walser, Inc.
4050 Westport Road
Louisville 7, Kentucky

MAINE

Snorada Corporation
P. O. Box 241
Auburn, Maine
Model: Romantica
Address: Maple Ridge Development
Webster Street
Lewiston, Maine

MARYLAND

The Dulaney Corp.
19 West Penna Avenue
Towson 4, Maryland
Model: Romantica
Address: 2322 Ravenview Road
Pot Spring
Timonium, Maryland

Humphrey Properties
12701 Springtree Drive
Silver Spring, Maryland
Model: Cape Cod
Address: 12701 Springtree Drive
Silver Spring, Maryland

Town & Ranch Homes, Inc.
2 Beaverbrook Road
Ellicott City, Maryland
Model: Romantica
Address: Beaverbrook
Route 40 (Edmondson Ave. Extended)
to Route 29, take 29 approximately
3 miles to Clarksville Pike, right
on Clarksville Pike 1 mile to Beaverbrook.

MASSACHUSETTS

Joseph Chapdelaine & Sons, Inc.
154 Pondview Drive
Springfield 8, Massachusetts
Model: Regency
Address: Pinewood Drive
Longmeadow, Massachusetts

George C. Krewson, Jr.
Sea Ranch
Magnolia, Massachusetts
Model: Romantica
Address: Kettle Cove Acres
University Lane
Manchester, Massachusetts

Moore Realty Trust
3 Diehl Road
Lexington 73, Massachusetts
Model: Romantica
Address: Burnham Farms
Thoreau Road
Lexington, Massachusetts

Rustmar Estates, Inc.
1248 Tremont St.
Boston, Massachusetts

MICHIGAN

Amos Roe Building Co.
32897 Ruehle Street
Warren, Michigan

Danto Builders, Inc.
Model: Futurama
Address: Belaire Woods Estates
Pierson Rd., West of Fleming
Flint, Michigan

Lake View Lumber Co.
L'Anse, Michigan

Leonard Building Company
Grand Blanc, Michigan
Contact builder for date of completion.

Property & Insurance Exchange
116 West South St.
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Van Deilen Homes, Inc.
Green Hills
Temperance, Michigan

C. C. Van Wagoner
208 Addison Street
Alpena, Michigan
Model: Futurama
Address: South Side
Alpena, Michigan
Contact builder for date of completion.

MISSOURI

Jenkins Construction Co.
19 Briarbrook Trail
St. Louis 31, Missouri
Model: Romantica
Address: Glen Elm Drive - Warwick Addition
Glendale, Missouri

Magill & Murphy Construction Co.
4550 Main Street
Kansas City, Missouri
Model: Romantica
Address: Somerset Acres West
8714 Mission Road
Kansas City, Missouri

NEBRASKA

Howard Larsen Construction Company
4440 Sunnyslope Avenue
Omaha 14, Nebraska
Model: Romantica
Address: Sunny Slope 2nd
4312 Ridgeway Road
Omaha, Nebraska
Model: Futurama
Address: Sunny Slope 2nd
4404 Ridgeway Road
Omaha, Nebraska

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Pako Homes, Inc.
5 W. Diane Drive
Keene, New Hampshire
Model: Romantica
Address: Maple Acres
Keene, New Hampshire
Contact builder for date of completion.

Phil A. Paquette & Son, Inc.
132 Bridge Street
Manchester, New Hampshire

NEW JERSEY

Allen Brothers, Inc.
596 River Road
Fair Haven, New Jersey
Model: Romantica
Address: Kings Village
81 Twin Brooks Ave.
Middletown, New Jersey
Model: Futurama
Address: Kings Village
72 Woodland Drive
Middletown, New Jersey

Barcon Associates, Inc.
159 Main St.
Chatham, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: Highland of Chatham
Van Houten Avenue
Chatham Township, N. J.

The Arthur D. Crane Co.
R. D. #3
Wharton, N. J.

Houston Lumber & Supply Co., Inc.
Interhaven Ave.
North Plainfield, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: So. Branch Neshanic Road
Branchburg, N. J.
Near Flemington
Contact builder for date of completion.

Hobart Homes, Inc.
7 Country Road
Livingston, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: 7 Coventry Road
Livingston, N. J.

Norman E. Luthman, Builder
R. D. 1, Box 171
New Market, New Jersey
Model: Abundant Villager
Address: South Randolphville Road
New Market, New Jersey

Princeton Manor Construction Co.
Model: Cottage Colonial
Address: Princeton Manor
136 Randall Road
Princeton, N. J.
Model: Romantica
Address: 439 Terhune Road
Princeton, N. J.

Rees-McChesney, Inc.
Old Eagle Rock Avenue
Essex Fells, New Jersey
Model: Futurama
Address: Laurel Ridge
Laurel Avenue
Roseland, New Jersey

See Coupon for ordering plans on next page.

Trenton Home Builders
Carl Jacobelli
1646 N. Olden Avenue
Trenton, New Jersey
Model: Futurama
Address: Hampton Hill
Crown Road off
Pennington Road
Ewing Twp. 5 miles
north of Trenton, N. J.

Wedgewood Acres
256 Belvidere Avenue
Washington, New Jersey
Model: Romantica
Address: Brass Castle Road
Washington, New Jersey

E. J. Zimmerer
Developer & Builder
Box 55
Cedar Grove, N. J.

NEW YORK

Avalon Park, Inc.
2854 Hewlett Avenue
Merrick, Nassau County, N. Y.
Model: Romantica
Address: Avalon Park
2854 Frankel Blvd. (Ave.)
Merrick, New York

Beachview Manor, Inc.
37 Minna St.
Dongan Hills
Staten Island, N. Y.
Model: Romantica
Address: 179 Naughton Avenue
Dongan Hills
Staten Island, N. Y.

Clifford C. Booth & Son
1070 Arterial Highway
Binghamton, N. Y.

Krantz-Rustmann Builders
Strawtown Heights
New City, Rockland County, N. Y.
Model: Futurama
Address: Sickletown Road
Strawtown Heights
New City, N. Y.
Model: Romantica
Address: Sickletown Road
Strawtown Heights
New City, N. Y.

Gamble & Berry
1009 Sycamore Circle
Elmira, New York
Model: Romantica
Address: Harris Hill Manor
Route 17E
Two Miles West of
Elmira, New York

La Duca Builders, Inc.
98th St. & Porter Road
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Strickland, Inc.
Cherry Valley Road
Marcellus, New York
Model: Romantica
Address: 100 Lyons Road
Camillus, New York

Clifford H. Querolo
118 Elder Road
Islip, New York

NORTH CAROLINA

Associated Realty of Laurinburg, Inc.
Box 1064
Laurinburg, N. Carolina

Hardy-Harvey, Inc.
700 North Queen Street
Kinston, North Carolina

Moore-Fonvielle Realty Co.
106 N. Second St.
Wilmington, N. Carolina

OHIO

Bond-Ville Builders
37 East Market
Akron, Ohio
Model: Futurama
Address: Park Height's Estates
745 Castle Blvd.
Akron, Ohio

Clark Brothers
Oberlin, Ohio

Lee Chase Builder
150 Bell Street
Chagrin Falls, Ohio
Model: Romantica
Address: 109 Dale Road
Hemlock Hills
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

K. R. Evenson Co.
142 Portage Drive
Vermillion, Ohio
Model: Romantica
Address: 32363 Lake Road
Avon Lake, Ohio

Paul K. Solon, Inc.
3301 E. Galbraith Road
Cincinnati 36, Ohio
Model: Romantica
Address: Wyoming Meadows
613 Heatherdale Drive
Cincinnati, Ohio

Edward M. Schuler, Inc.
1481 Middle Bellville Road
Mansfield, Ohio
Model: Romantica
Address: Southern Estates
Belmar Drive
Mansfield, Ohio

Wonder Homes Sales, Inc.
5896 Youngstown-Warren Road
Niles, Ohio
Model: Futurama
Contact builder for date
of completion

OKLAHOMA

Lawton Home Builders Corp.
223 Koehler Bldg.
Lawton, Oklahoma
Model: Futurama
Address: 1509 North 47th
Lawton, Oklahoma

Norman Lumber Co., Inc.
105 W. Eufaula
Box 462
Norman, Oklahoma
Model: Romantica
Address: Normandy Park
410 Terrace Place
Norman, Oklahoma

OREGON

Nase Construction Company
1606 S.E. Brooklyn St.
Portland 6, Oregon
Model: Futurama
Address: Vista Cascade Add.
4515 S.E. Franklin
Milwaukee, Oregon

PENNSYLVANIA

Aino Building Company
4156 Library Road
Pittsburgh, Penna.

Edsanclay Construction Company
R. D. #2
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Model: Romantica
Address: Country Side Manor
1131 Country Side Drive
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

William P. Haase
200 Fawn Lane
Haverford, Pa.
Model: Romantica
Address: Glenhardie Farm
Thomas Road, near Walker Rd.
Chester Co., Valley Forge, Pa.

Travis Homes, Inc.
210 Peach Drive
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Wynnewood Company
370 Montgomery Avenue
Merion, Pennsylvania
Model: Romantica
Address: June Road
Penn Valley, Pennsylvania
(Lower Merion Twp.)
Contact builder for date of completion

First of Beaver Corp.
Northern Lights Shoppers City
Baden, Pennsylvania
Models to be built at:
Con-wall Manor
Conaway, Penna.
North Sewickley
Indian Park Estates
(Near Beaver Falls, Pa.)
Check with Builder

Zeigler Bros. Construction Co.
1103 Willowbrook Rd.
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Model: Romantica
Address: Chapel Knolls, Pulaski Rd.
New Castle, Pennsylvania
Model: Futurama
Address: Chapel Knolls, Pulaski Rd.
New Castle, Pennsylvania

SOUTH CAROLINA

J. T. McAlister & Co.
2710 Beltline Blvd.
Columbia, South Carolina
Model: Futurama
Address: Foxhall
Pinebelt Road
Columbia, South Carolina

SOUTH DAKOTA

Urup Construction Company
Franklin St.
Vermillion, South Dakota
Model: Romantica
Address: Ridgecrest Addition
836 Valley View Drive
Vermillion, South Dakota

TENNESSEE

W. D. Jemison & Sons, Inc.
2306 S. Parkway East
Memphis 14, Tennessee
Model: Futurama
Address: 3991 Lakemont Drive
Forest Lakes Subdivision
Memphis, Tennessee

TEXAS

R. E. Barnes, Builder
10143 Hedgeway Drive
Dallas, Texas

Dantonio & Dungan Const. Co.
320 E. Yandell St.
El Paso, Texas

Earnest & Company
3411 New Boston Rd.
Texarkana, Texas
Model: Romantica
Address: Brownwood Second Addition
118 Wildwood Drive
Texarkana, Texas

Gearhart Construction Co.
Route 1, Box 284
McAllen, Texas
Model: Contemporary
Address: 218 S. W. 9th Street
Premont, Texas

Homecraft Builders, Inc.
2116 N. W. Military Drive
San Antonio, Texas
Model: Romantica
Contact builder for date of completion.

Selby-Lankford Building Company
2210 Morgan Ave., Box 5308
Corpus Christi, Texas

VIRGINIA

Leigh Bartin
615 South Jefferson St.
Roanoke, Virginia
Model: Romantica
Address: Chapel Forest
Lockridge Rd.
Roanoke, Virginia

Byler and Womble Realty, Inc.
6917 Riddick Street
Norfolk, Virginia
Model: Futurama
Address: Larkspur Court
Larkspur of Kempsville Meado
Norfolk, Virginia

Edwards Builders, Inc.
10 Stratford Hills Shopping Center
Richmond 25, Virginia
Model: Romantica
Address: Stratford Hills
Stratford Rd.
Richmond, Virginia

Forrest H. Long, Inc.
221 Dogwood Drive
Portsmouth, Virginia
Model: Romantica
Address: 209 Dogwood Drive
Portsmouth, Virginia

J. B. Harris, Jr., Builder
1106 Brandon Ave., S. W.
Roanoke, Virginia
Model: Romantica
Address: Crenshaw Court
Trents Ferry Road
Lynchburg, Virginia

Lester Bros., Inc.
Martinsville, Virginia
Model: Regency
Address: Alexandria, Va.
Contact builder for date
of completion.

L. B. Weber, Contractor
3269 Warwick Road
Denbigh, Virginia
Model: Romantica
Address: Shore Park
No. 1 Widgeon Circle
(Denbigh Station)
Newport News, Virginia

WASHINGTON

Bell & Valdez
14212 Lake Hills Blvd.
Bellevue, Washington
Model: Futurama
Address: Lake Hills
Bellevue, Washington

Maynard Construction Company
7424 Broadway
Everett, Washington
Model: Futurama
Address: Eastmont
2228 Merchant Way
Everett, Washington

WEST VIRGINIA

Storybook Home Builders, Inc.
c/o Hobart Ritchey
77 Twelfth Street
Wheeling, West Virginia
Model: Futurama
Address: Willigerod Addition
Willow Road
St. Clairsville, Ohio

WISCONSIN

Clarence Pierquet & Sons
1967 Hillview Drive
Green Bay, Wisconsin
Model: Futurama
Address: Forest Glenn
Green Bay, Wisconsin

Pioneer Builders, Inc.
5501 West North Ave.
Milwaukee 8, Wisconsin
Leslie Markovich, Pres.

Towne & Country Builder's Association
412 Broad Street
Beloit, Wisconsin
Model: Futurama
Address: Evergreen Park
75 Murphy Woods Road
Beloit, Wisconsin

Story-Book Home Architects • Research Center, State Road • Princeton, N. J.

Please send me complete plans and specifications for the Story-Book Home models checked below. I am enclosing herewith $1.00 for *each set* of plans ordered.

( ) ROMANTICA
( ) FUTURAMA
( ) REGENCY
( ) CONTEMPORA
( ) VILLAGER
( ) NEW ORLEANS
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Phone Call to Eddie Fisher's Mother

(Continued from page 49)

Mrs. Stupp or should have done so in good faith . . . but Mrs. Stupp sees it differently.

"I've never been so shocked," said Mrs. Stupp, "as I was when I heard Debbie's voice. I knew this was all for the newspapers. She called me from a hotel in New York, the Drake, and she asked the telephone operator to get 'Eddie Fisher's Mother' on the phone . . . she didn't ask for Kate Stupp or Mrs. Max Stupp. Oh no . . . then the operator wouldn't have known who she was calling. The operator wouldn't have told the newspapers.

"They were absolutely the first words she spoke to me in two years. And do you know what she said—'Hello, Mommala.'

"Can you blame me for feeling sick . . . a little bit nauseated. It was pretty late to start calling me 'Mommala.'

"You can't imagine the number of times I tried to get them on the phone while they were married . . . to get *either* of them.

"I would put in a person-to-person call to Eddie *or* Debbie Fisher each time. The maid would answer the phone and if Eddie were not home, the maid would tell me when he would be back. I could hear Debbie's voice in the background prompting her but never once did she ever take the phone and say a friendly word. I was so startled and confused when Debbie made that call that I didn't know what to say. I did know her intentions were not sincere, but how could I say that? I just didn't feel comfortable about it. I tried to figure out how she could do a thing like that. Some of my neighbors said, 'What a nerve she has.' They warned me that she was just using me for publicity purposes and that it would be appearing in the papers that she called us. Sure enough, a few days later I got a clipping from one of the columns which said that Debbie Reynolds had invited Eddie Fisher's mother and father to visit her in New York and that they both would—but separately! I was so hurt about this awful lie that I cried for days. I never accepted her invitation, even though she had the publicity man from MGM call me a second time to find out when I was planning to come to town! As for using the term separately, apparently it was meant to bring attention to the fact that I am divorced. I can only say that it has taken many difficult years of bringing up seven children before I was able to adjust to the necessity of such an action. Debbie seems to ignore the fact that her brother who lives with her is divorced and has an eight-year-old daughter. She keeps saying that *she* was brought up to believe that marriage is for keeps. Well, what about her brother? Wasn't he brought up the same way? Or, are we supposed to bury our heads in the sand about imperfections on her side? It is not fair that she should initiate such publicity. We do not have a close relationship; we never have had. Debbie has always been cool and distant. She may, but I cannot pretend otherwise. I was criticized because I talked to a reporter on the phone and told him it was not Elizabeth's fault that Eddie and Debbie's marriage came to an end. I didn't know they were going to make a big story of it. I spoke as a mother. But if Debbie has high-powered publicity people to keep her in the good graces of the public, why shouldn't I let the truth be known? Debbie talks to and obliges all the reporters and editors and they write nice things about her because she cooperates and gives them things she wants them to write about. And my Eddie and Elizabeth are criticized because they are happy. What kind of a world is it—when people only know one side of the story and judge two sides?"

We agreed to print what Mrs. Stupp told us. We agreed that it *might* help if the people of the world knew *both* sides of the story, but we seriously wonder if that will ever happen.

Maybe it would be better if we tried to forget the old pains and tried not to inflict new ones. Maybe it would be better if Mrs. Stupp accepted Debbie's calling her 'Mommala' as a belated peace offering. Maybe it's long past due—but now that it's here, why not take it to mean, "I'm sorry about what's happened. It's over now. Please, let's be friends." **END**

Debbie's in THE RAT RACE *for Paramount and MGM's* GAZEBO.

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Advertisement

Annette

(*Continued from page 34*)

twelve-year-old girl named Marie. Marie lives in a Catholic home for underprivileged children in Boston, Massachusetts. Her reason for writing? "Annette said things to me that changed my whole life. Maybe there are other people like me who need the kind of help she gives, but who aren't lucky enough to get to talk to her. So maybe, if you have the room, you'll print this."

Both letters follow—Steve's first, then Marie's.

See if you don't agree with us after reading them that to know Annette a little is to love her at lot. . . .

Steve's letter

The first time I met Annette was two years ago when my best friend Tim Considine took me along to a Sunday afternoon dance over at Noreen Corcoran's backyard. Annette was sitting by the pool, pretty as all get-out in a white and silver dress, talking with some of the kids. I noticed her right away. I was dying to go over and introduce myself and talk with her. But something held me back. Maybe I was just plain shy that day.

Anyway, after a while I found myself in a line with some of the other kids to get a hot dog and a Coke. As I took my hot dog it happened that somebody accidentally pushed into me. I began to fall back. I was sure I was going to hit the deck, but as it turned out someone stopped my fall. As it turned out, too, that someone was Annette. I'll never forget that scene. She happened to be standing behind me and she opened her mouth to say Oops or something and I raised my arm and the hot dog ended up straight in her mouth. I began to apologize. Annette looked at me very serious. "The least you could have done," she said, removing the meat and roll from where it was, "was to put some mustard on this thing first!" Then we both started laughing, and talking, and our friendship began.

After we both finally got around to eating—the more proper way, this time—we danced a few dances. We talked some more as we did. Annette told me a little bit about herself and I told her a little about me—namely that I was looking for work and that my folks, who were originally from New York, had gone back out there and that I was living in a small apartment by myself. It was during the second or third dance, I think, when Annette held herself away from me all of a sudden and began to stare up at me. "You know," she said, just as I was about to ask her what was wrong—"you know, you look very Italian," she said. I was, I told her; at least, I was of Italian descent, like herself. Annette grinned. "Listen, *Paisan,*" she said then, "how would you like to come over to our house Sunday and have some macaroni with us? My mom makes the craziest gravy you ever tasted." "And meatballs?" I asked her. "The biggest," Annette said. "I'll come," I said.

When I showed up that Sunday, I was carrying something I'd never brought to any other girl in my life—a dozen red roses. As I gave them to Annette I could feel my face turning the same color as the roses. She looked so happy. "Fellows have brought me corsages once in a while before a dance," she said, "but no one has ever been so gosh terrific to give me a whole dozen of these before." I was glad we were even. I even told her that, that this was the first time I'd ever been so gosh terrific to a girl. And Annette laughed and stood way up on her toes and kissed me on my cheek.

It was quite a day, that Sunday. I got to meet the rest of Annette's family—Mom and Pop Funicello, and Annette's two kid brothers, Joey and little Mike. They're all very proud of Annette, as you can imagine. Mom Funicello looks very much like her daughter and they get along like sisters. Pop runs a gas station, but he takes time out to travel with Annette when she goes on tour. He's a regular guy.

Speaking of dates, I began to go out with Annette pretty regularly after this first Sunday. By date, don't get me wrong—I don't mean the Cocoanut Grove and Moulin Rouge and those places. First of all, I can't afford that. And second, Annette doesn't really dig that kind of stepping. What she likes most is house-parties and listening to records and eating pizza *and* going to movies—drive-ins, walk-ins, stand-ins, fall-ins, anything as long as it's got a screen and a couple of actors moving around on it and as long as it's all about love and not about war.

Working with Annette

I don't know if it was fate or not, but about a month after I met Annette I got a steady featured part playing opposite her for the Disney Studio. Working with her for the next four months brought us even closer together. I would pick her up in the morning and drive her to the studio. I would also take her home in the evenings, after work, and stay for dinner on Mom Funicello's insistence.

It wasn't too long ago when Annette and I were leaving her house on a date that I broke the news to her about my enlistment in the Marines. She stopped and looked at me for a moment and then said, "You're clowning, Steve." I told her I wasn't. I explained that I felt it was a duty that I wanted to fulfill as soon as possible so I could concentrate fully on my career later. When she realized I was serious, she seemed sad. "When do you leave?" she asked me. "I go to San Diego on Monday," I told her. "Then," she said, "on Sunday you've got to come over to the house first thing in the morning and spend the whole day with us—and we're going to have the best day of our lives, all of us together."

We did, too. I got to the house at about seven o'clock. We all went to church, then had breakfast and then went to the beach for a swim. In the afternoon we came back to the house and had one of Mom Funicello's great dinners. And the hours passed and passed. And how right it seemed that I spend these last civilian hours there at the Funicello home with these people that meant so much to me. Finally, it was late and it came time to say good-bye to the family. And then Annette walked me to my car. This was the hardest part of all. Standing there, outside, under the moon, Annette gave me her St. Christopher medal and I gave her mine, to keep until I was out of the service. Then she hugged me and asked. "Will you promise me one thing?" "Yes," I said, before I even knew what it was. "My birthday's next month," Annette said, "and I want you to promise me that—if you can—you'll come to be with me that night. All right?" "Yes," I said, putting my arms around her now and hugging her back.

Annette's birthday

As it turned out, I had a serious accident in the barracks two days before Annette's birthday and I suffered a brain concussion. I was unconscious for exactly forty-eight hours. When I came to in the hospital, I could make out a nurse standing alongside the bed. She smiled at me, patted my lips with a damp cloth and then she said, "You're going to be all right, Marine—and I'm sure Annette will be glad to hear it." "Annette," I asked, "how does she know about this?" "I'm not sure if she does or doesn't," the nurse said, "but you sure kept repeating her name over and over in your sleep, and if she doesn't know now—" I interrupted the nurse. As hard as it was for me to talk, I asked her, "What day is this?" "Saturday," she said. I explained that this was the night of Annette's birthday, that Annette was expecting me, that I had to call her on the phone and tell her why I couldn't make it. The nurse shook her head. "No calls, I'm sorry," she said. "Please," I begged, "I've got to let her know. Please." The nurse kept shaking her head and saying that I wasn't supposed to be talking in the first place, that the strain could be too much for me. But I guess after a while I must have been crying or something and the nurse must have felt sorry for me because she finally said, "All right, Marine, but for only a few minutes."

She held the phone to my mouth as I spoke to Annette. I really must have sounded terrible talking because I remember Annette asking right away, "What's wrong, Steve? What happened? Tell me. Tell me." Then I remember she was very quiet as I said to her, "I wanted to come home for your birthday, Annette . . . I wanted to bring you flowers, too; roses—*two* dozen of them this time . . . I wanted to come . . . I wanted to come."

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*

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The next day when I opened my eyes Annette was there, standing alongside me. She brought her fingers up to her lips, motioning me not to talk. And then she said, "Thank you for the roses." I looked at her, not understanding. She pointed to my night-table. I looked and saw a vase there, all filled with roses, at least two dozen of them. "I knew," Annette said, her voice real cheery, "that you would have brought them to me last night if you could have. But since you couldn't, I figured I'd buy them—from you, for me. And since you were in the hospital I figured I'd bring them so you could enjoy them, too. After all, you got them. I mean—" she started to say. And then she threw up her hands and said, "Oh Steve, Steve, hurry up and get better, will you—just so you don't get me so darn mixed up in what I'm saying!"

Annette at the hospital

After sitting with me for a while, Annette got up and went around the rest of the ward talking to the other patients. At each bed she'd stop and I could hear her talking for a while and then the fellow she was talking to would begin to laugh. She tried to give everyone there some kind of attention. All in all, she stayed for three hours and finally ended up singing and dancing and having the whole place in the happiest uproar you ever saw.

When Annette came back to my bed I couldn't tell her how *really* swell I thought she was. I thought to myself I'd tell her just that, in so many words, the next time I saw her. But the next time came and went, and the time after that, and I said nothing. I guess it's hard to compliment a girl to her face. There are things that come out easy and things that don't. Anyway, I know Annette and how it would embarrass her if I told her to her face.

So now, at the risk of embarrassing her even more, I'm sending my compliment through the mails for publication. Annette probably won't talk to me for two whole days after she reads it. But I just want her to know what kind of a gal I think she is—and I don't mind the rest of the world knowing how I feel, either.

The second letter we received, from twelve-year-old Marie, begins:

Annette Funicello changed my whole life by what she said to me that day this summer when she came to the Home. She was in Boston on what is called a tour. Annette sings and dances on these tours for money. But she came to the Home to sing and dance for us free, maybe because one of the Sisters met her and asked her if she could spare the time. After her act the Mother Superior made a speech and told us if we lined up we could get Annette's autograph and then we would all have cookies and milk together. While we were having our cookies and milk Annette came around and talked to all of us, one at a time. When she came to me she said that she didn't remember seeing me when she gave out the autographs. I told her it was because I had not gone up to her for one. She asked me why not and I told her the truth, that I hated the Home and everything about it, even when people came to sing and dance for us, so that I didn't want *anybody's* autograph or to have to do with *anything.*

Important prayers

She pulled up a chair and in a very soft voice she asked me why I hated it at the Home. I told her because it was supposed to be God's Home and since I didn't think there was any God how was I supposed to like it. She asked me if the nuns knew how I felt and I said I never tell them anything, I keep everything to myself. Annette asked me why I was telling *her* then. Because while she was singing, I told her, I made believe she was my sister who had come to see me and that I could finally tell her, at least, my sister.

Then Annette asked me if I had a real sister or any family. Just a mother, I told her, who left me when my father died five years ago and who I never heard from since. I didn't know where she was. I just never heard from her again.

Annette asked me if I wanted to see her. I said yes. Then why, Annette said, didn't I ask God to see if maybe he couldn't send her back to me. I told her again I didn't think there was any God. How could there be a God, I said, if he made my father die and made my mother go away from me. Oh yes there was a God, Annette said. Then she said if I prayed to Him He might hear me and answer my prayers. I told her prayers fooey, there's no such thing as prayers that are answered, prayers fooey—that's just what I said—and she said now listen here, a lot can be done by praying.

She told me about her own life. She said how sometimes she prayed silly prayers and how it was true some prayers, silly prayers, never got answered.

But your prayer, Marie, she told me, that could be a very *important* one, to ask God to get your mother to come to see you, to come back to you. One time, she said, she prayed an important prayer for her daddy and God listened. Her daddy had a bad sickness and she thought he was going to die and she prayed and prayed and he got better.

While Annette was talking to me Mother Superior came over to her and said she must be tired and probably had to be going. Annette looked at her watch and said yes. She waved good-bye to all the children and then she looked at me, speshul, and said don't forget what I said.

That night just before supper we all went to Chapel, like every day. Other times I just used to kneel and make believe I was saying the prayers like the other children were, really only moving my lips though and not saying anything. But this night I remembered Annette and what she said and I started to pray for true, real hard, harder than anybody ever, I bet.

The answer

And do you know what? Four days later I got called in by Mother Superior who said my mother had just wrote to her and asked her if she could come and get me in a few weeks, that she had been working in Chicago, Illinois, in a restaurant and had some money now and could take care of me, that she was terrible sorry she had left me in the first place and wanted to make up for it now.

I will be leaving here in a few days. My mother will come and get me and we will live together again. It's been so long since she saw me that I hope she likes me. I guess she will. At least I am praying for that too now. Also I am praying for God to take care of Annette and give her so many good things for all her life. I bet Annette would say that was one of those silly prayers. But I don't think so. And I bet God doesn't either. Because He must love her so much, almost as much as I do.

Those are the two letters we received—one from a boy named Steve, one from a girl named Marie. We feel that they leave very little to be said on the subject of a young lady named Annette Funicello.

As little Marie would probably put it: Don't you agree she's a pretty "speshul" person?

END

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Dorothy Malone's Chinese Wedding

(Continued from page 25)

happily about the exchange of cablegrams, the future.

"For a while," her mother said, laughing, "I thought my girl was going to end up a spinster. And now here I am, nearly a mother-in-law, and I couldn't be more glad. . . . When do you think the wedding will be?"

"In about a month, I guess," Dorothy said, lighting a cigarette. "As soon as we get back to the States and Jacques and I can make our plans."

"Good," her mother said, "Good." Then she said, "You know, Dorothy, now that it's all settled, I don't mind telling you I was a little worried about this romance for a while. You'd known Jacques for a year and a half—"

"Two years," Dorothy broke in.

"Well, two years," Mrs. Maloney said, "and I know, *I know* that he'd asked you to marry him before. And I know you'd always said no, too. And I don't mind telling you it secretly broke my heart that you kept doing that."

And then she knew

Her daughter shrugged. "Looking back I guess it's not too hard to figure out," she said. "I was getting older, I guess. Let's face it, Mother, I was in my thirties when I *met* Jacques. And that's not exactly young anymore. And I guess maybe I was afraid that because I'd never really been in love before, I wouldn't know what real love was, ever. . . .

"And," she went on, "well, Jacques and I, even though we had so much fun all the time, even though we were together so much, I just never knew if this was love we had, or what . . . And then I was sent here, to Japan. And a girl couldn't ask to be in a more beautiful place than this, with everything so lovely and the people so nice and everything. And yet, as soon as I got here, I knew that something was missing. I wasn't happy. I felt lonely. And after thinking it over just a little, I knew that it was Jacques I missed, that I *did* love him, that I missed him, and that nothing in life could ever be half so good without him."

Her mother nodded. "Well, I'm glad," she said. "And now, Dorothy, about the wedding. I mean, practically speaking. Would you rather have it in Hollywood, or maybe back home in Texas?"

"I don't really care," Dorothy started to say. "Not as long as—"

She was interrupted by a knock on the door.

"I think that's for me," Mrs. Maloney said. "I ordered a newspaper. It's probably the boy delivering it."

She walked out of the room and into the little vestibule adjacent to it and opened the door.

"*Jacques!*" she shouted.

Dorothy turned around, quickly.

"Jacques?" she whispered, stunned.

"Of course—Jacques," he said, walking to her and throwing his arms around her.

"But—but you were just in California," Dorothy said.

"I know," Jacques told her, "and now I am here."

"But it's *impossible,*" Dorothy said.

"Isn't it wonderful?" she could hear her mother say.

"It's impossible," Dorothy repeated. "Darling . . . darling, what in the world are you doing here?"

Jacques took her hand and led her over to the couch. "You wired me about our wedding?" he asked. "That you would marry me, finally—no?"

"Yes," Dorothy said slowly, "yes I did."

"And that you would marry me as soon as possible?"

"Yes," Dorothy said.

"Well, what is sooner than now?"

"Now?" Dorothy asked back.

"Now," Jacques said.

But, but, but

Mrs. Maloney cleared her throat. "If you both will excuse me—" she said, smiling broadly, as she walked into the bedroom, sliding the panel that separated the rooms behind her.

When they were alone, Jacques reached for Dorothy and they kissed.

And they kissed.

And then, suddenly, Dorothy pulled away from him and said, "But, Jacques—"

He put his hands up to her lips. "Why do you say that all the time? *But Jacques. But Jacques.*"

Dorothy shook her head.

"But Jacques—we *can't* get married *here, now,*" she said.

"Why not?" he asked. "Do you think I flew 6,000 miles at the expense of a very expensive airplane ticket just to let you get away from me again?"

"No, of course not," Dorothy said. "And don't worry, I'll see that you never let me get away from you, not ever again. But—"

"But, but, but," Jacques said, laughing.

"But there *is* one thing, darling," Dorothy said. "Seriously. I know it may sound silly to you, a man. But to me—well, it's the most important thing in the world, the thing I've always wanted most."

"Then you shall have it," Jacques said.

"But that's just it," said Dorothy. "I won't be able to have it if we get married here in Japan, so quickly, like this. . . .

"Jacques darling, ever since I was a little girl I've dreamed of what my wedding would be like if I were ever to get married. First of all, it would be an old-fashioned wedding, very old-fashioned. It would be on a Sunday, for one thing, the day everybody *used* to get married, before people got so chic and high-falutin'. And I would be dressed in a beautiful white dress, a dress I loved and would wear once and would keep in my closet for the rest of my years, to look at and remember and touch and feel until the day I died. And, most important, Jacques, I dreamed that I would get married in a church of my faith, a great big Catholic church, with a priest and with organ-music playing and—"

She stopped.

"Do you see what I mean?" she asked.

"But yes," Jacques said, "—and it is all so easy." He snapped his fingers. "Poof—and it is done, just the way you want."

"How poof?" Dorothy asked. "I just explained that—"

"First of all," Jacques said, interrupting her, "they have Sundays here in Japan just like everyplace else. Am I right?"

"Uh-huh," Dorothy agreed.

"And they have the shops, where they sell dresses?"

"Yes."

"And they have Catholic churches, a few of them at least, even here?" Without giving Dorothy a chance to answer, he said, "So you buy a dress and we find a church and we get married this Sunday."

"*This* Sunday?" Dorothy asked. "The day after tomorrow?"

"Well?" Jacques asked.

They looked at each other for a moment, Dorothy still in a state of semi-shock, Jacques waiting for her to snap out of it. . . .

And then Jacques leaned back, reached for a phone and said, smilingly, to a smiling Dorothy, "Now to find out about the business of the certificate. . . ."

Exactly forty-five minutes and eleven phone calls later, neither of them was smiling. The bad news was, simply, that they could not get married in Japan without undergoing a five-day waiting period.

"Now what do we do?" Dorothy asked.

Jacques thought for a moment. "When I was in the Army, in France," he said, "there used to be an expression we used when we had a problem. 'Tell the minister,' it went."

"Our boys had the same expression," Dorothy said, nodding, "only I think it went, 'Take it to the chaplain.'"

"Yes," Jacques said, reaching for the phone again, then asking the hotel clerk to place a call to the nearest Catholic Church.

"Hello, Father?" he was saying a few moments later, to an English-speaking priest at the other end of the line. He explained his and Dorothy's problem.

When he hung up, he turned to Dorothy.

"It's all settled," he said. "We go to Hong Kong."

"Hong Kong?" Dorothy asked. "You mean—China?"

"Once a part of China, though Hong Kong is now a British Crown Colony," Jacques said. "The priest told me it will be easy there, with no wait. And he said



JUDI MEREDITH

Everybody (guys and gals) should read "Understand The Boy In Your Life" in the September-October issue of **INGENUE.** *It says boy-girl relationships can be great, instead of a problem. The way it should be!*

there is a fine Catholic church there, St. Teresa's, and a priest we must call as soon as we get there, a Father Orlando. . . . It's only a few hours by plane from here, Dorothy. Are you still game? A Sunday wedding—this Sunday?"

"I'm dizzy, but yes," she said, "a Sunday wedding—this Sunday."

Jacques got up from the couch. "There's a travel agency in the lobby," he said. "I'll go down and get the tickets. Meanwhile, you tell your mama what we've decided and tell her that she must get ready to come with us, too."

"*Ready?*" a voice came from the next room. "Children, I could hear everything through these Japanese walls. And I don't mind telling you slowpokes *I've* just about got *my* suitcase packed already!"

The plane carrying the excited threesome arrived at Hong Kong Airport shortly after noon the following day, Saturday. There to meet them were Mr. K. Y. Pan, the local MGM distribution manager, and his wife, and Mr. H. S. Moh, of Paramount Pictures. Immediately, Dorothy and Jacques asked Mr. Moh and Mrs. Pan if they would act as best man and matron-of-honor at the wedding. The two agreed, there were embraces all around and then the entire party drove to the Peninsula Hotel for lunch.

Following lunch, there was an interview with reporters from the local press.

And then Mr. Moh and the Pans drove Jacques and Dorothy to the City Hall for the civil marriage papers.

At three o'clock, the couple parted, Jacques leaving with the men for the church where they would talk with the priest and make the necessary arrangements for the next day, Dorothy leaving with Mrs. Pan to buy her dress.

Like any girl in a hurry, anywhere, Dorothy took hours making up her mind about the dress. She and Mrs. Pan went from shop to shop to shop. And it wasn't till they came to a shop run by a Miss Betty Clemo that the decision was made.

Dorothy spotted something in the back of the shop, a very simple dress, snow white, strangely cut—long, with three-quarter sleeves and high slits on either side—hanging alone in a shining glass case.

"*That's* nice," Dorothy said, staring over at it, suddenly fascinated.

"That is what we call a *cheongsam*—a Chinese-style dress," Miss Clemo told her. "It's made of Guipure lace, the most exquisite of all laces. I daresay it's the most beautiful dress in all of Hong Kong."

"It *is* beautiful," she said. "I think it's the most beautiful dress I've ever seen."

Her eyes still on the dress, she said, "I imagine it's very expensive."

"Let's see," Miss Clemo said, figuring. "In American money it would cost—$800."

Dorothy gulped.

She turned away from the case. "Oh my gosh," she said. "I know movie people are supposed to be rich. But I'm a girl who works hard for her money, and I'm not a big spender by nature, and $800—well, that's a fortune for just one dress."

"It's not cheap, no," said Miss Clemo.

"I should say not," said Dorothy. "And—"

She stopped suddenly and turned back around to look at the dress again.

"—And I really love it and a girl only gets married once and I'll *take* it!" she said, in one long, jubilant breath.

What the newspaper said

The wedding, this morning, was very lovely, a Hong Kong reporter wrote for his paper later that next day. *The Nuptial Mass, held in conjunction with a Students' Day Mass, began at 7:45 and lasted nearly an hour. It was officiated by the Reverend Father Carmelus Orlando. The church was decorated with palm leaves and little vases of ginger flowers, which gave off a permeating fragrance.*

Miss Malone, looking very appealing and kneeling at the silk-draped prie-dieu with Mr. Bergerac throughout the Mass, seemed radiant and she smiled particularly when the chorus of children's voices began to sing the hymns Immaculate Mary *and* Soul of Our Saviour.

Following the Mass, the couple walked arm-in-arm down the aisle to the strains of the Wedding March from Lohengrin *and then went to the Vestry where Miss Malone cut a wedding cake and where all drank champagne, provided by the mother of the bride.*

With the champagne the groom, at the suggestion of friends, proposed a traditional Oriental toast to his bride—To me you are and always will be the scent of the flowers, the radiance of the moon, the purity of the snow—*and then the bride retired to a room to change into her going-away outfit, an ivory silk suit with a smart cloche hat.*

It was interesting to all to note that though it was raining and the skies were leaden when the bride arrived, the rain had ceased and the sun was just managing to glint through the heavy clouds as the film stars left the Vestry together.

"Surely a sign of good luck," as one of the crowd remarked. **END**

See Dorothy in MGM's THE LAST VOYAGE.



JUDY GEYER, *Senior, Plymouth High School, Plymouth, N. H., says:*

"I scrubbed and tried all kinds of remedies, but the blemishes stayed. Then I heard how well Clearasil worked for other girls like myself. Now, every time I look in the mirror, I thank Clearasil for the way it cleared my complexion."

Judy Geyer

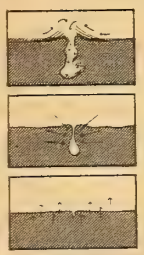
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LARGEST-SELLING PIMPLE MEDICATION BECAUSE IT *REALLY* WORKS

Conversation with a 'Trapped Animal'

(*Continued from page 39*)

"I never said that," she said. "But somebody dreamed it up and printed it and I got accused of insulting the country. Some of those people accused me of everything. I missed a press conference one day and they printed such terrible things that people booed me when I left the hotel.

"I couldn't wait till it was all over," she said. "I couldn't wait."

"You'll get over it," I said.

Ava nodded, and smiled again.

"I get over everything in time, I guess," she said.

Then, as the smile began to lessen, she said, "Except, I guess, some things."

"Like?" I asked.

She thought for a moment.

"Like some of the men I've known recently, men who've pretended to like me and who've taken me out, but who—deep down—are only interested in which newspaper column our date is going to be printed up in, in which photographer is going to be nearby to record our big date for all posterity.

"Cheats," Ava said. "The world is full of them. Everybody cheats. Or almost everybody. From Hollywood to Rome to Timbuctoo."

Again she shook her head.

"Don't get me wrong," she said, "it's not only other people who make me mad. It's me, too—me myself. It's—"

The waiter interrupted her as he came to the table with the drinks she'd ordered.

After the ritual of preparing them, he served them, and then he bowed slightly and left.

"It's me, too, who makes me mad," Ava said, after taking a long swallow from her glass. "Oh, some of the memories I have of myself."

She took another swallow, and then she laid the glass down on the table.

"I was so selfish with my mother, for one thing—till the day she died," she said. "So selfish.

"I was twenty-one. I'd landed in Hollywood three years before. Nothing much was happening. But I was there, making fifty whole dollars a week, and away from North Carolina and the poorness and the dirt and everything. And then I got this message from home. Mama was dying of cancer. She'd had it a long time now, the message said, and she was taking it well. She never complained. She took nothing for it either, except aspirin. I didn't know how she endured that pain. I couldn't have. But anyway she did, for a couple of years. And knowing she was sick, I thought to myself that I should go home and be with her. But did I?

"No," she said. "I knew I should have been with her. But I was so selfish. I was interested only in myself . . ."

Her voice trailed off and there was a moment of silence which seemed endless. I watched Ava clench her hands until the knuckles turned white, and when I could stand the silence no longer, I said, "What really happened between you and your mother, Ava?"

She raised her head and our eyes met and held. Her lips quivered and she finally began to speak.

"It all began one night, on the farm where we lived, in North Carolina. I was fifteen, I think, or almost fifteen—a tall self-conscious girl, 'that big girl with the pretty hair,' they used to call me. And there was this boy. He was my first date. He took me to a dance in town that night. I was so happy. He was nice and he had a car—his family wasn't anything near as poor as we were—and I thought, *Boy, I'm a lucky girl, having a nice fellow like this take me out.* And when the evening was over and he walked me onto the porch, he asked if he could kiss me. I said, 'Yes, I'd like that'—because I liked him and I was happy. And I remember how, in the middle of the kiss, my mother walked out onto the porch and she screamed, 'Ava, what are you doing?' Then she chased the boy away and she had a talk with me. And the things she called me and that boy, they don't bear repeating now . . . But I remember I was scared. And I remember going to my room after that and scrubbing my face and hands over and over, trying to wash off some of the dirt I was sure I'd contracted from that kiss . . . And after that—it's funny, but after that, for a while, I didn't seem interested in boyfriends. And I was hurt with what my mother had said to me. I guess in some weird way I thought I was getting back at her by not going home. My God, isn't that awful! And so I stayed in Hollywood instead of going home to her. And when I got the news she was dead, I cried. And I said, 'Mama, I really loved you so much. I miss you, Mama. I want you back. I should have been with you, Mama. I *know* that!' . . . Except it was too late.



FRANKIE AVALON

I like girls who look natural. You know, let a little skin show instead of burying their faces under an inch of make-up. For example, I like that girl on the cover of **INGENUE** *Magazine. But everyone to his own taste. What do you say, Jimmy?*

(See what Jimmy Darren has to say on page 71.)

"Then," she said, "then I got married. One and two and three—poof."

She picked up her glass and took another swallow, finishing off her drink this time.

Her face looked flushed now. Her eyes less clear. "Three marriages—three flops."

And then, suddenly, she reached across the table and put her hand on mine.

"You know," she said, "this is going to sound so terribly corny. But yes, I'd like to get married again and I'd like it to be happy and right and all that. But most of all, most of all, I'd want a baby out of my marriage."

I could see the tears beginning to form in her eyes.

"I've always wanted a baby," she went on. "People think I've been blessed with so much. But—"

She removed her hand from mine and brought it up to her eyes and began to wipe away the tears.

"Say something, quick," she said, "before I really start bawling."

I fumbled around with some words.

"How's it been here in Spain, these past five years?"

"It's—it's been happy," she said, bringing down her hand. "They leave me alone here, for one thing. I can walk around the streets of Madrid, the biggest streets; I can go into the shops or a theater and almost nobody looks or comes up and asks stupid questions and bothers me.

"And I have my house, a small place—five rooms, a terrace, and privacy, good wonderful privacy.

"And Bea, my sister, is with me a lot of the time.

"And people come visit me—friends here in Spain and people like you, people I really like, from back home.

"And I have my books.

"And my music—my records and the real music, the music of the people and of this country.

"And I feel here that I can take off my shoes whenever I want, like a girl back on the farm, like the girl in North Carolina I used to be, really—the strange little hillbilly I guess I was and always will be. . . .

"The strange little hillbilly," she repeated, wistfully, as if the words themselves brought back certain memories that she could only half-remember.

"The strange little hillbilly. . . ."

At that moment, two men entered the cabaret.

Both were dark, obviously gypsies, and one carried a guitar.

"Señorita Ava," they both cried out when they saw her and as they came rushing over to the table.

Ava spent a few minutes listening to the two welcome her.

Then, putting up her hand, she said, "*Gracias, gracias,* my old friends. Now how about a little music to really welcome me."

"*Si,*" they both said happily. "*Si.*"

And with that, they took a few steps back and the man with the guitar began to strum his instrument and the other began to sing.

It was a fast, pulsating song they performed—Andalusian, wild and primitive, as wild and primitive as the Southern mountain country where it was conceived.

"Aren't they wonderful?" Ava asked, almost to herself, after a while.

I turned to look at her, as she continued to watch the two gypsies.

I noticed, immediately, that for the first time in that past hour she seemed relaxed, her eyes, her expression, her body—all the tenseness that had been hanging heavily upon her gone, suddenly, completely.

I watched her, a moment later, as she rose from her chair.

I shook my head as she asked, "Do you mind if I dance? . . . I just feel like dancing . . Anyway, I've been talking too much and it's time for a change. Okay?"

I watched her as she kicked off her shoes, as she walked away from the table, as she began to dance—tapping her right foot at first, in time with the music; then, like the music, exploding into a gypsy frenzy of quick steps and twirls, and clapping her hands and giving out with throaty shouts of *olé.*

The waiter walked over to our table a few minutes later.

"Another drink, Señor, while you wait?" he asked. "The señorita will want another when she is finished. I know."

"All right," I said. "Bring two more."

Then I turned to watch Ava, twirling and clapping her hands and shouting her *olés,* her bare feet hitting hard against the ground, a strange and magnificent creature, part hillbilly, part empress, strange and magnificent and lost and sad—a beautiful female animal trapped in her own misery, whose desperate dance of escape will probably never free her from the chains of unfulfillment. **END**

See Ava in United Artists' On The Beach.

Who's Frankie, My Darling?

(Continued from page 50)

there Frankie was, sitting on a long wooden bench. Soon as he saw me he jumped and came over.

"Hi . . ." Frankie said.

I could barely say "Hi" because he looked so groovy.

Suddenly we were in a taxi. The stranger turned out to be Frankie's manager, and he said we had an hour to kill.

"Why don't we ride through Central Park?" the manager suggested.

"Okay," I said.

After a moment of quiet, Frankie spoke. "Hey, Con," he said, "do you like Frank Sinatra?"

"Frank Sinatra!" I almost shouted. "I *love* him. He's my favorite singer. For my birthday I'm buying nothing but Frank Sinatra albums."

"You kiddin'?"

"Huh-uh," I said.

That was it, the icebreaker. From then on we talked about Frank Sinatra—his albums, the way he dressed (Frankie said he liked the way his shirt cuffs peeked out from his jackets), his personal life.

In a while, as the December snow fell on the bare dark hills of the Park, we drove toward 59th Street. It was nearly premiere time.

Frankie and I both swooned when we arrived at the Roxy Theatre. We had never seen so many big spotlights. Right behind us we noticed Joan Collins, Robert Wagner, Tab Hunter. The fans were all shook up over the celebs, but they never looked at us once. We were nobodies.

Frankie looked like a living doll. He was wearing a bright tomato-red blazer, grey flannels and white bucks.

"Hey, Con," he said, "do you think somebody might look at my white bucks and think I'm Pat Boone and maybe ask for my autograph?"

We had a good laugh over that.

When we sat down, I reached into my purse for my eyeglasses, and, just like a clumsy fool, I dropped them on the floor. I was nervous, I guess, since I'd never been to a premiere. So Frankie, good old Frankie, crawled on his knees and kept fumbling for them. And I kept worrying about his clean white bucks getting dirty. But Frankie didn't give up until he found my glasses.

After the movie, Frankie said, "Gee, Con, someday I'd love to act in a Hollywood film."

"I'll bet you will someday, Frankie."

"Oh, Con," he said in a woebegone voice, "I'm disgusted. I've been in this business all my life, and I'm nowhere. I've had a teenage night club, danced on the *Jackie Gleason Show*. Everyone's said, 'Frankie, you're made! You're in!' But nothing's happened. I haven't had one hit record, and I'm just a big fat failure!"

"Oh Frankie," I said, a bit depressed myself, "it's the same story with me. When I was twelve I sang on *Arthur Godfrey's Talent Scouts*, and everybody kept telling me I was a hit. But I'm nowhere. I'm going to give it all up. It's such a tough business, and I've been breaking my neck for some luck, but no go. I haven't had a hit either. If my record, *Who's Sorry Now*, doesn't take off, I'm kissing the whole record business good-bye. My record's been out a month now and, so far, nothing's happened. I think I'll go to college and study philosophy."

"Con, I know just how you feel," Frankie sympathized. "My record *De De Dinah* is out, and it hasn't taken off either, so I think I'll go to school, too. . . ."

"You wanna shake on that?" I asked.

"Okay!" Frankie agreed, and we shook.

Outside, the newspaper photographers were taking hundreds of flash pictures of Pat Boone, Tab Hunter, Joan Collins—all the celebs. The big brass band from Columbia University was playing lively marching songs, and everybody was screaming, but nobody, not one person, turned to look or nod at Frankie or me.

I could tell Frankie felt funny, so I said, "Frankie, you're a star. To me!"

"Con," he smiled. "You're a star, too. I've been wanting to tell you I just love your dress. It's beautiful!"

I flipped. He noticed my dress! So I promised myself silently to wear it the next time I saw him.

February, 1958

Dear Diary,

I've just come from a big party at the fabulous St. Regis Roof which is decorated with crystal chandeliers and silky pink wallpaper. I wore my dress for Frankie. I had heard he was going to be there. . . .

We ran smack into each other at the party, and soon as Frankie saw me, he said, "Hey, Miss Francis!" I did a double-take. Why was he so formal? "May I please have your autograph?"

I got the message. So I smiled and said, "Hey, Mr. Avalon, may I please have yours?"

Why? Well, both our records had taken off like skyrockets. For the first time people crowded around us, wanting to know what it felt like having a hit record.

Frankie whispered to me, "Hey, Con, it's taken us a whole lifetime, huh, but we've made it!"

January, 1959

Dear Diary,

Gee, I felt awful when Frankie told me the boys were making fun of him. All through the rock-and-roll show at the Loew's State the fellows hissed, and Frankie hated to go out on stage. . . .

I didn't have any inkling about all this until that first night of the show when I was sipping a Coke backstage. I saw Frankie coming down the stairs looking so sad and gloomy.

"Hey, Frankie, what's the matter?"

"Oh, Con," he said, drawing a deep breath, "I'll be all right."

"But . . . but you look so down in the dumps?"

"Well," he hedged. "They . . . they don't like me out there."

"What?" I said, stunned.

"The fellows, they're hissing. . . ."

"Listen, Frankie," I said, fighting mad, "they're just jealous!"

"You think so, Con?" he asked, his eyes looking into mine for a moment.

"Absolutely!" I said. "Don't worry about it, Frankie. Just go out there and do your best and have a ball!"

It was nice being able to help Frankie a little bit. He's shy, and needs a boost now and then.

February, 1959

Dear Diary,

Mom and my secretary, Pigeon, and I were hungry for a good spaghetti dinner, so we called Mrs. Avalone in Philly and said, "How's about it? You in the mood for some hungry company?"

Frankie's mom makes sensational spaghetti, and she's so happy when people come over for a visit—and dig in. . . .

Frankie was there. He had just come back from the coast. So Pigeon, who's a wild Frankie fan, decided to pick up some

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gossip. She'd get a chance to hear the latest.

"Hey, Frankie," she asked at the dinner table (we were all gorging ourselves on spaghetti, meatballs, sliced tomatoes and homemade Italian bread), "what did you do in Hollywood?"

"Pigeon," Frankie said, "I had a great time. I dated Annette and Marianne Gaba, and I met Ricky!"

"Tell us about Annette and Marianne! They're such dolls," Pigeon said.

"You know me, Pidge," Frankie said. "I don't care what gals look like. I go for a girl's way with a guy."

"Attaboy, Frankie!" I cheered.

Then we went into the living room to watch television. Pigeon saw a picture of a gorgeous blonde on the mantel. She was wearing a tight sweater and short-shorts. The picture was inscribed, *To Frankie . . . I love you, even though you don't think I'm sexy.*

I saw Pigeon turn green.

"Frankie?" she asked, trying not to sound hurt. "Who . . . who's *that?*"

"Just a fan," Frankie smiled. "Hey, Pidge, why don't we go for a ride, huh? I have my new Thunderbird outside. You, too, Con! Come on!"

But I let Pigeon go with Frankie. I figured she'd get a chance to talk to him alone, and it would be a memory she would cherish for always.

April, 1959

Dear Diary,

Frankie, Pigeon and I drove to Albany, New York, in a big black Caddy with a chauffeur. We were invited to appear at the Catholic Youth benefit. . . .

When we arrived in Albany, a priest met us and told us we were going to meet the Bishop.

"But what am I supposed to do when we meet him?" Frankie asked.

"You kneel on one knee and kiss the Bishop's ring," the Father told us.

When we met the Bishop, we kissed his ring. And when we stood up from our kneeling position, the Bishop asked us for our autographs. We were surprised. "I want them for my nephews," he told us.

The Bishop blessed us then, and Pigeon, who's not a Catholic, asked for a blessing too.

The benefit was held in a huge field house, and it was a smash. Afterward, we drove all the way to New York in the Caddy. By accident a window was broken by the fans when we left, and the car was cold. We decided to stop at a roadside restaurant for some Italian food to warm us up. Frankie ordered veal parmigiana (one of his favorite dishes), and Pigeon and I had pizza.

When we got back to the car, the night had gotten colder. Frankie curled in a corner of the back seat and tried to sleep. It was late and we were all tired. But he was chilly. Pigeon and I saw him shiver. So we took off our coats and put them over him so he'd be warm, and Pigeon and I huddled next to each other so we wouldn't be cold.

Frankie looked dreamy sleeping in the corner. Pigeon and I swooned. How can a gal fall asleep when Frankie's in the same car with her? So Pigeon and I whispered all the way home about what an angel Frankie was, how proud we were to be his friends and how we wished his success would grow and grow and grow.

Because once you know Frankie Shy-Guy you realize he's not only the Most.

More than that.

He's the Greatest! **END**

The song FRANKIE *is used by permission of Aldon Music, Inc., Nevins-Kirshner Assoc.*

I Stole My Baby

(*Continued from page 43*)

that I can see him in the morning like this."

A soft smile had lingered on the pretty face of this young mother as she talked of her little boy. Now she grew serious and said, "I did. I stole my son because I wanted him. Every mother should have her baby with her. It seemed that the only way I could have my baby was to steal him. So I did. There is a contempt charge against me in Memphis, Tennessee, because I took my little boy away with me. If I return I can be fined—or jailed. I don't like to defy the law. But I had to have my little boy. Is this a crime?"

"It had been many months—almost a year—since I'd had my little boy with me," Stella went on. "All the time I was making good in Hollywood this past year, getting started on a movie career, my joy was mixed with a deep sadness. I'd been in Hollywood only a short while when I was signed by 20th and became busy in pictures. It all happened very quickly and it was wonderful. People at the studio would come up to me and say, 'My, you're a lucky girl, Stella. You're making the grade so fast. You must be real happy.' But I wasn't happy. Because even while I was acting in front of the camera, even while my agent was telling me about this and that role coming up for me, my mind kept turning, always, to a little tow-headed two-year old boy with round, blue eyes, thousands of miles away in Memphis.

"I was going along like this, feeling that the most important thing in my life was to have him, but waiting for the right time to get him.

"Then, one night, something happened to make me determined to have my baby with me without waiting any longer. I'd gone with a friend to see *Hole in the Head.* When I saw Frank Sinatra and that cute little boy, Eddie Hodges, I started to cry. Everyone else was laughing at the funny things going on between Frank and that adorable little boy. But in Eddie's innocent, child's eyes I saw the big, round eyes of my own little boy. I couldn't control my tears. I had a consuming desire to be with my own little boy, and I couldn't wait another month—not another day. The court hearings for the purpose of permitting me to take my own son out of Memphis to live with me seemed to go on forever. I had to have him with me right now.

"That night I did a daring thing. Only it didn't seem like a daring thing to me at the time. It seemed like a natural thing. I hopped on a plane and flew to Memphis so that I could see my son and take him back with me. In doing that I may have defied the laws. I wasn't thinking of that"

My heart went out to Stella. She looked so forlorn, remembering.

"Why was it necessary for me to have to steal my own son in the first place? Why wasn't he living with me?

How it began

"I guess it all started because I married too young. I was only fifteen when I married Herman Stephens. He was eighteen. We'd been going steady for several years and it just seemed natural that we'd marry. One night we drove to Holly Springs, Mississippi, and got married.

"Even though it's not uncommon for girls in the South to marry young, we kept our marriage secret because we thought our parents would object.

"When I learned a few months later that I was going to have a baby, we told our folks. I guess I should have been frightened at the thought of becoming a mother at sixteen, but I wasn't. Although I was married only four months, I was becoming bored. Herman was an electrician and was away all day and would come home tired. Taking care of our little house in Memphis wasn't enough to keep me stimulated. Most of my friends were still at Tech High School and I couldn't mingle with the older married set.

"Having a baby would give me something to do—someone to love. It would fill my life. I looked forward eagerly to having a baby.

"After Andy was born, everyone was surprised to see me settle down so easily to taking care of him.

"But the truth was that I was 100 percent absorbed in my baby not only because I loved him dearly—but because my husband and I had fallen out of love with each other.

"We were too young when we married. The thrills during dating didn't carry over into marriage. We had nothing in common. Funny how we didn't recognize that during the time we were dating. I wanted to make something of my life. I didn't want to spend the rest of my days washing dishes; nights sitting in front of the TV while my husband snoozed. Also Herman had done some boxing and he couldn't seem to confine his fighting to the Golden Gloves ring. Two arrests went on his record. I was terribly disillusioned. I wanted to go back to school, even to college, to improve myself. My husband laughed when I told him that.

"We began to quarrel. One night, after one of these quarrels, he walked out.

"Our marriage was over. I was awarded full custody of the baby, along with $35 a month child support and $15 alimony. I was determined that Andy should have a chance in life, and to do that I knew I'd have to go back to school—nights. I took care of my baby during the day. Both my parents worked—my father, Mr. Eggleston, as a foreman at International Harvester, and my mother as a nurse at Kennedy Veterans Hospital. They baby-sat at night.

I worked very hard at school. I wanted to have a career—I wasn't sure what. I'd never dreamed of becoming an actress. But when I entered Memphis State University and worked in the Drama Club, things opened up for me.

"A Hollywood publicity agent, Irving Shiffren, who was in Memphis briefly on a promotion deal for *God's Little Acre,* saw me at a fashion show when I was modeling at Goldsmith's Department store, and told me he could arrange a screen test for me if I came to Hollywood.

"I could hardly believe him. Besides, I wanted to learn more about acting. A few months later, after doing more local plays, I thought I'd take him up on the screen test offer. Borrowing some money from my parents, I kissed my baby good-bye (my folks were going to watch him while I was gone) and I took off for Hollywood. For a month, I thought.

"Then," said Stella, smiling, "a miracle happened. There *was* a test waiting for me at 20th. Dick Powell directed it. And twenty-one days later I had a contract.

"I was thrilled. My heart was just about ready to burst. And immediately I thought, *I'll rent a little house for my baby and me.*

"But although I had custody of my boy, I wasn't allowed to take him out of the state of Tennessee except by special court order. I wanted permission to take my baby out of Memphis so that he could live

with me, but his father objected.

"Again and again there were snags in my court hearing to get legal permission to take my baby with me. There were postponements, and there were times I couldn't make the trial because I was busy working in pictures. After *Say One For Me,* I went directly into *Blue Angel.*

"It was almost a year since I'd been with my baby. I was hungry for the sight and touch of him. But still, I couldn't leave Hollywood or I'd lose the headway I'd begun to make. One day I was told I'd have to go to Oklahoma City for a personal appearance. Oklahoma City was only 500 miles away from Memphis. I called my parents and asked them to bring Andy to me there so that I could see him again.

"My time was filled almost every minute with appointments set up by the studio while I was in Oklahoma City. But I worked every angle to see my son. When I was in a parade, I arranged with my parents to hold him up at a certain street corner so that I could see him and blow him some special kisses. I slipped out of a big civic dinner, where I was one of the guests of honor, so that I could have dinner with my baby. Then my parents drove back to Memphis with him, and I flew back to Hollywood.

"The two days with my baby were like a teaser: I knew I had to have my child with me."

Nevertheless, this could be resolved only by a court trial.



JIMMY DARREN: *I like a girl who's really with it, up-to-the-minute and maybe just one step ahead of the crowd. For instance, a girl who knows what's new and what's interesting—a girl who reads* **INGENUE.** *What's your type, Sal?*

(See what Sal Mineo has to say on page 80.)

"In March," Stella went on, "I flew back to Memphis for the hearing, believing that I'd be able to bring Andy back with me. I'd even rented a house in Beverly Hills with a big back yard and a room, that would be his, that had knotty pine walls and murals of cowboys on it. But I came back alone. The trial had been postponed again.

"It wasn't only my own emotions that were involved, but Andy's," Stella explained. "I noticed when I saw Andy the last time, he seemed to be confused. He couldn't understand why his mother wasn't with him all the time. Somehow, he was beginning to get the feeling that his mommy didn't love him. I didn't want him to feel rejected, and yet the more we were apart, the more confused he became.

"When I had to go back to Hollywood, after the hearing had been postponed in Memphis, Andy took it as hard as I did. He ran after me at the airport crying, 'Mommy, Mommy, don't leave me.' He was right behind me, tugging at my skirt. I was blind with tears myself, but forced myself to run into the plane. He climbed into the plane after me. We were both crying, and finally my parents had to pull Andy off. I looked out the window, and through the blur managed to see my little boy kicking and crying. I was sick.

"Back in Hollywood I got the news that I was going into the lead in *Li'l Abner.* I was happy about that, of course, but I couldn't forget the sight of my little boy.

"When I made my decision, I had to work fast. I had to be at work early Monday morning."

That very night Stella got on a plane for Memphis. She used another name—Florrie Williams, who was another Fox player—so that no one in her home town would know she was there. Luckily, it was raining that early Sunday morning and no one was around. She bent her head low against the rain and went out the side door of the airport. The taxi driver didn't recognize the tall, blonde girl, carrying a suitcase, who crouched in the back of his cab. The suitcase Stella was carrying was empty. "It was for Andy's clothes," she said simply. "I was going to fill it and take him back with me.

"All Sunday I stayed in my mother's house and scarcely moved. I didn't even walk around, for fear someone might see me through the windows. I just sat in a corner and played with Andy. I was afraid something might happen—any little thing that would tip off the neighbors to the fact that I was there. I didn't want anything to hold me up.

"There was a plane leaving for Los Angeles late that night. I held Andy and said, 'You're going home with Mommy.' 'That's good,' he said. 'And we'll never be separated again,' I said. 'Mommy will never leave you.' 'That's *very* good,' he said.

"It was just before midnight when I slipped out of the house with Andy. He was sleeping, and I was grateful for that. At least, he wouldn't be making any sounds to attract attention. I wore toreador pants and a shirt so that I could go straight to the studio when we landed in L.A.

"At the airport, we didn't go through the lobby, but sneaked in by the side entrance. A girl I'd gone to school with happened to be at the airport that night and spotted me. 'Estelle,' she called. 'Wait for me. I want to see you.' I held Andy tighter and ran. Sitting in the plane I prayed, 'Dear God, let this plane go up. Let me bring my baby home with me.'

"It was only after we got up in the air that I was able to breathe again. I held Andy in my arms all the way. I couldn't sleep. It was the fear that I might not be able to make the trip home, that someone or something might stop us. We had to stop at Dallas. I locked myself up in the ladies' room with my boy, then came out at takeoff time.

"Although I hadn't slept in two nights, when I got off the plane in Los Angeles I wasn't one bit tired. For the first time in a year, I was completely happy. I turned Andy over to a wonderful English nursemaid I'd hired. Then I drove to Paramount and worked. When I got home I had dinner with my son. It was the happiest night of my life.

"There's a contempt charge against me in Memphis. My parents were thrown in jail after I left, and charged with conspiracy. They were cleared, but not before they had to put up $1000 bond apiece.

"My case came up again this July and I couldn't be there, so my husband was awarded full custody of Andy. I was told that sympathy in town was with him. It wasn't at first, because he had married and divorced another fifteen-year-old girl since our break-up and people didn't consider him a good father. But now the town felt I was wrong because I'd taken Andy away with me. If I return to Memphis I can be jailed. I won't go back.

"I stole my son. I'll pay whatever price there is to pay. But I'll never let my baby go." **END**

Stella is featured in Paramount's Li'l Abner.



Sal Mineo and the Little Blind Girl

(*Continued from page 41*)

she's cute as a button. But to me she's beautiful. She has a very soft quality in her face, a high forehead—the kind you see in the paintings by the old masters of Renaissance women—and pale eyes and tender lips.

We met backstage at the Palace Theater in Flint, Michigan, when I was on tour a while back. I was prepared for our meeting in one sense. Sharon had sent a letter in Braille to the theater and I got it that Saturday afternoon when I arrived. Her cousin, Judy Murphy, had written an explanation of the Braille in longhand under each of Sharon's sentences.

This is what she said:

Dear Sal,

We are two girls who just saw you on American Bandstand and thought you were great! As you said, "The looks and color of hair don't matter but the girl's personality does." We wish more boys would take that attitude.

We know you are coming to Flint, Saturday and you are appearing at the Palace. We are not sure we will be able to attend your appearance but sincerely hope to if possible.

Would you please send us two pictures and if you have any spare would you please call us between 12:00 A.M. and 8:00 P.M. Saturday. If you do not call we will understand. If you do call call at Cedar 5-2480. If you would do this we would know you received our letter. We know we will enjoy your new movie "The Young Don't Cry." We also enjoy your new field recording, and would enjoy you in a musical movie.

We hope to see or hear from you.

Sincerely,

Sharon Meredith [14]
Judy Murphy [16]

Sharon even tried to write her name in ink, and I was touched by her determination.

Strangely enough, the letter made me feel uneasy. I don't know why, but it did. Maybe it was because I just wasn't sure of how I should behave. I always like to look into people's eyes when I talk to them, and suddenly I was going to have to make contact with someone whose eyes couldn't look back into mine.

That afternoon when I finished my speech on stage, I returned to my dressing room and wondered about how I'd face Sharon.

But before I had a chance to think too much, my brother Victor knocked on the door and said, "Sal, you have some visitors."

There was a tight thick feeling in my heart. Anxious as I was to meet Sharon and Judy, I could barely answer Victor to say, "Show them in."

When the door opened, Victor stood in the doorway and the two girls, dressed in colored blouses and skirts, walked into the room. Judy led Sharon by the hand.

"Hello," I managed.

Sharon smiled. "Is . . . is that Sal?"

"Yes," I said. "It's me . . . Sal Mineo."

Judy's eyes, wide and bright, stared at me. "Yes, Sharon," she said. "It's Sal!"

A photographer who was covering the personal appearance tour stopped by the dressing room for backstage shots.

"Not now," I told him. "I have visitors."

He said he'd wait.

"Oh, Sal," Sharon sighed, "I . . . I wish I could see you!"

Her words sent a chill through me. I closed my eyes and, for that moment, I suddenly imagined myself never being able to see again. Never able to see the sparkle of stars in a dark sky, the pink fire of the morning sun, the jewel greens of the trees shimmering in the peak of summer, the easy smile of a laughing child, the faces of my parents and grandparents.

Imagine living in a world of total darkness, never knowing the colors and shapes and expressions of life!

Trembling, I couldn't answer Sharon. My throat was parched. Again Sharon said, "Oh, Sal, I wish—just for one second—that I could see you, that I could have one quick look!"

Tears flooded my eyes and rolled down my cheeks, and I fell on my knees before her. I took her soft hands in mine, and put them on my face.

Gently, she patted my cheeks, my forehead, my chin. I wanted her hands to know the way I looked.

"Sal," she said whispering, "you're crying!"

I nodded.

"Oh, Sal," she said, "please don't cry. I'm so happy to be with you—just for this little while. Please try to be happy, too!

I wiped away my tears, but I couldn't stop them.

I told her I was happy we met. Looking up at her, I saw her face light up. It had saintly radiance, almost a divine glow.

Smiling, I held her hand to my cheek, and the photographer—he had tears in his eyes, too— asked if he could take the picture.

"I've never been so moved in my life," he said. . .

People I'd never see again

The photographing over, Sharon, Judy and I talked about films and recording stars.

"I have all of your records," Sharon told me.

I asked if she had a phonograph of her own in her room.

"No, we have an old one at home. But it plays all right," she said cheerfully.

Victor offered to order Cokes and cookies from the nearby drugstore. In a while we were in the midst of a good gab session, talking about everything from my mom's pizza pie to the cool lake breezes in Michigan.

Finally, Judy said, "I hate to be the one to say it, but it's almost six o'clock, and Sharon, we've got to get back in time for supper or else everyone'll be worried."

Before I knew it we were saying goodbye. Victor and I went to the bus stop with Sharon and Judy. The sun was sinking in the sky, and I began to feel a little sad. *What a funny business I'm in,* I told myself. *Here today, gone tomorrow, meeting wonderful people I might never see again. . . .*

Victor and I walked a little through the streets of Flint. We passed an appliance shop. The owner was in the midst of closing up, but I persuaded him to take an order. I had Sharon's letter in my suit pocket, and I told him I wanted a hi-fi phonograph delivered to her address as a gift from me.

That next morning we left Michigan and flew on to our next stop. But one thing stayed with me: the sweet, radiant joy in Sharon's face. . . .

It wasn't long after my afternoon with Sharon that I had another reason, a very serious one, to cherish the privilege of meeting that courageous girl. A strange affliction hit my eye, putting me in a state of terror and misery whenever I got overtired. Finally my doctors told me there was only one way to correct it: surgery.

After the operation, as I lay in constant pain in the hospital, not daring to think of what might happen when they took the bandages off, I thought back to a brave blind girl who asked me to be happy.

And her words gave me comfort while I prayed to God for healing and recovery.

I will never forget her—Sharon Meredith, the little blind girl who changed my life. . . . **END**

See Sal in Columbia's THE GENE KRUPA STORY.

Why I Had to End My Love Affair with Edd Byrnes

(*Continued from page 37*)

"Let's go out and have a cup of coffee," she suggested.

He shook his head.

"Oh, Edd . . . I wish you'd take me out for coffee."

Again that shake of the head.

"I just want to mosey home. Thanks for trying to cheer me up, but it won't work."

The girl bit her lips. *I've seen him through these moods before,"* she thought. *He's blue . . . I've got to get him out of it or he's sunk.*

She smiled up at him. "Well, certainly you'll walk to the corner with me and buy me a pack of cigarettes. I'm all out. Surely, you can give me five more minutes. . . ."

"Nope," he said quietly. "No, doll. Don't ask me why, but I've got to go."

Inside the apartment, Asa Maynor stood leaning against the door, trying to understand. Most of the time it was easy to understand Edd. But sometimes she couldn't. Like tonight—just running off this way.

The phone rang.

Edd's voice, apologetic.

"Honey, don't be mad at me. . . ."

"I'm not, Edd. But I *am* hurt. Why did you run off that way?"

"I was too embarrassed to tell you, baby. But when you asked me for a cup of coffee, I didn't have a dime—not two skinny nickels to rub against each other—to buy you a cup of coffee. And I was ashamed. Some day I'll be able to buy you dinner at Romanoff's, just like that. But doll, tonight I couldn't even buy you a cup of coffee. . . ."

Today, Edd can buy the fancy dinner he was talking about. For years, Asa Maynor stood by Edd, encouraging him, bolstering up his faith in himself, sharing his hopes and dreams.

Today, the day they'd been waiting and struggling for is apparently here. At last they could face the world together. . . .

But can they? As Edd stands on the brink of a wonderful career, he'd be foolish to

risk his new found fame by getting tied up with any one girl. That's why you're apt to see Edd posing in publicity layouts with Judi Meredith, Connie Stevens and other beautiful film girls. But Asa knows him best.

If Asa is unhappy about it, she hides it. She tries to understand. She says, "Before Edd was famous, he didn't have to go out on so many interviews and dates connected with his work. To get married would be bad for his career right now; and also bad for mine. I'm always working at my career as an actress; he's all wrapped up in his.

"He's an idol, and the road is rocky for the girl friend of an idol. It's very trying to find your personal friend everyone's idol. You might think a girl would be flattered at the knowledge that nearly every girl in town would like to be in her place. But they don't know.

"Before Edd was famous, he didn't have to go out on publicity dates. Now he does. So I sit and dream about the days when everything seemed so different, and I realize that those weren't really difficult days at all. Because in those days the future belonged to both of us. Now it doesn't.

Back in the poor days

"I first met Edd when we were in a *Matinee* TV show together. I noticed him right away. He was so handsome, and had that cute, cocky grin that other girls are crazy about now. He took me home and that was when it happened—the friendship that has meant so much to me, and I hope to him.

"Edd was trying to become an actor and sometimes it was very disheartening. He'd just come from New York and was living on what he was earning, and on his small savings from the days in New York when he drove an ice truck. Sometimes in Hollywood he'd get a day's work as an actor—and then he'd be at liberty for a whole month, with no money to count on.

"Edd was terribly close-mouthed at the beginning, and told me very little about himself.

"One day I came to his place and noticed that his Hi-Fi was not there.

" 'Where is it?' I asked.

" 'Oh, in storage,' he said.

"Another day I noticed a watch on his arm I'd never seen before. 'New?' I asked.

" 'No,' he said, looking a little embarrassed. 'I just got it out of storage.'

"Finally, I was with him one day when he drove to a pawn shop. He didn't make any explanation of why he wanted to stop there, but he came out with a tuxedo.

"Afterwards, he broke down and told me the truth. That was when I learned for the first time that when Edd had anything 'in storage' or 'at the cleaner's' it was usually in hock.

"Edd always had to buy the best. When he got paid for a day's work he was a millionaire for that day. No matter how broke he was, he'd buy the best suit, the finest cuff links he could afford, even if it meant living on coffee and doughnuts for dinner for weeks afterwards. But, except for the suit on his back, nearly all of his suits were 'in storage.' Once when he was in a Broadway play, he bought gold and sapphire cuff links. Those valuable cuff links brought him, from time to time, the money he needed to eat and live on. Then, whenever Edd was in the chips, he would take something out of storage.

"I'm sure that with all these financial problems it was very hard for Edd to keep his courage up. He told me very little of the struggle he was going through. He was too proud to talk about it.

"Once I was doing a little-theater play, *The Fifth Season.* I offered to try to get Edd a pass, but he wouldn't hear of it. Somehow he scraped together the money to buy the ticket—that was his pride.

"Our dates were simple. We'd take drives to the beach, walk along the beach, or sometimes splurge by playing miniature golf at twenty-five cents a game.

"Mostly, we enjoyed those walks by the ocean. Our walks were usually quiet. We talked a little, and virtually never argued. Early in our friendship, I discovered that Edd hates to argue. Maybe this goes back to his childhood. Edd was always close-mouthed about his family, as though trying to forget early hurts.

"However, I suppose no child ever passes through a childhood completely unscarred. Once I told Edd about an unhappy experience I'd had in my childhood. Fresh from the South, I'd moved with my family to Palo Alto, in northern California. Naturally, I still spoke with a heavy Southern accent. When the other kids heard me, they howled. Afterwards they all mimicked my accent. Youngsters can be very cruel, and I was very hurt.

"When I told Edd about it, he was quiet for a few minutes. Then it was as if a dam had broken down. He began to tell me about some of his own childhood, during which he had experienced many cruelties. Suddenly I felt I really understood him.

"For the first time I realized that he had had his problems as a teenager. He had been too shy and had an inferiority complex. In high school Edd majored in gymnastics, in the hope of winning the admiration of other schoolmates. Later on, he wanted to act, not only to earn a living, but also because in playing roles he could forget his own personality.

"One day when we were at the beach, he leaped around like a kid, stood on his hands, and turned handsprings. Knowing how lonely he'd once been, my heart warmed at the spectacle of Edd showing off like a small boy.

"One of the most revealing moments in our lives occurred just about a year ago. Edd was still having rough going then. One night he broke down and cried, "When I think of all the fool things I've done in my life, I can't believe I'll ever be successful. It would be a miracle—but I've got to make it!"

And, as Asa and his fans know, he has made it.

But success brought strange new heartaches—both for himself and for Asa. . . .

One was the big day in Asa's life; Edd couldn't even be present. A contest was being held at a swank restaurant to pick *Miss Sunset Strip,* in which she was a contestant. Edd had told Asa he'd be there, but at the last minute he couldn't make it. He had to rehearse. "I won, and was awarded roses, prizes and made a speech," says Asa sadly. "But Edd wasn't there."

However, Edd is still loyal to Asa. Although he goes out with other girls on publicity dates, he tries to see Asa whenever he can. It was a very special occasion for Asa not long ago when Edd invited her to be with him for dinner and an evening at the fights.

For that evening, Asa was in her glory. She was with the man whom girls all over the country openly adore. On that evening, his eyes were only for her—as they used to be. . . .

But one evening is not enough to nourish a romance. The past is past and no girl can live on memories. Love can't survive on hope alone. Asa, who once would have given her heart away to Edd, thinks now of giving her heart its freedom again. Perhaps some day Edd will understand what his career and his hesitation can cost him. He will have lost a very real love! -END

See Edd in Warner's YELLOWSTONE KELLY.



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My Heart Is Owned By Three

(Continued from page 23)

loving heart he had arranged for this one.

I laughed and cried, for to me it seemed so wonderful—and so like Tony to do something sentimental and completely wacky for me. My daughter Kelly, noticing the excitement, asked, "Mommy, what's the matter? What does the airplane say?" I told her and then added, "Daddy did this for me."

One of our friends said, "Don't you think it would be wonderful to do something like this for Kelly's birthday?"

I said. "Well, maybe."

But I was just being polite. The surprise element was what made Tony's gesture so dear to me. To make the same gesture for a child barely able to understand its significance might come under the head of 'spoiling.' And this is something Tony and I don't want to do. What we would prefer, rather, is to raise our girls to be so charming that when they grow up, they'll marry men who are daring, imaginative and loving—men who will make gestures that will surprise their wives.

And if I may think that far ahead—I'm the kind of mother who sometimes does—I hope that my girls will be wives who will also be daring and imaginative.

I can remember when Tony used to praise me for looking and acting sexy. And thank heavens, he still feels that way. But though I hope that in Tony's eyes I'll always be glamorous, I think he sees a new phase of my personality since the children were born, just as he seems more mature to me.

Nor is it only Tony who sees this new set to my face, this new look in my eyes. We had company the other night—our good friends, Blake and Patty Edwards. Kelly, wearing her harem pajamas, came down to say good night. After Tony and I had kissed her good night, she went upstairs to her room.

After she left, Blake turned to me and said, "Janet, if you could just see the expression on your face when your children are with you! For you, everything stops then. The whole world is wiped out when you're with your children. You're no longer with us, but in a world of your own. It's corny. But it's there. I've seen it."

I don't know if Tony is as conscious as my friends are of this new 'mother' expression. When he sees me, the children are nearly always around, and I'm nearly always wearing my 'mother' face. He sees me when I'm disciplining them, when I'm changing their diapers, when I'm feeding them, when I'm wondering sometimes if I'm in danger of spoiling them.

Actually, I don't want Tony to see only my 'mother' face. Even though I love my girls devotedly, I know that I'm Tony's wife, too. And I want to be his wife, his companion, his sweetheart.

Many women, I know, become so fanatically attached to their children that they forget to be wives and sweethearts. And this kind of attachment in the end not only ruins their marriage, but deprives the children of the sweetness of being in a home where love reigns. For I doubt if any woman can hold her husband if he always takes a poor second or third place to their children. The heart is big enough to hold both kinds of love, and it is a foolish woman who forgets it.

When a mother has a career, or has a successful husband, there are two pitfalls. Sometimes she becomes so busy that she leaves the upbringing of her children entirely to nursemaids and governesses. And this won't do, for children must know that their parents love them. On the other hand, if I were just slavishly attached to my children, it would be bad for them and for me.

I want to be a modern woman, loved by my husband, and adoring him, also. If a woman is too attached to her children. giving them every bit of her time, then when her girls grow older she lets her own personal life fade in order to be with them all the time. What sort of life is that for them—or for her, either, for that matter. I want to keep up my own interests and my appearance, my own identity as a woman. In future years, this will be better for my two girls and myself.

Several times in the past year I've heard that I'm retiring so that I can devote all my time to my family. But this isn't true. You don't turn a career off and on like a faucet. At least I don't. Before the babies were born, I was a very ambitious girl. I made loads of pictures. I'm still ambitious to a point, but my career is relegated to different proportions in my life now. I don't have to make as many films as I once did. And I won't do any pictures that will take me away from Tony and the children.

Career vs family

After the baby, Jamie, was born, I was offered a number of scripts. These pictures would have taken me away from Tony and the girls—to Germany, Spain, Italy, even Yugoslavia. Some of these pictures would have been wonderful to make if I had no ties—but thank God for those ties that made me say no.

Though I'll still continue with my career, Tony's work comes first in our house. If Tony's career takes him to Europe, that's another thing. Then I'd pack and go with him, and take the children. If I didn't take the children with me, I'd die. No picture is worth it. And if I stayed home with the children and Tony flew alone to Europe, he would die inside a little. He must have some of his loved ones around.

I've already known the pangs of being parted from my children, but there will be more times when I'll have to face it. We try to stay together and travel together as a family, but it isn't always possible. I'll never forget the time we took Kelly, then just a little baby, with us to Europe when Tony and I were going to work in *The Vikings*. We stayed at a hotel in London, but when we had to go to Norway for the sea scenes, we decided that it would be best to leave the baby and the nurse in London. It would have been too rough for such a young baby to live on one of the fjords of Norway.

Every night I myself would call London to talk to the nurse. This wasn't easy. To get to the hotel that had the telephone, I had to fly into the mainland of Norway or take a boat every night. But it was worth it.

Then one day, when we were in the middle of a scene, one of the secretaries came on the set and told me, "We have a message for you, Janet. Your nurse got a call through and she says your baby is sick."

Here I was in a remote part of Europe. How could I get to London quickly to be with my sick baby? And how could I leave a production in the middle of shooting?

I was torn with indecision. I managed to get a plane to the mainland where I put through a call to a friend in London. I was in tears when I told her, "My baby's sick. I don't know what to do and I'm worried sick. Please go over and find out what's wrong and let me know." I stayed

by the phone waiting for her call to come through.

Finally, hours later, it did. I was almost a wreck. "Relax," said my friend, bless her. "The baby's not seriously sick at all. She threw up, but she's fine now. I guess the nurse got panicky."

Even though it's a wrenching thing for me to be away from my daughters for any length of time, I'm Tony's wife, too, and sometimes I have to make a choice: shall I stay with my children, or go off with my husband? It's not an easy decision.

Like the time when Tony had to go to Key West, Florida, last winter to make *Operation Petticoat*. I planned to join him there with Kelly. Jamie was only two months old and home with the nurse was best for her.

Then, just before we were to leave, Kelly came down with a virus. Tony had to go, but I stayed behind, hoping she would recover sufficiently so that I could take her with me. She did get well, but Dr. Zall told me, "I'd rather Kelly didn't go to Florida. Flying wouldn't be the best thing for her right now, and besides, I don't want her exposed to the dampness."

Should I stay at home with my children—or join my husband? For five moments I was undecided. But only for those five moments. I decided to join Tony. The children would be well cared for by the nurse. On the other hand, Tony needed me. He'd just been through a very rough time. His father had died. And before that, Tony and I had both been shaken due to the two accidents I'd had during my pregnancy, followed by the shock of learning our baby had to undergo surgery only thirteen days after birth. We'd seen her in danger, then watched with anxious eyes as she made a good recovery from her operation. After all this real-life drama, we were both wrecks. We needed a vacation. And we needed to be together, Tony and I. I know my Tony. When he's on location alone, he gets terribly depressed. I couldn't leave him in the middle of a location, to brood on the things that had happened.

So I kissed my babies good-bye, and flew off to be with my husband.

Second honeymoon

That visit with Tony was wonderful. When Tony was busy with his work, I took care of certain details for him. I took on some of the public relations chores. I had a ball being Miss Helicopter, Miss Jet, Miss Submarine. I got dunked in the ocean in a submarine, had a jet toss me in the ocean. And these publicity stunts got the name of the picture in the papers, which pleased Tony and the publicity department.

When Tony wasn't busy, we let off steam. We were like kids. I wouldn't have missed it for anything. We swam, fished, lazed in the sun. Tony relaxed as he never would have if I'd remained at home. We discovered each other all over again. It was like another honeymoon.

Even though I'd left our children behind, I think I did them the greatest favor. By getting off on this holiday, by both of us enjoying each other so much, we cemented our own marriage. Coming home refreshed and happier, we passed this happiness on to the children. . . .

A friend of mine asked her doctor wistfully, "I had an unhappy childhood. What can I do to make sure my children are happy?"

This wise man said, "Be happy yourself. Only a happy woman can make her children happy."

Some people might think, "Look at that Janet. Who couldn't make children happy with all that money!"

How wrong they are. Of course it's wonderful to have material blessings—if you know how to wring contentment from them. But I've seen many homes of wealthy parents where children feel rejected, forlorn and unhappy! And if the children are spoiled, they will be miserable later on. Nobody likes to mother a spoiled darling.

When parents have had to do without when they were young because of lack of money, they're often tempted to say, "I'll make up for all my deprivations. Everything I lacked, my children are going to have."

Then they buy them fantastic toys, send them to elaborate summer camps, buy them clothes by the dozen and cart them around to expensive ballet schools because that's what they wanted and couldn't have when they were children.

I don't want to do that sort of thing. I wanted desperately to go to a girls' camp when I was a youngster. But I couldn't go. My parents couldn't afford to send me. Besides, I was an only child and my mother was afraid to send me away from home. It was a childish yearning of mine to go, almost a frustration. It would be very easy for me to say to my own daughters, when they're old enough, "Look, I'm sending you to the finest camp. I'm sure you'll love it. It was just what I wanted and couldn't have when I was your age. See how lucky you are."

But suppose they don't want to go to camp. Suppose they'd rather spend the summer in our own back yard, which has a swimming pool and next year will have a tennis court. Wouldn't I be a ridiculous mother if I then said, "Why you ungrateful brats. I would have given my right arm to go when I was a girl."

No two people are alike. Those girls of mine are, naturally, different than I was when I was a young girl. There were problems I faced that they'll never have. On the other hand, they may have problems I never faced.

No woman can re-live her life vicariously through her children. If she tries, she may make their lives wretched. I don't expect my girls to copy me as they grow older. But if there is ever anything they want to ask me about, I'll be delighted if, as the result of my own experience, I can guide them a little.

It may seem strange that I should be talking about my girls as if they were little women. Well, it isn't really strange, for that's what they are sometimes—little women. Particularly Kelly, who at the age of three is an experienced little flirt.

She already knows how to twist her dad around her little finger. Sometimes when I watch them together I feel like laughing. It's like watching a girl acting coy with a date. Kelly uses all the little maneuvers on Tony that I do. When I want to go somewhere and am not sure that he wants to go, I butter him up. I act very gay and charming, and I'll say, "Darling, you look wonderful. It's a shame to stay home." And all that jazz. And usually I can get him to go.

Kelly beats me at my own game. The other evening I saw her curled up next to Tony on the couch. She put her arms around him.

"Oh Daddy, I wuv you," she cooed.

He melted.

"Daddy, you're so wonderful. You're the most wonderful daddy in the world."

He was mush.

Then she fluttered those big eyes at him and chirped: "Daddy, can I have an M & M?" (This is her favorite little candy and she knows that she isn't allowed to have it except after meals.)

Tony should have said no. Helplessly he said, "Of course, Schnizzlefrizz. All you want."

Another time I saw Kelly get that gleam in her eyes as she sat with Tony.



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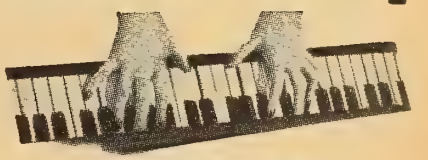


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"Close your eyes, Daddy," she said.

Then she went to the nut dish, took some nuts and popped them in her mouth. Meanwhile, Tony kept his eyes blissfully closed waiting for her to surprise him.

Instead, she came over to him sweetly—after she had finished eating the nuts—and said, "Did you have a nice rest, Daddy? You may open your eyes now." And she kissed him.

I love her kisses and her hugs, too. But she knows she can't fool me the way she can her Daddy. Even if she hugs me hard and says, "I wuv you, Mommy," I'm still reasonably strict with her. So she saves her feminine guile for her daddy.

But my daughter and I have our sweet moments—moments no man could adequately share. She loves to be with me when I'm dressing up. I bought her her own little compact, eyebrow pencil and lipstick so that we can make up at the same time.

Usually, too, I'm the one who has the privilege of putting our two daughters to bed, tucking them in for the night.

Once, when Tony and I had to leave early to have dinner with friends, Kelly started to pout when she realized I wouldn't be able to tuck her in that night.

"Darling," I explained, "you have your friends. You had your friends over to a tea party today. Mommy and Daddy have *their* friends. We're going out to dinner tonight with Edie and Lew. You wouldn't want us to be late because I had to wait to tuck you in, would you?"

Now she understands, and is proud that her parents go out.

So that Kelly can feel that she is an important part of my life, I let her help me make decisions when I'm dressing.

"What shall we wear?" she asks me.

"Well now, let's see," I say. "Shall it be the blue dress, or the white one or the black chiffon? Of course, the blue is only right for afternoon affairs, and the white for dinner parties and Daddy and I are going to a premiere tonight."

"Then let's wear the black chiffon tonight, Mommy."

"Oh, that's a wonderful idea, Kelly."

She beams as I put on the black chiffon which I'd planned all along to wear.

When we knew the baby was coming, I was afraid that Kelly might sometimes feel we were paying too much attention to the coming baby and neglecting her. So before the baby came, we kept refering to the child as *our* baby, sometimes even as 'Kelly's baby.'

Still, after the baby came there were moments when Kelly felt we were giving Jamie too much attention. When she'd see me holding the baby, she'd come up to me and say, "Mommy, please come and look at my teddy bear."

I'd say, "Not now, darling. But I will, as soon as I finish with the baby. She's so little she can't hold herself up the way you do."

Thus I'd salve Kelly's ego, and at the same time try to avoid spoiling her.

Sometimes mothers turn their households upside down, neglect their husbands and wear themselves out trying to adapt themselves to their children. Children don't have to be difficult. Babies can adjust—as long as they have love—much better than most adults. Instead of changing our pattern of living, Tony and I try to stay happy—and our children adapt to our happy way of life. **END**

Janet and Tony are in Columbia's "WHO WAS THAT LADY?" *Tony's in Paramount's* THE RAT RACE.

All About My Daddy

(*Continued from page 46*)

honeymoon," Kathryn recalled, "she met us at the door, with her suitcases packed, ready to move out. . . ."

The older Mrs. Crosby was convinced it would be easier on her son and his young bride if there were just one woman in the house.

Mother-in-law

"It took Bing and me weeks till we talked her into giving up that idea," Kathryn insisted. "She is such a wonderful woman. I know now why all her sons are so fond of her. Whenever there's a side to be taken between Bing and me—she takes my side. Like when Bing stayed away a few days to hunt. Every day she asked me, 'When is Bing coming back—isn't he here yet?' And then she told me how Bing's father used to stay away for hours watching baseball games, which she hated, and how, the moment he came back, she'd put on a hat and coat, walk out of the house and stay away for hours, to show her disapproval. . . ."

Kathryn has no intention of following in her mother-in-law's footsteps. First of all, she doesn't mind Bing's staying away because she has activities of her own to keep her busy, and secondly, it didn't help Kate Crosby's cause a bit. Her husband still continued to go to the games!

Kathryn tried to join Bing on his hunting expeditions till she became discouraged one fine afternoon, when he was shooting ducks.

It was her job to hold onto the retriever—but apparently her 108 pounds weren't enough to discourage him, because the dog suddenly took off, dragging her along behind him. She was covered with mud from head to foot.

Kathryn didn't get upset or angry, but she decided a bigger person could do a better job!

It's a different story with Bing's two other favorite hobbies, golf and fishing.

"I've always loved trout fishing," she said. "In fact, I used to go along with my father when I was a little girl. I'm every bit as excited about it as Bing. . . ."

However, she hasn't mastered golf yet, and very likely never will. But neither has she become a golf widow. "I enjoy walking, so when Bing plays golf, I just walk along with him."

How much Bing's golf has influenced their lives is evident by their Sunday schedule. Sunday has become Golf Day in the Crosby household.

"In order to attend mass first," Kathryn told me, "we go to the eight o'clock service, which means we get up at six-thirty."

This isn't as much of a sacrifice as it may seem at first, because Bing and Kathryn are awakened at six every morning regardless of what day of the week it is, thanks to the lively pre-breakfast chatter of year-old Harris Lillis Crosby—or, as Bing calls his son—Tex.

No empty house

When they got married, Bing had seriously considered selling the huge house in Holmby Hills. When his four boys by his first marriage had moved out, it seemed too big, too empty, too quiet for just the three of them.

The arrival of Tex—and the anticipation of more children—changed his point

of view. It wouldn't be long, he hoped, till the place would be as lively as ever.

"Because Bing knew I wanted to take care of the baby myself," Kathryn explained, "he let me turn his den, which is right next to our bedroom, into a nursery. The baby is very good now. He sleeps all night through. But he does wake up at six, which means the night is at an end for us, too. . . ."

Consequently it's very easy for them to be at the eight o'clock mass at St. Paul's on Sundays—and on the golf course by ten!

Kathryn didn't say how much persuasion it took to make Bing give up his den for the baby, but from all indications, he is so fond of the child he'd do anything for him!

In fact, he even surprised his lovely young wife with the self-assurance with which he handled Tex almost from the hour he was born.

"I was in the hospital room waiting for the baby to be brought in when Bing arrived. Excitement was written all over his face. He could hardly wait to get his hands on him. I'd taken nursing courses for a month and I was still uneasy about holding such a new baby, but Bing took him out of the nurse's arms and held him and talked and tickled his chins like he'd done it every day of his life. . . ."

Life with Bing has been a busy one for Kathryn, who has never been able to be idle. It was the urge to do something worthwhile that gave her a whole new interest in life before she ever became his wife.

"During the year before we were married, when I wasn't sure of what the future would hold for me, I decided to take up nursing, because there's only so much you can do with a career. You can't push it beyond a point, and I wanted to be busy. Nursing filled my needs. I discussed it with Bing when I knew we were going to be married. He had no objections when I told him I wanted to keep it up."

Contrary to some reports, he had no objections to her career either, nor did he become upset when she wore tights in *The Big Circus,* as had been reported. "He wouldn't think of such a thing!" Kathryn insisted emphatically. "Bing lets me handle my career as I please."

There was only one time he became upset, she recalled—when she went home in the white-faced clown make-up she wore for *The Big Circus.*

"What did you do that for?" he demanded angrily. Before she even had a chance to answer, it was obvious that Tex was so delighted by it that Bing couldn't help breaking into a smile. All was forgiven.

However, she confessed that she got some pretty strong letters from fans, who objected strenuously after all the publicity her outfit got in the press. In each case Kathryn tried to reassure them that as long as it's part of the character she portrays, there is nothing wrong with it.

At the same time, Kathryn admitted that Bing never visits her on the set. "I've asked him to come, repeatedly. But Bing thinks it would be unprofessional—that it might look as though he were interfering. He's a real pro, my Bing. He just wouldn't do that. . . ."

Kathryn has become a very accomplished homemaker. "He's a bit fussy about having everything nice and clean," she grinned. "But I'm learning. . . ."

Of course he doesn't expect her to go down on her knees and scrub floors, for which they have help. Nevertheless he feels it's up to her to supervise the household properly, which she does with increasing efficiency.

The only actual work she does around the house is cooking, although she hastily leaves the kitchen after it's done and lets someone else clean up after her.

"We love to eat home," Kathryn told me. "We go out occasionally, but never to cocktail parties, where you don't get to know or really talk to anyone."

Invariably when they plan a meal home, she asks Bing's mother to join them. Each time Kate Crosby finds an excuse to have her meal by herself, just as she keeps out of sight the first twenty-four hours after her son comes back from a trip, to give them time alone together. "If I ask her to join us for dinner she'll insist she had a big lunch and if I ask her for lunch, she excuses herself by saying she expects to have a big dinner," Kathryn explained.

By all indications, the ninety-year-old Mrs. Crosby seems to be an extremely capable mother-in-law. Having a wing of the house entirely to herself, half the time they don't even notice her presence till she comes out of hiding. Yet they always know where to find her. As a result, there is no competition between the women for Bing's affection, or who should run the house. Unlike many daughters-in-law, Kathryn couldn't be more pleased to have Mrs. Kate living with them.

Bing himself has shown a lot of consideration towards both. "Every summer," Kathryn said, "he used to go hunting and fishing in Alaska with his cronies (six fellows, including Phil Harris). Last year as a concession to my delicate condition (I was pregnant with Tex) he gave up his trip. This year it was I who suggested he go North again, even though we're expecting another child. (*By the time you read this Kathy and Bing's new baby may have been born.—ED.*) But I'll be all right for a few weeks without him. . . ."

All right, and busy, too, for when she gets her nursing degree at the Queen of Angeles Hospital, she'll devote at least two days a week to the chore. Asked if the hospital staff didn't mind being able to count on her only between pictures, Kathryn thought they wouldn't "because they get my services for nothing, anyway. . . ."

From all appearances, Bing and Kathryn couldn't be happier. In the eyes of the public, she might have married a Hollywood legend. In her own opinion, she married a man, "the kindest, most sensitive, most wonderful man in the world. . . ."

END

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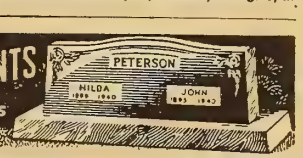
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"I'm Your Father, Sandra . . ."

(*Continued from page 29*)

oblivious of the fact that John Zuck is alive and, in fact, still living in the same apartment building that was your home the first seven years of your life. You even closed your mind to the fact that you have a four-year-old half brother, Kenny, who is virtually the image of you.

But Sandra, you're not a child anymore. You are old enough to understand what's in your father's heart. You're a warm enough person to listen to his plea: "Please don't turn your back on me."

Maybe, Sandra, you are wondering: "What is he trying to prove? What does he want from me. Glory? Money? Or is he just trying to hurt me the way he hurt my mother so many years ago?"

But Sandra, you are so wrong.

Your father does not want money from you. He has a good job with the Rheemes Steel Company.

He does not want to share the spotlight with you. He remained silent for years, even when he knew all the people in the neighborhood knew the truth and were laughing behind his back at the way you and your mother had rejected him. He didn't care what the neighbors were saying. He knew the truth and that was his comfort. He was proud that the little girl he loved so dearly but lost so many years ago grew up to become a beautiful and popular movie star.

And he is not trying to hurt you. For whatever you may think, whatever you may have been told, your father is incapable of hurting anyone. He didn't try to hurt your mother. He didn't walk away from her.

Love walked out on them both. It can happen, you know. And when your mother closed the door to their marriage, she took with her the one thing that meant more to your father than anything in this world.

She took *you*.

And that's all that your father wants now. You.

He wanted you the day the judge granted your mother a divorce in 1948. He didn't fight for your custody then because he knew a little girl belongs with her mother. He tried to be satisfied with the Saturday visitation rights which the court had granted him. And he lived from Saturday to Saturday.

The most important thing to your father was that you grow up normally and happily. He didn't want you torn apart as most children of divorce are—torn by loyalty and love for each parent and in constant conflict not to hurt the other. But he did want you to know that *he* was your father and that you were the most precious thing in his life.

You were only six years old then. Too young perhaps to understand why Daddy wasn't coming home the way he used to. Too young perhaps to even remember the way it was a few years before, when your father was in the service. You were only three then, but you knew when his bus was coming in for week end leaves—and always you were on the corner waiting to greet him with a radiant smile and outstretched arms. Those week ends still remain the dearest memories your father has of you.

A year later your father came back home to you. He wasn't wearing the sailor suit you adored. He was in a strange new outfit—and he was always driving a bus. And on Saturday's you were always on it with him—bubbling over with the excitement of seeing new places and meeting new people. Your father remembers so well how you used to love people. The passengers on the bus, your new friends in Miss Minerva's dancing school. But you didn't know—how could you—that the reason your father was driving that bus on week ends was to pay for your dancing lessons and for all the pretty dainty dresses you wore and all your wonderful toys.

Your father was only twenty-seven when he and your mother got their divorce. Not much older than some of the boys you date. But there was only one special girl in his life then—and he tried desperately to see that there was no change in his relationship with that girl—you!

We wonder, Sandy, if you have forgotten, really forgotten, all of those wonderful Saturdays you two shared for six months. The days at the park, the candy store, the movies. You had such a wonderful time that when evening came you cried as though your little heart would break because you didn't want to go home.

Sudden change

Then, suddenly, Sandy, there was a strange change in you. You grew tired quickly. You grew impatient. In the middle of the afternoon you'd say, "Please, Daddy, I want to go home."

We wonder, Sandy, if you remember the day it was decided that you didn't want to see your father at all—even for a few hours.

He remembers it vividly. He called to see what time you would be ready—and there was no answer. And when he called again your mother told him abruptly: "Sandra doesn't want to go out with you any more." He thought it was a phase. He didn't try to push things. But after a week or two he called again and again—but there was never any answer.

You saw your father only once after that. You met him by accident a short time later, with your mother, on a bus. But you were strangers. And once, just a few years ago when you were in New York on a personal appearance and he called, you wouldn't even speak to him. Your mother merely said you were both leaving for Hollywood immediately and there was no time for any discussions.

This, of course, Sandra, is your father's side of the story, the one he gave to us. And we are very aware that there *are* two sides to every coin.

The mystery of rejection

But we wonder what your side *could* be. No child of six could possibly reach a decision that would influence her entire life unless she was tremendously and violently influenced by others.

What caused you to reject your father? What made this rejection so strong that even as an intelligent, mature teen-ager, you continue to shut him out from both your mind and life?

Was it your strong attachment to your step-father, Eugene Douvan? Was your love for Douvan so great that you didn't want to admit that anyone else could possibly have been your father?

In all the stories you have given, you have talked of no one else except Douvan. You talked of your love—and of your utter desolation when he died just before you came to Hollywood.

Your attachment to your step-father was in many ways stronger than most girls have for their own dads. You and your mother used to tease each other about it.

"I think he only married me to get you," she'd laugh.

And you'd tell people: "*We* were married to him." And then you would add:

"He was a father and protector to both my mother and me."

People who knew him have told us that your step-father was a dominant man. One who could make people respect and obey his wishes. He ran your life and your mother's completely. You were never consulted about his plans. He made them and took care of everything.

We don't know how he influenced you, Sandy. Perhaps you were too young to know yourself. But influence you he did.

To the point that when he died, life became completely unbearable to you and nothing seemed to matter for a long long time. . . . Even now when you go out with boys you seem to compare them all with Eugene Douvan.

And you have closed your mind completely to the fact that your own father might measure up to him. But your step-father is dead and John Zuck is still very much alive.

There's a lot of love in your heart, Sandra. Love that has no place to go. Someday you'll find a boy to whom you will want to give this love. But at seventeen that 'someday' may still be a long way off.

Can't you find it within yourself to direct it to the person who wants and needs it the most? To your very own father.

John Zuck has been hurt, hurt badly by your rejection. Despite the fact that he has remarried and has a loving wife and son, there is a wide open gap in his heart that can be filled only by you.

Although a day hardly goes by but that he thinks of you, he still cannot bring himself to see any of your movies. "If you've been hurt, why keep on hurting yourself again and again?" he asks. "The last time I saw her perform was when she was still very young—about six, in a Brooklyn stage show. She was dolled up in a fancy costume and looked pretty as a picture. That memory of my beautiful daughter is enough for me."

Do you remember that day, Sandra?

We're not writing this to tell you what to do. We think you know in your heart what you must do. When your step-father died you wanted to reject God. You stopped praying. It was as though you were angry at God for taking away from you the most important thing in your life. Even your priest couldn't help you. In time you came to realize how wrong this attitude was. In time you came to realize that your step-father's death was God's will. And you stopped questioning that will.

We think you know in your heart how important it is to follow God's wishes again—as set down in the Bible, in the Ten Commandments. *Honor thy Father and thy Mother.* And we know you realize, too, that the best, the only way you can honor your father is to return the daughter he lost eleven years ago.

His arms are outstretched—waiting for you.

END

Sandra stars in Warner's A SUMMER PLACE.

What's Left When Love Fades Away and Dies?

(*Continued from page 45*)

terrible things. So I want to set the record straight and tell you how it really was.

"It was our *problems* that held us together," Dean went on sadly. "We were too worried about each other to stop and ask if we loved each other. We were so submerged in trouble that there was no time to even think—just try to keep going.

"When life got easier finally, we could look at each other clearly; and then we discovered that we were very, very different. . . ."

Dean Jones and Mae Entwistle were very, very different when they met, only they were too smitten to realize it. They were just in their teens. Mae was a beauty queen, *Miss San Diego,* and Dean was a sailor who was singing at the San Diego County Fair. Mae was gentle, reserved, quiet; Dean was full of fun, impulsive, happy go lucky They thought they were madly in love.

Dean remembers thinking . . . *So beautiful, so reserved, such a lady . . . How could a wild hoot-owl like me measure up to her . . .?*

Mae's parents were firmly opposed to the idea of their lovely young daughter marrying a boy who wasn't even out of service yet. Dean's parents, while they liked Mae, objected to the idea of their only child tying himself down with a family before he could support it.

But Mae and Dean were not listening to arguments. They got married first, and told the folks after. . . .

Mae gave up the privileges and honors that went with being *Miss San Diego* because the city queen wasn't allowed to marry till a year was up. While Dean finished his Navy Service, she handed back the crown and got a job as a receptionist in an insurance office. She found a tiny one-bedroom house for them. It was carpeted and furnished and the picture window in the back looked out on a garden of roses. It cost ninety dollars a month. Between Mae's salary and Dean's pay, they had plenty to live on. And San Diego was Mae's hometown. She knew everyone there—and everyone knew her. She could have introduced Dean to a hundred people with a hundred jobs for him when his service was finished. Both of them knew that, but Dean had other plans.

Then an offer came from Hollywood: would Dean like to make some recordings? Would he be interested in playing a role out at Knott's Berry Farm where so many young actors had gotten their start, acting in the old-time melodramas? Of course, the recordings weren't for *sure*—but there was a good chance he'd get his fine singing voice on a disc. Of course, the job at Knott's only paid $40 a week—but he'd be an actor in Hollywood, wouldn't he?

With scarcely a glance at what he was leaving behind, Dean (out of the Navy at last) took off for the Promised Land. Mae stayed on in San Diego to work for another week or two and save her salary to 'tide them over.' But they weren't worried. In no time, Dean would be a star, or at least a steadily working singer-actor. Till then, Mae could get another job. They'd have plenty. After all, some people spend years working and hoping just to get to Hollywood. . . .

He hadn't been house-hunting a week before he learned that you don't rent beautiful little furnished homes, complete with roses, for ninety dollars in Hollywood. For two hundred, maybe. For ninety: *Want to see a one-room efficiency, Mister? The bed pulls out of the wall and the stove is here, right next to it.* A dozen times in those first few weeks Dean gulped and said, "Well, thanks—but the rent is a little high." By the end of two weeks, he wasn't even sure they could afford ninety a month. The recordings weren't materializing; and it seemed as if half his forty-per-week had

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to go into transporting him out to Knott's —which turned out to be fifty miles away from town.

But he still wasn't discouraged. This was Hollywood, the beginning of the dream-come-true. He'd bide his time till Mae joined him, and then everything would be as they'd planned. She'd get a job—she didn't mind working; she liked it —till he had it made. When they saw how much she'd earn, then he'd have a better idea of what they could afford. . . .

So, after five weeks, Mae joined him, and there was just one little hitch.

Mae wouldn't be able to hold a job for very long. She was going to have a baby.

Dean spent his lunch money to bring her roses. "I'm *glad*, darling," he told her over and over again. "I've always wanted a son. Don't worry. We'll manage."

He got himself a job parking cars at a race track. At the Berry Farm his duties included not only acting—in four shows a day—but sweeping out the theater, barking for the extra attractions, making himself useful backstage. As he got to know them, he found that other young actors in the melodrama were in almost as bad financial jams as he was. One of them, the fellow who played the villain, had a little two-bedroom home in the Valley. He offered to let Dean and Mae move in with them, on a share-the-rent, chip-in-for-food deal.

In San Diego, they might have moved in with Mae's parents, or with old friends and lived peacefully, accustomed to each other's ways. In Hollywood, there was no choice but the one they made—to try to exist in cramped quarters with practical strangers. Under any circumstances it would have been difficult—with the particular conditions of those months, it was impossible. The two men drove hours every day, to and from work at the farm and extra jobs. They lived in a state of constantly increasing tension, waiting for phone calls that didn't come, fearing dismissal every time lack of sleep and too much anxiety made them miss a cue on stage. There was not always enough food —what there was was designed to be filling rather than nutritious. Both Dean and Mae worried terribly about whether she was eating properly, and there was no one to turn to for help, as there would have been at home. No experienced mother, no long-standing girl friends. Only strangers —and of course a doctor (but doctors cost money; you can't run to them with every little problem, unless you're prepared to pay for advice). In the little house in the flat, sun-baked, dusty valley, tempers rose and flared and exploded. "I was afraid, finally," Dean said later, "that in the scene where my friend, as the villain, tried to stab me—I was afraid he'd really do it."

Still, he hated to give up. He met a friend, a real friend, Bert Richman, who gave him what seemed to be good advice. "Dean, you've got to pull yourself out of this hole you're in. Stop waiting for things to come your way—go after them. Have a kinescope made the next time you're in a TV show. That way you'll have something to send around to the people who count."

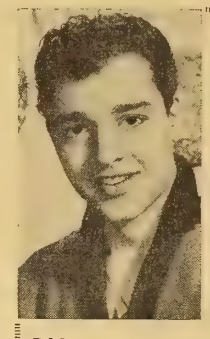
He had an assignment coming up—a *Spade Cooley Show*, for which he was to be paid a hundred dollars. With that money, he and Mae determined to move out of the house in the Valley—if they didn't, they were afraid they might both crack up. But a kinescope cost two hundred and fifty dollars. Dean tortured himself over it night after night and finally came to his decision. He used the hundred, and he took another hundred-fifty out of his mustering-out pay. Mae didn't argue with him, for the simple reason that she knew nothing about it. It was the first time he had ever kept anything from her, but what else could he do? He was in Hollywood, wasn't he? *He had to make it work.*

So he had the kinescope made. Without seeing it, he sent it out to people who had expressed an interest in him. Within days he had an answer. "Sorry, Dean. The kinie's out of focus. Can't see you at all."

Sick at heart, he took more money out of what was left of his Navy reserve, and moved himself and Mae into a one-room house in Van Nuys. The house, to put it mildly, was not roomy. There was enough floor space to walk past the bed—if you went sideways. The length of the house was approximately three times the length of the bed. But they would be alone together, he and Mae told each other. They could stand anything if they were *really* together.

Only, they couldn't.

Living with the other couple, they had been united—if only in being on the same side during the quarrels. Now, there was no one to take out fears and frustration, anger and hurt on—*except each other.* They couldn't help it. They tried not to fight. Dean reminded himself over and over that Mae was a young girl going through her first pregnancy far from home and help, that she was naturally touchy and difficult at a time like this. Mae, in turn, repeated to herself that Dean was doing his best for her, exhausting himself with long hours of work, fighting to make a living—and suffering terribly at the idea that he had failed her. She would be very careful not to complain—



SAL MINEO

Well, I could sure go for a blonde with big brown eyes and a tiny turned-up nose . . . something like the girl in the picture story, "New Girl In School" in **INGENUE** *Magazine. How about you, Fabian?*

(See what Fabian has to say on page 82.)

But you can't keep terror bottled up in yourself all day, all night. Not when there's no one to talk to, no one to tell.

And so the fights grew worse and worse.

Then the doctor told them that the RH factor was going to be part of their lives.

The technical jargon isn't important. The important thing is that stories they had heard about 'blue babies' frightened them.

"Don't worry," the doctor told them kindly. "It almost never affects a first baby at all, and medical science has now advanced to the point where RH mothers can go on having babies safely. Don't think about it."

So Dean and Mae went home, pretending not to think about it. But how were they to do that, alone in their cracker-box house? They couldn't afford to go to a movie, to entertain—even if they had had close friends. They could always, of course, think about other things—the gas bill they had not paid, the last role Dean hadn't gotten, their last fight. . . .

On March 5, Dean took Mae to the hospital. Late in the night, she gave birth to a baby girl. Dean rushed to a phone in the lobby. He called his parents in Alabama, Mae's folks in San Diego, everyone he knew from the Berry Farm theatre. When he finally emerged from the booth, the nurse at the front desk called to him. "We've been looking all over for you, Mr. Jones. The doctor wants you at once."

He was suddenly shaking. He found the doctor and stood riveted, hearing that the impossible had happened—his first-born was a blue baby. They wanted permission to drain all the blood out of her tiny, choking body, to replace it with new, unaffected blood.

Numb, Dean signed the papers. "Does Mae know?" he whispered.

"No," they told him. "Say nothing to her. Talk to her as if it were all right."

So he went to Mae's room. She lay, white-faced and beautiful on the pillows, smiling at him. "I'm sorry," she whispered. "You wanted a boy. . . ."

Somehow, Dean stretched his dry lips into a smile. "Oh, another twenty years and she'll be bringing in plenty of boys."

Then he went out, to wait, alone.

He sat in an anteroom outside the operating theater. Minutes passed and became hours. No one came by, no one spoke to him. He stared at the clock on the wall, and wondered how he could tell Mae if their child died. The clock read two-thirty, two-thirty in the morning. That meant they had been working on his baby for two-and-a-half hours. Why wasn't it over?

Three o'clock came. The door of the operating room opened and nurses exploded out in all directions. One brushed past him, racing to a phone. "Send Dr. So-and-so with a something-or-other," she cried. The words made no sense to Dean's frightened ears. Then a doctor stuck his head out, saw him. "Have Mr. Jones wait in the lobby," he snapped. Dean heard the words with the sense that they ended all hope. It was over now.

Alone, he went down to the lobby. Alone, he sat there, while in San Diego, in Alabama, he knew, the folks were calling up their friends, saying, "We have a granddaughter." And in Hollywood, his land of dreams, Dean Jones put his head into his hands and wept.

At four-thirty in the morning an intern walked by and saw him, still sitting. "How's everything?" he asked, friendly.

Slowly, Dean raised his head, focused on the white coat. Then he leaped to his feet. *"How's my baby—?"*

The intern stared. "Didn't anyone tell you? She'll be all right!"

And walked away. . . .

There were no tears left in Dean Jones then. No tears of joy for his baby daughter, who would live. No tears of gratitude for the doctors who had saved her life, had saved him from going to his wife with the news that their first-born had died. There was only emptiness, and cold, dry fear.

He had no money and no hope. He had no way to pay for the saving of his child. He had no funds for a nurse to bring his wife and daughter back to health. He had no home to take them to—only a cramped, crowded, airless room. He had no confidence left to offer them—only failure, only defeat. For himself, he didn't care. The magic of Hollywood is strong; the enchantment lasts a lifetime. But he could not ask his weary wife, his fragile baby, to live on magic and on dreams. They needed roots, a real home, security.

And Dean Jones swore to himself that he would provide those roots . . . that home and security, even if it meant working himself sick. He worked and MGM came through with a contract. He made *Gaby, Night of the Quarter Moon,* did the benefits and went on the tours that would eventually mean parts in *Handle with Care, Imitation General, Never so Few* . . . He worked hard, but did not work himself sick.

Mae was the one who got sick.

They had had another baby, and a tragedy at the time. Mae's mother had died suddenly one night, and Mae's fourteen-

year-old sister came to them, shocked, bewildered, greatly in need of love and care. These were huge responsibilities that Dean faced up to as best he could by working harder. It was probably not the right solution, for day by day he and Mae were growing apart. But there was no time to think about it, no time to worry about it.

Mae was at the UCLA Medical Center, at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. Specialists were called in. It took a lot of money, a lot of anxiety, a lot of driving back and forth from the studio to the hospital to the house. Dean was just beginning to get launched on his career at MGM. It would have been good for him, career-wise, to go out socially and do the social things that are necessary for a young actor-on-the-rise to do (meet exhibitors, get seen around, meet columnists, producers). Instead, he was harassed and anxious, had to stay close to home, and close to his two baby daughters. Mae's kid sister was a great help—but Dean felt he had to look after her too.

However, he did all this without complaint because Mae's illness was such an overwhelming problem it made almost everything else fade in importance. . . .

"We had to stick together," Dean said, lifting his head from his hands. This was a painful story he had to tell me, and it was obvious that he hadn't talked about it very much, that it still hurt deeply to think of it.

The only way

"Separating was out of the question at the time. It didn't even make sense to wonder if we loved each other. I couldn't have walked out then. Mae needed me. So did the kids. We had to stick together and work our way out of our troubles first. Our only thought was to get Mae well."

"Now Mae has her health back," Dean continued. "A lot of problems that badgered us before have been solved. My father—who had sudden reverses a couple of years ago—is back on his feet again. But at the time, I was too broke to help. Mae's family worries subsided. Our baby, the one who was born a blue baby, is well. My career became more stable. The big problems over, the differences between us became clear. We could see each other as we were to each other, and it boiled down to this: Do we really love each other or not? Were we important to each other now, or *were we destroying each other by our differences and the tensions?*

"Mae needs a husband who can spend more time with her, be more with her in spirit, and a man whom she can really understand. Mae needs a man who can go along at her rate of speed. It was just one of the many things that made us see how unlike we were. I'd carry my work home with me and this wasn't good for Mae. Lots of times I'd come home and be so worried about a scene of mine in a script, or a hassle I'd had with a writer who wanted to write it a different way than I felt it, that I'd just flop into a chair at home and stare into space, thinking of that scene instead of listening to one word Mae was saying."

Dean and Mae also found that they didn't have as much in common as they once believed they did. "Basically, we're not the same type of people," Dean says.

They had been be-glamored of each other when they met. Although Mae was a beauty contest winner, she is a quiet girl, a home girl, and marriage made her a placid companion, a conventional, down-to-earth housewife. Dean, on the other hand, got an MGM contract, met colorful people, developed a restlessness of his own. He had an actor's temperament and the bursting inhibitions of a guy who'd married young and hadn't had his fun, liked to do things on impulse.

They couldn't agree; they got on each other's nerves.

One night Dean felt like going to Las Vegas. "Let's go. Tonight. Just pack a bag and we'll get in the car and go. I feel in the mood."

Mae fretted about it. "Can't we do it in two weeks instead?" she suggested. "I have to call in the baby sitter, and I've got to make all sorts of arrangements. . . ."

"We can get a babysitter now, honey, and you know that. We have five reliable baby sitters to call on. The kids will be safe. Let's go now. It's just that I feel like going."

"Dean, I can't go along with this crazy idea of yours. Why can't we go in two weeks? Make it a definite plan. . . ."

"Okay," said Dean quietly, the fun suddenly gone. "Let's forget it." Next week they didn't go, nor in two weeks. Dean was busy, or had lost the desire to go, or something. . . .

Mae isn't to blame. Most young mothers are reluctant to take off at a moment's notice. Nor was Dean to blame. Impulsive, he likes to do things *now*. As a fellow who had to buckle down to great responsibilities very early, there's something inside of him now that makes him eager to catch up on lost fun. Settled-down Mae, anxious to preserve her new-found security, wanted to plan.

"After a while we just couldn't reach each other," Dean said. "If Mae dropped the roast beef on the floor, I couldn't understand why it was such a tragedy to her. If I came home in a blue funk because a certain scene went wrong, she couldn't understand why I wouldn't talk."

Naturally, there were quarrels. Dean began to go out more and more on personal appearances. A singer as well as an actor, he was in great demand at studio functions, exhibitors' dinners, glad-handing important people, singing at their affairs.

"It's important for my career," he'd explain to Mae, taking off. Often Mae went with him, trying hard to enjoy herself; but bored and uneasy thinking of the children at home. Still, she tried.

Dean says he's the "original benefit kid." He never turned down a request to sing at a benefit. Sometimes Mae could go with him, often not. He made trips all over the country, singing here and there, making p.a.'s. Mae couldn't keep up with him on the whirlwind tours. "I couldn't ask her to travel with me, spend two hours in one city and fly off to another."

Did Dean have to go off on these trips? Or was it, subconsciously, an excuse to get away? Was he restless, was it a convenient way to break up the boredom he felt at home . . . ?

They maintain a civil friendliness with each other now but there doesn't seem to be any indication of a reconciliation. "Mae's a wonderful girl," Dean insisted emphatically. "It's all my fault . . ."

Dean doesn't want to hurt Mae; she seems just as anxious to please Dean.

"Right after we broke up, Mae considered moving with the kids to San Diego. But she realized that if she moved there—about 160 miles from here—I wouldn't be able to see the kids as often as I do. I see them every afteroon when I'm not working. So she's remaining in the house in the Valley, even though she'd personally be happier in San Diego. I love her for that. And I'm buying her a new house.

"We get along better now. The moment we separated, all the bitterness seemed to leave. No more fights, no more tensions. We hate divorce, but maybe it's better for the kids not to be raised in a home where the parents don't get along.

"Maybe it's better to part while we can still be friends. . . ." **END**

See Dean soon in NEVER SO FEW *for MGM.*

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Ricky and Yellow Bird

(*Continued from page 30*)

Yellow Bird shimmied and Yellow Bird shook to the typically French organ-grinder's music. Thundering waves of approval roared from the audience: cries and catcalls and screams. Yellow Bird, a green-eyed blonde just turned twenty-one, was blessed with a figure as fabulous as Brigitte's.

And her dance was delightfully naughty, a strictly-for-adults tease after the fashion of the world-famed Folies Bergere.

One night a writer, a pal of Ricky Nelson's, visited Yellow Bird backstage to renew their acquaintance (he had met her last summer in France) and he mentioned casually, "I'm here with Ricky."

"Reeky?" Yellow Bird asked, confused. She spoke with a captivating French-Viennese accent.

"Yep," he told her. "Ricky. Is there any other? Ricky Nelson!"

Yellow Bird didn't bat an eyelash over her jade-green eyes. She looked at him blandly and asked, "Who is Reeky Nelson?"

He laughed in her face, "Are you kidding?" But from the sudden hurt expression in her eyes, he realized she wasn't fooling.

"Tell me," he said, "How long have you been here, Sheika?" Yellow Bird was her stage name; her legal monicker was Sheika Moser.

"Onlee a month," she confessed.

"And you haven't heard about Ricky?"

She nodded her head.

"You must meet him. He's a great guy, and he thinks your act is great."

Sheika smiled.

"Come out to the lounge when you change your costume," he invited. . . .

This was a warm Friday night last spring, and the El Rancho Vegas was mobbed. The writer, Ricky and Sheika met in the cocktail lounge. Ricky, sipping a Coke, smiled as his friend made the introduction. Ricky, basically shy, didn't know what to tell her. She was such a fantastic performer.

"Cat got your tongue?" The writer asked him after a moment of silence.

"I . . . I . . . I'm crazy about your act," Ricky finally managed to say in a soft whisper.

Sheika meanwhile crawled into her off-stage shell. Onstage she was daring, graceful, free—The Yellow Bird Beauty. Now, mingling with the crowd, she was timid, afraid, all elbows—just like a baby bird learning to fly but not trustful of its young, trembling wings.

And Ricky was taken aback. Here was a girl who didn't swoon, reach out for a lock of hair or ramble incessantly about how wonderful he is. For the first time in his life Ricky met a gal who looked upon him as just another fellow and not a star.

The two of them sat, silent and still, sipping ice-cold Coke and ginger ale, listening to their friend toss off aimless conversation about Las Vegas, the weather, foreign cars.

But neither Ricky nor Sheika looked at him. They looked at each other; they couldn't help it; they were overpowered by a strange, haunting attraction.

Ricky was impressed with her offstage simplicity; Sheika liked the way Ricky looked upon her—as a person rather than a chorus girl.

At midnight the writer said, "We're in Las Vegas for the week end. Maybe we'll be seeing you again."

Finally Ricky, after clearing his throat twice, asked, "What about tomorrow afternoon? Are you free? Would you like to go swimming?" He blushed as he said it.

Sheika gulped her ginger ale and looked into Ricky's eyes and she spoke so softly he barely heard her say, "Yes. . . ."

Had it not been for the swimming, that Saturday afternoon date was a bust. Oh, the weather was perfect with a bright sun and a breeze in the air, but neither Ricky nor Sheika knew what to say to each other. They liked one another, yes; that was obvious from the way their eyes seemed to lock upon each other's faces. But they were both quiet as mice.

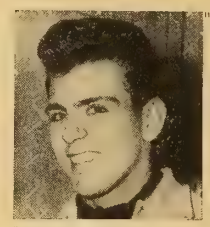
At one point, Sheika spoke up. "Reeky," she said, "I'm going to get a drink of water."

Ricky offered, "Would . . . would you like me to get you a Coke?"

"No, just water," she insisted. "Cokes always make me thirsty."

Ricky watched Sheika walk to the water fountain near the edge of the pool. Her figure was plus-perfect; it couldn't be any better. Was this why he was ashamed? Seeing a date for the first time in a bathing suit made a guy feel kind of funny, and Ricky wondered if Sheika maybe felt the same way.

Yet, Sheika, during her fabulous Yellowbird act, performed without a trace of embarrassment. Shimmying to the French music she sparked sexual fire. Now, walking away from Ricky in her wet emerald



I dig chicks . . . period!

FABIAN

green bikini, she was embarrassed and as awkward as a duck. And Ricky, his manly hairy chest exposed, wearing a pair of fitted white boxer swim trunks, was all hunched up near the diving board like a scared pup.

Sheika returned.

"I . . . I guess we should have asked our friend to come along," Ricky said smiling.

"Why?" Even with a one-syllable word there was a musical lilt to her voice.

"Because he kept the ball rolling last night. I'm . . . I'm not much of a conversationalist."

"I . . . I don't care," Sheika answered, and she looked away. Ricky was certain he saw her blush through her luscious suntan.

"You . . . you want to swim a little?" he asked.

The two of them walked, hand-in-hand, to the diving board. They dove separately and swam across the blue water of the pool. Ricky, at one point, made a feeble attempt to splash her a little. Sheika laughed a wide grin that showed her gleaming white teeth.

But she didn't splash back.

Maybe she hates water games, Ricky feared. *Where do we go from here?* He was at a loss about what to do; this didn't happen to him often on a date. After another swim across the pool, Ricky and Sheika smiled and began to say good-bye.

"If . . . if you're ever in Los Angeles," Ricky added before they parted, "Let me know."

"All right," she said.

"Better yet," Ricky continued, "call me before you come and I'll meet you at the airport."

Sheika looked into Ricky's blue eyes. "Maybe . . . maybe I come this Tuesday on my day off. Is . . . is okay with you?"

Ricky took a deep breath. He felt better. Maybe she did want to see him again even if he wasn't the world's greatest talker.

"Yes," Ricky replied immediately. "It's . . . it's perfect!"

"I . . . I will call you," Sheika said, "and tell you which plane I take. . . ."

Ricky gave her his private telephone number. After they parted he wondered if she just wasn't being nice to him; maybe she didn't want to hurt him and she said she'd come to L.A. out of politeness.

He couldn't figure it out. She had him stumped. She must have had hundreds of invitations to dates with jazzy and witty playboys; what did she see in him? He was still rough at the edges. He didn't have savoir-faire or cosmopolitan polish; when it came to girls there was still soap behind his ears.

Late Tuesday afternoon Sheika's plane landed in the huge Los Angeles airport. It was a grey day, heavy with rain.

Ricky was waiting.

The two of them greeted each other in the drizzling rainstorm. Sheika asked to check in at a motel.

Ricky drove her to the Sands on the Sunset Strip.

Then they took in a movie. Afterward they stopped at an out-of-the-way eatery for hamburgers and French fries. Then Ricky dropped her off at the Sands.

The following Tuesday Ricky waited at the Los Angeles airport.

Sheika landed, checked into the Sands. The two of them took in a movie and an Italian dinner in a tiny restaurant featuring candlelight.

The following Tuesday Sheika came again. Ricky took her to the beach. She romped in the white sand and in the ocean water in her bikini. All the beach guys and gals were bedazzled by her figure. Ricky and Sheika swam and water-skiied. Ricky noticed what an excellent swimmer she was.

"Hey," he told her after the swim, the salt water trickling down his face, "you're good enough for the Olympics!"

"Reeky," she laughed, running her fingers through her blonde-white hair, "don't be so generous with ze compliments. I swim just for fun."

He loved the way she didn't make something big of herself; she could have so easily.

That night, after they had dinner and he was driving her home to the Sands, he put his arm around her and she leaned her head against his shoulder, and he told her how much each Tuesday meant to him now.

He parked the car and kissed her; there was love in the way she gave her lips to him; and a shiver trembled through Ricky's heart.

Maybe . . . maybe he was falling in love. . . .

Ricky's and Sheika's Tuesday dates became a ritual, and all of Hollywood buzzed over this commuting romance. Ricky, if he worked on Tuesdays, asked his friend to meet Sheika and drive her to the studio where she watched him act. Later Sheika and Ricky would go to Ricky's bungalow on the lot where he played his guitar for her, the delicate sonatas and chaconnes he was mastering under the instruction of his famous Spanish teacher. A couple of times Ricky had to break the Tuesday date because of personal appearances; Sheika never showed any anger, upset or bitterness. She was understanding, agreeable and submissive.

Ricky's parents, Harriet and Ozzie,

asked Ricky about Sheika after they saw her at the General Service sound stages several times.

"She's . . . she's a French girl," he told them, "who works in Las Vegas."

"What does she do?" his mom asked.

Ricky gulped. Should he tell them the truth?

"I . . . I . . ." he fumbled.

Harriet waited.

Finally he blurted it out, "She's . . . she's a chorus girl!" He was happy and relieved he had the courage to face his mother with the truth. What was wrong with being a chorus girl? It was an honest living. Sheika needed money to send home to Europe; she had told him her chorus-girl wages were better than anything else offered to her.

"Don't you know anything about her background?" Harriet asked.

He shook his head and whispered, "No."

"Don't . . . don't you think you should?" his mother inquired gently.

Ricky didn't answer her.

But the following Tuesday he decided to bring Sheika home to dinner.

On Monday night he didn't sleep. He wondered how his parents would react to Sheika who didn't speak very clear English and who was shy with strangers besides.

When he told Sheika on Tuesday he wanted her to spend the evening with his parents, she smiled. "Yes," she said, a fuzziness in her throat, "it will be nice to know them."

That evening when Ricky picked Sheika up at the Sands to bring her over to his parents' home, he was scared and nervous. He wanted to call the whole thing off. Supposing his parents didn't like Sheika. She was different. She was sexy. She was a foreigner. And she was a chorus girl. He knew little about her background.

Supposing they decided she was the wrong girl for him? What was he going to do?

Sheika wore a dusty rose shirtwaist dress; the color of it made her skin glow. Before they entered the Nelson's tastefully furnished Colonial house, he squeezed her hand. "Don't worry, honey," he told her. But, as they walked into the cozy living room, Ricky's heart beat so loudly from his anxiousness he was afraid everyone could hear it. His throat was dry and cottony with fear.

His brother David suggested earlier that afternoon to Ricky that they go to his house on the hill to watch television when the dinner ended. Ricky wished that moment were now. He was petrified with worry over what his parents would ask Sheika. He didn't want her to undergo a stupid third degree.

Yet the way everything happened shocked him; he wasn't prepared for it.

Harriet served pot roast and peas and green salad; for dessert she made her wonderful chocolate cake—Ricky's favorite. During dinner everyone chattered politely about obvious things like the wealth of Las Vegas or the high style of French fashions.

After dinner, when everyone finished their coffee and moved into the living room, Sheika started to tell the Nelsons about herself.

She volunteered all the information. Nobody asked a question!

She bashfully admitted she never expected to find America as wonderful as it was. In Europe, she explained, there are cynics and frustrated people who are constantly condemning America's easy-going way of life. To her, she said, America offers the greatest way of life because every one has an opportunity.

"My father and mother," she continued in her French dialect, "were killed when I was six years old. They were in a car crash. My father was Italian, and my mother came from Yugoslavia. When they died, some French friends in Switzerland adopted me, but they were poor, and I had to work for my allowance. When I was fifteen I had an interview with Christian Dior, the beeg dressmaker, and he told me I was too developed to be a model. He wanted skinny girls for models. But he told me to be a showgirl. He said I could have a good career. Later on I tried out for a night club show in Paris, *La Nouvelle Eve*. There were to be six showgirls in the show. Each girl was to be a different bird. The night club people, they liked me, and they hired me as the Yellow Bird. That's where I developed my act. I learn the can-can, and, after the act opened, it was a beeg success. We played in the night club for a couple of years. Then the people who owned the club sold it. They made enough money to retire. But we all got small wages. So I was out of a job and desperate, and my friends say, "Sheika, go to America! Try your luck there!' And I came and found work. God was good to me. And after I found work I met Reeky. God was good to me again.

"Reeky is the nicest fellow I ever know. But, the only thing which bothers me is now that I know how famous he is . . . well, I don't think somebody as famous as Reeky should go out with Sheika Moser who is nobody, just a Yellow Bird in a night club."

Ricky cringed. Was this her polite way of throwing him over? And all the while he was quaking that his parents would reject *her!*

Harriet and Ozzie were very sympathetic to Sheika's story. Harriet even commented that Sheika shouldn't feel funny about dating Ricky. What mattered was that the two of them were able to get along together and enjoy each other. . . .

Later, at David's house, Sheika, Ricky and David watched TV and listened to Ricky's and David's cherished album of *Odetta* singing blues songs.

David left Sheika and Ricky after a while and went to his bedroom.

Ricky then told Sheika how touched he was by her story; he said he had never asked her about her past because he didn't like to pry into people's lives.

"Usually," Sheika said, "I feel uncomfortable with strangers, but I wasn't shy with your parents. I wanted to tell them everything."

They held hands and talked for what seemed to be a passing of minutes, but, when they looked out the wide picture window, a pinkish glow flickered along the horizon. Dawn was beckoning. They had talked for hours!

Sheika told Ricky about the new acts arriving at El Rancho Vegas, and she added she would be leaving the following week.

"You're not going back to France?" Ricky asked, holding his breath, fearing what her answer might be.

"No," she said flatly. "I'm going to stay."

He kissed her.

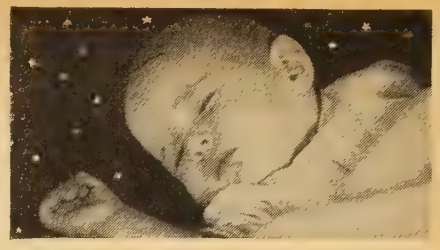
"I'm going to stay," she repeated and paused, "because of Reeky. He . . . he has won my heart."

And Sheika mine, Ricky's heart sighed.

He cupped her chin in the palm of his hand and looked into her kittenish face—the slanting green eyes, the white-blonde hair framing her tanned complexion, her yawning smile; and he leaned his cheek against hers. They walked to his car in the pale light of morning while crickets cheeped and early birds sang, and Ricky knew he had become a man.

He was deeply, desperately and hopelessly in love. END

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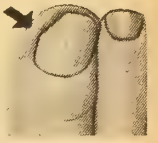
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Gardner McKay: The Most Exciting Young Man in the World

(*Continued from page 21*)

we got?" the director said, turning to a secretary.

"Gardner McKay," she said, reading the name from her book.

"He still here?" the director asked.

"I guess," said the girl.

"Facts?" the director asked.

"Twenty-six years old," the girl said, "born in Manhattan, hair brown, eyes hazel-gray, six-feet-five, one-eight-five pounds, experience—practically nil."

The director shook his head. "Just what we need," he said. "A six-five giant who knows nothing about acting."

"Call him, and let's get this over with," the producer said, shrugging.

They did and saw walking towards them from the far end of the mammoth sound stage what one of them later described as "the tallest and best damn-looking guy we had ever laid eyes on. He was handsome—face it, he was a beautiful man—but with no pansy-shmansy about him. His jaw was strong, his lips were full, his eyes were what the ladies might call rugged yet gentle. He was Adonis, Lord Byron, Gregory Peck and Flash Gordon, all wrapped up in one big frame. He was too good to be true and we knew *something* had to be wrong with him, like maybe when he opened his mouth to talk he would sound like Margaret O'Brien or Mr. Peepers."

"How do you do?" Gardner McKay said—his voice deep, resonant, perfectly modulated—when he reached the spot where the producer, director and secretary sat.

They spoke with Gardner for a few minutes and then they led him to a prop ship that had been built in the studio, went over his lines with him a couple of times—"You're Adam Troy, an adventurous young sailor," they said, "in the heart of the South Seas, in search of excitement, money and romance. Got it?"—and then they stepped back, ordered the camera to roll and waited to see what would happen.

Even before the scene was over, they knew they'd found their man.

The producer took a deep breath. "Mr. McKay," he said, "you happen to be the forty-third young man we've tested for the role in the last eight days. And of the forty-three, you were not only the best, looks-wise, acting-wise, everywhichway-wise—but you're also the only one who looked as if he knew what he was doing with those ropes."

"Lines," Gardner said, correcting him.

"Ropes, strings, lines, whatever you call them," the producer said. "When the script called for you to make a knot, you picked those things up and made a *knot!*"

Gardner laughed.

Plenty of experience

"Oh," he said, "—well, sir, I've had plenty of experience with boats and knots and things like that. My family, way back—they were clipper ship builders. And when I was a kid I spent quite a bit of time on *China Boy*—my own boat."

"A little practical experience never hurts, eh?" the producer said.

"No, sir," Gardner said.

And as the producer continued speaking now, congratulating him, giving with the facts on the contract that would be ready to sign the next morning, talking about the big things ahead, Gardner found himself only half-listening.

Because, for the first time in a long, long time, he had thought about and spoken about his boat.

And, this long day over with finally—the studying, the waiting, the test, all behind him now—he found it comforting, relaxing, nice, to stand there and let his mind wander back to the past and to the best friend he had ever had . . . back to his boat, his *China Boy*. . . .

There had been no other friends for Park-Avenue-born Gardner McKay when he was a boy. Mainly because he was never in one place long enough to make any. His folks were wealthy people who liked to travel, who liked their boy to travel with them. And so by the time Gardner was fifteen he had attended thirteen schools, in three countries—the United States, Switzerland and France. In the European schools he was known to the other students as the kid with the funny American accent. In the American schools he was known as the kid with the phony European ways.

To say that he was insecure and lonely would be putting it mildly.

It was, in fact, because of this insecurity and loneliness that Gardner developed an uncontrollable stutter.

It happened at a sub-debutante dance in swanky Newport, Rhode Island, the night before Gardner's sixteenth birthday.

A girl, young and small and pretty, a friend of the hostess' from down South somewhere, noticed tall, good-looking Gardner standing on the other side of the room, alone.

"My gosh," she said to the boy with whom she was dancing, "who is *that?*"

The boy looked. "Him?" he asked. "You're dancing with me. Why do you want to know about him?"

"Because I think he's awful cute," the girl said.

The boy laughed an annoyed laugh.

"Well, what's so funny?" the girl asked.

"You want to meet him, I suppose?" the boy asked back.

"Yes," the girl said, annoyed now, too, "I believe I do."

Meeting G-g-g-gardner

The boy took her by the hand to where Gardner was standing.

He bowed, mockingly.

"Linda Sue," he said, "I'd like you to meet G-g-g-g-gardner Mc-c-c-c-Kay. We're old buddies. We went to the same s-s-s-s-school together once."

The girl stared up at Gardner for a moment, then over at the other boy.

"What in the world are you talking like that for?" she asked.

"'Cause that's the way G-g-g-g-gardner talks," the boy said. "Go ahead, Gard. Linda Sue here thinks you're real cute. Show her how cute you can t-t-t-t-talk."

The girl looked back at Gardner. She saw the perspiration forming on his forehead, the look of hurt and fury coming into his eyes. For a moment she thought he *was* going to say something—something dreadful, something violent, something stumbling and awkward and full of all the terrible anger inside him.

But instead, after another moment, she saw him turn away, then walk quickly towards the door.

Gardner says "I felt alone in the world, absolutely alone, as if not a person in the world cared if I lived or died. I felt I wasn't worth anything, couldn't do anything right, was frightened of everything, that I would never amount to a pot of beans. Somehow, I knew, I had to change, had to prove myself . . . Except that I didn't know where to begin."

He got into his car and drove home from the party. His folks were away on a trip and the house was empty. The first thing he did was to take off the tuxedo he was wearing and change into some sloppy clothes he'd hardly ever worn before. That, at least, was some kind of beginning.

And then, after a while, he got this idea about the boat.

He went into the kitchen and packed a boxful of canned foods and got into the car again and drove down to Mystic, Connecticut, where the boat was stashed. He looked at it sitting there, running his hands along its smooth hull. And he thought, "You and I are going to go away to the sea together, *China Boy*. And maybe while we're away, we'll be able to prove something. But what, I don't know. . . ."

The stutter cure

It was in mid-August, exactly eight weeks later, when the storm came crashing down on the boy and his boat.

They were in the Atlantic, three long miles from the Long Island shoreline.

For these past eight weeks they'd been sailing up and down the coast, alone, pulling into tiny ports once in a while for provisions, taking children on rides once in a while, but mostly sailing out in the open waters, just the two of them, together, far from the rest of the world, wallowing in their solitude, their awayness, in the vast and silent and challenging world of the sea.

And then, this day, the storm came.

It began with the rain, heavy and cold.

Then huge lightning flashes charged the sky and the thunder roared.

And then the winds came, blasting upon them from every direction, causing the waves to lash furiously against the sides of the little boat, causing the boat to roll crazily from port to starboard, starboard to port, way over, back and forth, more and more and more.

For what seemed like seven lifetimes, the boy struggled to keep his boat from capsizing. Even though it was early afternoon it had grown dark and he could barely see what he was doing. But he worked the lines that worked the straining sails until his fingers bled, and for a while he even thought that everything would be all right. For the thunder had begun to lessen a little and the sky had begun to clear a little and the boat was rocking a little less.

But then, again, suddenly, the sky turned dark and from out of nowhere, it seemed, a black, gigantic, spray-spitting wave came rushing towards the boy and the boat.

It was upon them in a moment, enveloping them in its grip, tearing them loose from one another with its overwhelming power.

It cracked the boat in two, easily, as a big old man might crack a toothpick simply by pressing it between his fingers.

And it sent the boy flying through the rain-swept air, then down into the water, only a few yards from the spot where *China Boy* had just gone under.

For a second, Gardner panicked. He gasped for air and opened his mouth and it came filled with the stinging taste of the cruel water that seemed to have set out to lick him. His limbs turned weak. His heart pounded heavily inside him. He felt that he was going to die.

And then, almost without realizing it, he found himself beginning to swim.

He knew that he was an impossible three miles from shore. He knew that he had no idea which way that shore lay.

But still he found himself swimming now, one tired arm cutting into the water, then the other, his legs kicking wearily but steadily, steadily, steadily, through

wave after wave, for yard after yard, on and on . . . heading maybe towards life, maybe towards death, not knowing.

"When I came to the shore, finally," Gardner says today, simply, about this incident, "I crawled onto the beach, lay back exhausted, thanked God for making me safe and fell asleep."

Says a family friend of Gardner's about this incident: "From that time on he was a different person. He never stuttered again. He never felt inadequate, or lost, or ashamed, or that anyone would ever ridicule him again. Because he knew that he had a certain power now, a power in himself and a guiding power up *there* somewhere. He knew, too, that it took guts to live, and that he had 'em. And from that day on he has lived by those guts, doing whatever he's wanted to, wherever and whenever he's wanted. . . ."

For example:

When Gardner was eighteen, he entered Cornell University. The next two years were fun. He was a good student, a star basketball player, editor of the school newspaper, and—tremendously popular with his fellow students—was voted president of his freshman and sophomore classes. But at twenty, suddenly—a little more than halfway through college—he decided to quit. "I just got to feeling bored," he says. "So I sat down one night and asked myself, 'What would you really like to be doing right now?' The answer was: New York, a job, something on Madison Avenue, in advertising."

Less than a week later Gardner was in New York, working for one of the large ad agencies, doing what he now remembers as the 'gray-flannel bit.' He started as an office boy, but in less than six months he was marked down as a comer and promoted to space salesman. Now he was really in, attended by all the usual ad-man trappings—the private office, the private secretary, the expense account, the snazzy little East Side apartment, the rack of striped ties, the jovial martini-guzzling friends, the works.

"Except that this became boring, too," Gardner remembers, "and I decided it was time for another change. What to do now? I didn't know exactly at first. And then one day I found myself not getting into a cab and going to work but walking across town to an art museum instead. I guess you can say it was as if something pulled me there, to the museum, to the certain exhibit room I ended up in, to those certain pieces of sculpture I found myself staring at, marveling at. Anyway, that's when I made up my mind that I was definitely going to quit advertising and switch to sculpting. Had I had any training for this? No. I just knew it was the only thing I wanted to do now."

For the next two years, Gardner sculpted away and had the time of his starving life. He lived in Greenwich Village now, in a $50-a-month apartment in a 50-year-old tenement building. When he was lucky and managed to sell some of his work (he sculpted hands mostly and his average take was $3 per finger), he could even get to pay the rent on time. When he wasn't so lucky, his landlady—an artist herself—understood and advanced him credit.

Gardner got his break eventually. One of his works—a huge mobile he had worked on in his spare time—was bought by the White Museum in Ithaca, New York. Then, a few weeks later, four pieces of his sculpture were bought by a dealer for more than $500. The price on fingers had gone up considerably and Gardner could feel his way to fulfill his latest wish, to continue his art studies in Paris.

On the very morning of the sale, he paid his landlady what he owed her and then took a bus to the offices of the French Line and bought his ticket on the first ship leaving for Europe.

The ship happened to be the *Ile de France.*

Sailing time happened to be the following afternoon, Wednesday, July 25, 1956.

It happened, too, that on the night of the twenty-fifth, at precisely 11:45, Gardner was seated in the ship's lounge, treating a girl he had met a little while earlier to a cognac, indulging in a little first-night-out flirting, when he felt his glass begin to tremble in his hand.

He knew, after a moment, that the ship had suddenly put on more speed, what seemed to him to be maximum speed.

He signaled a steward over to the table.

"What's going on?" he asked.

"The *Andrea Doria,* monsieur," the steward told him. "We have just received an SOS. She is crashed with another ship not far from here. We are on our way to pick up survivors."

And with that message Gardner forgot about the girl, the cognac and went for his camera.

"He got them all right, too," says a photographer friend of Gardner's, "some of the best pictures anybody took. And when the *Ile* turned around with its survivors and headed back to New York to let them off, Gardner got off, too, and stayed off. You see, he'd gone to the *New York Times* with his pictures and they'd bought them on the spot and somebody there had said to him, 'You should be in this business.' Without stopping to think if maybe the guy wasn't just talking out of the excitement of the moment, Gardner figured, *Yes, maybe I should be.* And with that he canceled his passage on the boat, forgot about Paris and art and buckled down to becoming a photographer . . . I

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Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE GARDNER McKAY:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE DOROTHY MALONE:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of **DEBBIE JOINS THE BEATNIKS**
[2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

I READ: [1] all of **DEBBIE REYNOLD'S PHONE CALL** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE SANDRA DEE:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

7. I LIKE ANNETTE FUNICELLO:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

8. I LIKE EDD BYRNES:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none

guess I don't have to tell you that he was pretty darn good at it. He became, in time, a fashion photographer of no mean reputation. He liked the work fine, too. *'Work?'* he used to say, '—you call working with girls like I meet *work?'* If Gardner had stuck with it he'd be in a class with Avedon and Horst and Rawlings by now. If he hadn't met Schary, I mean."

The meeting with Dore Schary, then Vice-President in charge of Practically Everything at MGM Studios, was as accidental and as fated as every other important moment in Gardner's life.

It came about in an elevator at 1540 Broadway, the bulding where MGM maintains its New York offices.

Schary, in from the Coast on a quick business trip, stepped into the elevator, said hello to the operator and then looked over at the fellow standing next to him.

He was struck immediately by his unusual good looks.

Neither Schary nor Gardner remembers the exact conversation on the forty-five-second ride up. But according to Gardner, it went something like this:

SCHARY: What line you in, young man?

GARDNER: Photography.

SCHARY: Where you headed for?

GARDNER: MGM, to deliver some pictures I've taken.

SCHARY: Like your work?

GARDNER: Like it fine.

SCHARY: Consider changing to something else?

GARDNER: For instance?

SCHARY: For instance acting.

GARDNER (laughing): You're kidding.

SCHARY (not laughing): I'm not . . . You got a few minutes?

GARDNER: Sure.

SCHARY: Then come with me.

They went to Schary's office where, for the next hour or so, the producer worked at convincing Gardner that it would be foolish of him to turn down an offer such as this, a chance at money, fame, glamour.

"You mentioned a few minutes ago you liked boats," Schary said, finally, when he saw that the rest of his talk wasn't getting him very far. "You have one here in the East, I suppose."

"No," Gardner said, "it doesn't seem to pay having one for only a few months of the year."

"Well," said Schary, smiling, "come to California and you can have one year 'round . . . You ever been to California?"

Gardner shook his head. "No, sir."

"Well," said Schary again, rubbing his hands together and proceeding to make like a one-man Chamber of Commerce, talking now about the magnificent Southern California weather, the blue Pacific, the ideal sailing conditions, the regattas at Christmastime—

"Christmastime?" Gardner broke in, amazed.

Schary nodded.

And then, slowly, Gardner began to nod, too, and he said, "It doesn't sound like such a bad thing at that, becoming an actor. Tell me, sir, how do I begin . . . ?"

"Gardner today isn't the least bit bitter about the wasted two years that followed in Hollywood," reports a young lady who works for us and who interviewed him recently. "In fact, he laughs about what happened. Regarding his first and only picture to date, *Raintree County,* he says: 'I had two whole lines more than the tree.' Regarding one of the half-dozen Grade-Z television westerns he did following *Raintree,* he says: 'I managed to kill one big mob scene single-handed. But I couldn't help it. A horse was standing on my foot.'

"He is sorry, he says, that Mr. Schary was released by MGM a few months after signing him—'probably things would have happened faster for me if he'd remained.' But, he says, he is grateful that those two long years of hanging around were climaxed by his big recent break, the *Adventures In Paradise* TV series, due to hit the home screens, by the way, this October. . . .

"Gardner lives in a one-room square box of a place in Laurel Canyon, with an all-glass side, facing the mountains. Just one room—huge, where he sleeps, has skin-diving equipment all over the place, lots of books along one wall and a counter where he eats.

"He answers questions intelligently, simply—bragging not at all about himself. He is properly modest about his almost total lack of acting experience. He is obviously quite an athlete—sails, swims, fishes, hunts, like to play ball, all that—but you get the feeling that if he had ever won a trophy, it would be hidden down in the cellar somewhere. . . . He is a perfect gentleman, yet a non-conformist. He thinks for himself, does what he wants to do, but is definitely not a beatnik. He has wonderful manners and is gracious, even in boating jeans.

"When I asked him if he has ever been in love he said: 'No, but I hope to be and I'd like to get married in about two years, three years tops.' When I asked him what kind of young lady he had in mind, he smiled at me and said: 'Give me a girl who knows all about basketball—and I'll take it from there.'

"He is a charmer who's come a long way from the shy frightened boy with the stutter.

"I predict, in fact, that the next stutter you hear will be the pitter-patter of gals' hearts, from Maine to California, wherever a TV set exists. . . ." **END**

IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

9. I LIKE AVA GARDNER:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

10. I LIKE SAL MINEO:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

11. I LIKE STELLA STEVENS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

12. I LIKE DEAN JONES:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

13. I LIKE BING CROSBY:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

14. I LIKE CONNIE FRANCIS:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE FRANKIE AVALON:
[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all [6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely [2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all

15. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

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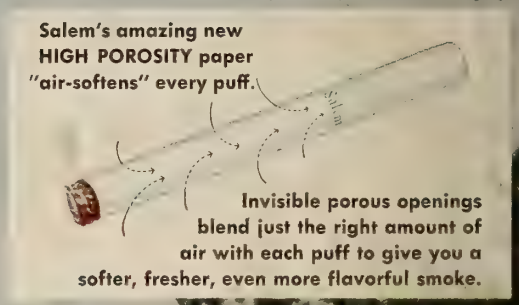
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 10, November 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

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Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N.Y. 36, N.Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Did an emotional upset about her break-up with her husband have any connection with **May Britt**'s walking out of the new movie *Seven Thieves?*
—S.K., Tupelo, Miss.

A *The only connection between May's bowing out of her marriage and that film was an apparent dissatisfaction with the way both were going.*

Q Is there a big romance brewing between **Lauren Bacall** and bullfighter Luis Dominguin who used to date **Ava Gardner?** I read the two saw a great deal of each other in Europe last summer.
—R.E., Front Royal, Va.

A *Lauren and Luis are just good friends. Lauren adores bull fights, Luis adores bull fights and his wife.*

Q Will **Marilyn Monroe** appear on television this season? The columnists say that she is listening attentively to the lucrative offers of the networks.
—M.N., Rego Park, N.Y.

A *Marilyn is listening—but not acting. The only role that interests her is that of Mrs. Willy Loman in a TV version of husband Arthur Miller's* Death Of A Salesman. *The role was originally created in 1949 by character actress* **Mildred Dunnock.** *So far no producer, no matter haw anxious has been brave enough to risk this kind of casting.*

Q In your opinion is **Jill St. John** really in love with Lance however-you-spell-it, or is she just marrying him for his millions and millions and millions?
—S.S., New York City

A *In our opinion, Jill is one of those girls who believe it is just as easy to fall in love with a millionaire as it is with a miller's son—and was lucky enough to find Lance Reventlow.*

Q Since **Nick Adams** has married Carol Nugent, I have heard nothing about his friendship with **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**. I thought the four would be double dating all the time. Is Nat as anti-Carol as she was anti-**Kathy Nolan**?
—N.K.L., Ivoryton, Conn.

A *Nat and Bob have always felt three is a ball, four is a crowd. They are now having a ball with* **Frank Sinatra.**

Q What are **Gina Lollobrigida** and **Frank Sinatra** doing about those reports which have Gina divorcing her husband in order to be free to continue her romance with her *Never So Few* co-star?
—R.P., Los Angeles, Calif.

A *Planning to sue the foreign correspondent who started spreading them.*

Q Exactly who is this teenager that **Errol Flynn** wants to marry if his wife **Pat Wymore** would ever consent to a divorce?
—D.G., Cincinnati, Ohio

A *Sixteen-year-old Beverly Adland was a former classmate of Errol's son.*

Q Could you possibly give me one *good* reason in this world why a fifteen-year-old girl like **Tuesday Weld** should be dating forty-five-year-old **John Ireland**?
—T.H., Buffalo, N.Y.

A *No.*

Q Is it true that **Bill Holden** is planning to live permanently in Sweden where he can avoid high taxes—even though it means giving up his American citizenship?
—G.F., Westfield, N.J.

A *Bill's decided to settle for Switzerland where he can save both taxes—and citizenship.*

Q Now that **Pier Angeli** and **Vic Damone** have separated again, do you think his reason for the reconciliation was to have his son live with him again?
—S.K.L., Cairo, Ill.

A *Perry will remain with Vic while Pier is abroad. Her friends allegedly suspect his motives for the last reconciliation.*

Q There's been a rumor that **Liz Taylor** is so desperate for money since **Eddie Fisher** lost all his American shows that she's lowered her asking price per movie in order that *she* keep working regularly. What about this?
—O.T., Erie, Penn.

A *Liz has upped her asking price to a cool million per picture, a tax-free $300,000 for a TV shot.*

Q How did the explosive combination of Brando and Magnani get along when they were working together in *The Fugitive Kind?*
—A.K., Washington, D.C.

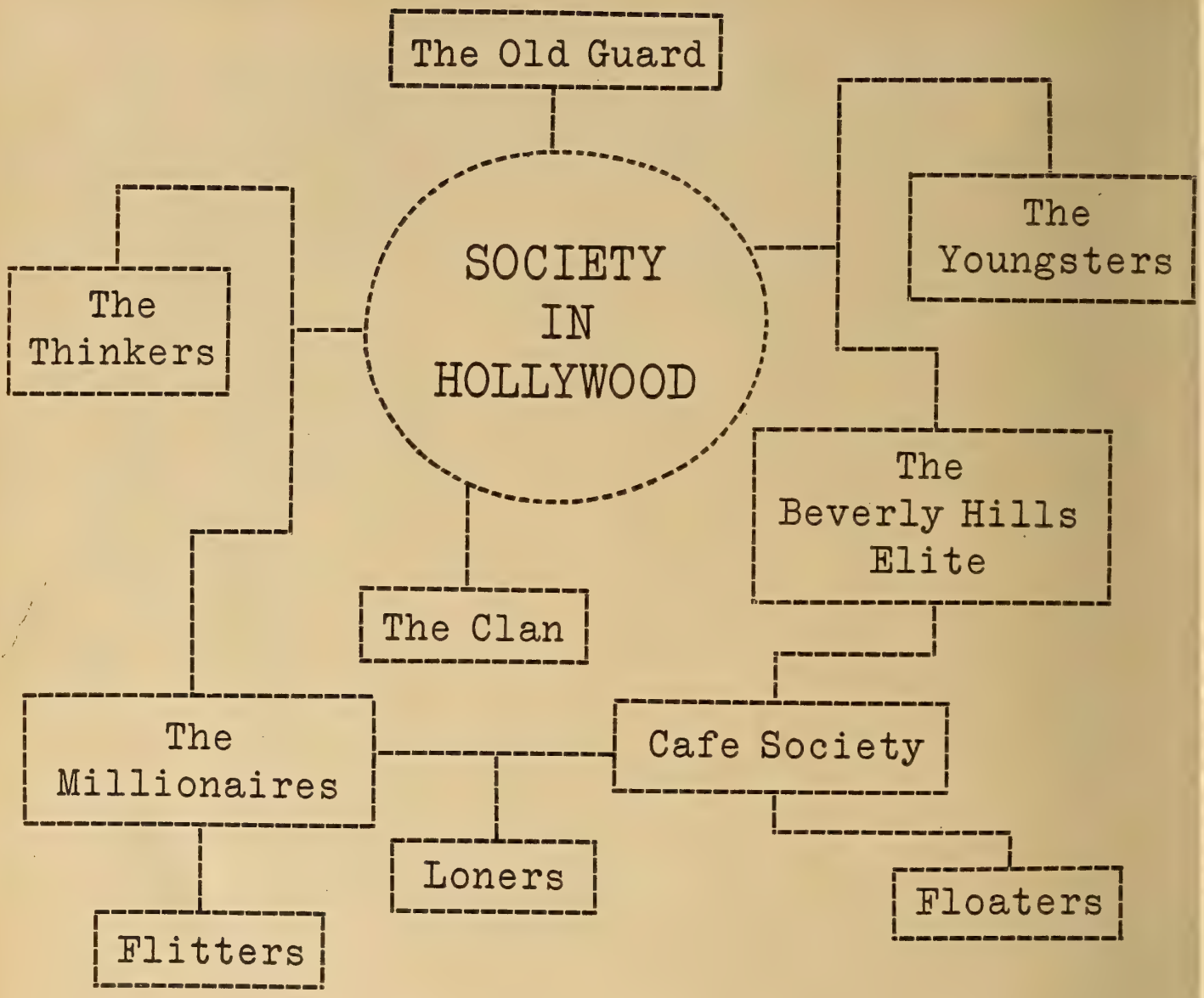
A *Like T.N.T.*

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The only thing you can say for sure about friendship in Hollywood is: it's always changing.

For example, in Frank Sinatra's tight little social group, Sammy Davis Jr. was one of the most-welcomed members. Wherever Frankie went, Sammy could go. Then, Sammy got involved with an actress, and Frank disapproved. He gave some brotherly advice to Sammy, who did not welcome same. When Sammy was playing a date in Chicago, he got on a disc jockey show and made some aspersions about Frank's social conduct. Someone happened to send a tape of the broadcast to Frank.

That ended the friendship. Sammy was completely out of the Sinatra circle until he apologized sufficiently to appease Frank.

Example No. 2: Desi Arnaz' claim to fame was tenuous at best. He was noted chiefly as a bongo-beater and husband of the actress Lucille Ball. Their marriage was rather stormy and unstable, since he was often on the road with an orchestra, playing for tired businessmen who wanted to shake their hips.

There was scant reason to invite Arnaz to the better parties.

Then came something called television and a (Continued on page 8)

The Inquiring Photographer

THE QUESTION

Everyone wants "The Best of Everything"—but everyone differs as to what it is. What's your idea of

"THE BEST OF EVERYTHING"?

WHERE ASKED

20th Century-Fox studios, Hollywood, during the filming of Jerry Wald's production of "The Best Of Everything," directed by Jean Negulesco in CinemaScope and Color by De Luxe.

Caroline, just graduated from Radcliffe, played by **HOPE LANGE**



"I can't answer that till I've *tried* everything. I may not wind up with the best, but I'll sure as Satan have the most!"

Mike, Executive, played by **STEPHEN BOYD**



"Escape. In a bottle, or maybe in a girl, provided you don't get too involved. There's always the danger of committing yourself in that weak moment."

Gregg, young actress, played by **SUZY PARKER**



"Last year I'd have said to be a part of the theatre. But now it's to be part of the producer—that he'd as soon stop breathing as let me go!"

Barbara, secretary, played by **MARTHA HYER**



"Just one man to whom a divorcee isn't a blank check to quickie Heaven —who won't think that because I once said 'I do' it means that I always will."

April, secretary, played by **DIANE BAKER**



"A wedding—any kind, any place, just so long as it's quick and legal. If only I'd gotten by that first date without giving myself away—but it's a little late now."

Mr. Shalimar, publisher, played by **BRIAN AHERNE**



"To have the office harem I've got, with after-hours dictation privileges. A man in my position isn't easily satisfied with under-the-table-pinching."

Dexter, man-about town, played by **ROBERT EVANS**



"Girls! Is there anything else?"

David Savage, producer, played by **LOUIS JOURDAN**



"Creating for the theatre. I'd use anything, anybody, to stimulate my creative juices. I'll give them everything in return, short of myself."

Amanda Farrow, editor, played by **JOAN CRAWFORD**



"Success in business — the feeling of power that comes with it. It makes up for the bit I have to play at night to keep what I've got in the daytime."

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(*Continued from page 6*)

show titled *I Love Lucy*. Soon he was a TV tycoon. The social set really took notice when Desi plunked down several million to buy up RKO studios.

Now Desi Arnaz is eagerly sought after.

Until recent times, the studio heads ruled Hollywood with iron fists. A bid to their parties was the achievement to be sought. They held the make-or-break power over all careers.

No more. The moguls are diminished, by death, retirement or dwindling power. The star has risen to his greatest height.

This industry change is bound to have an effect on the social pattern, as we shall see in our treatise. Perhaps the best approach to this weighty subject is to list the major social groupings of the Hollywood social scene. Here they are:

THE OLD GUARD

This is the group that has been hardest hit by the passage of time. They comprise the founders and leaders of the industry and some of the longtime stars—the ones who saved their money, since wealth is essential for membership in this bunch.

Death has riddled the Old Guard, which has lost such giants as Harry Cohn, Louis B. Mayer, Cecil B. DeMille, Harry Warner, etc. Others like Nicholas and Joseph Schenck and Darryl F. Zanuck no longer occupy the seats of power.

But there is still plenty of life in the remaining pioneers, and they rule their own social sphere with regality from their mansions in Bel-Air. Each has his own immediate sphere of influence, but they may meet on state occasions such as entertaining royalty.

Samuel Goldwyn, Jack Warner, David O. Selznick (wife: Jennifer Jones) are among the remaining captains of industy. The old-time stars who belong to this grouping include Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Marion Davies, Janet Gaynor (and Gilbert Adrian), Harold Lloyd, etc.

THE BEVERLY HILLS ELITE

The geographical naming is necessary here, since most of the members live in the heart of the Beverly Hills high-rent district. They are extremely rich individuals who have been at the top of their professions for many years. They live elegantly and entertain each other in grand style. The talk is sophisticated but with a heavy emphasis on show business.

The leaders are Jack and Mary Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Danny and Sylvia Kaye, Bill and Edie Goetz, Dinah Shore and George Montgomery, Van and Evie Johnson, Claudette Colbert and Dr. Joel Pressman, Groucho Marx and his wife. Marlene Dietrich would join the group when in Hollywood. Also Maurice Chevalier and Noel Coward. The David Nivens, Gary Coopers and James Stewarts can also be included, though they travel with other groups as well.

THE THINKERS

That's the best name for another well-defined circle. In general, they are more recent additions to the social scene, though by no means Johnny-come-latelies. Their achievements may not be as substantial as the Elite, but are generally more recent. Their talk is also about show business, but it is wittier and more cutting. They are more concerned with world affairs and political problems, with art and literature.

But they're not stuffy. Oh, no. They're a lively, charming group. They include the Billy Wilders, the Kirk Douglases, the Gregory Pecks, the Louis Jourdans, the Henry Fondas, the William Holdens, Lauren Bacall, Laurence Olivier when in

NOVEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday is in November, your birthstone is a topaz and your flower is a chrysanthemum, and here are some of the stars you share it with:

November 1—**Betsy Palmer**
Jeff Richards

November 2—**Charlotte Austin**
Burt Lancaster

November 4—**Cameron Mitchell**

November 5—**Vivien Leigh**
Joel McCrea

November 7—**Dean Jagger**

November 8—**Robert Strauss**

November 9—**Hedy Lamarr**
Russell Johnson

November 10—**Richard Burton**

November 11—**Pat O'Brien**
Robert Ryan

November 12—**Grace Kelly**

November 14—**Veronica Lake**
Brian Keith

November 15—**John Kerr**

November 17—**Mari Aldon**
Rock Hudson

November 19—**Clifton Webb**

November 20—**Evelyn Keyes**
Lucy Marlowe
Gene Tierney

November 21—**Vivian Blaine**
Ralph Meeker

November 22—**Geraldine Page**

November 23—**Victor Jory**

November 24—**Howard Duff**

November 25—**Kathryn Grant**
Jeffrey Hunter
Ricardo Montalban

November 27—**Marshall Thompson**

November 28—**Gloria Grahame**

November 30—**Virginia Mayo**



Gig Young
November 4



Katharine Hepburn
November 8



Jean Seberg
November 13



Boris Karloff
November 23

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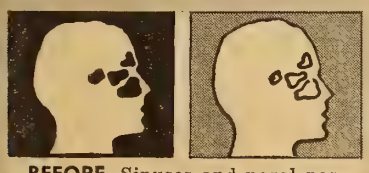
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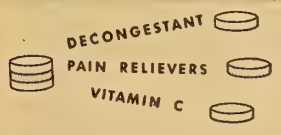
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Hollywood, Peter Ustinov, ditto. New members include Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh and the Dean Martins, who also belong to our next group, the Clan.

THE CLAN

While Frank Sinatra's Clan is by no means as strict as reported (members do *not* have to drive the same foreign car, for example), there are certain rules of conduct that must be observed. One is loyalty to the Leader. Sammy Davis found that out.

This may sound as though Sinatra rules the Clan with an autocratic hand. Frank is a most affable and democratic ruler. He never throws his weight around and is intensely loyal to his buddies. He expects that loyalty to be returned.

Judy Garland was close to Frank until she chose to make her Las Vegas debut at the New Frontier Hotel. This was treason to Sinatra, who owns an interest in the Sands. And so for three years, Judy was Out with a capital O.

But—when Judy later signed for an engagement at the Sands, she was once again In. Frank celebrated the occasion by taking a trainload of his pals from Hollywood to Las Vegas for her opening.

There's plenty of give and take in the Clan, as you can imagine with such individualists as Tony and Janet, the Dean Martins, Shirley MacLaine and Steve Parker, Eddie Fisher, Peter Lawford and his wife, the sister of Senator John Kennedy. Each has his say, and there are sometimes internecine battles, as when Fisher and Martin got in a beef over Dean's canceling out on Eddie's TV show.

Typical of the outspokenness of the group was an encounter between Janet Leigh and Sinatra. It happened after Frank broke up with Betty Bacall.

Janet said point-blank to Frank one night: "I don't care what's happened or how you feel; I'm going to go on seeing Betty because I'm very fond of her. So there!" And Frank acquiesced.

THE MILLIONAIRES

There's another important group whose activities are less publicized than the Clan. They gather to exchange genteel conversation in their mansions or at the ultra resorts in the desert or mountains—or around the world. More often than not, they will be discussing their investments.

Included are such figures as June Allyson and Dick Powell, Edgar and Frances Bergen, the Walt Disneys, the Bob Cummings, the Art Linkletters.

CAFE SOCIETY

Night life is pretty well dead in Hollywood. Most entertaining is done in homes. But there is a group of celebrities that can be called Café Society.

This hard core of fun-seekers can generally be seen at the big premieres, the publicity cocktail parties and banquets. Some are newcomers who want to get their names in the newspapers. Some have been around for a while but still like the bright lights and excitement. Many are single and hence have not fitted into any of the fore-mentioned social groups, which are dominated by married couples.

Among them: Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay, Esther Williams, Jeff Chandler, Hugh O'Brian, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman, Jon Hall, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Dorothy Malone, the Robert Stacks, Joan Collins, Rhonda Fleming.

THE YOUNGSTERS

As with every community, the younger generation in Hollywood is the least or-

ganized segment of society.

Many are already famous, but are restricted by their youth from joining upper level groups.

Some are on the move upward. Robert Wagner and Natalie Wood, for example, may be drawn into the Clan. Singer Pat Boone may also be pulled into one of the social groups.

In a search for an identity—as well as to aid a worthy cause—many of the younger group have joined the Thalians, a charitable organization of show people.

Gary, Phillip, Dennis and Lindsay Crosby, Tommy Sands and Jimmy Boyd formed their own organization, purchased leather jackets as uniforms and even challenged the Clan to a rumble. The Clan declined.

Less organized members of the young Hollywood generation, who sometimes meet in the offbeat cafes or at informal parties, include: Rick and David Nelson, Buddy Bregman and Anna Maria Alberghetti, Nick Adams, Edd Byrnes, Peter Brown, Jill St. John, Tuesday Weld, Sandra Dee, Carol Lynley, James MacArthur.

FLOATERS

There are a few figures in Hollywood society who can best be called Floaters. These are personalities who are sought after, but decline to join one group.

Top man in this category is Cary Grant. He would be welcomed in anyone's living room and is constantly asked. Too mannerly for an abrupt turndown, he often leaves his intent vague.

The most common remark of Hollywood hostesses is: "Cary may drop in." He seldom does.

Coming up fast as a threat to Grant's honors as a Floater is Rock Hudson. Already the same hostesses are beginning to remark: "Rock may drop in."

LONERS

Hollywood's party-throwers have given up on another group of individualists who simply refuse to join in the social whirl. The most notable example is Marlon Brando. Likewise, Montgomery Clift.

Clark Gable is occasionally seen at a big party, but he prefers his ranch, hunting and fishing.

Marilyn Monroe and Kim Novak are the most notable female Loners by reason of their inherent shyness.

FLITTERS

We cannot close this treatise without consideration of a final group, the Flitters.

These mobile persons have moved from one group to another with amazing agility. Without doubt, the most famous Flitter is Elizabeth Taylor.

Some Flitters fly because of boredom or ambition. In the case of Liz, it has been a matter of marriage. Consider the changes of her social pattern:

Husband No. 1, Nicky Hilton, continued her friendship with the younger Hollywood set, especially the grads of the MGM school—Jane Powell, Marshall Thompson, Janet Leigh, etc.

Husband No. 2, Michael Wilding, introduced her to a more mature, sophisticated group with a decided British accent—Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger, James and Pamela Mason, Richard Burton, etc.

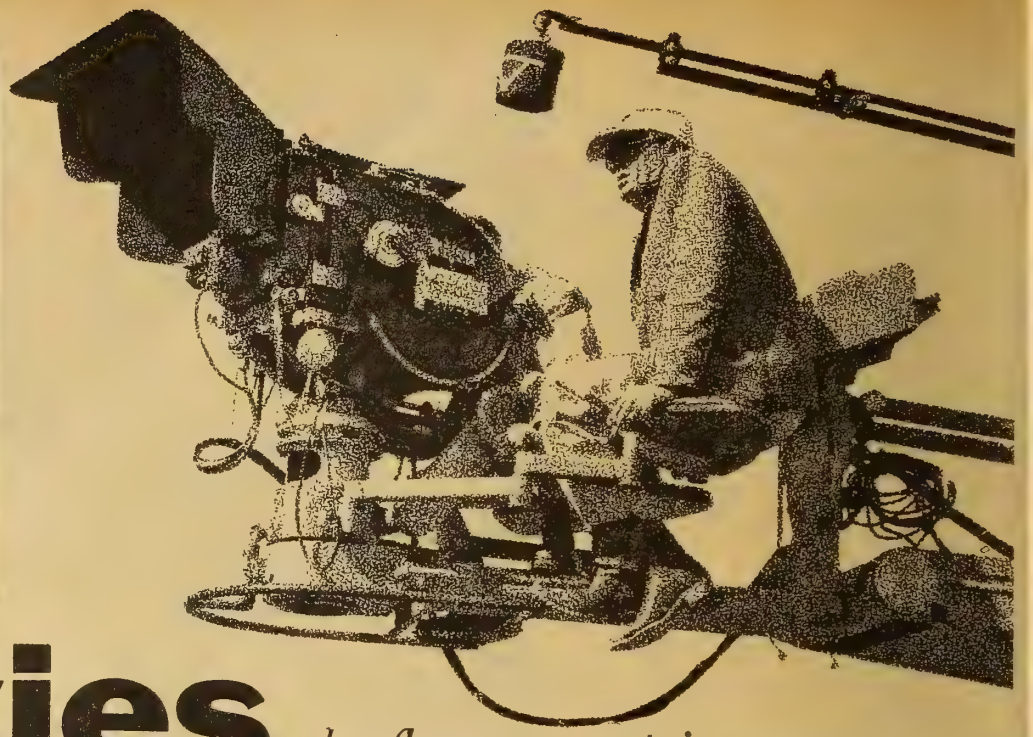
Husband No. 3, Mike Todd, plunged her into the high-powered world of empire builders—the Sam Goldwyns, the Buddy Adlers, etc.

Husband No. 4, Eddie Fisher, brings her into the worlds of pop music and night clubs, plus the vicinity of the Clan.

So goes Liz Taylor.

And so goes Hollywood society. **END**





new movies

by florence epstein

BLUE DENIM

teenage drama

Carol Lynley
Brandon de Wilde
MacDonald Carey
Marsha Hunt
Warren Berlinger

▪ When a nice teenage girl meets a nice teenage boy they usually go steady, but it is devoutly to be wished that the girl doesn't get pregnant. This is putting very bluntly a problem that *Blue Denim* explores with the greatest taste and sensitivity. Carol Lynley, daughter of a college professor who is lost in the memory of his dead wife, and Brandon de Wilde, son of a flighty but lovable mother (Marsha Hunt) and a stern, ex-Major of a father (MacDonald Carey), are the kids whose first experience with romance leads very close to disaster. Why does a *good* girl get into trouble? How much blame rests with the parents? (In this case Brandon's parents are too busy marrying off their daughter to sit down and talk to him.) These are a couple of the questions dramatically—and suspensefully—presented. Warren Berlinger, as Brandon's show-off buddy, adds vitality and flavor to the film.—20TH-FOX.

PILLOW TALK

sophisticated comedy

Doris Day
Rock Hudson
Tony Randall
Thelma Ritter
Nick Adams

▪ Doris Day—sleek in high-fashion clothes and a career girl's apartment—has everything, except a husband and a private phone. She doesn't want a husband, but she needs the phone to speak to her clients (she's an interior decorator). Sharing her party line is the biggest wolf in New York, songwriter Rock Hudson. Any illusions Doris ever had about men he's destroyed forever. Standing by (with the aid of a psychoanalyst) is thrice-married Tony Randall who wants to restore Doris' illusions. He wants to be married four times; he can afford it. Tony is Rock's best friend. Rock wants to be Doris' best friend. The only way he can try his line (wolf) on her is by assuming a phony accent (Western), a false name and a bashful personality. When the line works he's really in trouble. The dialogue's bright and clever; Thelma Ritter (as Doris' part-time maid) adds her usual hilarity—it's all great fun.—TECHNICOLOR, U-I.

A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR

basic training—for war?

Sal Mineo
Gary Crosby
Barry Coe
Christine Carere
Terry Moore

▪ Think of it. All in one army camp in New Jersey are jazzman Sal Mineo, playboy Gary Crosby and college grad Barry Coe. Also Robert Denver who has a tape recorder on which he records commands. (Naturally, when the platoon commander commands, everybody thinks it's the tape recorder and winds up on K.P.) But our three heroes also record a song which Jim Backus, TV's greatest emcee, hears. Backus plans to put them on his all-soldier show. This makes their girl-friends very proud. The girls are Christine Carere (Sal's next-door neighbor who, Sal thinks, is too intellectual); Terry Moore (Barry's childhood friend who, Sal thinks, has 'class') and Barbara Eden (a WAC sergeant who knows how to keep Crosby in line). Everything would be hunky-dory if Barry didn't go and get himself married to the Assistant Secretary of the Army (Jessie Royce Landis). You see, he is in the post hospital with laryngitis and is mistaken for a little girl's dying father. Jessie has decided to marry the man so that she can keep the little girl in the States—otherwise she would be sent to an orphanage in the Netherlands. Barry's asleep during the ceremony but when he wakes up he's so upset he loses his voice again. Before that TV show gets on the air, and Barry gets his freedom, and Jessie gets custody of the girl and true love gets a chance to flower (*Continued on page 14*)



Carol Lynley, as the good girl, is in trouble and frightened. Brandon de Wilde, as the good boy, would like to help, but he's weak and frightened too. His friend, tough, wise-cracking Warren Berlinger, thinks he has the solution to the problem.

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DORIS DAY
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TONY RANDALL
THELMA RITTER
WITH
NICK ADAMS · MARCEL DALIO · JULIA MEADE



Doris sings!
Rock sings!
Your heart sings!
"PILLOW TALK" • "POSSESS ME"
"ROLY POLY" • "INSPIRATION"

Directed by MICHAEL GORDON · Screenplay by STANLEY SHAPIRO and MAURICE RICHLIN
Produced by ROSS HUNTER and MARTIN MELCHER · AN ARWIN PRODUCTION
A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

IN EASTMAN COLOR • CINEMASCOPE

new movies

(*Continued from page 12*)

(in triplicate), there are miles of red tape to frantically unwind.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

THAT KIND OF WOMAN — **Tab Hunter, Sophia Loren, Barbara Nichols, Keenan Wynn, George Sanders**

the best things in life are free

■ In 1944 love had to happen fast, or not at all. It was World War II time, and paratroopers like Tab Hunter and Jack Warden knew enough to make the most of every leave. On a train from Miami to New York, the most is Sophia Loren, who is traveling with a friend (Barbara Nichols) and an unpleasant watchdog (Keenan Wynn). Sophia has a watchdog because she's not a free girl. She's sold herself to millionaire George Sanders. Sanders is very generous; he's provided her with a mansion, jewels, clothes—and Keenan Wynn. One look, and Tab Hunter would like to throw himself at her feet. Since he is a sincere kind of boy, he does—and Sophia is tempted to step right over him. Except, it's love. What's a girl going to do? Give up a millionaire (who might even marry her) for a poor but honest paratrooper? You'll see.—PARAMOUNT.

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE — **Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Laurence Olivier, Janette Scott, Eva LeGalliene**

classic comedy

■ The wit of George Bernard Shaw deserves most of the credit, but the actors aren't slouches, either! Down from Canada has come Laurence Olivier (as Gentleman John Burgoyne). He doesn't like war or discomfort at all, but if he must subdue the Colonies—that's us—for King George, he must. Impossible to subdue by anyone is The Devil's Disciple (Kirk Douglas), a rebel—against everything—from New Hampshire who is a thorn in the side of his respectable family. His father loved him, but his father has just been hung as an example by the British. Kirk risks his life to bring the body home and bury it in a churchyard. Minister Burt Lancaster admires Kirk; Lancaster's wife (Janette Scott) hates him. But, one day, when the Redcoats come to arrest Lancaster for treason Kirk takes his place. Janette's hate turns to love—especially since she thinks that her husband has run out on Kirk (like a coward). Lancaster has only run out to do battle. Realizing that he doesn't have the true calling of a minister, he becomes a daring and ferocious rebel soldier. But what becomes of Kirk? Laurence Olivier conducts his trial while the hanging equipment is being set up. To make a comedy out of such serious and historic events takes genius. A comedy it is—urbane and action-packed.—UNITED ARTISTS.

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN — **James MacArthur, Michael Rennie, Janet Munro, James Donald, Herbert Lom**

a Walt Disney adventure

■ James MacArthur's father was the most famous guide in the Swiss Alps. He died heroically in the mountains and has become a legend in his native village. James wants to be a guide like his father, but his guardian, Uncle James Donald, forbids the thought—and James has to do all his dreaming while he washes dishes in the village hotel. But on an afternoon off he saves the life of Michael Rennie—a famous English climber who has,

unfortunately, fallen into a crevasse. Rennie persuades Uncle to let the boy come along on their next climb. But in trying to show off, he endangers all their lives. No more climbing for him! Looming above the village, a threat and a challenge, is the towering peak where James' father died. For sixteen years no guide has had the nerve to conquer it. Rennie wants to; so does James. Uncle would rather kill him first than see him die on that mountain. Filmed in Switzerland, the scenery is dazzling; the story—which takes place in 1865—is delightful and the shots of mountain climbing will take your breath away.—TECHNICOLOR, BUENA VISTA.

THE FBI STORY

three decades of crime

James Stewart
Vera Miles
Murray Hamilton
Larry Pennell
Nick Adams

▪ *The FBI Story,* was a best-seller in book form—and straight from the files of the FBI. The movie starts in 1924, in Tennessee, when G-man James Stewart promises to quit the Organization if librarian Vera Miles marries him. She does; he doesn't. Thus begins a series of adventures: Stewart disguised as a Klansman to prevent a grudge murder; Stewart disguised as a cattle dealer to solve an Indian's murder; Stewart in street clothes gathering evidence that exposes a bank president as a master criminal. All of this is very exciting stuff—exciting enough to send Vera and her three growing children home to Tennessee. She thinks that'll make James quit; he doesn't. Vera finally realizes that she cannot be happy without Stewart, and rejoins him. The danger and the adventures never cease. Comes Pearl Harbor and the FBI is swelled by 2,500 more agents (total: 5,000). Comes peace—and Communism—and there is James in New York, his nose to the ground. In peace and war the FBI marches on. And our hero's happy family marches with him. It's an inspiring story.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

BUT NOT FOR ME (Paramount): Producer Clark Gable, with two lousy first acts of a new play, and a drunken playwright (Lee J. Cobb) on his hands, feels he's through. He fires his secretary Carroll Baker: she tells him off (because she *cares*) in perfect dialogue for the play. Back in business, with Carroll as star, the romantic problems are complicated by Gable's ex-wife Lilli Palmer and Carroll's ex-flame Barry Coe.

ANATOMY OF A MURDER (Columbia): Sweatergirl Lee Remick's rape is avenged by her ex-G.I. husband Ben Gazzara. It's murder! James Stewart, lawyer and fisherman, takes the defense. Complex people make for a tough case, but Stewart is aided by shrewd old lawyer (temporarily non-alcoholic) Arthur O'Connell. The courtroom is presided over by Judge Joseph Welch (of Army-McCarthy hearings fame). Prosecutor's assistant George C. Scott gives Stewart a hard time before all is settled.

NORTH BY NORTHWEST (MGM): Executive Cary Grant is a man on the run. He's been mistaken for—one George Kaplan, a man desperately wanted out of the way by James Mason's mob. Escaping them temporarily, he runs into Eva Marie Saint. She's lovely but when she sends him to a rendezvous with a machine-gun, he wonders which side she's on. The Wild West, Mt. Rushmore, and the Federal government get into the act before this classic Hitchcock thriller is over.

THE BIG FISHERMAN (Buena Vista): The big fisherman is Simon Peter (Howard Keel), disciple of Christ. Based on Lloyd C. Douglas' novel, the story opens with Susan Kohner vowing to kill her father, the tyrant of Galilee (Herbert Lom). She leaves the lavish Arabian camp disguised and alone, but is followed by John Saxon. A new peace in the land is communicated by Simon Peter and John the Baptist (Jay Barney), and eventually stays Susan's hand. Spectacular!



Watch it all disappear (your tummy bulge, that is) with the exclusive Criss-Cross inner belt: it crosses your middle twice for double control! While four side sections of leno elastic shape you beautifully. In finest nylon with a vertical stretch satin back for this tiny price: $5.95. Get **CRISS-CROSS** by

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BESTFORM

ONLY BOBBI HAS STYLE-SUPPORT TO SOFTLY HOLD MODERN HAIRSTYLES



Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give style-support for the fliply casual look of "*Social Whirl.*"

For the new, softly controlled look of "*Melody,*" Bobbi waves in style-support to keep it trim and tidy.

Style-support is the key to the lifted crown cap of "*Missy*"—soft and young. With improved Bobbi it's simple as setting.

New improved Bobbi waves in **style-support** with the ease and softness of a setting



The easiest permanent to give yourself . . .

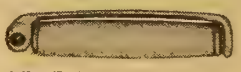
The only permanent with 3 kinds of curlers . . . waves in the style you want with the support it needs!

Style-support . . . the new Bobbi Pin Curl Permanent magic that lets you have and hold a soft, modern hairstyle as never before! Bobbi's three kinds of curlers give each waving area the curl strength it needs for modern styling. Bobbi's so easy! It's self-neutralizing and there's no re-setting. Just brush out natural-looking waves right from the start. New *improved* Bobbi—waves in style-support! Complete kit, only $2.00. Refill without curlers, $1.50. Look for the bright pink box.

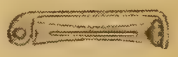
ONLY NEW BOBBI GIVES YOU ALL 3 KINDS OF CURLERS



40 CASUAL PIN-CURLERS
for easy, over-all softness in major areas.



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for areas needing extra body or "lift".



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for curling stubborn neckline stragglers.

MODERN SCREEN'S
8 PAGE GOSSIP EXTRA
by
HOLLYWOOD'S
GREATEST COLUMNIST

LOUELLA PARSONS

in this issue:

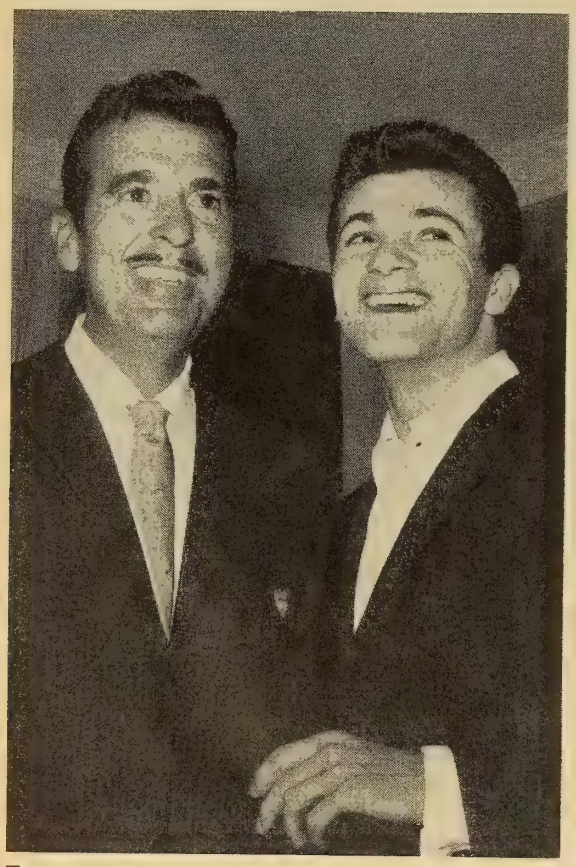
The most beautiful party

A plea to Gary Crosby

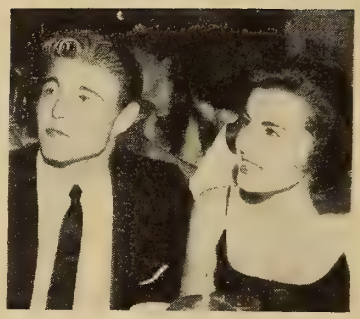
Louella talks cool



Louella gets a special serenade in honor of her birthday from none other than the old maestro himself, Jack Benny.



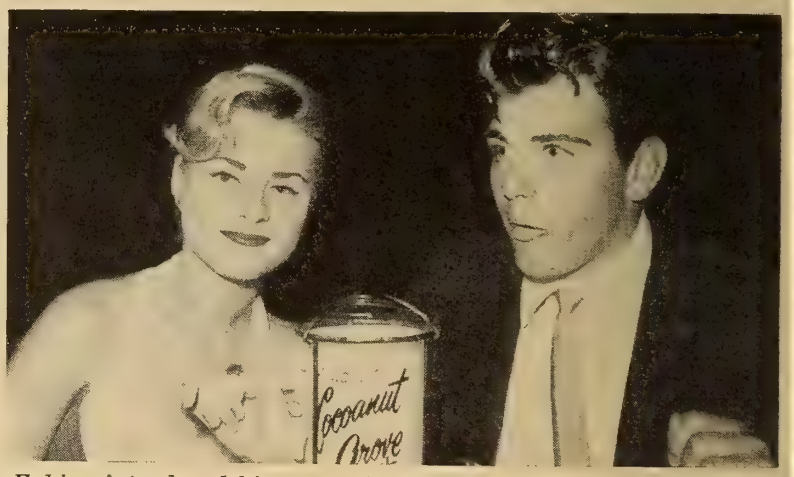
Tennessee Ernie Ford (left) was on hand to applaud his protege Tommy Sands at his opening.



David Nelson was there with date Donna Sue Needham.



Gia Scala and Don Burnett married two weeks later.



Fabian introduced his pretty blonde date to everyone as 'Windy Human,' but it's really hard to believe that's her actual name.

Rock 'n' Rollin' with LOP

Never let it be said that this hasn't been a big month with me and the boys, and I do mean **Fabian**, **Tommy Sands**, **Bobby Darin** and even **Dick Clark** (whom I haven't yet met).

If I'm not a hep cat by now it isn't because I haven't been exposed to these cool characters, sometimes not getting back to my pad until way after curfew. (I promise I won't do any more of this kind of talk—but it's fun!)

Tommy Sands opening at the Cocoanut Grove was jumpin' with practically all the 'kooks' (there I go again) in town on hand. I had also caught Tommy's show at the Waldorf in New York but I liked him better at the Grove. Here he was backed by the wonderful music of **Freddie Martin** as against **Count Basie**'s loud beat. As for Tommy, he's always tops in performance and getting smoother all the time.

Before the show started Fabian came over to our table and asked if I had received his flowers, his way of saying thanks for something I had written. He told us he had been shooting *Hound Dog Man* on the old Warner ranch, up to the hips in snakes! "During the close shots all of us are wearing knee boots because the rattlesnakes are as thick as bees." The seventeen-year-old singing sensation making his movie debut in this picture laughingly said he hoped to survive to make his next movie indoors.

I asked him where **Sandra Dee** was as she was supposed to be his date. Fabian said, "The heat got her down and she feels ill." Before I could ask him the name of the girl he brought, Fabian was off to his own ringside table to await the entrance of Tommy.

(Later, I heard he introduced his gal as Windy Human—which may or may not be her name. Wonder if he's taken up **Frank Sinatra**'s gag of making up nutsy names for his girl friends who aren't recognized?)

It was a big night and a good turnout to welcome Tommy to the Grove and I couldn't be happier. This is not only a talented boy—he's a *good* boy. Although his parents are separated and he makes his home with his mother, Tommy had brought his ailing father with him back from the East and he was taking care of him.

On hand to give Tommy a great big hand were **June Blair, Anna Maria Alberghetti** and CBS executive Charles Straus, **Gia Scala** and **Don Burnett**—they were married two weeks later, **Connie Stevens** celebrating her twenty-first birthday, and **Carroll Baker** with her husband Jack Garfein.

I've saved the most illustrious guests present for the last because it was the distinct pleasure of composer Jimmy McHugh and myself to bring Governor William Quinn of Hawaii and his lovely wife Nancy to Tommy's opening.

The First Gentleman and Lady of our 50th State received an ovation which they richly deserved. Later, Governor Quinn made a big hit with both Tommy and Fabian by saying how sorry he was that his two sons weren't present because "Both boys are fans of yours —so of course I hear your records."

(More of my exploits with the hot beat generation later.)



New Swedish actress May Britt and her husband went off on a rift-honeymoon but haven't said they'd reconcile.

Separation Honeymoon

Did you ever hear of one before? Well, you will now:

A few hours after my morning newspaper story broke on the separation of Swedish glamour girl **May Britt** and her Stanford-student husband, socialite Ed Gregson, I called May (pronounced *My*). I had delayed my call to mid-morning to be polite and let her sleep late after what must have been an emotional upheaval the previous day admitting that her marriage was on the rocks.

May, it turned out, wasn't in.

Now hold on—she was driving up the Coast to Palo Alto to pick up her about-to-be-'Ex' at Stanford and they would then be off on a motor trip through the Pacific Northwest!

In my many years of covering Hollywood I have heard many things. But this was my first experience with a separation honeymoon!

Guess it just proves that there *is* something new under the Hollwood sun after all.

Maybe I'm old fashioned. But why didn't the Swedish star and her social husband (he is the scion of the wealthy and prominent Gregson and Janss families of Los Angeles) try the trip *first* and try to save the painful admission of the previous day?

I'm not saying there is anything immoral about the post-rift trip because there isn't. Even if May had gone so far as to file for a divorce she and young Gregson are considered legally married under the California laws for a full year. No, it wasn't immoral. Just a little silly.

Would you like to know their reasons for parting? Ed's studies kept him at Stanford and May's promising career (*Blue Angel* lifts her to stardom) keeps her in Hollywood.

Bob Taylor's Baby Girl

The brand new daughter of **Bob Taylor** and **Ursula Thiess** arrived in the evening of August 16th making her a 'Leo' like her famous father. Of course, Bob's walking on air since the debut of his first daughter whose name, starting with a T, had been selected in advance to match up with son Terry, now about four.

There was quite a lot of excitement at the Taylor ranch in Hidden Valley just before the arrival of Tessa. Bob and Ursula had returned home late from a party to learn that there was a bobcat loose on the property which was frightening the domestic animals.

So, armed with shotguns and searchlights, the Taylors set out to get the intruder.

After about an hour of this unsuccessful hunting expedition, Ursula said to Bob, "I think, maybe, I had better be getting to the hospital."

"That's about the biggest break a bobcat ever got," laughed Bob. "I never stopped a hunting trip so fast in my life, rushing Ursula to St. John's Hospital."

Despite this big rush, the young lady took her time in arriving and was not born until 8:15 that evening. Bob, who is always very dignified, let out a yell of pleasure that could be heard all over the maternity department when they told him, "It's a girl!"



Bob Taylor and Ursula Thiess are the proud parents of a baby girl, Tessa.



Jane Fonda

Beautiful actress, model, daughter of our own **Henry Fonda**, you have seen her on the covers of many fashion magazines and will soon see her making her movie debut opposite Tony Perkins in *Tall Story*.

I've known this tawny-haired amber-eyed girl since she was the toddling pride and joy of my friends Hank and the late Frances Brokaw Fonda (in those days Hank never called her anything but 'Lady').

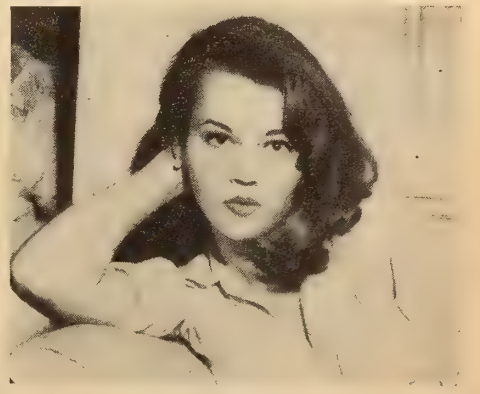
Much has happened to mature Jane early in life. The death of her beloved mother was a sad shock. With Henry so busy in his stage and screen careers, she grew up in schools, mostly in Greenwich, Connecticut, and the Emma Willard School in Troy, New York, and Vassar. She has known, and liked, two stepmothers—Susan Blanchard and, recently, the glamorous Italian Countess Afdera Franchetti.

I had heard that Jane and Susan did not get along well at all. "That's isn't true," Jane put me right this particular afternoon. "I love Susan very much," and she added quickly, "and I get along very well with Afdera. Our feelings toward one another grow more friendly all the time."

Certainly Afdera beamed on her glamorous stepdaughter a few days later at a cocktail party Warners gave welcoming their new glamour girl to Hollywood and the movies. Hank couldn't attend because he worked up to the time he and Afdera left for Europe.

Jane, always eager to follow in her father's footsteps but never leaning on his aid, received her dramatic training at the Lee Strasberg Studio, in summer stock, and then modeling. She proved she has a charming sense of humor when she told me she is getting ahead so fast because she knows the "right people."

"My two closest girlfriends are Susan Stein (daughter of MCA prexy Jules Stein), Linda Le Roy (daughter of famed director Mervyn Le Roy) Josh Logan (director of *Tall Story* and her lifelong friend)—and Henry Fonda!"



LOUELLA PARSONS

continued

OPEN LETTER

TO GARY CROSBY

I'm addressing this particularly to *you* because I am so in hopes that by the time it reaches print this shocking and bitter feeling between the Crosby boys and Bing will be ended. And this, Gary, I believe depends entirely on *you*.

Speaking as a friend who has always felt very close to the Crosby clan, particularly when your beloved mother Dixie was alive, I can't tell you how distressing these headlines about a family battle have been to me personally. But to the public at large they have been one of the most disillusioning things ever to come out of Hollywood.

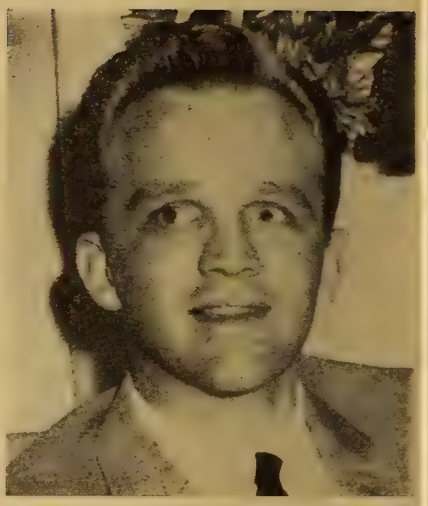
Your dad won a place in the heart of the world that perhaps no other entertainer ever quite held. And as you, the eldest, came along in his footsteps (followed by the other boys) and entered movies and now the nightclub field as popular singers, that same old world smiled on you with the same warm indulgence. And then came this bitter estrangement between you and your father to shock us all.

Nor does it heal matters for you to refer to your dad in your nightclub act as "**Kathy Grant**'s husband;" nor to tell interviewers that you don't care whether he catches your performances, to say that he did something at Christmas time which you find hard to forgive.

I don't know what caused this hard feeling. But I know your father well enough to know that he would give anything if it could be erased.

He is just waiting 'or the right gesture from you to forgive and forget. Also, I am sure that whatever you do will greatly influence your brothers.

Come on, Gary, how about holding out your hand to 'Kathy Grant's husband' and winning back your own dad?



Come on Gary, how about holding out your hand to 'Kathy Grant's husband' and winning him back. . . .

L. P.'s Birthday Party

I hope you won't think me immodest in saying that never in my life have I had a birthday which meant more to me than the one I recently celebrated in August. Not only did composer Jimmy McHugh honor me with the most beautiful party I have ever seen but I was surrounded by lifelong friends whose friendship I deeply treasure.

Jimmy took over .he entire Escoffier Room and adjoining terrace atop the Beverly Hilton Hotel and turned the entire place into a bower of white flowers—one hundred dozen chrysanthemums and white roses.

The hors d'oeuvre buffet extended the entire length of the terrace heaped with every conceivable appetizer and decorated with two huge initials, 'L.P.,' made of ice.

Each table in the Escoffier Room was agleam with crystal and silver and white-flower centerpieces holding long, tapering candles. Strolling musicians wandered among us playing the softest of string music. With the twinkling lights of all Los Angeles spread out like a fan through the long glass windows, it was a sight to make you gasp—and practically all the guests did.

And the women in their multi-colored gowns made a bouquet of the whole scene.

I was deeply touched as my good friends **Jack Benny**, **Rosalind Russell**, **Irene Dunne**, Monsignor Tom English and my dear daughter felicitated my birthday. Harriet said, "All the people in this room are privileged to call you friend. But only I can call you mother." Do you wonder my eyes were misty? And at the end of the speeches it was none other than **Patti Page** who sang *Happy Birthday* to me.

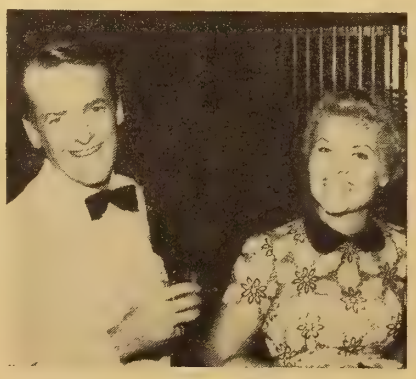
Space prohibits my listing all the guests but among those who made this the birthday of birthdays for me were Frances and Sam Goldwyn, the **Bob Stacks**, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**, and so many others near and dear to me.



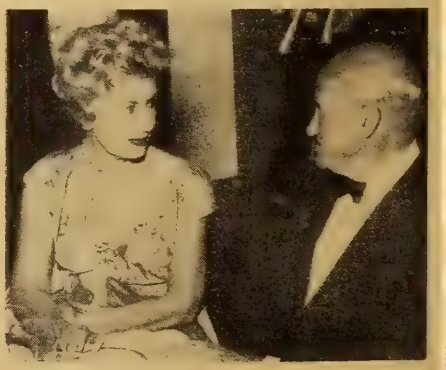
Louella was deeply touched by the party Jimmy McHugh gave her.



Good friends Jimmy McHugh, Rosalind Russell and Jack Benny.



Patti Page (with husband Charles O'Curran) sang Happy Birthday.



Irene Dunn chatted with Sam Goldwyn, a friend of many years.



It's just gossip that George Burns and Bobby Darin fought at Vegas.

Bobby Darin's Opening

Continuing my activities with the boy singers, of course I was on hand for **Bobby Darin**'s opening at the Cloister (the old Mocambo) and if I hadn't realized just how very popular this young man is, even with other singers, I found out!

I must say these youngsters have nice manners. Bobby had sent me flowers as well as **Fabian** and among his numbers in his opening show he sang my favorite *I Can't Give You Anything But Love* for me.

Apparently, jealousy—which afflicts some of the older stars—hasn't hit the younger set. Not only did **Pat Boone** show up to welcome Bobby on his first Hollywood nightclub appearance, but he brought along fourteen of his fan club representatives who happened to be visiting movietown!

Fabian (who seems to be developing into something of a first-night greeter to other singers) was on hand. And, of course, **George Burns**, who is Bobby's closest friend and biggest fan and with whom he appeared on the same bill in Las Vegas, was on hand to introduce him.

It burns me up that a scattered few gossip writers printed stories that George and Bobby had a big quarrel in Las Vegas. George just gave him some friendly advice about gambling and saving his money. He's sincerely devoted to Bobby.

Sitting with George and **Gracie (Allen)** were **Jack** and **Mary Benny** who with the rest of the crowded room gave Bobby a great big hand. After the show Bobby came over to tell us how happy he is that Jimmy McHugh had invited him to sing on the Jimmy McHugh Night at the Hollywood Bowl along with **Anna Maria Alberghetti** and **Vic Damone**. A very nice boy if you ask me.

P.S. Norman Taurog is testing Bobby for a movie at Paramount.

Margaret O'Brien's Marriage

When **Margaret O'Brien** asked me to have dinner with her the night before she married Harold Robert Allen, I was flattered, touched—and a bit amused. But, no—she didn't ask me about 'the birds and the bees!'

We dined quietly and had a good long heart-to-heart talk. I realized how much Margaret missed her loved mother Gladys at this big moment in her life. It was so like this girl that her wedding reception was held at the Kowloon restaurant, owned and operated by that genial Oriental George Lim, because George and his family had been close friends of her mother's.

But this night we dined, Margaret talked mostly of the young man she is marrying. She said she is proud of him because he has been so insistent that he never wants to become 'Mr. Margaret O'Brien.'

"I respect Bob for this. He's a fine artist, a commercial artist, and I never want my career to conflict with his. When he is called to New York to take a position with an advertising agency, of course, I'll go along with him and commute to Hollywood for my engagements in movies or TV."

She's a very religious little girl and I know her marriage means everything in the world to her.

I have just one word to add to Bob: remember that this give-and-take of marriage works both ways and be understanding of the oft-times frequent hard demands of her own career on Margaret.



It's an old Chinese custom Margaret O'Brien and her groom are trying at their wedding breakfast—sipping from the same bowl.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

? PERSONAL OPINIONS

I'm not holding my breath until **Jill St. John** and millionaire sportscar racer Lance Reventlow, son of Barbara Hutton, get married in the Spring. Jill announced their engagement early in August. Why the long delay? Jill's divorce was final several weeks ago. . . .

Young **Judi Meredith** is giving even younger **Sandra Dee** a run for sophisticated honors. Judi, who has been dating **Frank Sinatra** among other Hollywood bachelors, was asked why she flitted from beau to beau: "I got burned once in love—never again. . . ."

On **Zsa Zsa Gabor** those above-the-knees short Dior dresses look okay because Zsa Zsa can get away with anything. But it's an awful style which most of us can well avoid, including the girls with pretty legs. . . .

Shirley MacLaine may be a zany—but she's a wonderful wife. Although she's working in *Can-Can* she planes up to Las Vegas almost every week end to be with Steve Parker who is presenting his *Holiday in Japan* revue there. And early next Spring, Shirley goes to Japan to star in a motion picture for Steve. . . .

It's really serious between **Judy Holliday**, now making her Broadway hit *Bells Are Ringing* as a movie on the MGM lot, and famed saxophonist **Gerry Mulligan** who is on the same lot tootin' his horn in **Leslie Caron**'s *Subterraneans*. . . .

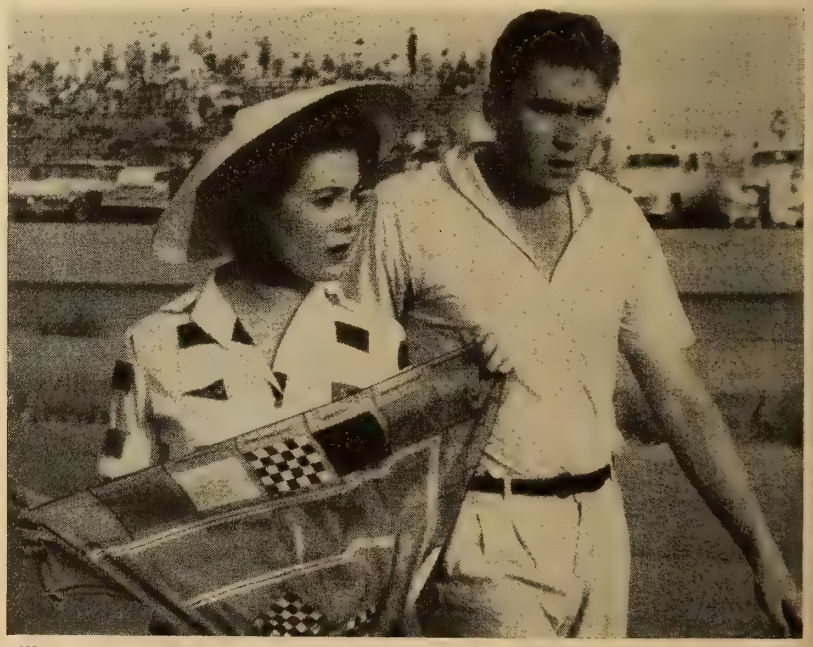
Now, maybe you are wondering what connection I had with **Dick Clark** this month: when I printed that there would be no love interest for Dick in his Columbia movie *Because They're Young* there was such a howl from the teenagers that a love story was injectd with **Victoria Shaw** cast to do some kissing scenes with popular Dick. . . !



Zsa Zsa Gabor startled William Bendix with her Dior above-the-knees dress—but she can get away with anything!



You teenagers asked for it: there'll be some kissing scenes for Victoria and Dick.



Jill St. John and millionaire sportscar racer Lance Reventlow announced their engagement but not their wedding date.



Carol's hair wasn't 'sloppy' when she modeled.



Marilyn's hair-do is really styled by experts.



Shirley's just experimenting with gag hair stylings—(left) the Atomic hair-do, (center) the Helicopter, and (right) the Deer-stalker.

LETTER BOX

From MOBILE, ALABAMA, comes a wail from MRS. PAT CHAMBERS about the sloppy hair styling of top stars **Shirley MacLaine, Marilyn Monroe, Shelley Winters, Carol Lynley, Lucille Ball, Carolyn Jones.** *Yet they have plenty of money to have their hair groomed in the highest fashion. Riddle me this!* I'll riddle it for you, Pat. These 'sloppy' coiffures are the result of hours and hours of hair styling by experts. They just happen to be personality (or trademark) stylings. . . .

Seems the only time you have anything to say about really good actors is when they die, snaps MISS FEMY HALLOWAY, SHREVEPORT. *Why don't you print something about* ***Dan Duryea, Robert Mitchum, Van Heflin, Richard Widmark, Yul Brynner, James Mason*** *while they can, to borrow your own phrase, 'still smell the flowers'?* I don't feel your charge is quite fair—but your letter handed me a good chuckle. . . .

At least, CONNIE SHORT (fourteen), WILMINGTON, DELAWARE, has a kind word for me: *You always seem fair in dealing with stars. For instance, you have frequently criticized* ***Anita Ekberg*** *for some of her antics. Yet you were quick to praise her for doing no mud-slinging when she divorced* ***Tony Steele.*** Thank you for them kind words, Connie. . . .

My friends and I are very interested in Mike Todd, Jr. We consider him almost as handsome and dynamic as his brilliant father. Is he married? Or is he still looking? is the interesting query of BARBARA, PITTSBURG, KANSAS. (Pittsburg, Kansas? Oh, well, it's spelled differently.) Anyway, I'm afraid I'll have to disappoint you and your friends. Mike, Jr. is married and the father of two children. . . .

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*

THE LETTER BOX:

INA BOSSON, BROOKLYN, postcards: *I refuse to believe that Robert Cummings has hit fifty. Oh, say it isn't so.* I'm afraid it is, Ina. Bob proudly admits to it.

I can tell movie producers why certain fine pictures are failing at the box office in just one short comment, offers WILLIAM COX, who wrote an interesting and intelligent letter from PHILADELPHIA—*road showing of motion pictures. And road show prices!* Also, I got a kick out of his P.S. that he remembered when I brought my road show of young stars to Philadelphia, **Jane Wyman**, **Susan Hayward**, **Ronald Reagan**, **Joy Hodges** and **June Preisser**—and the price was right!

MRS. PAT CAVANAUGH, NEW YORK, thinks **Kim Novak** is the kindest of the big stars: *She is always so quick to answer my letters and to send her new photographs. Her letters are so personal, I believe she writes them herself, or at least dictates them.* Take a bow, Kim. . . .

SUE INFANTO, DAYTON, OHIO: *Bought my ticket to* THE BIG CIRCUS *to see* ***David Nelson*** *and came out crazy about* ***Gilbert Roland****. He's just wonderful!* Come on, Sue, could it be that you were a bit partial to a countryman (judging by your last name) although I'll grant you Gil is a fascinator. . . .

I, for one, am sick, sick, sick of teenagers. The current crop of mewling youngsters can't hold a candle to established stars, protests NORMAN VAN CAMP, DETROIT. Where is the new talent coming from if it doesn't get a chance, Norm. . . ?

MRS. RAY LOFTON, MIAMI, writes: *I read where* ***Rosalind Russell*** *thinks girls should wait until they are in their middle twenties to marry. Well, looking around, I don't see they've made any greater success of their marriages than younger women.* Age has little to do with a good marriage.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



Lucille Ball combs her 'casual' hair-do.



A fan likes Louella's fair treatment of Anita.



Gilbert Roland (here with Adele Mara and David Nelson) made a hit.



Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just for the fun of it, be a blonde and see . . . a Lady Clairol blonde with shining, silken hair! You'll love the life in it! The soft touch and tone of it! The lovely ladylike way it lights up your looks. With *amazingly gentle* new Instant Whip Lady Clairol, it's so easy! Why, it takes only minutes!

And New Lady Clairol feels deliciously cool going on, leaves hair in wonderful condition—lovelier, livelier than ever. So if your hair is dull blonde or mousey brown, why hesitate? Hair responds to Lady Clairol like a man responds to blondes—and darling, *that's* a beautiful advantage! Try it and see!



Your hairdresser will tell you a blonde's best friend is NEW INSTANT WHIP* **Lady Clairol®** Creme Hair Lightener

*T. M. ©1959 Clairol Incorporated, Stamford, Conn. Available also in Canada

PAUL ANKA Co-Star of **"GIRLS' TOWN,"** an MGM release

"You can always tell a Halo girl...you can tell by the shine of her hair"



Discover the hidden beauty of your hair-with golden Halo Shampoo



Revive the satiny sparkle of your hair with today's liquid gold Halo

So rich even layers of dulling hair spray disappear with the first sudsing! You'll find today's Halo instantly bursts into lush, lively lather. Refreshes the beauty of your hair so completely, you'll never go back to heavy, slow-penetrating shampoos. Yet, rich as it is, liquid gold colored Halo rinses away quickly, thoroughly... revives the satiny sparkle of your hair and *leaves it blissfully manageable.*


LE MARIAGE DE
BRIGITTE
BARDOT
LE HONEYMOON
HOT
LES PHOTOS
SECRETES



LE HONEYMOON HOT

It was the wackiest courtship, the most public proposal, the most hysterical wedding, the most romantic—and least

romantic—honeymoon the French had ever seen! There were tears and laughter, there were fights and kisses, there were lies and jokes and accidents, one on top of another, too fast for anyone to keep count—or even keep it all straight. There was a little of everything awful and everything crazy—and a lot of

(*Continued on next page*)









LES PHOTOS SECRETES

(*Continued*) everything wonderful, a lot of everything loving in Brigitte Bardot's mad, mad marriage weeks.

And the strangest thing of all was. . . .

It all *began* quietly enough.

Jacques Charrier was staying in St. Tropez as Brigitte's house guest, vacationing after the hectic weeks of making *Babette Goes To War* together. With them, at Brigitte's beach house, were her secretary, her maid, and a friend from Brigitte's dancing conservatory days. A nice, friendly group, enjoying the sunshine and the swimming—nothing for anyone to get excited about.

Except for one thing. (*Continued on page 66*)











Lush 'n Lasting?

Light 'n Creamy?



Sheer Lanolin in the striped Designer's Case

Choose your favorite lipstick texture...in 16 fashion-fresh colors! Name your color. A gentle frosty pink? A brilliant shock of orange? A deep, winey red? Cutex makes them all in the newest fashion shades . . . and two delightful textures. A rich luscious lipstick with marvelous staying power. That's Cutex Sheer Lanolin. Or a creamy kiss of color so light you'll hardly feel it's there. That's Cutex Delicate.

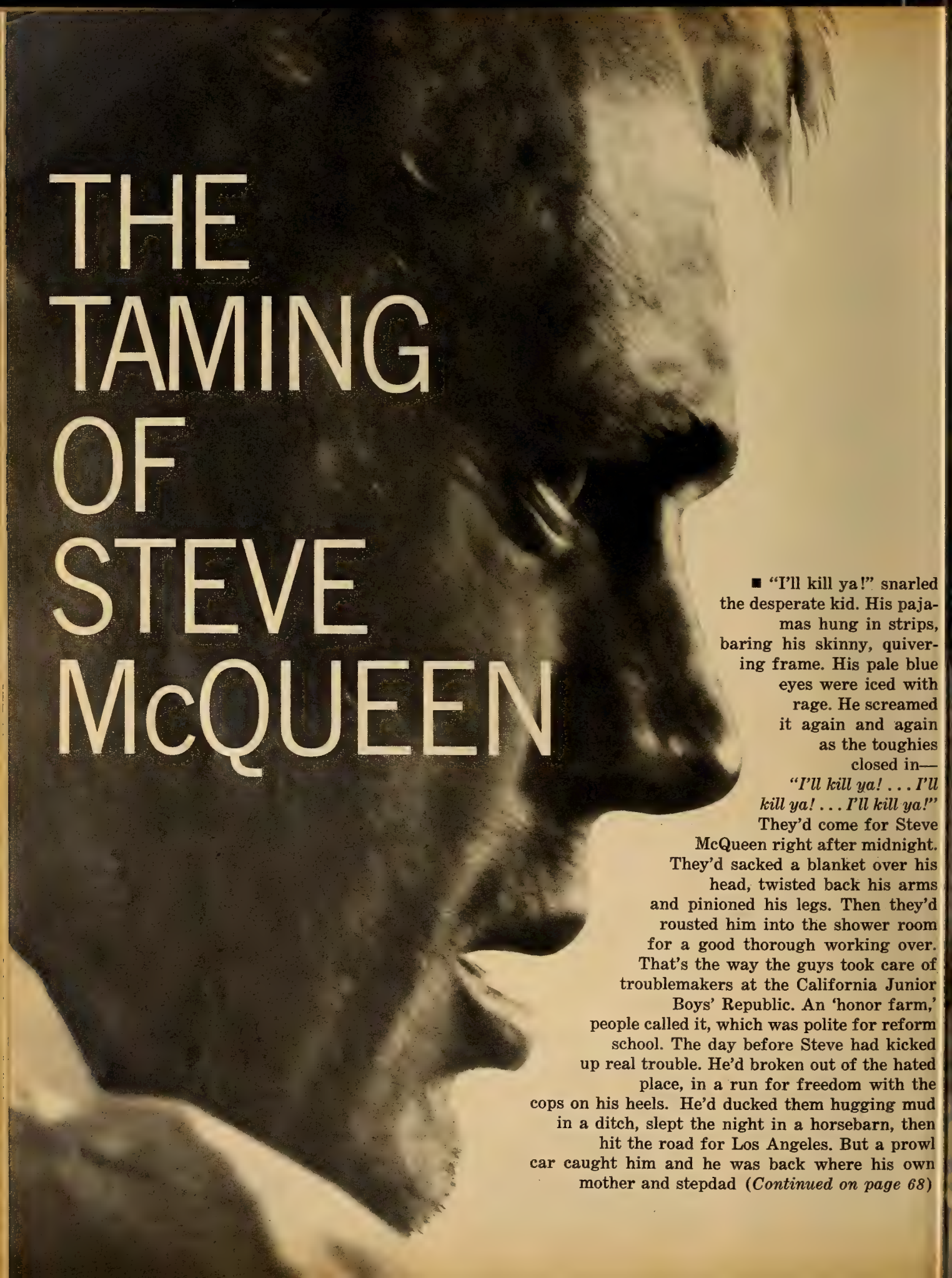
CUTEX®

Sheer Lanolin or Delicate Lipstick

Northam Warren, New York



New Delicate in the elegant Nugget Case



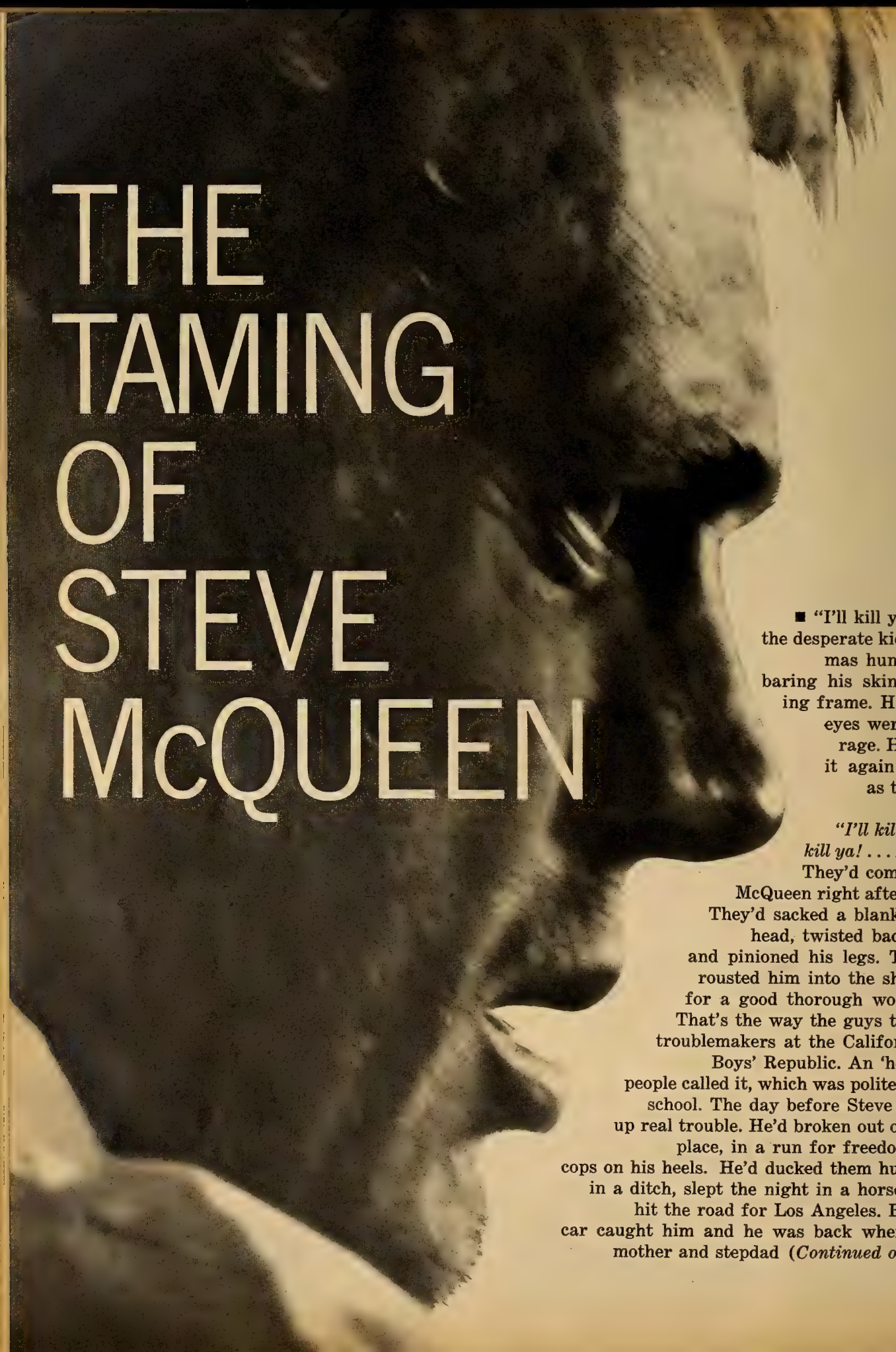
THE TAMING OF STEVE McQUEEN

■ "I'll kill ya!" snarled the desperate kid. His pajamas hung in strips, baring his skinny, quivering frame. His pale blue eyes were iced with rage. He screamed it again and again as the toughies closed in—

"I'll kill ya! . . . I'll kill ya! . . . I'll kill ya!"

They'd come for Steve McQueen right after midnight. They'd sacked a blanket over his head, twisted back his arms and pinioned his legs. Then they'd rousted him into the shower room for a good thorough working over. That's the way the guys took care of troublemakers at the California Junior Boys' Republic. An 'honor farm,' people called it, which was polite for reform school. The day before Steve had kicked up real trouble. He'd broken out of the hated place, in a run for freedom with the cops on his heels. He'd ducked them hugging mud in a ditch, slept the night in a horsebarn, then hit the road for Los Angeles. But a prowl car caught him and he was back where his own mother and stepdad (*Continued on page 68*)





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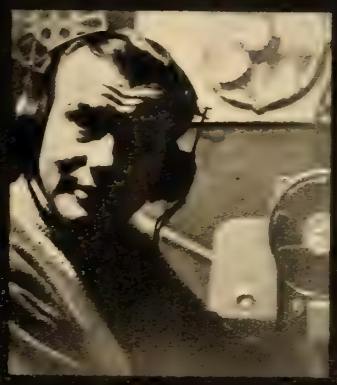
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They call Jack 'The Worrier' and rightly so. He worries about his show, his friends, his future. Anything might fail him —that is, anything but his wife Miriam and his daughter Randy.



JACK PAAR'S 3rd MARRIAGE





■ In a way he was born on a July night in 1943.

His whole outfit (he was in the Army) had been invited to a dinner dance given by the Hershey Company, which manufactures chocolate. Private Paar sat on his bunk, considering pros and cons. On the one hand, the food would be better than what he'd get down at the mess hall. On the other hand, he didn't dance. On the one foot, there was an army boot—which would have made dancing difficult in any case—and on the other foot there was a sock.

"Take it off and go to bed," he told himself. "You're not a social type anyway." But he wasn't really listening. There was a strangeness about the air that night. A smell of flowers, a sound of music, a sense (*Continued on page 74*)



SCOOP!

FIRST STORY ON THE NEWEST NEWMAN

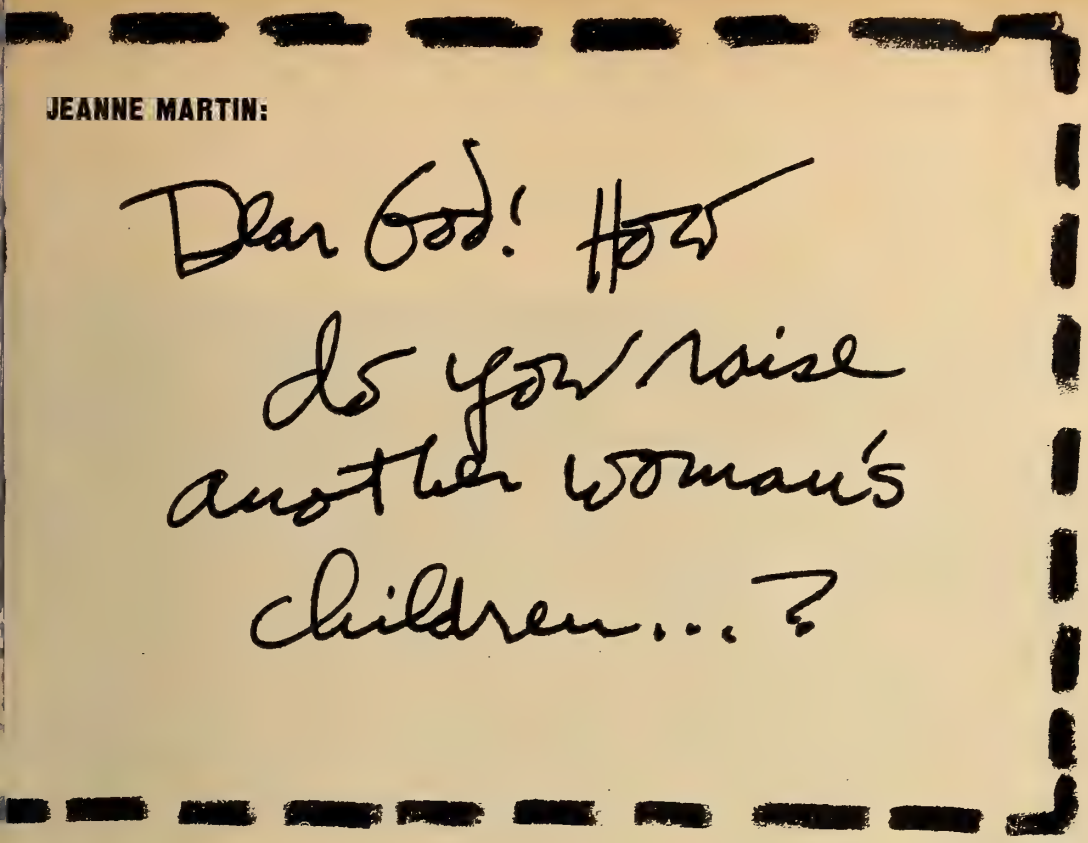
Photo By Papa Paul

BY LOUELLA PARSONS

For a moment after the door of the Greenwich Village apartment swung open, I didn't recognize the very blonde, smiling girl standing there holding the gurgling blue-eyed baby, laughing and kicking under her arm for all the world like a pillow tied in the middle. In the first place, the time was seven o'clock in the evening, more the cocktail hour than the baby's hour. Second, I had never seen Joanne Woodward's hair so blonde, every bit as light as Marilyn Monroe's (on purpose, I was later to learn). "Come in," said Mrs. Paul Newman, cheerfully amused at the surprise I must have been registering, "it's *us*," as of course it was, none other than year-before-last's Academy Award winner with her newest and most treasured prize caught up under her arm. Even before Joanne led me into the living room I stole a good look at baby Elinore Teresa, one of the liveliest and best-natured infants I had ever beheld at this hour. "I keep her up every night so Paul can see her when he comes home from the theater," said Joanne. "She's trained to stay up late and sleep late in the mornings. If Paul didn't see her at night there would not be much chance of his getting acquainted with his daughter. I guess you could say that Nell (their pet name for the new arrival) is already keeping show business hours," she laughed. The new Miss Newman gave me the (*Continued on page 58*)


Her sixteenth birthday
all beautiful, but there
forgive ... cold people

JEANNE MARTIN:



"BUT why won't you let me go out with the crowd? They're just going to drive to the beach after the party. Why can't I . . .?"

The pretty, long-legged fifteen-year-old girl, her lips pouting, wheeled around to face the slender, blonde woman who looked not much older than she.

The young woman bit her lip. *Dear God,* she said to herself, *give me the wisdom to see this through. How do you raise another woman's children?*

Aloud she said, "Honey, I can't let you go out after the party. It's such a long drive . . . it will be so late. It might be dangerous."

The girl rolled her eyes upward tragically. "But they'll think I'm a cube. I'll *utterly* wither away!"

The woman smiled and took the young girl by the hand. "I don't want you to wither away, darling. Your father and I love you too much to have you dissolve. Tell you what, honey. I have an idea. After the party, why don't you bring the crowd here. I'll get some stuff at the delicatessen and we'll stock the refrigerator. You can all let off steam after the party here and have a ball. . . ."

The girl's face brightened. "That's a great idea. Can we have the whole house to ourselves?" Soon they were sitting side by side on the sofa, talking about details of the party.

This was not the first, nor will it be the last set-to that will arise between Dean Martin's pretty

(*Continued on page 76*)



Not long ago, we were talking with Carol Lynley. "If you could be someone else," we asked, "some character in fiction or history or even someone you know—who would that be?"

"I'd be the Reverend Norman Vincent Peale's daughter," Carol said. "I don't know if he has one or not, but I'd like to be the lucky girl. I like and admire him. He's so very wise. I come from a family of many different religious beliefs. He's universal in his approach, the way I am. He doesn't try to sway you, just to love and believe in God."

Carol's own father walked out of her life when she was two.

The impact on the lives of all concerned—Carol's, her mother's and her kid brother Danny's, then just a few months old—has been tremendous. It is, strangely, the reason Carol is a movie star today. It is the reason she is such an unhappy young girl, despite her stardom.

"If her background had been normal," someone has said, "chances are she would be the prettiest kid on the block somewhere in New York today, attending high school, with a boyfriend, practically engaged, radiant, smiling, all that.

"As it is, her background has been abnormal and Carol attends a movie studio, rarely goes out with boys, or to parties, and is rarely seen looking radiant or smiling, or all that."

Why is this so?

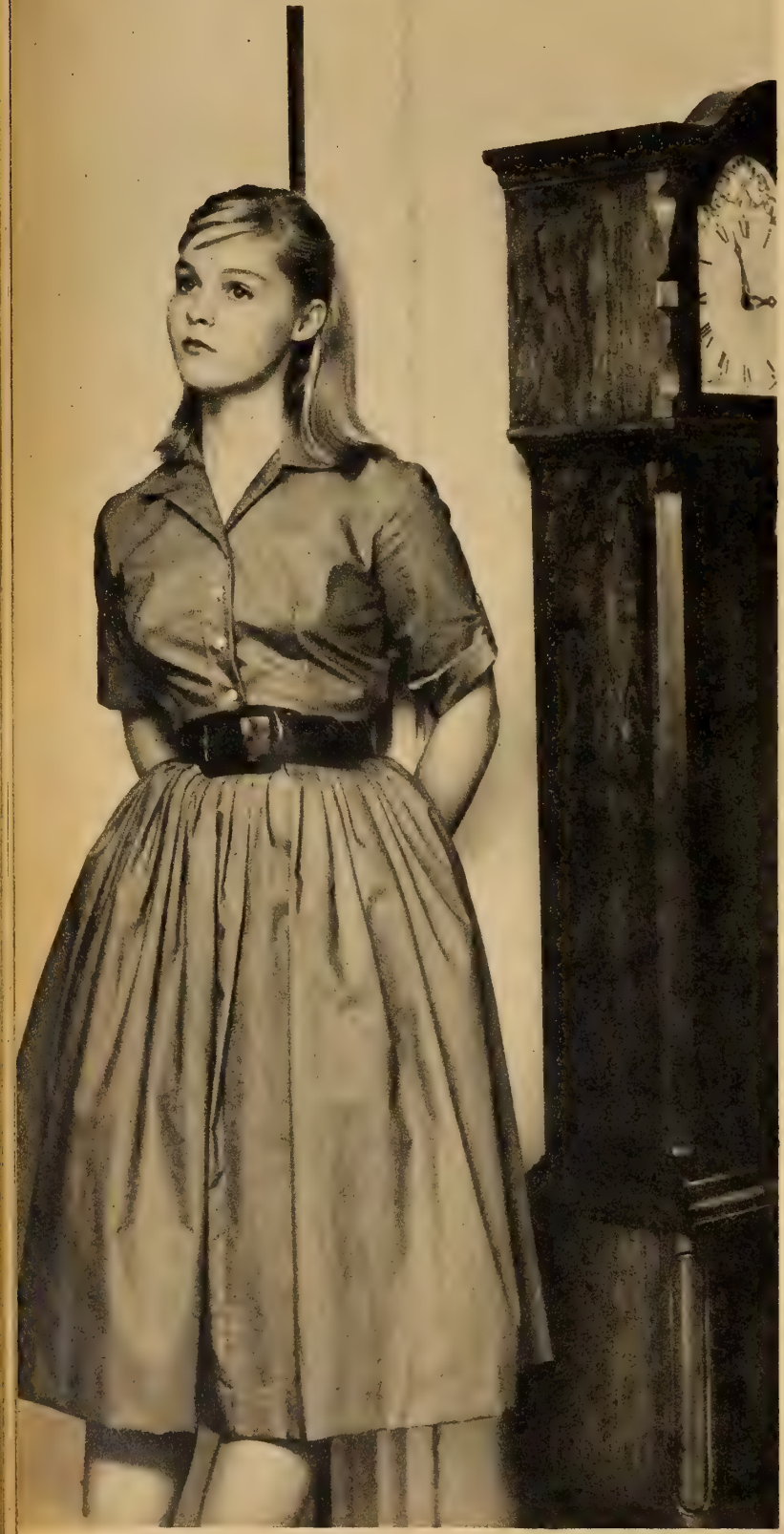
"It's a familiar pattern," one writer has said. "Behind the success story lies the fatherless home, the mother struggling to keep a family going financially, finding almost by accident a profession in which a child can become the economic security for the family. If a mother jumps at it, the child jumps too, with a childish wish to make up for the tragedy of desertion, rise above it, *show* the other kids, make up for being different."

(Continued on next page)

CAROL LYNLEY: A PORTRAIT IN LONELINESS (Young Girls in Hollywood: 5th of a series)

CAROL LYNLEY

continued

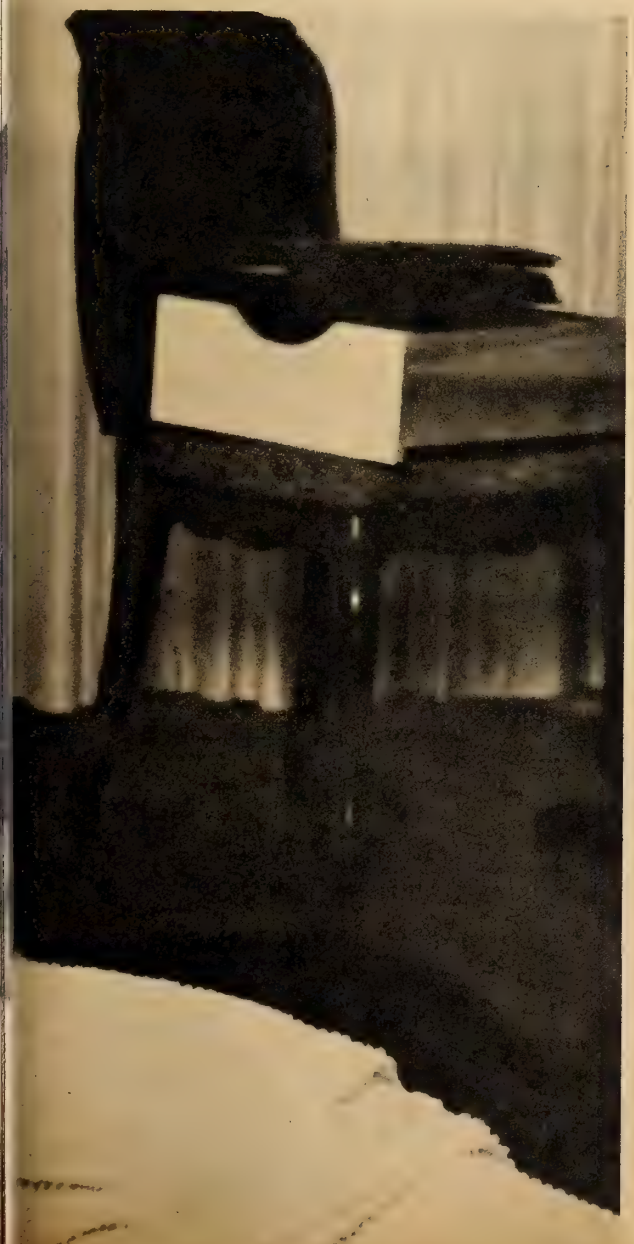




When you go to work as a little girl of ten, there's not much time to enjoy parties, or learn about boys. In fact, there's too little time to be a little girl.



There's time enough, when I'm twenty-one, to do what I want...Till then I'll do what my mother tells me...anything my mother tells me....



(*Continued from page 43*) To follow the pattern, let's go back fifteen years to that day Mrs. Lynley (then Mrs. Frances Jones—she has since legally changed her name) found herself suddenly stranded.

Though Mrs. Lynley today distrusts most interviewers "because they print so many exaggerated sob stories about our past—and about how we struggled when Carol was a little girl," she is still willing to speak the facts.

It was a day in 1944 when Mrs. Lynley had that final argument with her husband. One minute he was there, shouting. The next minute he was gone, and the little apartment was quiet.

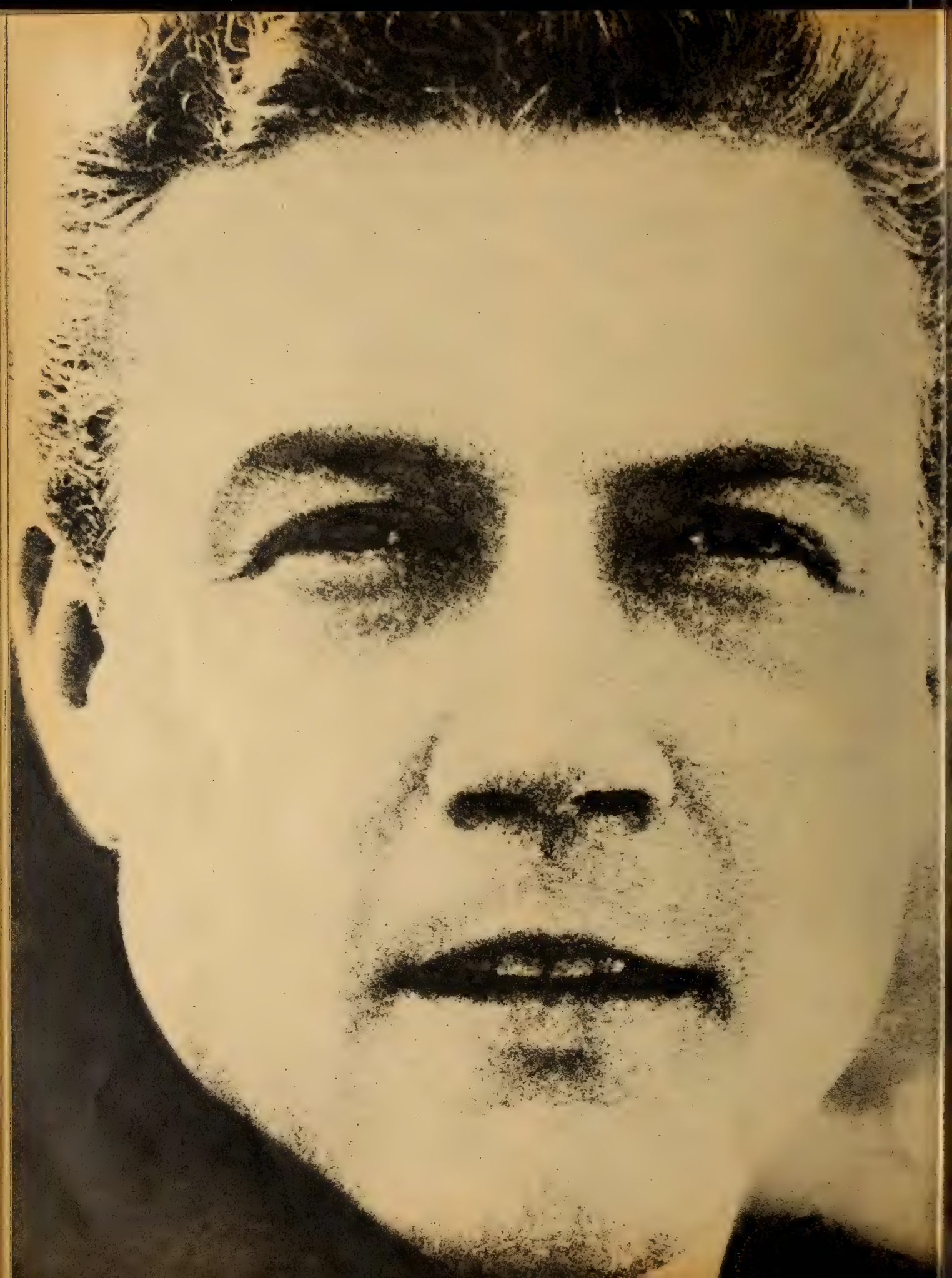
For the next eight years Mrs. Lynley had to work, in order to support herself and her children. She worked at various day jobs, and when she thought the children were old enough to take care of themselves at bedtime she got a job as a waitress, nights, in an Italian restaurant in midtown Manhattan. The pay, even with tips, was not good. It was not easy work.

Many other women have been in Mrs. Lynley's drab shoes, and haven't been able to do a thing about it.

But, it happened, a 'break' eventually came Mrs. Lynley's way. At first, she didn't spot it. But when she did, she took slow but sure advantage of it.

In her own words:

"Carol was ten. I was working in a restaurant called Victor's. Well, this night—it was a Sunday—I was working a banquet for the boss. I was dead tired from working all that week, but I needed my seniority preserved. It was a pretty slow banquet and there was this customer at the bar I started talking to. I told him Carol, my (*Continued on page 61*)



ROGER SMITH DETAILS FROM MY DEATHBED

The extraordinary account of a man nobody would believe was dying.
Based on recent exclusive hospital-bed discussions between Roger Smith and special reporter Bob Thomas

I had often heard that people knew when they were dying.

I felt it happening to me. My body was dead from the waist down. I couldn't feel anything there. My arms were cold; they felt as if they were turning to stone. I sensed the life going out of me.

I knew I was going to die —if I let myself go to sleep. I had to stay awake. I had to.

These were the thoughts of Roger Smith at the height of his ordeal, a rendezvous with death just recently that nearly closed his brilliant young career. There were times when he became so intimate with pain that he wished he would die. But those times passed and his will to live brought him through. Now he has returned to the love of his family and the exhilaration of his acting success. His strength is returning and his tortured body is again responding to the demands of a busy life. But he readily admits that within himself he (*Continued on page 81*)

"In spite of I'm not

AN INTIMATE CONFESSION BY KATHY NOLAN

Editor's Note:
The story that follows is strange, shocking, a bit unpleasant . . . but true. Experiences such as Kathy Nolan has gone through are known only too well by millions of teenage girls. That Kathy was not emotionally scarred by them seems part luck and part strength of character. Many girls have been damaged . . . in every sense of that word . . . for life. The editors of MODERN SCREEN *want to thank Kathy for answering our questions so very honestly. We think it will help other girls to realize that though brutality exists, it need not kill one's ability to love.*

■ I'M NOT afraid of sex—in spite of everything that's happened to me. And believe me, plenty has happened!

The first time the word 'sex' seemed to have the wrong connotation occurred when I was twelve, walking home from a movie.

Suddenly a car pulled up alongside of me and an older man leaned out. "Want a ride, honey?"

I wasn't in the habit of accepting rides from strangers. "No thanks," I replied, politely, and kept going.

He followed just a few feet behind me, till I came to a crossing where I had to wait for the light to change. He got out of the car and headed toward me.

He came close enough to grab my arm. I tore myself free and dashed across the street. I didn't know exactly what I was running *from*, but I had an intuition that I was facing a grave danger.

But four years later I certainly knew what I should be running from—and I couldn't break away.

I was still going to school in St. Louis. After classes were over, I reported to the Show Boat, tied up at the pier, to appear in the last two performances. (*Continued on page 72*)



Everything that has happened to me,
afraid of sex . . . "





Michael Wilding, Jr.

THE TRAGIC ABOUT LIZ' FATHERLESS



Todd Emanuel Fisher

■ Carrie Frances and Todd Emanuel Fisher . . . Michael Jr. and Christopher Wilding . . . Liza Todd. Five little children with a tragedy.

Like young flowers, once secure, attacked suddenly by a bitter-sharp wind and fallen now into a quiet pool, they float, lonely and confused—these five little children.

Their mothers are movie actresses Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor.

They are fortunate in having these women as their mothers, these women who love them very much.

But, tragically, the children have no fathers around to add to that love, to make it complete.

For the cold wind of death took the father of one of them away, the chill wind of divorce separated the other four from theirs.

Another wind — fateful — arranged things so that the real father of two has left them to become the would-be father of the other three.

How, exactly, has it all turned out for these five children?

The following is that story, gathered from statements by people who know the children, who have been near them, listened to them, watched them, observed their child-wise reactions to the strange adult world around them.



Carrie Frances Fisher

FACTS AND DEBBIE'S CHILDREN



Liza Todd

Basically — because the two younger children, Todd (one and a half) and Liza (two), are still too young to know what is happening, or to care—this is the story of the other three children, the older children, Carrie Frances and Michael and Christopher.

We begin with Carrie Frances' story. . . .

She will be three years old this October 21.



Christopher Wilding

It has been exactly thirteen months since her daddy, Eddie Fisher, left their home, the beautiful 'dream house' in Beverly Hills, California, where all the Fishers once lived together as a family.

Carrie Frances remembers nothing of the night her daddy left. She was fast asleep in her nursery, and even the loud words of her parents arguing downstairs those few hours and the talking sounds of the reporters who stood outside the big house most of that night did not awaken her.

But the next morning, the very first thing, she sensed that something was wrong.

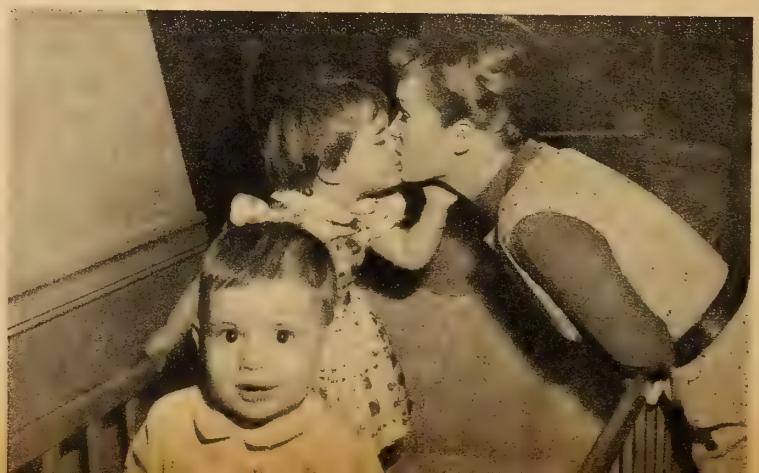
Her mother's eyes were red from crying.

Her daddy, who only a day earlier had come home from a long trip someplace far away, was not around.

(*Continued on next page*)



For the children of Liz and Debbie
life means nannies and nurses,
and strange scary new places,
and backs that turn,
and somebody always saying good-bye....



continued

"Where are we going?" she asked, as Debbie dressed her and baby Todd—then seven months old.

It was car-ride time, Debbie said; they were going to visit a friend for a few hours.

"And is Daddy going to be there?" the little girl asked.

Debbie shook her head and, saying nothing now, she turned her attention to her other child, while Carrie Frances was left wondering.

At first, those first months, things did not seem so terribly wrong, really.

Carrie Frances' daddy, though he was not around her as much as he used to be, though he never once came rushing into the nursery first thing in the morning anymore, for instance, picking her up from her bed and grabbing her in his arms, making her giggle the way he used to—though he was not around this much, still he *was* around, in a way.

Didn't he, for instance, come to the house practically every day after Mommy had left for work and play with her and Todd for a while, sometimes for a long while, sometimes almost until the time Mommy came home again?

And, for instance, didn't her daddy call her up on the telephone every night after she finished her dinner (*Continued on page 63*)



A Modern Screen Special Feature





ROCK AND ROLLERS ON THE ROAD

The inside facts about
the rough-tough life
the dangerous temptations
and the girls they leave behind









■ Most of the new rock 'n' roll singers are in their teens and early twenties, a time when most fellows are dating and getting close to marriage and steady jobs. Each singer has had to handle the problem of love versus career in his own way.

Frankie Avalon, for instance, met Angela de Circuo when he was fifteen and she thirteen. They were at a picnic (*Cont'd on p. 79*)



Today Linda Cristal is Hollywood's

WHY I DIDN'T BECOME A NUN...

hottest temptress. But yesterday she was on her way to a convent. What made her turn back?

It was a quiet, moonlit Sunday night in Argentina. Linda Cristal, thirteen years old then, and her parents were on their way back from a week end at the beach, on the road leading to Buenos Aires from Plata del Mar, the seaside resort.

Her father was driving.

Her mother sat by him.

Linda lay across the back seat, sunburned and tired and half asleep.

"I wonder what they are like," she mumbled at one point, breaking a long silence.

"Who?" her father asked.

"My aunts . . . your sisters," the girl answered.

Her father looked over at his wife. They knew what their daughter was thinking.

(*Continued on page 59*)

The Newest Newman

(Continued from page 37)

eye and either laughed or burped, delightedly. Even a casual glance at Nell, now in practically an upside down position under her mother's arm, revealed her eyes as startlingly blue as her father's and that her hair is so long her bangs are practically down to her eyebrows. This is a cutie if I ever saw one.

In addition to Miss Nell, my attention was held by the details of the new home of the young Newmans in New York.

I had been delighted a few days after my arrival on my recent trip to New York to receive an invitation from Joanne to visit her and meet the baby at their new apartment. It was a bid I was very glad to accept because as far as I know I am the first reporter to be invited to the Newman apartment, the place they call home in the East.

I was immediately impressed with the taste and, for New York, the spaciousness of the apartment in what once was a stately home in the fashionable section of Greenwich Village. It is quite large with high ceilinged rooms, a backyard, trees, and unbelievably—a swimming pool!

"The pool—and the garden—is what sold us on this place," Joanne explained, pleased over my compliments over what I had yet seen. "It's so good for the baby, having her own outdoor place."

The apartment, or, more exactly, the small house, is really two-and-a-half stories. The kitchen is on the lower level; the living room and two bedrooms are on the second floor and little Nell's room, a sort of private alcove, is off by itself, situated on the half of the two stories.

Such independence for an infant impressed me. "What if she cries?" I asked, surprised over there being no bed for a nurse in Nell's quarters.

This surprising young mother

"The nurse and I both do a marathon to see which one gets to her first," Joanne said. "She isn't so far away that we cannot hear her first small wail if she awakens. I want her to get accustomed to sleeping alone in a room and I don't even want her nurse with her," said this surprising young mother.

"But enough of sightseeing for a moment," Joanne went on, leading me into the colorful and comfortable living room. "Let's have a chat and some tea in here."

There's not a thing in the Newman living room that wasn't planned for use, good living and relaxation—and that goes for the innumerable antiques. The chairs, large and leather covered, are close to the floor-to-ceiling bookcases.

Obviously, the *pièce de résistance* is a large and beautiful table, oval in shape, which occupies the center of the room. When I commented on it, Joanne nodded, "That table is our pride and joy. We searched the town over until we found just what we wanted. It's very old, actually a collector's item."

She went on, "We still have so many things to buy—but what we have is good. We are not buying just anything to fill up our home. Both Paul and I would rather wait and have just the right things. It's really wonderful shopping together for things we love. With the exception of a few pieces of furniture which I owned when Paul and I were married, every stick of furniture, all the antiques and pictures, even the ash trays—*everything* was bought after our marriage."

Joanne had parked Nell safe in the corner of a large divan, and I thought how nicely the young mother matched the soft colors of the decor, in the pretty beige dress she was wearing. It also complimented that new blonde hair of hers.

"This hair," she said, running her hands through her white-gold tresses, "It's all for my *art*. I play a girl who chases Marlon Brando in *The Fugitive Kind*. Our director, Sidney Lumet, said 'I want you to have the same color hair as Marilyn Monroe's'—so I went to Marilyn's own hairdresser."

As Anna Magnani is also in the cast of *The Fugitive Kind*, and both she and Marlon have reputations for being temperamental, I asked Joanne how things were getting along on the movie.

She laughed, "So far all is peaceful. Marlon was so exhausted when he joined our company after his long session with his *One-Eyed Jacks* that he *sleeps* every second he isn't working. As for Anna—she doesn't speak much English, and the rest of us speak no Italian—so we communicate through an interpreter. Everything is very amiable."

Planned luck

I told Joanne I thought she was very lucky being able to film her new movie in New York at the same time Paul is scoring such a hit on the stage in *Sweet Bird of Youth*.

"That isn't exactly luck; it was planned," she corrected. "I will never accept a picture on the West Coast when Paul is in a Broadway show. I just wouldn't have agreed to do *The Fugitive Kind* if Paul hadn't been contracted for the Tennessee Williams play at this time.

"As it is, it is difficult. When I finish my scenes at the studio I get home just as he is leaving for the theater. For the time being, we are seeing each other just in passing. I don't want this to be a regular occurrence in our lives. I don't feel married people should be out of one another's lives, even temporarily. That's when trouble always starts."

We all know the story of how long Joanne had waited for her happiness with Paul. He wasn't free when they first met—but as far as she was concerned, there was no other man. They tried parting—but it was no use. They were madly in love and couldn't live without each other. Paul has always been scrupulously careful never to hurt the first Mrs. Newman and their children more than was absolutely necessary in the divorce and his subsequent marriage to Joanne.

Thinking of Paul's children by his former marriage, I asked Joanne if they had yet visited little Nell.

"Oh, yes indeed," she said quickly, "they come and see us and they love the baby, especially Paul's little boy. They are wonderful children and I am very fond of them and think they like me. I wouldn't want them to be separated from their father."

Every time Joanne mentions Paul you can see how deeply she cares for him. She glows when she talks about him. I told her I had seen him in *Sweet Bird of Youth* with Geraldine Page just a few nights previous and while I didn't like the play, I thought Miss Page was great and that Paul proves there are few actors in his class.

She quite agreed!

While we had been talking, Miss Nell had been amusing herself between her rattle and examining her toes, nor was there a chirp of protest out of her when her smiling nurse came in to get her. With the baby on her way to her alcove, Joanne said, "Come, I want to show you our bedroom.

The bedroom

"Isn't that something?" she said, pointing to the largest brass bed I have ever seen. "It's very old and the only king-size brass bed either Paul or I have ever seen. I'm told there are only a few in existence. We bought it in New Orleans and the very moment I set eyes on it, I said I must have it. The rest of the furniture was bought to match the period of the bed."

I told Joanne that as a child I had had a brass bed in my room, but it was small and not comparable to the one Mr. and Mrs. Newman occupy.

Only the paintings on the wall do not 'match up' to the period of the bed, but are just the other extreme, very modern. Joanne told me some were painted by friends, others collected at exhibitions. "These two," she said, pointing to two very modern pictures, "are by someone you probably know—Bill Brice, Fannie Brice's son."

I remembered how Bill's mother, the famed comedienne Fannie, had encouraged her son to become an artist—and now here was proof that he had become a good one.

The old-fashioned dresser in the bedroom bore family portraits, some old, some new. Picking up the picture of a very lovely looking lady, a really beautiful woman with wide, frank eyes whom Joanne resembles, she said, "This is my grandmother, Elinore, the first Nell. That's where our Nell gets her name—from her great grandmother.

"I wish she could have lived to see my baby," Joanne said wistfully. "She would have been so proud of her." Joanne's mother, who is young and pretty, had just visited the Newmans.

"She couldn't bear to leave Nell—although she spoiled her outrageously," Joanne laughed. "My mother, you know, married again and I have a little brother three years old. He is just crazy about his 'niece' who, he says is 'littler than I am.'"

Just as her own mother had dreaded leaving the baby and this charming home, so was Joanne, herself, hating the *Fugitive Kind* location trip to Milford, New York—which would keep her away from home for weeks, except for week ends. "It's too far to commute home at night," she wailed, "and I'm so unhappy being away from Paul and the baby."

But Joanne was smiling again when she said, "Paul's promised to look after little Nell like a father-and-mother and I know he will. He loves her so much." Besides, the Newmans have every confidence in Nell's fine nurse.

Joanne and Paul have put so much into this place as their home—I wondered how they would adjust when both are called back to California on their movie contracts.

"It's possible we may buy a second home in California—you know we just rented before. But after this—I don't think we'll be happy living in other people's houses. There's nothing—absolutely nothing," enthused my charming Southern-born hostess, "like a place of your own."

Particularly if love—and a baby—dwells there as it does in this home of Joanne and Paul's. **END**

Joanne's next in U. A.'s THE FUGITIVE KIND.

PHOTOGRAPHERS' CREDITS

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Why I Didn't Become a Nun

(*Continued from page 57*)

A few days earlier, Linda had received a letter from his sisters, from Spain. And she was thinking of that letter now.

"They are five good and happy women," her father said, answering her, looking back at the road.

"And they are all *five* of them nuns?" Linda asked.

Her father nodded.

"I wonder if I would be happy with them," Linda wondered, aloud. "—In the letter they said it would be nice if I came to the convent and stayed with them." She smiled. "Would you like that, Mamma?" she asked, "for me to go away, to Spain, to become a nun or help out in the convent?"

"No, I would not," her mother, quiet till now, answered.

"And you, Papa?" Linda asked.

"No," he answered. "I know it has been my sisters' dream all these years, to have you come and join them in their work . . . But you are too precious to us, to me and your mother, to allow anyone to take you away. The Lord has already taken one of your brothers. Your other brother, Miguel, is very much on his own now. And all we have left, Linda, is you, the little girl we waited so many years for . . . No, we cannot allow you to leave us . . . We are not so young any more either, you know."

Linda made a face. "Don't say that, Papa," she said. "You *are* young. And Mamma, too. You are both the most handsome and the youngest and the most wonderful two people in all of South America."

"And not North America, too?" her father asked, laughing and nudging his wife.

"Oh, of course," Linda started to say. "What I meant—"

But then she stopped.

For she noticed the huge lights of a truck ahead of them now, not far down the road, suddenly coming towards them.

And then it happened, in a tremendous and horrible moment, the lights ahead of them growing brighter and brighter and coming more and more rapidly towards them, the scream of a voice—her mother's; the scream of the tires—theirs, the truck's; the final scream of the collision and the heavy thud of the car as it turned over once, then again, then again.

Linda's head had hit against something on the first turn and she'd been knocked unconscious.

But she came to, a little while later, and it was then she saw that the car was still overturned. Her eyes darted to the front seat. It was empty. Both doors had been flung open and her parents had been thrown out onto the road.

"Mamma . . ." she whispered, ". . . Papa."

She managed to get one of the back doors open and she threw herself out of the car.

She crawled over to the crumpled figure of a man lying on the road. It was her father.

"Papa!" she cried out.

He did not answer.

Then she turned and she saw a man, obviously the driver of the truck that had crashed into them, bending over another form a few yards away, the form of her mother.

She looked at the man.

"She is dead," he said, his voice flat with shock.

Linda began to crawl in his direction.

"I tried to control the truck," the man said, as he watched the girl come towards him. "But the brakes . . . something was wrong with the brakes and I could not."

Linda was next to him now.

She looked up at him, with hatred and fury in her eyes.

She stared at him. And then she reached for his leg with her hands.

"They are *both* dead now," she screamed, digging her nails into the leg, "my mother and my father . . . *both* are dead now."

But then, suddenly, she could feel that the man's leg was trembling and she could feel, through his trousers, the blood that rushed down the leg from his own bruised body.

And, her fury turning to sorrow—for what had happened to her parents and herself and this stranger in that one moment—she dropped her hands and brought her face down against the concrete road and, uncontrollably, she began to cry. . . .

Little girl lost

"I had been so close to my parents," Linda has said, "that after they died, I seemed like a lost deer in a forest of strange shadows and hissing winds. I remember those next few years, at the school I enrolled in after the funeral. . . .

"At first, when I did not talk to anybody there, when I went out of my way never to be with anybody, the girls all thought I was cocky, a snob, a girl who thought she was too good for any of them.

"But after a while—only at the end, in fact—they realized it was not at all this; that it was just that I was so frightened, so confused, so alone now that the two people closest to me were gone. And that I knew so little about life and the rest of the world around me.

"One night—I was fifteen by now—I remember that a few of the girls came to visit my roommate, to talk. I happened to be there at the time, but of course I did not join in the talk. The talk was about boys. After a while, I remember, all the girls were telling stories about their experiences with this boy and that one, and they talked and laughed and giggled until their sides hurt. I remember, too, that at one point one of the girls turned to me and said, 'Come on, quiet one, and tell us all about your secret boyfriends.'

"'I have none,' I said, looking up.

"They laughed, and I began to blush.

"'You have never known a boy—not in your whole life?' they asked, still laughing.

"'There *was*—yes—there *was* one boy I knew,' I said, trying desperately to remember something, so as not to appear so foolish to them.

"'Ahhhh,' they all said, suddenly interested.

"I tried. 'His name was Mario,' I said. 'He lived across the street from us. Once in a while his father would come to visit my father and Mario would always come to visit me.'

"'And what did you do, you and this Mario?' they asked.

"'I would always hit him,' I said, smiling, as I remembered.

"'What??' the girls called out.

"I nodded. 'I was only ten at the time,' I started to say, 'and he was only seven, but already very rude, and—'

"But I didn't get much farther than that. Because the girls all began to laugh so much now, that terribly cruel laugh of very young and sophisticated schoolgirls, that I couldn't have finished what I was saying even if I'd wanted to.

"And I remember how next, embarrassed, I got up from where I was sitting and began walking out of the room.

"And I remember how, as I was leaving, one of the girls said, 'That poor creature doesn't know *anything*. Can you imagine what will happen the first time she *is* alone with a boy?'

"And I remember how, only a few months later, when I was barely sixteen and just graduated from the school, all the others were so shocked to learn that this 'poor creature' of theirs was planning to marry. . . ."

Child bride

Linda's brother, Miguel, was more than shocked when he first heard about this.

"And exactly whom do you plan to marry?" he asked his sister, angrily, the night she broke the news.

Linda told him.

"But he is more than double your age," her brother said. "He is a mature man already. And you . . . you are practically still a baby."

"He is kind to me," Linda said. She walked over to where her brother stood and she took his hands in hers. "Miguel," she said, "it is true, he is the only man I have ever known, ever talked to. But he is so kind to me, *so* kind . . . You remember, Miguel, how after Mamma and Papa died—how he used to come to the house all the time to console me and be with me? Then he was just a friend of the family, a gentle man who came to console the little heartbroken daughter of his friends and play chess with her and be with her when she needed somebody to be with. For *this*, Miguel, I loved him . . . And then the other night, for the first time, he took me out, to honor my graduation. He took me to the theater. And then to dinner. And then for a drive. And it was while we were driving that he said, 'Linda, I want to marry you. I would like to continue taking care of you forever.' And for *this*, Miguel, I loved him. And I said yes, that I would marry him."

Her brother sighed. He looked deep into her large, innocent eyes.

"Do you know, Linda, what marriage is?" he asked, softly.

"It is a beautiful thing," Linda said. "Our mother and father were married, and theirs was a beautiful thing."

"But," her brother said, groping around for the right words, "a man . . . a woman . . . the kind of love they must share as married people . . . Do you know anything about *this* kind of love?"

Suddenly, Linda let go of his hands. It was as if there was something Miguel would say now that would frighten her, as if she had half-heard things that—to her young mind—were more frightening than beautiful, as if she wanted to know only the beautiful right now.

"He is kind to me," Linda said, interrupting her brother. "That is all I know or care about. That—and that I will marry him . . . Don't you understand, Miguel?" Don't you understand?"

Her brother looked down, in thought. Again, he was searching for the right words.

"Linda," he started to say slowly, "perhaps there are some things you should know. That *I* should tell you now—"

He looked up.

But, he saw, there was no sense in his going on.

For Linda had turned away from him and begun to walk out of the room. . . .

To become a nun

"Please do not object," Linda says today, "if I do not talk much about that marriage. All I can say is I very soon learned the mistake I'd made and that on the fourth morning of the marriage I asked my husband please to understand, but that I wanted to go home. And if he had ever been kind to me up till now, he certainly was at his kindest that moment. Because he

just looked at me and he did understand and he said, 'All right, Linda, we will end this. I thought I was doing good, but I do not want to ruin your life or my own.' . . . So I went home and back to Miguel. Miguel was so wonderful to me at this time. At first, yes, he was angry. 'I did not want you to marry,' he said, 'but since you did, I would have thought you'd have the courage to give it more of a try than this!' But after a while he, too, understood, I think, and he began to try harder and harder to make me happy . . . Except that all his effort didn't seem to help.

"I felt empty inside me now, as if there was nothing inside me but a tremendous sad heart, that kept on beating, almost as if against my will, and that kept reminding me with its beat that I was, while sad, still alive and that I must do something with my life.

"It was hard to decide what to do. I imagine this is because I did not really want to do anything. I was alone, all the time, a girl who spent most of her time on her knees in prayer, praying for the repose of her dead parents' souls, living in the past, in the now bitter-sweet yesterdays, afraid to face tomorrow, the day after, and all the days to come.

"But then finally, one night, I decided what I would do. I thought by myself for a while. And then I talked to Miguel. I told him that in a little while I would go upstairs to my room and write a letter to my father's sisters, the nuns, in Spain, telling them I would soon come to join them.

"'And you, too, will become a nun?' Miguel asked me.

"'If it is God's will,' I said.

"Miguel spoke a little while longer, trying to get me to think harder about this, to get me to wait before sending the letter. And then, suddenly, he must have sensed it would be no good to try any further and, with tears in his eyes, he leaned over and kissed me.

"'I will miss you, *hermana,*' he said.

"I, too, began to cry.

"Almost, *almost,* I said to him, 'No brother, no, you are right—I should not go, I will not go.'

"But at that moment I looked around the room we were sitting in, a room I had known all my life, one of the rooms that had been my life.

"And I thought, 'No, I have nothing here anymore, not in this room, not in this house, not even with you anymore, my brother.'

"And so I said, simply, 'Thank you, Miguel, for your sentiment,' and I kissed him back and then I went upstairs to write my letter. . . ."

On the way to the convent

Miracles often occur at strange times, in strange places.

The place of Linda Cristal's miracle was Mexico City, the time a few months after her talk with Miguel, and a few days before she was to be driven to Vera Cruz to board the ship for Spain.

She and an old friend of her family's were walking through a movie studio, the friend pointing out the sights, when a man sighted Linda.

The man was a producer, one of the biggest in Mexico.

He came over and introduced himself.

He talked for a while, mostly to Linda.

When he was satisfied that his first hunch was right, he said, "Young lady, you are very beautiful. You are also obviously a girl of much breeding. Now it happens that—"

And he went on to tell her that he was casting a new picture, that he was having trouble filling one important role—the role of a young society beauty in some sort of trouble, and that she, Linda, could have that role if she wanted it.

Linda smiled one of her rare smiles.

"Thank you," she said, "but I cannot accept your offer."

"Why?" the producer asked. "These offers are not made every day, just like this, you know. Why?"

"I am going to Spain," Linda said.

"Why?" the producer asked again.

"To try to become a nun," Linda said.

For the third time, and without hesitation, the producer asked, "Why?"

Nor did Linda hesitate. "I believe I have but one friend," she said. "That friend is God. I would like to become even more friendly with Him."

The producer studied her for a moment. Then he asked her if she would come have



THE LENNON SISTERS

"What People Are Saying About Teens" in the current **INGENUE** *(on sale Oct. 15) reprints the good publicity teenagers get along with the bad. And we're all for it. Seems to us recent headlines have been heavily weighted toward the latter. Our thanks to* **INGENUE** *for balancing the scales."*

a cup of coffee with him. "I would like to talk to you—" he said.

For a long time, they talked.

The producer asked Linda questions, about her background, her life.

Linda answered him honestly.

"Have you ever stopped to wonder," the producer asked, very seriously, when he had heard enough, "if perhaps God might not want you to try to become friendly with the world, His world, rather than run away from it?"

He cleared his throat.

"Perhaps I speak out of turn—" he started to say.

But he could see by the way Linda was looking at him now that perhaps what he had just said had been, after all, a truth.

It was a little while later when Linda entered her hotel room. As was—and still is—her habit at times of decision, she pulled down all the windowshades so that the room would be dark and nothing in it would distract her, she chose the most uncomfortable chair in the room so she would not relax nor allow her mind to distract itself with other thoughts.

And she communed—with herself and with her God.

"Oh, Holy Jesus," she asked, "would this be right, now, for me to forsake You, to stay here, in this strange city, and enter this strange profession, instead of coming to You, Holy Jesus, to You?"

For the better part of an hour, sitting there alone, in the dark, staring straight ahead, not moving, she asked this question, over and over, in different ways, with different words, but always it was the same question.

And then, suddenly, the man's words came back to her.

Perhaps it is God's wish that you become friends with the world. . . .

. . . friends with the world.

. . . friends with the world.

And as Linda thought of these words now, for the first time in years—since that night on the road from the beach and that week end with her parents, since just a few moments before the accident—she felt a certain lightness inside her first, and then an old familiar warmth began to fill her body, as if she were being counseled once again, as if she were being embraced once again by loving, caring arms.

And she knew that she had been given her answer.

Slowly, she rose from her chair.

Slowly, she walked to the window.

Slowly, she lifted the shade and looked out the window.

At this moment, there was no way for Linda to know exactly what lay in her future—that before too long she would become one of the most popular young actresses in all of Latin America; that one day a few years later she would spend thirty-five centavos for a book called *Ingles Para Todos—Basic English,* memorize it cover to cover, try out for a role in an American picture, get it, click in it and be invited to come live and work in Hollywood; that shortly after her arrival there she would co-star in pictures with Tony Curtis, Johnny Saxon and Hugh O'Brian.

But why go on with the future now?

This was now for Linda Cristal.

Friends with the world

And the important thing, now, as Linda continued standing at the window, was that she was, at last, after those long years of loneliness, beginning to live again.

The good feeling came slowly.

It had started with something inside her—the lightness, the warmth, the filling of the emptiness that had been weighing her down so terribly.

And now that good feeling grew as she looked out the window and began to acquaint herself with the new world around her, the world she had shunned for so long.

She watched, for a few moments, the activity in the street below, the rushing traffic and the people, all those people walking this way and that, talking, laughing, so anxious to get where they were going, so happy to be going somewhere and on the verge of doing something.

And then, after a while of this, her eyes lifted and she found herself looking into a window across the street, where a woman stood holding an infant in her arms, talking to him, introducing him to the daylight, shifting his position at one point so that he might see the tiny bird that had just come to perch for a second on their windowsill.

At one point, too, the woman's eye caught Linda's and she smiled and waved.

Linda smiled and waved back.

"Hello," she called, in a loud, clear voice.

Then she looked down again at the street below, at that ever-moving crowd there.

"Hello," she whispered to all the people who made up the crowd, as if to let them know she was ready, finally, to come join them.

"Hello. . . ."

END

Linda's in United Artists' CRY TOUGH.

Carol Lynley

(*Continued from page 45*)

daughter, had got on a contest on television, dancing. He asked me, 'What's she going to wear?' I told him, 'Something I made.' He said, 'I'm Charles Duchard, a designer for Simplicity Patterns. If I'd have known, I'd have made something for your girl.' . . . Well, that's all there was to that for the time being. A few nights later the TV show was on. Carol didn't win. I think the prize was a two-week vacation in Florida, a bike and so on. But I found out she was photogenic. At least that's what everybody told me. They told me I should take her to be a model. I thought they were kidding me . . . Eventually, around Easter time, I took the children on an outing for the day. I remember we went all around New York and then up to the Empire State Building and then back to the restaurant, where I had to pick something up. And who was there but Charles Duchard, the designer from Simplicity. He looked at Carol and said, 'Is this your girl?—She's perfect—You should take her to Helen Boyer at Simplicity—She's looking for girls this age now. . . .' Well, it didn't sound as if *he* was kidding. But, I was so busy I didn't get around to it for about a month. Then I found out we needed color photos of Carol and that these cost about $100. I started working another job, to save the money. But after just a little while somebody said they knew someone who'd see Carol without the color pictures. And that's how it began . . . We went down to see these people. They said they liked Carol, but that we'd have to do something with her hair, which was in braids and too long and straight. That night I put it all up in curlers and the next morning it came out awful, all over the place. We went down to the agency again and the woman said she was sorry but that we'd have to cut Carol's hair, about two feet of it. I said okay, to give me a scissors and a room and we'd cut. It was sad, in a way, but that afternoon Carol posed for her first job and after twenty minutes somebody said, 'Will you please make out a bill.' 'How much for?' I asked. 'Let's make it $12.50 an hour,' the woman said, '—and charge for the whole hour, of course.' I nearly fell over. Do you know how long it took me to make $12.50 in tips?"

Carol's career begins

Within only a few months' time, Mrs. Lynley was astounded, delighted, to see her daughter become one of the top child models in New York.

Mrs. Lynley was able to quit her job.

Everything, then, should have been sweet and rosy and glamorous for both mother and daughter—daughter, especially.

For one thing: Carol, young as she was, realized the importance of money—and the money, lots of it, was beginning to come in.

For another: Carol realized that her mother was happy, happier than she had ever known her to be. And this was important to the girl because Frances Lynley —husbandless, hard-working—had been unhappy for a long, long time.

("And why shouldn't she have been happy now?" someone has asked. "After all, suddenly she was *somebody*—not an anonymous lady who pushed trays around in a restaurant and waited around for tips and then the subway home late at night, but a *mother* who was guiding her child's future, who rode around in taxis with her daughter from studio to studio, who finally had a chance to spend *all* her time with her family, who could give her life and the life of her family some dignity, some security, some amount of success.")

But Carol says now, somewhat bitterly, "I don't know why any child would want to do it. I wouldn't put my daughter to work as a child. You see them trundling around at four, going from one job to another. It's hard on a child. I think you should start when you're seventeen." But, she continued plugging away at her job.

Until, one day, her mother told her: "Maybe you could do even better in the theater. Would you like that?"

Carol said yes.

Again, it was Mrs. Lynley who helped out in the clinch.

"When I found out Carol was willing to try acting," she says, "I thought maybe television would be a good beginning. I took her around to some of the agents and they said, 'What a beautiful girl!'—but there wasn't too much call for beautiful girls her age. She got a few walk-ons, but never anything else. I kept thinking to myself, if they only gave her a *line* to read. So I got an idea. I thought we'd try to make Carol plain. We spent a few hours one morning picking out the ugliest dress we could find and the ugliest hat and everything. Then we made the rounds again. Finally we hit a place where they said, 'Here, let her read this.' Carol read it. They said, 'She's got a very appealing quality to her voice.' Carol smiled a broad smile when she heard that. All of a sudden, she looked beautiful again. I cleared my throat and indicated to her to get rid of the smile. She caught on and did. Nobody saw—and she got the part."

The next couple of years, it turned out, were tough not only on Carol (more hard work, more competition)—but on Mrs. Lynley as well.

It is not easy to keep a professional child in tow—especially when that child is the family's sole breadwinner.

$150 FOR YOU!

Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE BRIGITTE BARDOT:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE STEVE McQUEEN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE JACK PAAR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE JOANNE WOODWARD:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE PAUL NEWMAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE CHERYL CRANE:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completeiy
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE DEAN MARTIN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

And for the Lynleys there were some rough moments—eruptions on Carol's part.

"There was the time," Mrs. Lynley remembers, "Carol did this Hitchcock show, the one in which she plays a murderess. We were waiting around one Sunday night for it to go on. I was drowsy and went to lie down and I said to Carol, 'Wake me up when it's time for the show to go on.' Well, she'd wanted to see it alone, all alone—to see her mistakes alone, as she said. And she didn't wake me. I still have *that* score to settle with her."

There was also the time Carol told an interviewer: "I recently had an argument with Mother about how to handle my affairs. Mother insisted that I read a part in a particular way and I was terrible, the director almost went out of his mind. That settled that. I'm the actress, I decided, and I'll take care of the acting. You're the mother, I told her, and you take care of *your* part, the mothering."

But Mrs. Lynley has since countered that remark with this:

"Carol usually tells me I'm wrong, but then she very often does what I say. Especially in acting. If I don't like the way she says a word during a rehearsal, she says, 'Oh Mother, what do you know about acting?' But by the time the dress rehearsal comes around, she's usually changed it and she says, '*Now* are you satisfied?' "

Mrs. Lynley, a strict disciplinarian, has some definite ideas on matters other than show business *per se*.

"Of course I worried about Carol when she was out working as a model," she has said. "That's why I was almost always with her. I didn't want anybody getting any ideas. Anybody who's got a guilty conscience feels very bad when I'm around.

"I think it's important to stay around your children, if you don't want them getting into any trouble, to stay around and keep watching. So many parents don't give their children any of their time. I think it's important to be home when they expect company, things like that. With Carol, though, it's easy. She's very obedient. She always goes to a definite place when she goes out. She always comes home at a definite time. She never goes out with anybody I haven't met. That's one of the reasons I like New York over other places —I mean, there isn't so much going out in cars. Taxis are nice, I think; they are very well chaperoned. I always say about cars: what you don't get into, you don't have to fight your way out of.

"No, Carol doesn't like to go to parties very much. She went to one in Hollywood recently. I let her go, even though I was afraid it was going to be one of those Hollywood teenage parties I'd heard so much about. But I told her she had to be back by twelve. She came in at 12:11. She told me she was just as glad she left . . . She isn't too crazy about parties, big parties. She wouldn't like to be forbidden to go, but she doesn't go much anyway."

As Carol sums up her relationship with her mother: "She has given me a set of standards to live by and those are the standards I live by . . . I feel your mother brings you up until you're twenty-one and you're not legally free until then."

Odd words for a seventeen-year-old?

We think so.

Other odd words that Carol has spoken: "I will send my brother to college . . . providing he promises he won't become an actor . . . or a model when he's through. . . .

"If I ever have a daughter, I'll never let her become a model . . . at least not until she's eighteen."

Carol won't go so far as to admit that she hates modeling and acting. She knows full well how important it was that the money necessary to keep the family together came from somewhere. She is grateful that she could provide it. But that's different from liking it.

Carol sounds most wistful when discussing friends. "I don't like many people in Hollywood . . . so many of them are phonies . . . just out for themselves. My best friends? Well, I guess they're my cousins. Three girls. But they live in Boston."

There is no mystery, really, connected with the fact that Carol turns again and again to her family. She knows no place else to turn to get away from the cameras she dislikes, the actors who seem like phonies, the studio "publicity dates" that look so charming in the newspapers but feel so much like cheating.

Carol's mother is her agent, director, guide, discoverer . . . and dependent. Carol needs her mother, and her mother needs Carol to find their way around a tough world . . . to make a living and a reasonable life.

Carol is a strong girl, and a brave girl. "I'm only afraid of the dark," she says. And we think we understand that. Alone in the dark she realizes how very alone she is.

Alone in the dark, Carol wishes for that father . . . that kindly Norman-Vincent-Peale-type of father who could say: *You don't have to be strong anymore. You don't have to be brave. Have faith in me and in God. You can stop trying so hard to be successful at jobs you hate and just be the little girl you never had the chance to be.*

But this will never come about.

The strong and kindly man Carol is looking for will not turn out to be a father. He will be a husband. But he exists. He goes to parties . . . he's out in the world.

The thing we hope Carol will soon learn is that she will never meet him if she is locked in the apartment with her mother.

END

Carol is next in 20th-Fox's HOUND-DOG MAN.

---

7. I LIKE CAROL LYNLEY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

8. I LIKE VICTORIA SHAW:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ROGER SMITH:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE KATHY NOLAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE ELIZABETH TAYLOR:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE LINDA CRISTAL:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I READ: [1] all of **ROCK AND ROLLERS ON THE ROAD** [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] completely
[2] fairly well [3] very little [4] not all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE
(2) _____ MALE
(3) _____ MALE

(1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ FEMALE

AGE ..... **NAME** .....

ADDRESS ..... STREET

CITY ..... **ZONE** ..... **STATE** .....

Liz' and Debbie's Fatherless Children

(*Continued from page 53*)

and before she went to sleep and still say those nice things he always used to say at bedtime, like "Good night, doll," and "Sleep tight, my baby," and "Dream of Daddy—don't forget"?

And didn't he bring presents all wrapped with white paper and dark red ribbons, just like always?

And always, always, wasn't he always close enough so that if his little girl fell and hurt her knee and cried, or got a terrible stomach ache and cried, or just felt sad inside and cried and said, "I want my daddy, please, I want my daddy"—wasn't it always possible for her to see or talk to that daddy?

Yes, for those first long months, from September to the following March. Yes.

But then one day in late March her daddy came by the house and said that he had to go away for a while, to that place with the funny name, in the big desert, where he worked at his singing once in a while.

And there was something in the way he hugged Carrie Frances when he told her this that made her cry more than she had ever cried before, in her whole life.

The little girl knew nothing about what had happened between her mother and her daddy all these months since he'd left the house—that only a few months earlier they had filed for divorce, that in only another month and a half her daddy would marry again, that that marriage would be considered illegal in the state where they all lived and that he would have to stay out of the state for a long time.

But she, the little girl, knew none of this now.

She knew only that her daddy was going away.

And that she didn't want him to go.

"Don't worry," he told her, as she continued crying away, as he continued hugging her, "I'll be seeing you again."

"Soon?" Carrie Frances sobbed, "—you promise?"

"Soon, I promise," her daddy said.

Gone

For five long weeks she waited for the promise to come true.

And then the phone call came from the place in the desert.

It was for her mommy. "Very important," said the maid. "Mr. Fisher calling. He'd like to talk to you direct."

Carrie Frances had always been taught never to stand in a dark corner listening to other people talk on the phone.

But this time she disobeyed that rule.

And she could hear her mother, at one point, say, "I'm sorry, Eddie, I'm not sending the children. No . . . I'm sorry, Eddie . . . No."

Then, a little while later, she heard her mother talking to someone else on the phone.

"I can't," she heard her say. "It's too much to send young children in a plane to a place like Vegas. It's hot there—the change of climate—it's too hectic. The whole thing. How can I agree. . . I know he's leaving for Europe right after the wedding. Yes, he'll be gone eight months, a year. . . But he'll be working nights in Vegas. He'll be getting up late. How can he take care of the children properly with those hours? . . . And *she'll* be there. I just don't think it would be right with *her* there. . . . !"

Carrie Frances didn't understand the words exactly.

But she understood one thing, one important thing: that the promise she'd counted on so much wasn't about to come true.

When her mother was finished talking on the phone, she walked up to the little girl.

"Honey?" Debbie said, hesitantly, not sure whether her daughter had heard or not, but seeing that she was pale suddenly. "Are you—are you all right?"

Carrie Frances said nothing.

For a long moment they simply stood there looking at each other, the weary young mother, her unhappy child.

And then Debbie said, "Honey . . . Honey, you know what? . . . Your daddy called a little while ago and wants you and Todd to visit him." She smiled. "I can't send Toddie, of course. He's a baby. He's so small. But you, honey, you and the nurse, you can go, for a few days, and—"

Debbie never got a chance to finish.

Carrie Frances had grabbed her on those last words and was hugging her knees hard, so hard.

And she, Debbie, knew that she had already said all that needed saying. . . .

Those three days in Las Vegas were the happiest Carrie Frances had ever known.

Her daddy met her at the airport in a long yellow-gold car, and he brought with him a doll which they immediately christened Miss B., in honor of the stewardess who had taken such good care of Carrie Frances and her nurse on the airplane trip from home.

A lady called Elizabeth

Then, the newly-named Miss B. in tow, they drove to a house to have lunch with another lady, a beautiful lady, whom Carrie Frances' daddy called Elizabeth.

After lunch, her daddy took Carrie Frances to a store where he bought her two dresses and a funny white hat for the sun and a bathing suit, and after that he took her to a big house with hundreds of rooms and with hundreds of people walking around, the place where her daddy lived and where he worked—"a ho-tel," as the little girl repeated after him, "a ho-tel."

Here at this hotel Carrie Frances could see that there were many things around to give a little girl a good time; a soda fountain, with those people in stiff uniforms behind it, all busy making all kinds of wonderful concoctions and an elevator with a man in it who looked as if he would be happy to take you up and down, down and up, no matter how many times you wanted to go.

But, best of all, there was a swimming pool.

And that was where Carrie Frances and her daddy would spend most of their time alone those next few days . . . for a few long precious hours each day . . . just the two of them . . . playing and singing and splashing in the water and laughing . . . Eddie crowding a year's worth of visits into three short days . . . both of them acting as if these days would never end, not ever.

They did end, however; quickly. . . .

The date was May twelfth. The time was three o'clock. In less than twenty-four hours Carrie Frances' daddy would be standing in a flower-decked room, a few miles away, alongside the lady named Elizabeth, marrying her.

But for now he sat in the yellow-gold car, next to her, his daughter, driving her to the airport, to the plane that would take her back home.

When he stopped the car, he spoke little.

"Sweetheart," he said, "—good-bye for now. I've got to go away. I won't be seeing you for a while."

As if Carrie Frances knew instinctively that it would be best not to ask him at this point where he was going, for how long he was going to be gone, she said only, "Good-bye, Daddy."

Eddie kissed her.

Carrie Frances kissed him back, a dozen times, more.

"Good-bye, Daddy . . . Good-bye," she said, over and over.

And then the nurse took her hand and led her out of the car, the little girl still waving as Eddie drove swiftly away. . . .

Today, a few months later, Carrie Frances lives for the day her daddy will come back to her.

She knows, from what her mother has said, that he is in a place called England. She has no conception as to where that is exactly, except that it is very far away, a hundred miles maybe, a million miles—far, very far.

She knows, from what her mother has said, that he will come back to see her "in February-March-maybe." She has no conception as to when February-March-maybe falls, except that it comes not this year—but next, that it comes even *after* Christmas . . . that it is, no matter how you look at it, a long time away.

Still, she knows he *will* come back to her.

And she waits.

Once in a while a telephone call, especially for her, from Eddie in Europe, sharpens the poignancy of her wait.

"Daddy?" she screams happily into the phone. "Going to take the airplane now? You come home today?"

When Eddie tells her no, that he can't, not right now, she nods a brave little nod and she says, "Yes, Daddy, not today."

Then, in answer to his questions, she tells him about what she and Todd have been doing.

About Todd she says:

"He eats his cereal. . . .

"He plays with me sometimes. . . .

"He walks now. You should see him walk, Daddy."

About herself she says:

"I take your picture and I kiss it. . . .

"I ask the Nurse to play the record you made, and you sing for me, for Carrie.

Next Month

watch for

FABIAN *and his girl*

on the cover of

MODERN SCREEN

—on sale November 5

"And every night I take the doll you gave to me to my bed and I squeeze it tight. And then we say our prayers, dollie and Carrie. And we say how much we love you."

Then, once more, she tries for the miracle.

"Daddy . . . When are you coming home? You coming home today?"

Eddie says something.

Again, the little girl nods.

"Good-bye," she says a few moments later.

And she jiggles the receiver back into its hook.

And her long wait—for February-March-maybe and her daddy—continues. . . .

The children of Liz Taylor

"It wasn't so bad for the boys when they were in California," someone has said of Liz Taylor's two sons—Michael, Jr., nearly seven, and Christopher, four and a half. "They lived in a house, a place they knew as home. They had friends, other children from the neighborhood. They were happy little guys. Truthfully, they didn't seem to miss not having what they hadn't had for quite a while, a father. They knew Michael Wilding as a nice man who came to visit them occasionally. They liked him. They called him Papa. But they never fretted when he had to leave them, nor did they get very excited when they learned he might be coming around again—back from Europe or someplace—to see them.

"Then Liz married Eddie.

"And they all went to London.

"And that's where things really changed for the boys."

The change began the afternoon their father—just back from making a picture in North England—came to the penthouse suite where they were staying, at the Hotel Dorchester, to pay them a call.

"How long have you been here now?" Michael, Sr. asked his sons after they had kissed him dutifully. "Two weeks? Three?"

"Three," said Michael, Jr.

"And having a good time, I suppose?" their father asked.

The boys nodded, but not enthusiastically. "Yes," they said, "pretty good."

There was a pause.

Michael, Sr. cleared his throat.

"And what have you boys been doing today?" he asked.

They had gotten up at seven o'clock and had breakfast on the penthouse terrace with their mother and 'Uncle Eddie' and their half sister, little Liza.

At eight o'clock they'd said good-bye to Liz, who was off to the studio for a full day's work on her latest picture. "Mom doesn't want to go. But she must. Her work is very important, you know."

At 8:30, their nanny had taken them to Hyde Park for a few hours.

At 11:30, they'd returned to the hotel and sat in the living room listening to Uncle Eddie and a man at the piano rehearse a few numbers.

It had been all planned that at twelve o'clock they would have lunch with Uncle Eddie. But five minutes before that hour there had been a phone call and he was off to an important conference.

So they had eaten alone—just them and their nanny.

And then, after a short nap, Nanny had taken them to the park.

"Hyde Park again?" their father asked.

"Yes," the boys said.

"And did you play with other children there?"

The boys shook their heads.

"We just walked," said Michael, Jr.

"Pretty dull dishwater of a day, wasn't it?" Michael Wilding said to his sons.

The boys didn't understand.

"Men," their father said then, "I have an idea . . . *We* are going to get out of here and have dinner together tonight. Just us, and a certain young lady . . . Is that all right with you?"

The boys nodded, "Yes, Papa."

They watched as their father got up from the big chair on which he was sitting and walked over to the telephone. They listened as he asked the man at the desk downstairs to please connect him with the studio where their mother was.

"Good, Liz . . . thanks," they heard him say. Then, as he hung up, they watched him turn back to them, smile again and say, "Dinner. Us. Together. Tonight . . . At long last, my boys. . . ."

Michael Sr.'s car pulled to a stop in Belgrave Square fifteen minutes later.

"This is my home, where I live," he said to his sons, pointing out a small gray town house. A minute later, at the door, he said, "And this pretty blonde lady is my wife. You've met her before—but if you don't remember, her name is Sarah."

"How do you do?" the boys said.

"How good to see you both again," said Sarah. "Won't you come in?"



I love to mambo—and the latest version Fred Astaire created, the **INGENUE** *mambo, is really swell. I followed the step patterns in the* **INGENUE** *article and they're a snap. First an* **INGENUE** *song, and now this mambo. Swinging magazine!*

TOMMY SANDS

The first hour was rather formal.

The boys were obviously uncomfortable in these new surroundings. And Michael, Sr. couldn't help feel uncomfortable, too, in his sudden role of father-at-home-with-the-sons.

But then, towards the end of dinner, the ice was slowly broken.

"Do you know what I've been thinking just now?" Michael, Sr. asked as he plunged his spoon into his ice cream.

"What?" the boys asked back.

"How much fun it would be," their father said, "if tomorrow or the next day you and I got back into the car and had ourselves a little tour of London. . . The palace where the Queen of all Britain lives—have you ever seen that?"

The boys said no.

"And London Tower," said their father, "where the crown jewels are kept way up in a fusty old room, zillions of pounds—or, dollars—worth of royal jewels, guarded to the death by the Beefeaters, slightly old men, but strong, very strong, armed with lances should any thief try to break in and remove the great treasure. Have you ever been *there*?"

Again, the boys said no.

"And Hampton Court maybe," Michael, Sr. went on, "where Henry the Eighth, the evil monarch, got rid of any wife he didn't like—simply by chopping off her head. . . Seen that?"

"Noooooo," the boys said, impressed.

"Would you like to?" asked their father.

"Oh, yes," said Michael, Jr. quickly.

"'Specially where they chopped the heads," chimed in little Christopher. . . .

Little boys and their father

"And so it began," says a close friend of the Wildings, "the truly wonderful days for these two little boys and their father. It happened that Mike wasn't working just then and he had all the time in the world in which to be with his sons. He took them everywhere those first few days, picking them up at the hotel just as Liz got ready to go to work, dropping them off at night at about the time she got home. I must say, I have never—for all the years I have known him—seen Mike look so happy. And certainly the boys were riding clouds. . . I remember I was with them all when Mike broke the news that he had gotten their mother's permission to take them to the beach at Brighton for two weeks. The boys by this time very much in love with their father, and all their early reserve towards him gone to the dogs, howled with delight. It was obviously the high point of their young lives.

"Brighton, from what I hear, was marvelous that first week.

"Mike and the boys went swimming together.

"Even fishing—Mike for the first time, just because the boys wanted to.

"They went on rides in the amusement park nearby.

"They knocked down those wooden ducks with little rubber balls.

"They did everything—together.

"And then, at the beginning of the second week, came the news. Mike got a call from his agent about a part, very important, in a picture being filmed on the Continent, beginning immediately.

"Mike broke the news to the boys at dinner that night. 'I guess,' he said, 'we'll have to postpone the rest of our holiday for six weeks or so.'

"The boys' faces dropped.

"'But we won't be here in six weeks, Papa,' Michael, Jr. said, laying down his fork. 'In three weeks we have to go to Spain with Mother again and then we go to New York for the winter.'

"'I see,' Mike said. 'I—I had forgotten that . . . Well, I tell you,' he said. 'Here's what we can do instead—'

"And then he stopped, realizing that there was nothing to do instead, really.

"'You *have* to go with your mother . . . you understand that, don't you?' he asked his sons after a few moments.

"'Yes,' the boys said.

"'And as for me,' Mike said, '—I think I may well be in the United States sometime next year. And then we'll say, "To heck with that extra week we never had in Brighton." Because we'll be spending more than a week together—maybe even a month—and we'll go to one of the beaches in the States, the biggest and best beach we can find—and. . . .'

"It hurt him too much to go on.

"No man, after all, likes to see his sons begin to weep. . . ."

Like young flowers, once secure, attacked suddenly by a bitter-sharp wind, they float, lonely and confused—these little children.

Their mothers are movie actresses Debbie Reynolds and Elizabeth Taylor.

They are fortunate in having these women as their mothers, women who love them, very much.

But, tragically, the children have no fathers around to add to that love, to make it complete.

Tragically, it must always be this way.

END

Debbie will be seen in THE RAT RACE *and* NIGHT WITHOUT END, *both by Paramount.*

Liz' next picture is TWO FOR THE SEESAW *by United Artists.*



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RINGLET Circular stitched cups, fully lined, ring you in beauty. Stay-flat anchor band can never slip. White or black cotton. And only **$1.50**



LASTIC LOVE Freedom-loving lastex front, back, sides. Circle stitched cups shape beautifully. Lined front band adds comfort. White cotton. **$2**



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. . . no-curl anchor band . .
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Brigitte Bardot

(*Continued from page 30*)

Every time Brigitte and Jacques so much as looked at each other, the air was full of sparks. Even on the streets of St. Tropez, they flew, and in the market place where they did the shopping for the household, Brigitte swinging a little woven-rope shopping bag against her bare leg as she wandered from stall to stall in leotards. One look exchanged between them—and the farmers and fishermen displaying their wares would turn to each other and grin.

Naturally, the reporters who have haunted this tiny fishing village since Brigitte bought a villa there two years ago, didn't fail to notice.

And wonder.

And ask questions.

"Ah—Brigitte," one called out one morning, "Some people say you two are married...."

Brigitte laughed. "Now, why should they say that?"

"Because Jacques lives in your house, of course."

For the first time, Brigitte looked cross. "So do my maid and my secretary," she snapped. "Do they say I am married to them?"

The reporter smiled. "Do you hold hands with them? Kiss them on the beach at night? Look at them with such a look—?

"Nonetheless," Jacques Charrier said firmly, breaking in at last, "we are not married. At least, *I* am not." He put an arm around Brigitte. "Are you?"

She giggled, good humour restored. "Not at all. Not at all...."

Their first mistake

But the questions did not cease; in fact, it got so during the month of May, that everytime Brigitte and Jacques appeared in public—and in a village the size of St. Tropez, everywhere outside your own house is public—someone stepped out from behind a bush, or a beach umbrella, or an *aperitif* glass, and asked the same question:

"Are you two married?"

At the end of the month, Brigitte and Jacques made their first mistake—a mistake that was to crop up again and again during the weeks that followed. Still, it was understandable. They were sick and tired of being pestered, it was a hot day, and they felt a little giddy. Brigitte has, since girlhood, worn on her left hand a simple pearl ring, the gift of her parents. On impulse, she whirled it around on her finger, so that the pearl was at her palm and only the gold band showed. "Yes," she said, "yes, yes. We are married. There—look at my ring. Now, please, leave us alone."

The reporter's jaw dropped. He turned to Jacques. "And *your* ring?"

Jacques could go along with a gag. Almost as soon as Brigitte had made her move, he had twisted his army ring around, too. "*Voila!*" he said.

The reporter turned pale beneath his St. Tropez tan. "*Formidable!*" he muttered. Then he turned and scurried for a telephone.

The news broke all over the Paris papers, the Rome papers, the American papers. Everyone in the world must have read it, except for Brigitte and Jacques, who were not interested in newspapers. They noticed only that St. Tropez seemed for once empty of reporters, and they took advantage of it to rent a pair of bikes and explore the countryside, undisturbed. They did not have any idea that the reporters of St. Tropez, too, were out exploring—searching the records of one near-by town after another, looking for the papers of the non-existent marriage, so they could tell a breathless world when and where it took place. Of course, they found nothing.

Discouraged, the reporters held a council in a St. Tropez cafe.

"They must have planned very carefully to keep the secret so well."

"If they were so secretive about it, then why did they tell now?"

"There must be a reason. . . ."

They stared at each other. "*Of course!* Brigitte is going to have a baby!"

BB's baby

Jacques and Brigitte rode their bicycles back to town when dusk was falling. They were met before her walled villa by a delegation of newsmen armed with paper and pencils.

"Is it true you're pregnant?"

"When is it due?"

"What names have you chosen?"

Taken completely aback, Brigitte stared, and forgot all about the joke she and Jacques had played. "Pregnant!" she said, astounded. "I'm not even married!"

The reporters roared with laughter. "Too late to tell us that. Why, you told us yourselves you were married!"

"But it was a joke," Jacques protested violently. "A gag on you!"

"Oh, indeed?" a reporter queried. "And is this also a joke?" He held out a Paris newspaper. Jacques snatched it away and he and Brigitte peered at the picture and story on page one, trying to read it in the dim light. The picture was of Brigitte's mother. "Yes," the story quoted Madame Bardot as saying, in Paris, "the wedding was held about ten days ago. No, I cannot give you details!"

Brigitte and Jacques stared at each other. in the dusk.

"But what—?" cried Jacques.

"Poor Maman—" exclaimed Brigitte, simultaneously. "She must have thought we eloped without telling her. And she was covering up for us. Ah, the poor Maman—"

"But she would have called," said Jacques, more and more confused. "Surely—"

Brigitte clapped a hand to her mouth. "Oh, Jacques! She did! I'm sure she did. But I was alone in the house when the telephone rang, and—you know how I feel about telephones, so—I didn't answer it!"

Jacques glared, speechless. He had quarreled with Brigitte a dozen times about this new quirk of hers—a refusal to answer a telephone herself. "You see," he said angrily at last. "You see—"

But the impatient reporters broke in again. "*Eh bien*, enough of these lovers' quarrels. When is the baby due?"

A change came over Jacques' face. Without so much as a glance at the excited newsmen, he took Brigitte's hand into his and pressed it. "What would you think, Brigitte," he inquired softly, "if we were to make an honest woman of your mother?"

Brigitte looked up at him, her eyes suddenly shining. "It could not be a church wedding," she said, also softly, a little hesitantly. "I have been divorced, Jacques. I can not be married in church. . . ."

Jacques' gaze never wavered. "God will know," he said tenderly, "how much I need you to be my wife."

Making an honest woman of her

The crowd of staring newsmen might have been so many statues, so many trees, for all they knew or cared. In that moment outside Brigitte's villa, she and Jacques were truly, completely, beautifully—alone.

In the next moment, a flurry of activity shook the St. Tropez household. There were telegrams to be sent, letters to be written, plans to be made. Brigitte even used the telephone to call her mother, who burst into tears of relief when she learned she had not been left out of her daughter's wedding after all. "You will be at the *real* wedding, Maman," she assured her mother. "And it will be just as much a secret as the fake one was. Only the family, and Jacques' family, and perhaps one or two friends. But no reporters. Oh, it will be beautiful. . . ."

It almost was, too, but not quite.

Somebody—they never found out just who—tipped off the press. All of Brigitte's and Jacques' carefully laid hints that they would be married in St. Tropez went for nothing. On June 18th there were no reporters at all outside the little city hall in the fishing village where Jacques and Brigitte had pretended the marriage would take place. But almost every photographer in France was readying his camera outside the building in the Paris suburb of Louveciennes where Mayor Fernand Guillaume was to marry the pair. They were ready and waiting when Brigitte, in a simple, full-skirted cotton dress, arrived with her parents and sister and Jacques' mother, father and younger brother.

"Oh, no!" Brigitte cried. There was nothing artificial about the horror in her eyes. "Jacques—they found out. They'll ruin everything. What should we do?"

"Do?" Jacques said firmly. "Why, get married, of course." With one hand he straightened his tie. With the other, he took Brigitte's elbow to help her up the steps. A dozen cameras went off in his face. "Now, stop that!" he shouted.

The tragi-comedy of the marriage

But Brigitte shook her head. "No, listen," she said hastily. "Maybe if we are nice to them, they will be nice to us." She turned to smile reassuringly at the worried group of relatives on the steps behind them. Then she pushed her blonde hair, worn loose today, out of her eyes, and looked at the newsmen. "If we give you some pictures first, may we be married in privacy?" she asked gently.

The photographers nodded eagerly. On Brigitte's say-so, the police provided by Mayor Guillaume 'just in case' stepped aside to let the cameramen into the building. In an ante-room, Brigitte and Jacques obligingly embraced, kissed, smiled and held hands for them. Not until the Mayor called them into his chambers did they ask the photographers to stop.

Then, holding hands again—this time for no one but themselves—they opened the door to the little office and went inside.

Everyone else had found seats. Next to Madame Bardot sat Brigitte's movie stand-in and closest friend. Behind her, her secretary. Jacques' handsome father, a colonel in the French Army, smiled at the bride. Mijanou twisted a hankie nervously. Jacques' brother watched with admiring eyes as Jacques led his bride-to-be to the chairs at the Mayor's desk. Brigitte's own eyes glowed with happiness. It wasn't a church wedding, but it had its own dignity, its own beauty. It was perfect.

And then the door opened suddenly and the newsmen burst in. Cameras flashed in all directions. Jacques' mother gave a startled scream. Brigitte stood up, furious. "You *promised!*" she cried.

No one paid any attention.

Jacques' brother tugged at his sleeve. "Look!" he shouted, pointing. Jacques stared. Another group was climbing in the window! He leaped from his seat and ran to slam the shutters in their faces.

At the door, the police were trying to push the photographers and reporters out again. One eluded the *gendarmes* and gained the middle of the room, pointing his

camera at Brigitte. It was more than she could bear, to be tricked and insulted and have her wedding ruined. "No, I don't want my picture taken," she sobbed. Her father crossed the room swiftly and grabbed the camera out of the man's hand. "Do you want your face bashed in?" he demanded.

The photographer reached for the camera. Brigitte, with a cry, tried to pull her father back. The rest of the wedding party was berating the mayor for not providing enough police. One or two of the newsmen were laughing at the ludicrous scene.

And then, above the shouting and the laughter and the scuffling that were Brigitte Bardot's wedding music, another sound was heard. Heard, and noted—and it brought the rest of the racket to a sudden, shamed silence.

It was the sound of a woman sobbing for a broken dream. It was Brigitte, who could not see the humor of the scene, somehow, weeping for the wedding she had wanted.

Abruptly, one of the cameramen turned on his heel and pushed his way out the door. Shame-faced, others followed. Looking back, the last thing they saw was Brigitte, her head bowed, being led into a side office, until she could control herself again.

The last newsman out the door heard Jacques, his arm around Brigitte's shaking shoulders, murmuring, "Honey, it doesn't matter. Nothing matters but *us*. We are getting married, that's all that counts. . . ."

But even the reporter knew that it *did* matter, that something precious had been very close to being destroyed.

Eventually, it was over. The wedding party left the civic hall to lunch quietly at the Bardots' near-by summer home. While the family and guests, their spirits fully recovered, ate heartily and washed the excellent food down with champagne, Brigitte lay thoughtfully on a chaise longue, eating little, looking around with eyes that still showed traces of tears. On the edge of her chaise, Jacques sat. In one hand, he held a champagne glass; with the other he rubbed Brigitte's bare toes, occasionally bending down to plant a kiss on them. "Are you all right?" he asked anxiously over and over. "Are you tired?"

"No," Brigitte said finally. "But let's get away soon, Jacques. I want to be alone with you. . . ."

They had planned to spend their honeymoon at Brigitte's Paris apartment, and they did spend their wedding night, and the next one, there. But after the fiasco of her marriage ceremony, Paris was suddenly hateful to Brigitte. She wouldn't leave the apartment, and at the same time she complained of feeling shut in. On the second day, she and Jacques turned up unexpectedly at the Bardots' home.

The chaperoned honeymoon

"We wanted to tell you," Brigitte explained, "we're going back to St. Tropez. I'll feel much better there."

Her parents looked at her worriedly, then at each other. "I think, then," her father said, "we had better come with you."

Now it was the newly-weds' turn to stare. "We—we'd love to have you," Jacques said finally. "But—on our honeymoon—?"

"On your honeymoon," his father-in-law said firmly, "I'm afraid you need some protection. I presume that as usual you two haven't been reading the papers, right? Then—you don't know what's going on."

For the second time in a matter of weeks, Brigitte and Jacques had a paper pushed into their hands. And this time, the headlines could not be laughed off:

HASTY MARRIAGE CONFIRM'S BB'S PREGNANCY! PICTURES TO BE POSTPONED!



"How can they be so cruel?" Brigitte murmured at last. "Why?"

"They've been all over the place," her father said heavily. "One paper phoned your mother today."

Brigitte looked up. "What did you say, Mama?"

"I told them the truth, of course. I said I knew nothing at all about your being pregnant, but I certainly hoped you'd have lots of babies. That's what marriage is for, isn't it? All right?"

"All right," Brigitte said, smiling faintly. And turning to Jacques, she added, "It sounds terrible, but maybe they're right. We *will* need other people to help us in St. Tropez. . . ."

The party that finally embarked on Brigitte Bardot Charrier's honeymoon consisted of herself and husband, her mother, father and grandmother, her sister Mijanou—and, because he and Mijanou refused to be parted, Sascha Distel, Brigitte's ex-fiance!

The papers got a lot of laughs out of that, too.

Privacy for love

And, at first, so did Brigitte and Jacques. Then, after a few days in the crowded villa, it wasn't so funny anymore. "Every time I kiss you," Jacques complained one evening, "someone bumps into us and I feel I have to leap and say, 'It's all right, she's my wife.'"

"I know," Brigitte sighed. "But Daddy's been wonderful about keeping reporters out so we can have some privacy. . . ."

"Privacy for *what*? To play guitar duets with your old boy friend? Checkers with your grandmother? I want privacy to make love to my bride!"

"I know, I know," Brigitte whispered. "I'll tell you what—tonight, late—we'll go out on the beach, just the two of us. We won't tell anyone. All right?"

"You bet it's all right," Jacques agreed, his face buried in her hair.

So that night, feeling like a couple of kids on a forbidden date, they sneaked out of the villa and down the sand. They walked so close together that from a little distance they made one silhouette—which, for once, there was no one to see. They walked the way Brigitte has always loved to walk with Jacques since they fell in love—his arm over her shoulder. hers around his waist, legs moving together. Brigitte spread out a blanket and they lay on it, watching the stars, talking softly, pausing from moment to moment to kiss. After a while Brigitte murmured, "It's so warm. We could go swimming. . . ."

"We didn't bring suits," Jacques said.

For a moment they were silent. Then Brigitte's laugh rang out, silvery in the silence. "But we're *married!*" she said joyfully.

Laughing, they took off their clothes and ran down to the water.

When they came out, they were still laughing, and shivering a little in the Mediterranean breeze. They used the sandy blanket to dry themselves, giggling when the wind blew Brigitte's wet hair onto Jacques' face—and then, suddenly, Jacques became very serious.

"Brigitte," he said, "I want to ask you something—something very important to me. You mustn't think it means I criticize you for the past. I don't, believe me. I don't think there was anything wrong in your—well, in your showing your body in the movies. You wanted a career and you deserved to have it. But now—now you belong to me. I'd like to think you won't do that any more. I'd like you to—to promise me."

He stood turned away from her, almost as if he were ashamed. And then Brigitte reached out and ran her fingers softly through his hair. "Oh, Jacques," she said gently, "I'm glad you asked me. Of course I promise you. Of course."

It was a perfect night. They had two more like it, and two days almost as wonderful, when all of St. Tropez could see Brigitte and her husband, oblivious to stares and whispers, walking arm in arm, stumbling sometimes because they were too busy looking at each other to watch their feet, pausing to kiss on street corners and in cafes, unable to keep from touching each other's arms and hair and fingers, smiling as if the world had somehow melted away and left them alone.

Only, of course, it hadn't. When the two days were over, it made its presence felt again.

Brigitte's studio sent a telegram to tell her that due to her pregnancy, they were moving the start of her next picture, *Will You Dance With Me?* up three weeks, so they could shoot all her scenes before she began to show! For the second time that summer, Brigitte forgot her prejudice against telephones long enough to make a frantic phone call to Paris.

"I am *not* pregnant!" she insisted, over and over. "And it is terrible of you to suggest that I, a bride of scarcely a week, *would* be!"

"Well," the man on the other end said, "we heard you were secretly married a month ago. . . ."

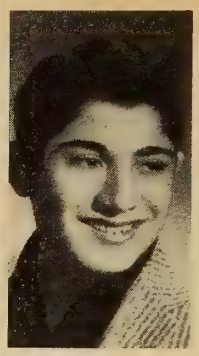
"Then why would I get married again?"

"Can't understand that myself," the man admitted. "But you must've read what your director told the newspapers—got it right here—uh, quote, *I'm not saying anything about Brigitte's state of health, but I feel it would be safer to start the picture earlier,* unquote. And Raoul Levy insisted on canceling your appearance at the Moscow premiere of *Babette. . . .*"

Brigitte struck her forehead with one hand. "How can I prove it to you?" she fumed. "I'm *not* pregnant!"

"Well," the man offered, "you could take a rabbit test!"

"On my honeymoon?" Brigitte screamed. She slammed the phone down and burst into tears of outrage. A rabbit test—if she took it, the world would think she, too, admitted the possibility. Never—never!



PAUL ANKA

I've probably been luckier than most when they handed out parents—but, man, there've been times my parents' worrying even worried me! I figured if they didn't worry, it wouldn't be normal. Just like the article in **INGENUE** *says: parents are the world's worst worriers, but it's only because they care so much. And three cheers for that!*

But after two more days of hounding, a weary Jacques phoned Paris to say his exhausted wife had given in.

On the way home from the laboratory, Brigitte was tight-lipped and pale. But she smiled at her husband as she walked in the door. "Our wedding was a shambles because of my being famous. Now they are making a mess of our honeymoon. I want you to know, Jacques—taking this test is my wedding present to you. I am buying peace and quiet for the rest of our honeymoon with it. . . ."

The result of the test, of course, was negative. The studio calmed down. The starting date of the movie was set back where it belonged. The papers printed the truth—though not in the headlines they had given to the lie. The reporters remembered other celebrities in the neighborhood. Mama and Papa Bardot began to talk of going home to Paris—and taking the rest of the family with them.

And then in the middle of a quiet night, Jacques sat up suddenly in bed. "Brigitte," he cried out. "Brigitte—help me—"

Brigitte flicked a light switch. Her husband was doubled over. His forehead was covered with sweat and his lips were blue. Brigitte reached out to him and found his whole body was shaking.

"Mama!" she shrieked. "Come quick!"

They took Jacques to the hospital in an ambulance, with Brigitte crouched beside him, holding tightly to his hand. Within an hour, he was operated on for acute appendicitis.

Hours later, Jacques came out of the anesthetic in a darkened, quiet room. His eyes focussed slowly—finally he made out the form of his wife, sitting beside his bed, crying silently in deep, heavy sobs. Slowly, Jacques turned his head to see her better.

"Don't cry," he whispered.

Instantly, Brigitte was bending over him. "Oh, Jacques. Oh, darling. . . ."

"I know why you're unhappy," he whispered painfully. "You went through . . . so much . that test . . . everything . . . so we could have the rest . . . of the honeymoon . . . in peace. And now. . . ." One hand moved feebly. "Now, it is spoiled because of this."

For a moment Brigitte stared at him through streaming eyes. Then suddenly she picked up the limp hand and pressed it to her lips. "Oh, Jacques," she murmured. "Oh, darling, that's so wrong. I'm crying because you're going to be all right, you're going to get well, my love. And for the rest of it—for the honeymoon—why should I cry about that? What does it matter how the next few weeks are when we have a whole lifetime together?"

She knelt down by the side of his bed and put her cheek to his hand. "Jacques," she murmured, "do you remember those three—those three wonderful nights of ours, on the beach at St. Tropez?"

Yes, he remembered.

"Those were our true honeymoon," Brigitte whispered. "No one can ever take those away from us. And Jacques—no one can ever change this, either."

There was a light sound behind her. A nurse stood in the doorway. "You must go now. Your husband must sleep."

Brigitte stood up. The nurse was right. Jacques' eyes were already closing, his mouth was peaceful. She smiled down at her sleeping husband. She would leave now. Later, she would came back. Later, Jacques would be awake, would be recovering, would be well. And then—

Then the honeymoon would begin. **END**

Brigitte is in United Artists' A Woman Like Satan; Will You Dance With Me?, *Victorine Studios;* Babette Goes to War, *Columbia.*

ED. NOTE: *As we go to press, it looks like the baby BB had hoped for 'someday' may be a reality several months from now.*

The Taming of Steve McQueen

(*Continued from page 32*)

had committed him, at fourteen, because "we can't control the boy." Everyone, including his parents, had always told Steve McQueen over and over that he was a bad egg and headed for no good. He was beginning to believe it.

Now he knew what to expect. He'd pay in bruises and blood for the demerits his cottage got from that runaway. Or would he? Suddenly frustration, resentment at being unwanted, the deep running bitterness at his world boiled over.

"I went pure ape—berserk," Steve says, flushing at the memory. He lashed out with fists, knees, elbows, feet. One tormentor cracked his skull on the tile. One went down with broken ribs. Another gushed on the hot water tap as he fell. The last ran to get attendants to tame Steve, and to carry the rest to the infirmary.

Then Steve was standing defiantly before the superintendent, a big, powerful man who kept a thick churn paddle drilled with holes for just such cases. When it hit, nasty red spots puffed up. Steve McQueen had felt that pain. He knew what to expect.

"But I didn't give a damn," he remembers. "At that point I didn't care about anything or anybody, including myself. The guys wouldn't talk to me. No one, not even my folks, ever came to see me. I hated everything and everybody. If someone had handed me a gun I'd have shot it to kill."

But the superintendent didn't reach for his stick. Instead, he said quietly, "Steve, let's take a walk."

Turning point

The walk and the talk lasted two hours. "He told me all about myself," says Steve McQueen. "From my viewpoint, on my level. He made me understand what made me the way I was and what my family was doing to me. He told me what I could do about it." The rest of his stretch there wasn't a rumble for Steve McQueen at the Boys' Republic. He was elected governor of his cottage and given a team to drive, a big honor. He left with something of value.

"That talk was the big turning point for me," Steve believes. "I was walking the raw edge and I could have gone either way—right or wrong. I could be in prison today. I could even have swung on a rope."

By going right, even though it was a long, rough road for him, Steve McQueen is in Hollywood, riding high as a top TV star, playing Randall in *Wanted—Dead or Alive.* Right now he's breaking big in movies teamed with Frank Sinatra in *Never So Few* at MGM, with a contract for more. He'll drag in $100,000 this year. High up on Lookout Mountain, Steve owns a neat modernistic pad with a sweeping view, the prettiest black-eyed wife, Neile, that you ever saw and, since last May, a doll-baby daughter, Terry. He's got an Alaskan husky pup to run, a Porsche to race, work he likes, and money in the bank.

Most important, Steve has faith in himself, at last, because people have faith in him. He's got a sense of belonging, self respect and self importance, and a solid, seasoned slant on Steve McQueen that won't bend with success or sweet talk.

"I'm not educated, but I know myself," is the way Steve puts it. "I know I'm basically a good person. But I also know there's some of the evil still left in me.

I still resent what happened to me and why it happened. I have to keep choking that back down."

Nobody argues much with Hollywood prophets who predict that Steve McQueen's set to explode with greatness one of these days soon, like Marlon Brando did, like Jimmy Dean. Personally, though, most tag him a beatnik, a kookie, far out guy, from Endsville. They're crazy. Steve talks the jazz, okay; usually he slobs it up in his dress, and he's plenty hip. But he isn't beat. While Steve has taken his beatings, he's also dished them out. From pure habit, he'd still just as soon slug you as look at you. He can't stand anyone to touch him, he hates parties and crowds. He's no cultist; he's a lone wolf, unclassified and sometimes, it seems, maybe too much his own man for his own good. Steve fights a flash temper that still kicks up rumbles.

Not long ago Steve was stopped by a cop for a ticket he figured he didn't deserve. When the cop demanded his license, Steve whipped out his wallet and heaved it in his face. In New York, strolling with Neile, some guys in a passing car whistled admiringly. Steve chased them two blocks, dragged them out and forced an apology at knuckle point. Only the other week when Terry arrived, McQueen raced out, bought $25 worth of roses for Neile and charged into Cedars of Lebanon hospital. The floor nurse stopped him. "You can't see your wife now," she snapped. "And you can't take those flowers into the maternity ward!" Steve flipped her aside. "Try and stop me," he said.

A killer after dough

Even Steve's TV year as Josh Randall has been one long week-to-week hassle. Steve signed for the western serial only because the script made him a ruthless bounty hunter. They squawked first when he picked out his shabby coat and shapeless hat and made sweat and dirt his make-up. He's never stopped slashing the script when writers try to moralize, justify or pretty him up. "The West was wild and those guys were mean. Josh is no Galahad. He's a killer after dough. I'm playing him straight," he tells them, "or not at all." Right now Steve's feuding with MGM because they're trying to get him to stop sports-car road racing, afraid he'll kill himself and wreck a picture. They might as well command Steve to stop breathing.

"Look," he fires back, "I'm no neurotic trying to bump myself off. But I've got to have an outlet. What do you want me to do—chase women or booze it up? I don't drink and I've got a beautiful wife I love. I've got to relax someway and if I don't when I race, then I crash—see?"

With Steve McQueen, racing, like acting and living, is an art where you play it straight down the line and the only thing to fear is fear itself. That's never been his problem. "Once in New York I stood on my hands on a narrow neon sign five stories over the street in a high wind to win a ten-buck bet," Steve recalls. "Why? I needed the ten bucks." It never occurred to him that he'd kill himself. "People don't believe me," he complains, "when I say I don't give a damn. But I don't. I really don't care. I never have."

Maybe that's part of the 'evil' that Steve McQueen admits hangs over from a past when nobody cared much about him, either. Maybe, too, it's because the dad he never knew was pretty much the same breed of cat, and his kid got the genes.

Not until four years ago, when, curious, he did some tracing, did Steve McQueen know one illuminating fact about his old man. When Steve was a kid, his mother, Julian, never mentioned his name. She lives in California today but they aren't exactly chummy and most of what Steve's learned he's uncovered on his own. It's still pretty skimpy but there's enough to prove that Bill McQueen packed the same go-to-hell, heads on, reckless streak that his son, Steve, does.

Steve's old man

Bill was a flier, piloting rickety crates with joy sticks back in the post-Lindy days. He did barrel rolls and Immelmans in circuses, barnstormed, crop-dusted and hedge-hopped wherever there was a buck to be made. Julian Crawford met and married him in St. Louis. They moved to Indiana where, in Beach Grove, Stephen Terence McQueen showed up one 'gloomy Sunday,' March 24, 1930. Bill McQueen named his cub after a one-armed pal who ran a racer's garage in Indianapolis. Six months later Bill flew off—and never came back. He was killed in China, with Chennault's Flying Tigers, in 1939.

By that time Steve McQueen was a runty, corn-tassel-topped little rube knocking around a farm out in Slater, Missouri. His mother took him there when he was two, "because, I guess, she had no place else to go," figures Steve. The Depression was dragging rock bottom; there weren't any jobs Julian McQueen could find to support her kid. Julian was only twenty; she'd married at eighteen. She was still restless for her own life and she hated being trapped on the farm. With Steve it was yes and no.

His great-uncle, C. W. Thompson, owned the spread—1000 acres of prime corn and cattle land. Claude Thompson was a respected figure around Slater. An ancestor, Col. Piker Thompson, had straggled back from Mexico and helped found Slater. So Claude was 'people.' He was the closest thing Steve McQueen ever had to a real father. But he was also stern, with a granitized conviction that hard work never hurt any boy. Steve earned his grits and grease doing back-breaking man's work from the time his knobby knees could hold him up.

"Sometimes I'd see the cows lying down in the snow," remembers Steve, "and I'd flop on one, hug her to keep warm, and catch a few winks. I was always so tired I could sleep on a rock or out in a hail storm." He hit the sack with the chickens but he never got enough sleep.

The other ache was loneliness. There wasn't a kid within miles to play with and Steve's farmhouse talk with his mother and dour uncle was mostly in words of one syllable. Between chores Steve could splash on hot days in the muddy pond, until the cottonmouth moccasins chased him out. He dangled worms for perch and chased rabbits with a mangy hound. His uncle Claude taught him to handle a shotgun, but he had to produce.

"He'd give me just one shell," says Steve. "If I didn't bring back two doves with it, I was through. I foxed him once. I knew doves roosted in an old silo, so I snuk out there one evening, stuck the barrel inside and blasted up. Nine tumbled down. Old Claude never could figure out how I got those nine birds with one shotgun shell!"

Loner

Steve walked four miles to school and four miles home, in all kinds of weather. He didn't mind the hike but he hated the school. "It was just a hick school, all grades in one room with a woman teacher. She bugged me and I bugged her." Steve McQueen was chronically being sent home, or kept after classes. He was always standing in a corner, sent to write apologies on the blackboard, getting stinging whacks with a ruler. When the kids guffawed he hated them. His loneliness had already made him anti-social. "I couldn't get along. Even then I knew I was different," Steve says. "The other kids knew it, too."

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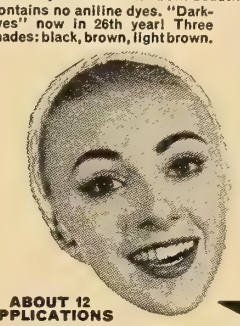
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Love, sympathy, understanding—a big dose of each—those are the things a brooding kid like Steve McQueen needed to set him right, long before reform school could. Instead, he usually got, "You're turning out just like your father. . . ." And, when he was thirteen, Steve got a stepfather he couldn't take.

Steve's mom, Julian, used to take off from the farm when she had the chance. "I suppose I can't blame her too much," Steve muses. "She had me pretty young. My own dad was gone and I was a stone around her neck, I guess. I think she tried as hard as she could to raise me right. I guess she thought I needed a stepfather, I wanted a dad, God knows. Unfortunately, I didn't get the right one."

Cruel Stepfather

He was a man named Berri, who made decals for a living. Julian met and married him on a trip to California. They came to the farm to pick up Steve. Steve glared at the stranger in sullen mistrust. He got the same look in return. They clashed with their first words.

"Well, kid, now you're Steve Berri."

"I'm Steve McQueen."

"It's Berri—don't forget it."

So he was Steve Berri. Steve despised the new name and all that went with it. Especially what he bitterly considered a theft of the skimpy security he owned, his mother. Los Angeles was sunny and warm. But Steve knew from the start of his new home that he was out in the cold. Julian was anxious to make a go of her marriage. Steve was the rock in the oyster, the shadow on the wall. He felt it and resented it. He wanted to belong but the fence was up. He batted angrily against it.

Then one night his stepdad knocked him down a flight of stairs. At the bottom, Steve picked himself up. "If you lay a hand on me again," he gritted, "I'll kill you!" And everybody there knew he meant it. Pretty soon the papers were signed and Steve was in the Boys' Republic, labeled incorrigible. While Steve was there, his folks moved to New York, to a better job for Berri. No one came to tell Steve goodbye.

Steve McQueen was fifteen when he got out of reform school. He knew he could never live with his folks again. From now on his future was Steve's own show—but what show and where did he fit in? "The only thing I could figure to do was start looking," says Steve.

First, he went back to his uncle's farm in Missouri. But that just planted a forlorn, empty ache in his belly. He bummed on to New York, drawn by a magnet he couldn't explain: somehow he had to see his mother. But that didn't work either. He kicked around the slums of Greenwich Village for a while doing odd jobs, sleeping and eating where and when he could. He met a man named Ed, who was rustling odd jobs, like himself, for the booze he loved. But Steve hit it off with Ed. "He could make me laugh." Ed held bosun's mate's papers.

"Get me on a boat, Ed," begged Steve McQueen, "going somewhere—anywhere."

Ed faked Steve's age and they climbed aboard a T-2 tanker bound for the Dominican Republic to load molasses. The boat stank, the food was lousy, the mate mean. At El Romana Ed said, "Let's jump this tub." They had barely a buck between them and no pay till New York. But they hooked fifty cartons of cigarettes from the locker, wrapped them in oilskin slickers and swam to the beach that night. They used the American cigarettes like cash in El Romana, and Ed knew a place to bunk—a dark, shuttered house that wasn't exactly a home. When police stalked through it one night Ed knew how to dodge. But they netted Steve along with the girls. He had no visible means of support.

Get out of town

"Juzcado," they told him. "Jail, keed—or maybe you leave thees town, yes?" Steve found a lucky berth on a freighter to Corpus Christi, Texas, and jumped it there. 'Gracie's Woodyard' was down by the waterfront. It wasn't a woodyard. Steve worked there for six months. He ran errands, helped out in rumbles and checked receipts. It was a way to eat and when you're fifteen, stranded and hungry and nobody cares, you aren't choosy. But one day Steve's stomach heaved. He snatched his pay from Gracie's till and grabbed a bus for New York and back to the Village.

It was a crazy place with crazy people doing crazy things, he thought sometimes. But they did what they wanted to do. A cold, dead spot inside Steve McQueen warmed and tingled. Maybe he could be that way, too. Maybe. He found a cheap pad and roamed restlessly around, day and night, looking and listening. He nursed a dime beer in smoky cellars and heard characters spout poetry, watched them paint, sing, play music, act, write. This was all new to Steve McQueen. It made him feel high as a kite one minute, low as a snake's belly the next. *I can't do any of these things,* he told himself in the high spots, *but somewhere in this world I belong. I know I do. I get this message.* Other times, on the docks getting a rare crumb at the longshoreman's shape-up, or twisting artificial flowers on Third Avenue at twenty cents an hour to keep alive, he thought, *What the hell—I'm no damn', ignorant good!* and the old goof-off fever seized him. Steve was this way on his seventeenth birthday. That day he impulsively joined the Marines.

Steve was still feeling mean when he hit boot camp at Parris Island. Drill sarges were driving the boots along as they dropped off the train: "All right—move, move, move!" They swung swagger sticks with bullets crimped on the ends. Steve dropped his bag and stopped to pick it up. He caught the lead tip back of his ear and it hurt. He whirled, straightened up, and knocked the sarge cold.

Others snapped up and braced him. Said one, "Son, you're gonna find the Marines very interesting. Yeah—*very* interesting!"

"Listen, Buster," he snarled with that old, trapped, murderous feeling, "after what I've been through, it'll be a joy ride. I'll take anything you can dish out!"

They could dish it out.

They made him sand decks with a brick until his fingers bled and he couldn't straighten up. They marched him into the swamps. They put twelve rifles in his bunk and made him sleep on them. The fourth day he was there the drill instructor told him, "You're invited to a smoker."

"What's that?" Steve wanted to know.

"It's a party."

"Do I have to go?"

"Yeah—you sign this here R.S.V.P."

Steve signed for a scrap, although he didn't know it.

"Pretty tough"

That Wednesday night they laced gloves on him and shoved him into the ring with a top boxer, set to cut him to ribbons. Steve didn't know how to box but he knew how to fight. At the final bell they had to pull McQueen off the battered guy.

Soon after an ape of a Leatherneck with the biggest hands Steve had ever seen blocked him on the drill grounds.

"I hear you're pretty tough."

"I ain't tough—" began Steve.

"Let's see—" and the big fist smashed his mouth. Steve went down—and up—ten times before he couldn't get up again. Later the same bully boy slugged an officer, went over the hill into the swamps, got shot with a riot gun and wound up in Leavenworth prison. As for Steve—finally the drill instructor told him, "Look, McQueen, you get clean with me, I'll get clean with you—okay?"

"Okay," said Steve, and after that it wasn't so bad.

Steve McQueen was a Leatherneck for three years. He had trouble from time to time. But he wound up a hero.

Funny part, Steve was in the doghouse again right before the big landing operation on the coast of Labrador. He'd been caught swiping food with his Italian twin buddies, Dom and Paul Bontempi. For punishment, a warrant officer who hated Steve's guts canceled their liberties in New York after the big show. They were all plenty mad about that. Steve was an amtrack driver by then and he herded it expertly ashore, then happened to look back. Some LST's had dropped their treads on sandbars and got stuck. Thirty-foot waves were slamming over them. Some guys had already drowned.

But one squad was still huddled on top of their tank, set to die like trapped rats unless somebody dragged them in. Officers called for volunteers, but Steve had already wheeled his amtrack around. It was ticklish: if he slammed down on those guys he'd squash them. He eased up close, gunned his motor to 300 rpm and teetered in the pounding surf. Then he climbed down with a rope. It broke and he snugged it again. Miraculously, his legs didn't get caught in the churning grousers. The Lord had his arm around that whole gang and Steve. He pulled them in.

The tough warrant officer called him in after that. "If there's another war you come to me," he growled. "I want to put you up for officer's training." Steve and Dom and Paul got their liberties. Private McQueen got a citation, too (although he won't admit it) for bravery beyond the call of duty in the USMC.

"Ah—" he scoffs today. "I was stupid to do a thing like that." And he follows with a lie, "I'd never do it now."

$4300 poker game

Steve checked out of the Marines in 1950 with a $1600 stake. The night he was discharged he lost that whole roll in a poker game. But Dom and Paul Bontempi gave him fifty dollars apiece and he got back in. By morning he cashed in his chips for $4300. On the bus up to Washington, Steve stuffed all his Marine clothes into a seabag and heaved it out the window. He felt better.

But in Washington Steve blew the $4300 in three months. He bummed to Texas to recoup as a 'grunt' in the oilfields. When he had enough dough he headed straight for New York and the Village again. "I always believed there was something there for me, if I could only find it," says Steve. "Sounds crazy, but I knew there was some kind of artist hanging around inside of me." It took three years for Steve McQueen to make that artist's acquaintance.

Steve's pad at the time was a tiny room back of the Circle-in-the-Square Theater. He lived there because it cost three dollars a month, not because he dug the drama particularly. But actresses who dashed in there between scenes to change their costumes—sometimes dug Steve. And sometimes they came back after the show. One,

whose name you'd know today, got to liking McQueen a lot.

"Steve," she said one night, "you know, you'd make a great actor."

He laughed in her face. "You kidding?"

"No," she said, "I'm not. You ought to go to school."

School was still a dirty word to Steve. He mumbled that he'd quit that jazz after eighth grade. But he stayed awake most of that night. And that week he found himself standing suspiciously before Coach Sanford Meisner at the Neighborhood Playhouse, where the girl took him.

"Let's just talk," said Sandy Meisner. Sandy knows talent when he sees it; he's trained the best, including Joanne Woodward. He looked beneath Steve's tough crust. Sold, he sold Steve. "He was the first man who ever really thought I'd amount to something," says Steve. "He made me feel ten feet tall. That day I knew what the answer was."

Cave man

What Sanford Meisner saw in Steve was a completely uninhibited young male who simmered with the raw juices of life. At the Neighborhood he realized them but was careful not to dilute them. "My biggest asset today," Steve McQueen thinks, "is that I don't look, talk or act like an actor." Starting out, Steve sometimes acted like a cave man.

Meisner eased him in doing improvisation with a girl partner. They worked up a swell make-believe argument and she slapped Steve's face. Before he could catch himself he slugged her. Then, shocked at what he'd done, Steve bolted out of the school and roamed the Village miserably thinking they'd never let him back. Instead, they hunted him up and told him the truth: nobody was sore—only the girl's jaw.

Steve's G.I. Bill handled the tuition; for his chow and pad he drove a post-office truck after class from 6:30 till 2:30 a.m. He still had enough steam to romance through the starry-eyed student chicks like a fox through a henhouse. By his second year Steve McQueen was the fair-haired boy at the Neighborhood Playhouse, in more ways than one. He caught the juvenile lead in *Time Out For Ginger* for seven months on the road. He hit TV characters big, and Jack Garfein, Carroll Baker's director husband, grabbed him for *The Geep*. That one didn't make Broadway but Steve was so hot that two cast members, Gary Merrill and Don Hanmer, plugged him for the Actor's Studio. Steve got in on his first try, one of five out of two thousand hopefuls that year. Lee Strasberg and Elia Kazan flipped for his style, and when Ben Gazzara left *A Hatful of Rain* to make a movie, they aced Steve in to replace. He played seven months on the Big Street and got a name for himself.

But in all those months the best show for Steve McQueen took place one night in Downey's Steak House, 'a poor man's Sardi's' near the St. James Theater. Steve was stoking spaghetti there with the *Hatful 'Mafia'*—Ben Gazzara, Mike Gazzo and Frank Corsaro—when he looked up and dropped the whole gob, sauce and all.

The cutest, prettiest, dark-eyed doll he'd ever seen bounced right toward him, laughing—and right on past. Steve is a man of action. He knocked over a couple of tables catching up, introduced himself and said, "Can I take you out sometime?"

The breathtaker was Neile Adams. She's Mrs. McQueen today, of course. Then, she was a fast-rising young musical comedy starlet. In fact, she was rehearsing to take over Carol Haney's star part in *The Pajama Game*. Neile got Steve's message and sent it right back. "I think so," she smiled, "why not?"

But let Neile tell it: "Steve busted into my dressing room the next night. He had on a T-shirt, jeans and goggles. 'I'll pick you up after the show,' he said, and somehow I couldn't say no to a crusty character like that. But when I came out there he was on a motorcycle. He said to get on. I'd never been on a motorcycle."

They found plenty to talk about, Neile and Steve. In a way they were two of a kind. Neile had never known her father, either. He was a roving Englishman who left her mother, then was killed fighting in the Philippine hills during the war. Neile was born in Manila and her Spanish-Filipino mother was rich. But when the Japs came in they took everything, penned Neile in a starving, stinking concentration camp for almost three years. After that, she huddled in a bombed-out Manila apartment with six other families, separated by sheets for walls. When her mother built up a second fortune in war surplus, Neile went to an English school in Hong Kong, then to boarding school and college in the States. Like Steve, she'd hunted something she had to have on the stage. Trained by Katharine Dunham and Jack Cole, she'd already sung and danced in *The King and I*, in *Kismet*, in clubs, shows and on TV. The big break was in *Pajama Game*. But like Steve, Neile hadn't forgot what went before. She showed him a long scar on her leg where Jap shrapnel had ripped it open.

"You poor kid," Steve said. Then he was telling her about himself.

"*You* poor kid!" whispered Neile.

They were a team from then on. But neither wanted to get married; they both thought they weren't ready. That old realizer—separation—changed their minds.

Four months later, MGM called Neile to Hollywood for *This Could Be The Night*, and *Hatful of Rain* for Steve closed on Broadway. He turned down the road tour, but rattling around Manhattan without Neile was no good at all. He knew then what had to happen to him—marriage. But the word had a final, fettering sound that stirred up the old restlessness. He had to have one last fling.

Steve bought a new English cycle, roared down to Key West and hopped over to Cuba. He rambled all over the Island, sleeping in a bag on the beach, fishing the reefs and hunting the jungles. Skin diving, Steve busted an ear drum and got chased by a six-foot barracuda. Out shooting, he prowled too near a rebel fort and got nabbed as a spy. They took his rifle, money and bike and threatened him with a firing squad, but finally let him go. Steve hiked into Santiago, peddled his sleeping bag and wired Neile for getaway money. Back in New York he put in a call to Hollywood.

"I'm coming out," he told Neile.

"What for?"

"You," said Steve McQueen.

Tight little corporation

The wedding was three years ago, come this November 2. By now Neile and Steve McQueen are a tight little corporation. But, with two careers in the family, there've been some problems. In fact, the first year was pretty rugged.

Neile signed on at the Tropicana in Las Vegas and got stuck for twenty-four weeks in "that great big neon light." Steve shuttled between New York and Hollywood, TV and three movie jobs. He made good dough and so did Neile, unless you call $1500 a week peanuts. But they wouldn't stay apart again for a million. Sometimes, when he was West, Steve could fly to see his bride on week ends, most often he couldn't. "Man," he growls, "I almost went ape again!"

But Steve finally latched on to his steady job as *Josh Randall*—and grinding that series out, with episodes back-to-back for a year, has kept the McQueens more or less

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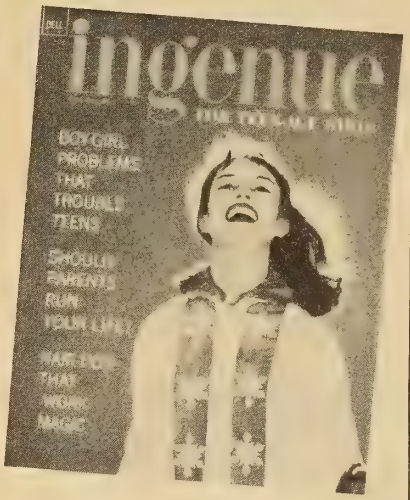
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put. Neile's last job was doing *At the Grand* with Paul Muni on the stage last September. All was well in Los Angeles when it opened, but in San Francisco the footlights started swimming around. A doctor told her why. Steve has been such a fussy, happy father since Terry arrived that Neile calls him Mother McQueen.

Today the *real* Mother McQueen would like to "get back in shape to dance—that is, after we have two more—because I like to work. But," smiles Neile, "I really don't care any more. All I want is to be happy with Steve."

Being happy with McQueen means sleeping eighteen hours at a stretch—or not going to bed at all. It means downing hamburgers and shakes any time Steve's hungry and feeding him fast when he gets up grumpy so he won't bite your head off. It means being ready to take off almost anywhere almost any time. It means skipping Hollywood parties, but yakking with Steve's racing pals at night, hiking into the hills at dusk to knock over tin cans with a .22. It means buying him nice clothes and watching him slob them up. It means trying to make order out of chaos in the family bookkeeping and sneaking money for the savings account before Steve blows it on a boat or a new sports racer. It means reading books together, hearing endless records, planning round-the-world junkets. It means solid, satisfying love. And it means closing your eyes and fighting back chilling fear when he's racing and hits the turns.

Steve tells her, "Look—three people were killed in sports car racing last year—and three thousand on the highways. I got seven tickets the year before I started racing and none since. I don't want to die any more than anyone else. But it's something I've got to have, something aesthetic, something gentling, something real."

Neile knows Steve's right, because by now she knows the man she married, inside and out. He has to have excitement around him, a challenge and some danger, too, to keep him calm, because that's what he grew up on. At the same time, nobody needs warm love and tenderness more. Because, that's what Steve missed and hungered for—and that's where Neile and Terry come in.

Around his neck, racing or not, Steve wears a gold St. Christopher that Neile gave him their first Christmas. On the back is engraved, *To part is to die a little.*

There was a time when Steve McQueen didn't care whom he met or whom he parted from, and often whether he lived or died. But that's gone with the dark times. The light switched on for Steve when he found the priceless thing he needed and never had.

"Steve's not just my husband," says Neile, taking his hand in hers. "He's my best friend." **END**

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CAROL LYNLEY

"I'm Not Afraid of Sex"

(*Continued from page 48*)

Sometimes my father—who was also an entertainer—had the identical hours. Other times he left earlier and I went home by myself after the last show, usually about eleven at night. I wasn't scared by the dark, nearly deserted streets. Usually I stopped for a cup of coffee at a drive-in at the top of the hill, not far from our house. That's what I did this particular night. I had a sandwich and a milkshake, then walked into the bar next door to listen to the music.

The strangest assortment of people would come to these jam sessions—gamblers, con men, girls of dubious reputations, the rich and the poor.

Still, I felt perfectly safe whenever I went there, which was frequent, because I knew the four men in the combo as well as the proprietor. All of them treated me like a kid sister and wouldn't let anybody bother me as I sat in a corner, by myself.

That night, one of the musicians came over to tell me about another engagement they had in a colorful dive in what was—and possibly still is—the shabbiest section of St. Louis. He asked if I wanted to go along. The idea sounded so intriguing that I accepted—and in the excitement completely forgot to call my parents.

The five of us plus their instruments crowded into one car and took off.

Twenty-five minutes later we pulled up in a dark street in front of a noisy little joint teeming with people, so many people that some of them just poured out through the front door. It seemed like this was going to be fun for me.

Johnny, the driver, who had asked me to go along, told the other fellows to go inside and get everything set up, while he parked the car. It was quite a walk from the parking lot so he asked me to wait for him outside the club.

No sooner had he pulled away when a huge, burly, mean-looking character approached—and propositioned me. When I turned away, he grabbed my arm and swung me around. I screamed. There must have been twenty people standing around, watching us. They were amused, but not disturbed. No one was willing to come to my aid. Obviously they mistook me for something I wasn't.

I kept struggling to get free while the man bodily dragged me into a back alley and ripped the blouse off my body. I screamed and tried to fight him off but that didn't stop him from tearing at me.

By the time Johnny raced up the alley, I was hysterical. My attacker, who must have been a foot taller than Johnny, could have knocked him cold. Instead, he turned slowly, and walked away. Johnny let him go, attending to me instead.

When he brought me home, my mother gave me the worst beating I ever had. She thought I was to blame because I went along with the men, and wanted to make sure I never got myself into another position like it.

You may wonder why, after such experiences, I didn't become afraid of men.

At least part of the answer dates back to my early environment, particularly a talk I had when I became conscious of the

subject of sex itself.

Naturally I was curious. But I didn't turn to my parents for an explanation. We had more of what I would call an independently close relationship, which meant every member of our family went his or her own way, but was always ready to help out any other member when the *need* arose. But we never just talked things over.

And so I turned to a wonderful man on the Show Boat, to whom I'd come for advice before. We called him The General. He seemed to have grown as old and as wise as the Mississippi itself.

He was standing on the top deck, leaning on the rail, all alone, when I approached with my problem. For a long time he simply gazed at the muddy river, groping for the right answer. Surely he realized that whatever he told me would have an effect for the rest of my life.

"Kathy, girl," he said at last, "maybe you won't get the full meaning of this right now. But try to think of sex as an expression of love, to many folks the ultimate and most beautiful expression." He paused for a moment before he continued. "It isn't always right and proper, and like everything else in life, it is often misinterpreted and sometimes misused. But don't you ever be ashamed of it, or frightened by it."

He was right. I didn't know what it meant—then. But I was learning.

There was a boy on the Show Boat, about my age, nine or ten. When the river was warm enough, the two of us would walk along the banks to a sandy spot, take off our clothes, and go swimming, just the way God made us. We didn't feel that there was anything wrong with it—till we were surprised one day by the wife of one of the stage hands. She promptly reported the incident to my mother.

When I got back, before I even closed the door I could tell I was in for a severe reprimand. Sure enough, Mom angrily demanded to know if I had gone swimming in the nude with this boy.

"Sure," I told her. "We always do on a nice day. . . ."

Mom quickly realized there was nothing bad, nothing wrong, nothing clandestine in our thoughts. We were just two children having fun. But she cautioned me not to do it again, "because it wasn't nice."

Now my curiosity was really aroused. I wanted to know what was 'right' and what was 'wrong,' and what we had done that she thought was so terrible. I asked Mom to explain, but she wouldn't, or couldn't.

In the long run it was once again the Show Boat environment that satisfied my growing curiosity as I got older. Gradually the frank talk began to take on new meanings. I didn't understand all the answers, but enough to know what it was all about.

In high school, I became very friendly with a very nice, very pretty young girl who lived near us. We often went to school together and occasionally double-dated, although because of my work I had little time to go out. We grew so friendly, I felt sure we had no secrets.

One day she disappeared. When I asked her parents about it, they were evasive. When I persisted they told me she was visiting friends in Kansas City.

It was a long visit. Eight months.

She looked pale and tired when she came back. I've never seen a more unhappy girl. She wouldn't date, wouldn't talk, avoided people, including me.

One afternoon, on the way home from school, I caught up with her. "Have I done anything to offend you?" I asked.

I saw the tears in her eyes before she looked away. For a while she was too choked to speak. But she did at last—about the baby she had in Kansas City, which she gave to an adoption agency. "I was afraid to tell you, Kathy. I didn't think you'd understand. . . ."

I did, and I didn't. It was such a waste, such an awful waste for a pretty girl to have ruined her life.

And still I didn't become afraid of sex. To me, it just wasn't worth it.

When I worked as a box-office girl at New York's Palace Theater, a middle-aged man stood across the street from my booth every night, watching.

After four days I became nervous. I told the manager about it. "It's your imagination," he assured me. "Forget it."

Sure enough, the next night he had disappeared—till I closed the booth and left the theater, about one in the morning. When I headed for the subway, he followed me.

I walked faster till I found a policeman. Frightened, I told him what was happening. He looked around, and saw no one save a drunk leaning against a wall. "Don't bother me," he burst out, turned, and walked away.

When I rushed down into the subway entrance, the man was behind me again, but he never came closer than ten feet—which was close enough. I got out on Fourteenth Street and ran all the way to my apartment, a couple of streets away. I never turned, never stopped.

I slammed the door behind me and locked it, then piled whatever furniture I could move in front of it.

A couple of minutes later I heard footsteps clomp up the steps to my third floor flat. They stopped right in front of my door.

I was panic stricken, yet helpless. There was no phone, no one to turn to for help.

The door lock turned, slowly, then slipped back into place. After that, nothing happened.

Seven frightening hours passed before I heard his steps head down the stairs. It was daylight, then.

I was never bothered by him again.

Sure I got a scare. But does this mean he was a sex maniac? I didn't know, and in a way, I didn't care. I was all right. Besides, I was confident that I could have defended myself. So in a way, the feeling of fear was no different from being afraid of any type of criminal. Certainly there was no reason to lose my faith in men!

Maybe it isn't just my early upbringing that has shaped my attitude toward life, and sex, but my love for people in general. I feel that, basically they are good. For every fellow who is trying to take advantage of a girl, forcefully or otherwise, there are a hundred decent men who treat a girl as a lady.

Moreover, I don't understand why the word 'sex' has become such a dirty, ugly label. I don't think it was meant to be that way. I'd like to believe it was meant to have the interpretation given to me by the General on the Mississippi showboat, when I was nine years old—that it's the ultimate expression of love, and as such should never be feared.

END

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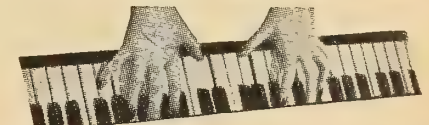
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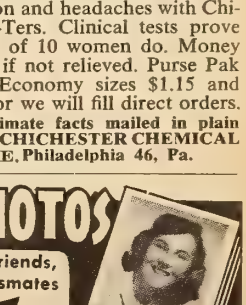
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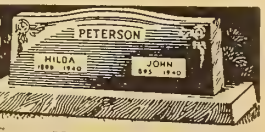
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Jack Parr's Third Marriage

(*Continued from page 35*)

of something stirring. "So I don't dance," he said. "It couldn't be worse than marching—"

The minute he walked through the front door of the hall, he saw her. She was slender, she was blonde, she had freckles on her nose. And he felt like the senior Henry James, who remarked of his wife, "The flesh said, 'It is for me,' and the spirit said, 'It is for me.'"

"What's your name?" he asked, and she said, "Miriam Wagner," and he said, "Do you think tomorrow is too soon to get married?" and she said yes, she did, how about a waltz, and he said he couldn't waltz. Or rhumba, or foxtrot, or bunny-hug, or two-step, for that matter. "But I'm a very good talker."

He started talking to her then, and he hasn't quit yet.

"Without her," he says, "I'd be nothing—"

The good life together

After sixteen and a half years of this marriage, he's still astonished by his luck. He wakes up in the morning and says hello, and she grins as though he's done something enormously clever. He sits by the pool in the afternoon, and she brings him a drink and tells him there'll be brook trout for dinner, and the worried look goes out of his eye for a minute. He gets home from work, tired as a fighter after fifteen rounds, and she's there with a cup of hot soup, and a beer, and later, they lie on their bed, in bath robes and bare feet, watching the show—now mostly taped—together.

In the old days, when the show was all live, and Jack didn't get out of the studio until after one in the morning, Miriam was no less dependable. She'd get up at two to fix his snack, she'd rehash the program with him, she'd weave that circle of warmth and light and peace which is her special gift to the complicated man who is her husband.

Sometimes, thinking back to the long, cold years before her, he shudders. His memories are grey. "I never had a childhood. I was born an old man."

The story begins in Canton, Ohio, on May 1, 1917. Jack's father, Howard Paar, was a railroad man; Jack's mother, Lillian Paar, was a strong woman who pretty much ran the family.

When Jack was five years old, his brother Robert was killed by an automobile. When Jack was ten, his best friend died. "I went to the funeral, and I didn't know what to do. My heart was breaking, and all I could think of was to break balloons through the service. Then I went home and bawled."

For Jack, the loneliness began early. Maybe caring hurt too much. Anyhow, even as a child, he sealed himself off from other people. At ten, he hung a sign on his bedroom door. *Keep Out,* it said. *This Means You.*

He'd hole up in that room, poring over biographies of great men, and when he did have to engage in contact with the outside world, he stuttered. Always strong-minded, he cured the stutter by filling his mouth with buttons, and reading out loud.

At fourteen, he developed tuberculosis, and was confined to bed for six months. Isolation, toward which he naturally gravitated, now took over. While he was ill, his father taught him about electronics. ("If I hadn't been an entertainer, I'd probably have invented television.") As soon as he got better, he found a job as office boy at a radio station in Jackson, Michigan. By the time he was sixteen, he'd quit high school and he'd left home.

He worked as a radio announcer, as a disc jockey, as a 'half-baked comedian' in half a dozen cities. He also married his first two wives. They were the same girl.

Jack's first two marriages

The saga of Irene, which is all the name she owns in any of the Paar biographical material, varies, depending on the source. In the *New York Post,* reporters have Jack working at a radio station in Youngstown, Ohio, when 'a very beautiful girl' came in looking for a job as a piano player.

The year was 1937, which would have made Jack twenty years old. In *Look* magazine, Jack himself gives another version of time and place. He says the radio station was WGAR in Cleveland, and he was sixteen.

"Some of the happiest times of my life were in Cleveland, and I met some of my best friends there. In fact, I got married twice—both times to the same girl. Her name was Irene. She was beautiful. She played the piano, and we met when she auditioned at the station. We were both too young for marriage, and it didn't work out. Our first divorce was my fault. The second, I felt, was her fault. We finally decided to quit while we were even."

Dig a little, and you discover Jack remembers more than he admits. He'd been wildly in love, and even after two years of marriage, and four months of divorce, he "couldn't stand living without her."

Blaming himself for the marriage failure, he convinced Irene she should give it a fresh chance, only to have the whole affair blow up in his face again. "There was another guy."

On the rare occasions when Jack Paar mentions Irene, he does so without bitterness. "She's remarried twice since then. I can't understand why. She came from a history of broken homes, and she always wanted a home of her own very badly—"

Now he can be compassionate. Then his world was shattered. It must have seemed to Jack that life was a series of betrayals and rejections. The deaths of his brother and his best friend, the desertion of the girl he'd married, these must have shaped the slightly cynical Jack Paar of today who says, "My old friends, they leave me, one by one. All I ask is that they don't kick me as they go."

Only with Miriam and their daughter Randy does Jack feel safe from the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. And if it isn't slings and arrows, it's loud noises (he refers to neighborhood pranksters who make rackets outside his house as 'degenerates') or harsh mentions from newspaper critics (Jack fights back like a wounded lion). That he has a slight persecution complex seems evident. He who hates being exploited, finds himself in a terribly exploitable position. "I have no protection. I just wade in and get myself slugged. I can be conned easily. I cry easily. Tell me a touching story and I'm in tears. You can con me once. You even con me twice. You can't do it a third time."

Con man

In his day, Jack's done a bit of conning himself, if you want to come back to that fateful July of 1943 when he was wooing young Miriam Wagner. Miriam, who's been called a Hershey heiress so many times she's bored denying it (her granduncle, a multimillionaire, left his entire fortune to the Milton Hershey school for orphaned boys) was actually the daughter of a well-to-do dairy farmer. She'd been carefully raised by her conservative family, who

weren't in the least eager for her to marry in haste.

"Mr. Wagner was especially concerned about my education," Paar remembers, "and he was delighted when I assured him I had gone to Western Reserve University. This was technically true. As a lark, I once attended two classes in astronomy. By the time he found out my collegiate career had lasted two hours, we were already married, and I was keeping house in a tent on Guadalcanal."

On October 9th, 1943, Miriam and Jack were married, in the Dutch Reformed Church, in Hershey, Pennsylvania. Cuban pianist Jose Melis, Jack's inseparable buddy, played the organ. "And," says Jack, "Mendelssohn's *Wedding March* never sounded more like the cha cha cha."

During the wedding reception, a rather quiet do, Jack was seized by an impulse to liven things up, grabbed a microphone, cried, "This whole show is dying," and proceeded to emcee the party to its end.

Livening things up became pretty much Jack's stock in trade, during the next couple of years, as he entertained his fellow soldiers overseas. Enraged by the class system of the army, boys screamed with laughter when Paar punctured his superiors.

"Colonel Smith here tonight is a great friend of mine," Paar would say. "There isn't a thing he wouldn't do for me, that I wouldn't do for him. And that's the way it's been for the past five years—we haven't done a damn thing for each other."

Or, to an officer who talked loudly during a performance: "Lieutenant, a man with your I.Q. should have a low voice, too."

Or, to an officer in command: "My dear Sir—and you are none of the three—"

Despite Jack's huge G.I. success, he apparently had little thought of a big-time theatrical career. He came out of the army in 1946, went to live in Miriam's home town of Hershey. What he'd have wound up doing there is a moot question, since the Paars' seclusion was short-lived. A man named Sidney Carroll wrote a piece in Esquire about the private who 'out-brassed the brass,' and first thing anybody knew, Jack was offered an RKO screen test. "You're crazy," he's reported to have said, rather ungraciously, to the man who brought the subject up. "I can't act."

It was the only thing he couldn't do, however. He wrote his own screen test, signed for $300 a week, made a movie with a starlet named Marilyn Monroe who didn't impress him much (she was always late, and she carried books with intellectual titles) and was hired to be Jack Benny's summer replacement.

Promising and unpopular

By the end of the summer of '47, Jack had been named *The Most Promising Star of Tomorrow,* but some people considered him the most unpopular star of today. He feuded with columnists, disagreed with Jack Benny's writers, he switched agents, and wound up, finally, driving his MG down to the unemployment office to collect his $25 a week.

Maybe he was too frank, maybe he wasn't enough of a yes-man to get along in Hollywood. The only really wonderful thing that happened to him out there was the birth of his baby.

"I'd always wanted a daughter," he says. "I never cared as much for little boys. Maybe it's because I can't stand the smell of wet corduroy."

Randy was born by Caesarean section. Jack took Miriam to the hospital, and when they wheeled her out of the operating room, unconscious, he—Jack—keeled over in a dead faint. He fell into a passing laundry cart. When he came to, the doctor administering first aid offered a word of comfort. "It's a psychosomatic reaction."

"That's okay," said Paar. "Put it on my tab."

Once Jack had learned Randy was on her way, he'd converted the garage of his Hollywood house into a nursery for her. "My enthusiastic hammering and sawing turned the last three months of Miriam's pregnancy into a nightmare with stereophonic sound."

Little Randy was duly settled in her new nursery, but not for long. The floor slanted. "We'd tuck her in bed at night, only to find that by morning she'd rolled to the lower side, and was trapped there in the clutches of gravity."

For the Paars, everything seemed to be moving downhill.

In 1953, when Jack, Miriam and Randy moved back East, Jack had been out of work for close to two years. "I was in disorderly retreat," he says. "I had run through two movie studios, several network radio programs, one television show, the unemployment line and an assortment of agents, writers and sponsors. When trouble wasn't following me, I was leading it. If I had been on the *Loretta Young Show,* the doorknob would have come off in my hand."

A summer perennial (after replacing Jack Benny, he'd replaced Eddy Cantor and Don McNeill), Jack's career caused columnist John Crosby to wonder, "What does Paar do in the wintertime?"

"By moving to New York," Jack said, "I had hoped to break my jinx, and find a job even in the cool weather." It wasn't to be. "I turned thirty-five, and no one cared but the Serutan people."

A summer replacement (natch) for Arthur Godfrey led, however, to the big break. CBS signed Jack at $200,000 a year, gave him the *Morning Show* (which got good reviews, low ratings), later moved him to a half hour program in the afternoon. "It had the smallest audience in history. So few people watched us it would have been cheaper to phone them."

Eventually, Jack asked for his release from CBS, went home to Bronxville where he and his family now lived, and worked out a little radio show for ABC. "The cast consisted of Jose Melis, Miriam, Randy, our dog Schnapps, and me. When I was canceled, I'd run out of networks."

Hot potato

At the time NBC offered him the *Tonight* show, in June of 1957, they were handing Jack a hot potato. They'd been operating a disastrous little program called *America After Dark,* and sponsors were fleeing from the neighborhood. Desperate, NBC decided to give Paar a little rope. If he'd hung himself, they'd probably have kissed live programming good-bye forever—in that time slot, anyway—and switched to running old Lone Ranger movies.

Well, Jack did it. He kidded his sponsors, he invited good talkers—Alexander King, Harry Golden, Peggy Cass—to sit and gab, he made stars of virtual unknowns, he cried every time he was moved (he's known as Leaky Jack), he fed catnip to a lion and wrestled with a heavyweight, and turned a bottle of Bufferin into a kind of time bomb that exploded all over the stage.

Personalities such as Oscar Levant, Elsa Maxwell, Billy Graham, Zsa Zsa Gabor, Cliff Arquette, Genevieve, alternately charmed, inspired and outraged audiences. Other personalities such as Dody Goodman, Jack Douglas, Jonathan Winters, alternately charmed, inspired and outraged Jack himself.

Proud of his success, Jack nonetheless claims that if he had a solid income he'd quit show business, do something "more worthwhile." His friend Sidney Carroll believes he means it. "Everyone is after

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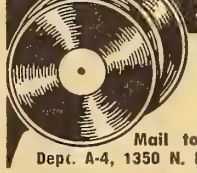
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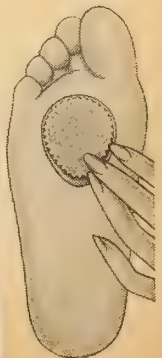
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this man day and night. This is a guy who is a terrible worrier. He's a tremendously insecure person. He's nervous. He doesn't sleep at night. He tosses and turns. Television is a horrible jungle—and he's right in the middle of it."

Never a publicity seeker, Jack has a passion for privacy, permits very few interviews, claims the world would be better "if everybody would just leave everybody alone."

Around his big red house in Bronxville, he's got a picket fence, and when he mows his lawn, or does battle with his crab grass, no prying eye can pick him out.

Randy, who's gregarious, sometimes baffles her father. Jack will be told Randy's off swimming at the country club with the other kids, and he'll go out and stare at his own empty swimming pool, and shake his head. "I never played with the kids."

Since June of 1957, when Jack took over *Tonight*, he and Miriam have stayed in town only three nights after the show. "We're very simple people; we prefer it that way," Miriam says.

Eventually, the Paars hope to move to Florida, and the thing Jack likes best about his new contract with NBC is a codicil that will allow him to retire in three years, and become a program consultant. He figures he can consult from Florida as well as from Bronxville, and he's already boning up on marine law. "I don't plan to stay on TV a moment later than I have to," he says. "The show gets better, and what do I get? Every night I go through hell. I'm always happy when the show is over, unless it's bad. It's the only happiness I know, the only peace, the only rest: because then it can't start again until tomorrow noon."

Peace to Jack means Miriam. Once the show's over, he dashes from the studio, hurries to Westchester. A greeting from the Dachshund, a look in at the sleeping Randy, a bite to eat, and all in the company of the lady who's been called 'a saint on earth,' 'the only living doll,' and, by one Paar writer, "unequivocally, as God is my witness, the sweetest, nicest woman I've ever met in my life."

For volatile, impatient, impulsive Jack Paar, this gentle, easy-going, deeply religious woman may seem an odd mate. But that they suit each other there's never been any question. And that he needs her and loves her and has found in this 'third marriage' his strength and his roots is perfectly clear, and beautiful to see. **END**

How Do You Raise Another Woman's Children?

(*Continued from page 41*)

wife Jeanne—hardly older than a teenager herself—and his three teen-age children by a former marriage who live with them.

"When Jeanne married Dean Martin she hardly realized that she wasn't only marrying Dean—who's quite a handful—but his four children as well," a friend says.

At the time Jeanne married Dean ten years ago, she was a fresh-faced, dewy-eyed girl of eighteen who'd been overprotected herself by an indulgent mother. At that time, too, his children were in the custody of their own mother.

But shortly afterwards, Betty Martin became too ill to take care of her children. Dean obtained custody and all four came to live with Dean and Jeanne.

Many times since, Jeanne Martin has asked herself, *How do you raise another woman's children?*

. . . It all began one night two years ago when Dean, his dark, handsome face troubled, came to her. It had become apparent that the children's mother was unable to take care of them by herself any longer. Dean didn't know what to expect from his Jeanne. Certainly he didn't expect this young, beautiful girl who had been coddled by her parents and spoiled by the attentions of many beaux—a girl married to him for only a few years and with their own babies to take care of—to place her slender hand on his and say simply, "Darling, if they're your children they're mine, too. They'll live with us here, of course. They'll mean just as much to me as our own."

The hard way

Jeanne meant what she said. For a couple of years previously the youngsters had spent week ends with Jeanne and their father. Jeanne had gone swimming with them, golfed with them, kidded around with them in the pool like a teenager herself, had gone shopping with them and had even listened to their teenage problems. She knew, of course, that guiding their lives on a full-time basis would be a lot different. And she was scared. She knew that the girls and Craig were fond of her, but how long would that fondness last if, as their full-time friend and mother, she had to lay down the law to them as well?

Another woman might have been tempted to be lenient in order to score with the youngsters. Or another woman as young and as full of love for good times as Jeanne might have left them to their own devices, or to the care of servants.

It would have been so easy for Jeanne, with two maids in the house, to have spoiled Craig and the girls rotten. Instead she took the hard way—and risked losing their love. But it was worth the risk.

She's strict with all three of the teenagers. And instead of resenting her, they adore her. "We can't fool Jeanne," they say admiringly, "She's on to us." Although they beef about the strict way she handles them, they're really proud of the way she makes them toe the line. They're hip; they know it means she really cares.

Fifteen-year-old Claudia and fourteen-year-old Gail have to clean up their room every morning, mop up their bathroom and do most of their own washing and ironing, except for delicate and difficult dresses. These the laundress does.

"I want our girls prepared for the future, whatever it may be like," says Jeanne. "So they have a rich father. So what? Does that mean they're going to have rich husbands? I want them to marry for love, not money. How can they suddenly take over handling a small apartment of their own on a young fellow's salary, if they'd been waited on hand and foot at home?"

Jeanne tells Alma, the maid, *not* to do the girls' room. "All girls should be able to clean their own rooms, whether they have rich parents or not," contends Jeanne.

The youngsters sometimes grumble good-naturedly about the work, but they adore Jeanne. Even when they protest, they like her firmness with them. They know Jeanne won't let them get away with murder, but she is always fair.

One night Claudia asked, "May I go to a show tonight with friends, and spend the night at Joanie's house?"

Jeanne didn't take time to think things over. "No," she said. "You went to a show just the other night. Tonight you should go to bed early. I'm afraid you'll stay up half the night talking if you spend the night with Joanie."

"Oh, Mom, how I'd like to go," Claudia pleaded. Maybe it was her tender use of the word mom—something Jeanne has never asked or expected of the children, but a word they've naturally fallen into. Or maybe she suddenly remembered her own teen years, not too long ago, when she, like Claudia, had had a very special girlfriend with whom she liked to spend the night and talk.

Anyway, a little later, Jeanne went to Claudia. "Honey, I've been thinking it over," she said. "Maybe I was a little hasty. Sure, you can go out tonight. And spend the night. When I was your age I loved spending the night with a girlfriend. But you must go to bed early tomorrow night to make up. Promise?"

"Promise," said a delighted Claudia.

Jeanne is constantly fighting to ward off teenagers' weaknesses that might sap them of character. Claudia is the day-dreamer, often to the point of do-nothingness. Jeanne can understand the day-dreaming. "I used to day-dream myself, and many of my dreams came true," she musingly told the girls once. "But if carried too far, day-dreaming can be downright dangerous. You have to face reality, too."

So she watches to see that Claudia's tendency to day-dream doesn't become a harmful habit. One day Claudia got up late, had breakfast, then went back to bed and stayed there till dinner.

Jeanne checked to find out if Claudia had been ill, discovered that she wasn't. Then she lit into her. "You weren't ill—just day-dreaming and lazy," she said. "A teenager shouldn't throw away an entire day doing nothing."

As punishment, she made Claudia clean the living room the next day. Sure, Claudia beefed about it. It would have been easier on Jeanne to let Alma do the job. But Jeanne believed she had to teach Claudia that spending an entire day lazying in bed was a practice not worth repeating. "If you get into the habit now of spending a day in bed, good heavens, what will you do when you're older?" said Jeanne. "Spend a week in bed? Start retreating from the world?"

What about Dean?

Why does Jeanne take on so much responsibility for the children instead of leaving it to Dean? Partly it's because he wants her to. By nature, he's indulgent and easy-going. The children used to be able to twist him around their little fingers. He loathes an argument, will agree to almost anything to avoid a scene. When he married Jeanne, he was in danger of losing his authority as a father. When he got home from the studio, or even from the golf course, all he wanted to do was flop in a chair and watch TV. He wanted to enjoy his children, not listen to the beefs and squawks of the day.

Listening to their problems, meting out punishment or advice, settling arguments would have upset the serenity he sought. So punishment from their father was almost unknown to the youngsters.

Jeanne had to teach Dean how to be a sterner parent. She spends a lot of time talking over the kids' problems with Dean. She tries to handle as many as she can by herself; when they're major she tries to get his viewpoint.

She believes that the disciplining of Craig should come from Dean. As a woman, she feels a bit unequipped to cope with a strapping six-foot, seventeen-year-old young man. Also, it's less humiliating for such a big guy to receive punishment from another man—his dad—than from a tiny blonde.

Like the girls, Craig has certain chores to do around the house. He has to make his bed, tidy his room, empty the trash and drive the younger kids to dental appointments. With so many youngsters, there are always a handful going to the dentist. As the young man in the family, Craig has to do errands for his father and sometimes for the household.

Occasionally he goofs off. One week he didn't clean his room. Then he left early in the morning without driving the younger ones around, as he'd been asked to do.

Craig told me, "I figured they wouldn't know how to punish me. After all, what could they do? I'm not a baby. They couldn't lock me up in my room, or send me to bed. But Jeanne found a way. Leave it to her," he said with a grin. "She said, 'No allowance for you this week. And no allowance next week until you settle down and meet your responsibilities here.'

"Boy, that was rough. I needed that ten-bucks-a-week allowance. What can a fellow do without money? It got to the point where I couldn't borrow and I couldn't put any gas in my car. So I had to level off and do the chores Jeanne wanted me to do at home. Guess Dad wanted me to do them, too, but he was never as strict as Mom."

One, when Jeanne took Craig off allowance because he'd goofed off again, he went to his dad and asked for ten dollars. "Sure," said Dean, handing him a tenspot. When Jeanne heard about it, she was furious and laid it on the line to Craig. "That's pretty sneaky of you, Craig. And that's what hurts. From now on, when you're off allowance, I'm going to tell your father."

From Jeanne, Craig's learning that he's expected to be above board about everything, and not to pit one parent against the other. . . .

No 'two-family' home

One Sunday Craig got up early and said he was going to drive to Balboa Beach. Said Jeanne, "I'd like you to take the younger children to church first."

"Oh no, I want to take off right now for Balboa," said Craig.

"You can go after you've taken the children to church," Jeanne replied firmly.

Craig was stubborn; Jeanne was firm. The immovable object met the irresistible force. Jeanne said, "I'll tell your father and he'll talk to you."

She did, and he did. Dean told Craig, "Take the kids to church."

Craig looked up at Dean in astonishment. He hadn't expected his easy-going father to be as stern as Jeanne. He knows that Dean rarely puts his foot down; when he does he means it. Craig took the children to church.

To Jeanne, this was important. Not only did she feel that insisting on this would strengthen Craig's character, but she hoped it would build up a greater bond between him and the younger children.

She doesn't want theirs to be a 'two-family' home. She knows what a tragedy it would be if a gulf of indifference were to exist between Dean's four children by his previous marriage—there's ten-year-old Dena besides the teenagers—and their three younger children, Dino, seven, Ricci, five and Gina, the baby. Consequently, the older ones are encouraged to play with the younger ones. Jeanne uses a woman's diplomacy and a mother's instinct to weld what might be two families into one.

So Craig has to drive Ricci, Dino and Gina here and there; sometimes reluctantly to be sure, but as time goes on, Jeanne knows the reluctance will disappear and a sturdy love will grow up between Craig and the youngsters. For this much she knows; Craig needs to be needed. Like any young man, he might grow in either direction, into a problem boy, if left without responsibilities, or into a fine young man. As for Claudia and Gail, they have to baby-sit with the youngsters many times and play with them. As in any normal household, they occasionally grumble, but they all feel very protective toward each other.

Dean learns, too

It takes a constant mother-hen type of flurrying to handle all the children of varying ages, with their various problems. Dean used to find it easier to follow the line of least resistance.

Now Dean goes along with Jeanne in letting the kids learn from their errors.

Dean and Jeanne have worked things out so that the kids can come to them whenever they're in a jam and get good advice—but that's all.

Jeanne isn't satisfied just to be a watchful disciplinarian. Her heart is set on bringing up the children to have the best things in life. Jeanne's no hard-boiled materialist; she knows that the best things for the teenagers are not jewels, foreign cars and maids to pick up after them.

One night recently, sitting in the den, Craig announced to Dean and Jeanne that when he finished Beverly High, next year, he wanted to volunteer for the army or navy instead of waiting to be drafted. Dean and Jeanne agreed to that. Then Jeanne, in her soft little voice said, "And what are your plans for afterwards, Craig?"

"Oh," Craig replied shrugging, "I dunno. be an actor maybe. Or a golf pro."

Dean was pleased. His son had his future goal selected. "Sure, boy," said Dean. "That's okay."

Jeanne reared her proud head. "Oh no, Dean," she said. "No, Craig. You must go to college, no matter what you plan to do. Because your father's an actor, you can't just suddenly decide to be one. His parents couldn't send him to college, so he went to his own particular school—the school of hard knocks. But it's much easier to go to college and have knowledge under your noggin forever. As for being a golf pro—to make good, you've got to be the best. There's no room for anyone less than that. If you go to college, lots of opportunities open for you."

For hours they sat up discussing it. Finally, Craig agreed that he'd seriously consider going to college.

Jeanne would like all their children to take lessons in many things and go to college. She wants them to be well-prepared for life.

In the meantime, she's the girls' confidante. "Shall I wear this pink-and-white or my navy to the show, Mom?" asks Gail. Jeanne goes through the girls' wardrobe carefully. (It's the navy, she decides. Better in a theater.) When Claudia is particularly quiet: "Anything on your mind?" asks Jeanne casually, not wanting to intrude. "Oh no. Well . . ." and out it spills, a question about a boy friend and what should Claudia do. Jeanne sits down and talks it over with her, even though it means keeping her good friend, Janet Leigh, waiting for her on their tennis court.

It seems that God answered Jeanne's prayer, *Dear God, how do you bring up another woman's children?*

You bring them up as if they were your own. You give them the love, the challenges, the discipline you give to your own. You cherish them, scold them, put your arms around them when they need that. And in the end, if yours is a loving heart, they know it and say: "Thank you, Mom." **END**

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Cheryl Crane 16 Months Later

(*Continued from page 39*)

forget . . . to put out of her mind so she could go on living. . . .

Lana Turner walked into her mother's house, carrying a big, plain box.

"You've *got* them, Mother," her daughter Cheryl yelled happily, as she raced down the stairs.

"Oh great," she said, kissing Lana and taking the box and then taking Lana's hand in hers. "Come on, let's go sit down and look at them, now, please?"

"I thought we'd eat first," Lana said.

"Mother!" Cheryl said. "You're kidding!"

Lana winked and laughed. "I'm kidding," she said. "Come on."

Together they walked into the living room and sat, on a couch, side by side.

Cheryl stared at the box for a long moment.

Then, slowly, she lifted its lid and reached for one of the white cards inside.

Slowly, she read the writing on the card.

"Mother," she said, turning to Lana, when she was finished, "to me this is more beautiful than even the most beautiful poem I've ever read, by Shakespeare or Walt Whitman or *anybody*!"

"I composed it, didn't I?" Lana asked, laughing again.

"Yes," Cheryl said, very serious now. Then, turning her eyes back to the card, she re-read it, aloud this time:

You Are Cordially Invited
to Attend a Party for
Miss Cheryl Crane
On the Happy Occasion of her
Sixteenth Birthday

— —

Bel-Air Hotel *Saturday, July 25, 1959*
Six-thirty p.m. *R.S.V.P.*

At that moment a small, trim, dark-haired woman entered the room.

"Grandma," Cheryl shouted, "do you want to see what the invitations look like?"

Without waiting for an answer, she jumped up from the couch and shoved the card into the woman's hand.

"Mighty pretty looking," said Mrs. Mildred Turner, with whom Cheryl had been living, by court decree, these past sixteen months. She read the card. "And mighty pretty sounding," she said then.

"Beautiful's more like it, *I* think," said Cheryl.

Mrs. Turner looked over at Lana and smiled.

"Pretty, beautiful . . . what do you say the three of us argue over this after we have our supper?" she asked.

Lana smiled back. "I'm with you, Mom," she said. "I'm starved."

Rough days and happy days

In the dining room a few minutes later, Lana and Mrs. Turner sat at the table, alone.

Lana looked down at her plate of soup for a moment and then called out, "Cheryl!"

"Coming," they could hear the girl call back from the other room, "—in just another second."

"I wonder what she's doing," Mrs. Turner said.

"She's probably got her list out and is addressing the envelopes already," said Lana.

"Oh no," her mother said, stifling a laugh. "*That* comes right after supper. You may not know it, but the three of us—right after we do the dishes—we're going to sit right here with that list and all of us are going to address envelopes. Fifty envelopes apiece. At least, that's what Miss Sweet Sixteen told me this afternoon."

"Sixteen," Lana said, softly, shaking her head. "It's hard to believe, isn't it . . . sixteen years passed, already, and my baby so grown up?"

They were both silent for a moment.

And then Mrs. Turner said, "Believe me, daughter, in those sixteen years, your baby—she's had some pretty rough days, rougher than any other child on this earth maybe—but she's never been any happier than she's been these last few days . . . ever since you told her about the party."

"I'm glad," Lana said, softly.

"Smile? I've never seen anybody smile so much," Mrs. Turner went on. "And excited about you bringing the invitations over tonight and about you taking her for her dress for the party Thursday? I think the last time I saw anybody that excited was when the lady next door, back home, won that geranium contest at the County Fair."

It was as she said this that Cheryl walked into the room.

"Mother," the girl asked, as she sat down at the table, "did Grandma tell you what we're all going to be doing tonight, after we do the dishes?"

Lana nodded. "Yes," she said. a smile coming back to her face. "Fifty envelopes apiece, indeed. My poor hand is aching *already!*"

With that, they all began to laugh.

No mail for Cheryl

Cheryl didn't get to finish her breakfast that following Thursday morning.

"Postman's here," she said to her grandmother at one point, putting down her glass of milk and rushing up from the table.

Outside the door of the house, she watched the weary-looking carrier reach into his sack.

"Here are a few letters for your Grandma," the man said, finally, "—but nothing for you, Miss Cheryl."

"*Nothing?*" Cheryl asked. "Are you sure. Are you definitely sure?"

The postman nodded. And then he asked the girl what she was waiting for that was so important.

Cheryl told him about the birthday party her mother was giving for her, about the invitations they'd sent out, about how she was waiting for the RSVPs from all the kids they'd sent them to— "A hundred and fifty," she said, "I mean, you'd think I would have gotten a couple of answers by now at least."

"And when was that you sent them, these invites?" the postman asked.

"Night before last," said Cheryl.

The postman sighed. Then, patiently, he explained that the mail service in town was fast, but not that fast—that she shouldn't expect to get any answers before tomorrow, Friday, the earliest.

"Oh," Cheryl said, a little disappointed and taking what mail there was. "Well, thank you—and I'll see you first thing tomorrow morning then."

When Cheryl walked back into the house her grandmother, she saw, was at the far end of the foyer answering the phone that had just begun to ring.

"Yes," Cheryl heard her say into the receiver, "yes, this is Mrs. Turner—Oh yes, about the party—yes. . . ."

Cheryl breathed in deep. "My first RSVP—and by telephone," she thought.

Too excited to wait to see which of her friends was calling, she turned and rushed into the den in the back of the house and to an extension phone there.

She picked up the receiver.

The phone call

"A *nerve*," she heard a voice at the other end of the wire say—a woman's voice she didn't recognize right off. "One *hell* of a nerve, in fact," she heard the voice go on to say. "Now, my husband and I think it's bad enough our daughter has to go to the same school with your granddaughter. We think it's bad enough she has to go to the same church. Those things—well, they're beyond our control. But I've got no control left when I learn that now our daughter is expected to attend a birthday party for a girl who—"

"You'd better watch what you say," Cheryl heard her grandmother say, in a tone of voice she'd never heard her use before.

"I'd better watch?" Cheryl heard the woman ask, enraged. "*I'd* better watch . . . Just who the hell do you people think you are anyway . . . trying to protect a girl who—well, everybody knows what she's done, how awful and—"

Cheryl's hand was trembling as she put the receiver back into its cradle.

For the next full minute she stood there, stiffly, looking straight ahead of her, her hand still resting on the phone.

Then, slowly, she brought her hand to her side and walked to a chair and sat.

She'd been sitting there for at least another few minutes when she heard the footsteps make their way through the living room.

It was Mrs. Turner.

"Silly old dance studio," the woman said, looking down at her granddaughter, "always calling and asking me if I'm sure I wouldn't like to come learn the cha cha."

She took a step towards Cheryl, a worried look crossing her face.

"Cherie," she asked, "—you feeling all right?"

The girl didn't answer.

"Well, I should hope you *do*," Mrs. Turner said. "Important day like this. Your Mama coming in a little while to take you downtown to buy you that dress and—"

She stopped and looked into her granddaughter's eyes.

She saw the big tears beginning to form in them. And then, suddenly, she saw the girl begin to cry, loudly, uncontrollably.

"What are you weeping for, child?" she asked. "And what are you staring at?"

She turned her head and she followed the stare.

And then she saw the phone. And she understood.

"Oh Cherie," she said, looking back at the girl. "Oh no, child . . . you didn't hear . . . you didn't hear."

"People don't like me"

"But you don't think," Lana was asking a little while later, a few minutes after she'd arrived to pick Cheryl up, holding her sobbing daughter in her arms now. "—you don't think, darling, that this means no one will come to your party—do you?"

"I don't know what to think any more," Cheryl said. She shook her head. "All I know is that one's not coming and that there'll be more, lots more . . . People don't like me, Mother. Not really. Not even the ones who pretend to. I know that now."

"My baby," Lana whispered, holding her tight.

They were both silent for a long, long while.

And then, finally, Lana broke the silence.

"Cherie," she said, "do you remember

when you were small, very small, at night, when you would cry about something that had happened during the day, how I used to take you in my arms like this and tell you a story?"

Cheryl looked up at her.

"*Once upon a time,* I'd say," Lana said, "—remember? . . . Well, I want to tell you a story now, a true story. I've never told it to you before. But I want to, now."

Cheryl continued looking up at her.

And Lana began, "*Once upon a time—*"

There lived a girl named Julia, she said. In the city of San Francisco. She was nine years old, a lively little girl with long brownish-blonde hair, who had no brothers or sisters, but who lived with a mother and father she adored. Her father, especially, she adored, because he not only loved her very much but because he liked to dance with her, even when he was tired after a day's work, always he would pick her up and dance with her.

He was a wonderful man, Lana said. He had a beautiful name, too. His name was Virgil. He came originally from Alabama, a poor boy, with nothing in the pockets of his pants, but with a lot of love and tenderness and all those other good things inside him. He stayed poor, too, all his life, as far as financial things went. And maybe, Lana said, maybe that's why he ended up gambling once in a while. People used to tsk-tsk him for this. "Why does he have to gamble away what little he's got?" Julia used to hear some people say to her mother sometimes. But they didn't know that even in Virgil's gambling there was love and tenderness.

Like that night—that last night of Virgil's life.

It was Thursday night, and two days from payday, and Virgil was practically broke from all the expenses of living.

And on the next day, the Friday—Lana said—was his daughter Julia's birthday.

He'd boasted to his little girl a few months before that on her tenth birthday he would buy her a bicycle, the best and shiniest in all San Francisco.

And so, she said, he got into a dice game with some strangers.

He won, too, enough money to buy that bicycle.

When the game was over, he put his winnings in his left shoe and he began to walk away from the alley where he had played with the strangers.

But he didn't get very far.

And a few hours later the police found him, lying there in the alley, his coat pulled over his face, his left shoe and the money missing.

He was dead, Lana said.

Nightmare

And the nightmare began for his little girl, Julia, she said.

It wasn't terrible enough for the girl that her father was gone. But the day after the funeral, just the very day after, when the girl stepped out of the house in the morning to go do some shopping for her grieving mother, two skinny little girls and a fat boy stood outside the house, waiting, and when they saw Julia they began to shout a little verse they had rehearsed:

Her father was a gambler
He couldn't save his pay
Her father was a gam-bler
And now he's laid away
Good riddance to bad rubbish
Good riddance ha-ha-ha!

And Julia rushed back into the house, Lana said.

And she cried and cried and cried, almost as much as she had cried for her father dying.

And she thought that day, as she would think for the next two days, staying inside that house, closed off from the world, that nobody, nobody *wasn't* mean and hard in the heart and out to hurt you and make you feel like you wished that you, too, were dead.

Except, Lana said, that on the third day there was a knock on the door of Julia's house.

And a woman from down the street stood there, wearing a house apron and holding a big heavy pot in her hands.

And she said, "I've brought you some nice hot soup, for you and your mother. I know how awful you must feel. I'm just sorry I took so long."

"And this woman," Lana said now, "she not only brought the soup, but she invited Julia and her mother to dinner that following Sunday, with her and her husband and children. And then from out of nowhere, it seemed, other people brought things and did nice things. And Julia sat down one day, about a month later, and she counted all the people who had done the nice things and she realized that they far outnumbered the three children who had stood outside the house that first day, singing their cruel song. And she learned from that something she has never forgotten: that there are more good people in the world than bad; that there will always be the bad . . . but that there are more of the good. Lots more."

She looked down into Cheryl's eyes.

"That's the end of my story," she said.

"Were you Julia, Mother?" Cheryl asked.

"Yes," Lana said. "Yes, I was. . . ."

The Sweet Sixteen birthday party for Cheryl at the Bel-Air Hotel that night—Saturday, July 25—was a beautiful party.

Of the one hundred and fifty invitations sent, it turned out that there were only two refusals.

"Happy?" Lana asked her daughter, when it was all over.

Cheryl nodded.

She wanted to answer her mother, to say something, very much.

But she couldn't.

And so she reached for the corsage she was wearing and snipped off a flower.

And lovingly, gratefully, she pressed it into her mother's hand. **END**

Lana is soon in U-I's A PORTRAIT IN BLACK.

Rock and Rollers on the Road

(*Continued from page 55*)

at Sunshine Lakes, and he liked her right away. When he took her home, he asked for a date and she agreed.

Of course, he wouldn't be able to call for her at her house or spend much time with her.

She had to go to the club where he was tooting trumpet with Rocco And His Saints and wait patiently for him until he was finished. From then on, she was his favorite date. He liked her blue eyes, light brown hair, her soft femininity and her quiet listening when he confided how much his career meant to him.

When the band went on the road during the summer, Frankie did not see Angela again for three months. He wanted to date her on his sixteenth birthday, but his manager whisked him away to a record



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hop—which turned out to be a surprise birthday party . . . with Angela there too!

Frankie took Angela home that night, because he just had to talk to her about steady-dating. He had been brooding about his feelings for Angela and his ambitions in music. Going steady, he knew, meant sticking around his home town, virtually committing himself to early marriage. And he didn't want that, he decided. He wanted time to build his career.

So that night, as they sat in his manager's car, at her door, he explained how much he liked her, that he didn't want to go steady, but wanted to date her whenever he was in town.

He didn't tell her that he had talked the problem over with his managers and they had urged him not to endanger his popularity with girl fans by tying himself to any one girl.

Frankie has kept his promise to Angela. Whenever he's back in Philadelphia, she's his favorite date. But, on the road, he dates others, and she's free to also.

Frankie sighs, "Show business is sure a strange business . . . your managers help you decide on going steady!"

Love or career—the choice

The story of Jimmy Clanton and his home-town fiancee is another example of the serious choices the up-and-coming young entertainers have to make.

Jimmy got up at eight one June morning, and reached for the phone to call the girl he loved.

He had barely slept . . . she had been on his mind constantly. He had brooded after he had dropped her off at her house the evening before at ten o'clock.

He remembered the sharpness of her voice as she snapped, "You can't have both . . . it's either your music or me!"

They had been steady-dating since the night, eight months ago, when he saw her for the first time in the local night club he had been playing with his band.

And now they were going to elope. He had even found a furnished two-room apartment for $65 a month . . . but of course he hadn't dared to tell his parents. After all, he was only seventeen, and she was sixteen and still going to high school.

She would come to whatever club he was playing in, and wait for him. Then he would drive her home in his first new car, bought on time with his earnings as a guitarist-singer.

When the band became better known, Jimmy began to dream of making recordings and touring out of town. He drove to New Orleans one day to see if he could make a recording, but he had only one finished song and was told, "Come back with a second song." That's when he told her about his recording session scheduled for the next day, and how he had to dream up another song for it.

But, instead of comforting him and inspiring him, she became furious. She told him she was tired of being left alone when he had to go out of town! She wasn't going to be one of the girls left home by a traveling entertainer! Not her! She didn't intend to be a stay-at-home while he gallivanted on the road!

He knew he had to make the hardest decision of his life. He clenched his teeth, then said, "I've worked too hard to build a career in music . . . and I just can't back down now!"

Then he had gone to his best friend's home, and brooded until four in the morning, writing lyrics and composing fragments of melodies on his guitar . . . and trying to forget the ache in his heart.

Out of his anguish, he pieced together a song *Just a Dream,* and the words tumbled out:

Just a dream, just a dream . . .
All our plans, and all our schemes . . .
How could I think you'd be mine? . . .

When he awakened, restless and tired, he had immediately reached for the phone to call her. But, in the cold light of morning, he realized he could never marry her and hold down a steady local job and be a nine-to-five normal husband.

He pulled his hand back from the phone. He knew his romance was just a dream . . . and he could never never go back.

He turned away from the phone, dressed quickly, and went out to join the other musicians. Then they drove out to Baton Rouge, towards New Orleans.

The highway, twenty miles out, rolled by her house, and Jimmy couldn't resist glancing hopefully toward it.

But she wasn't on the porch . . . and he couldn't see her anywhere.

The other musicians razzed him for looking. "No girl is worth it!"

Jimmy pretended to be casual and indifferent, but he couldn't smile during the next sixty miles of the trip.

In New Orleans that day, he recorded the two songs, and a few weeks later the record came out. Three weeks after that, a New Orleans distributor ordered 35,000 copies, and then Boston and Philadelphia ordered 50,000 each. Within a few weeks, Jimmy was appearing on Dick Clark's *American Bandstand,* girls were screaming their love at him; he was buying expensive clothes, signing autographs and seeing his name in the papers.

The next time he saw her, she was with another guy, and he was with another girl. They didn't say another word to each other . . . and she passed out of his life. He had made his choice!

The trouble is . . .

Young entertainers have to go to record hops, visit disk jockeys, play ballrooms, auditoriums, arenas, night clubs and theaters, record in big-city sound studios, do occasional radio and TV guest shots.

Most rock 'n' roll units do three or four weeks on the road at a time. They average three hundred miles per day, usually by bus, and the young singers are usually tense, insecure and often away from home for the first time.

Some of the boys are from small towns and farms, and they promptly go wild with new-found freedom. The unit manager and the bus driver are usually considered the chaperons; but they don't usually care what happens provided it's quiet and doesn't get anybody into trouble.

Because bus accident insurance covers only the regular members of the troupe, friends and relatives are not permitted aboard. If a girl friend or wife wants to come, she has to fly into each new town for the day, or drive along in another car.

Few boys ever go back to their home-town girl after a taste of being on the road without parents around. There are too many pretty and easy-to-get girls backstage and hanging around the hotel.

The girl performers with each unit often spend the first few days of each tour sizing up the available men, and then date one of them for the rest of the tour.

It's a rough, exciting atmosphere for the young and the naive, and some parents won't permit their child to make such a tour without special precautions.

When Paul Anka was booked on his first tour, his father wouldn't let him go until the unit manager, Irvin Feld, promised to watch Paul like his own son. Feld took Paul, then barely fifteen, with him by plane while the rest of the show went by bus, and stayed with him constantly.

Even now that Paul's eighteen, he is never permitted to tour without adult chaperons. Frankie Avalon can't go anywhere without his dad, or managers, or road manager. Despite this vigilance, Frankie was an innocent bystander when a bunch of fifteen-year-old girls were caught by the Vice Squad in his Milwaukee hotel recently.

Fabian, sixteen, is never permitted to be alone when on the road. Some trustworthy adult is always along.

The hazards of the road are not just moral and spiritual; they are also physical. When J. P. Richardson (The Big Bopper), Buddy Holly and Richie Valens were killed in the air crash at Mason City, Iowa, last February, they could have saved their lives by going on the bus with the rest of the cast. But they wanted to get into the next town ahead of time and catch some sleep . . . so they chartered a plane . . . and the plane crashed.

The crash left behind three inconsolable girls: two pregnant widows and Richie's steady girl.

Teddy Randazzo is typical of a young singer whose career ruined his romance. He had been going steady for seven years but the demands of his career kept undermining his courtship.

He explains he's busy not only when he's on the road but when he's back in town, he is rehearsing and studying acting and music . . . and he's not ready for a date until midnight. "Now what kind of girl goes out at midnight?" he asks. "I have practically no social life. Why, after I play an engagement, I go back to my hotel and brood."

Bobby Darin, also, admits the faster his career moves, the worse are his chances to find the right girl.

"I used to steady-date a couple of girls when I was knocking around New York, trying to get started as a songwriter and singer," he says. "But now that I've got a big schedule of bookings, recording sessions, personal appearances and so forth, I don't see any girl steadily any more. I'm never in the same place long enough to really get to know a girl. When I date, it's on the spur of the moment, and the girl has to come along quickly and tolerate it if I have to leave her suddenly."

Recently, Bobby phoned blonde rock 'n' roll singer, Jo-Ann Campbell, and said, "Want to come with me to the Sammy Davis Jr. opening at the Copa tonight?" She said, "Okay," dressed hurriedly, and Bobby picked her up and drove her to the Copa for the first show. Then he drove her home, and he returned to the Copa to confer with Sammy about a movie deal.

"Only a girl in show-business, like Jo-Ann, will tolerate this kind of dating," says Bobby.

Leaving the home-town girl behind is not the only sad by-product of the careers of young singers. Lots of young married singers suddenly find themselves on the road three or four months at a time . . . and their marriages start falling apart.

Conway Twitty, for instance.

He had married pretty brunette beautician Maxine Jaco back in Helena, Arkansas, in 1952. When he returned after two years in the U.S. Army, he decided to become a rock 'n' roll singer and organized a small band. He toured, tried recording but couldn't turn out a hot record, and wound up in Canada in a night club. He hadn't seen his wife and children for four months; he didn't have enough money to bring them to Canada. He wrote, and when he could afford it, phoned long distance. "And when the kids got on the phone," he says, "I felt real bad . . . so bad, I could cry."

Then a couple of his musicians quit; they were lonely and depressed too. So he dumped the band, returned home. But his new manager persuaded him to try again, so he got up a new band and borrowed money.

"My wife and my parents urged me to quit. I would be away four and five months at a time."

He was about to quit for good when he got a hit record. Now he's bought a new house in Marianna, Arkansas, and he's happier, but he still feels he's on the road too much. "Home means so much to me that, sometimes, the other musicians and I will take turns at the wheel and drive fifteen hundred miles to get home.

"When I get home, I rush into the house, see the kids, talk to my wife for an hour . . . and pass out cold! That's how exhausted I am!"

Jimmie Rodgers has been trying to figure out a way to be with his wife Colleen more and still grab lucrative out-of-town bookings. When he goes on one-nighters, she stays home—the short jumps are too exhausting for her. When he works in one place for a week or more, she goes along. She's eager to be with him as much as possible because he's been overworking himself, he's a worrier, and he neglects to eat properly—with the result he's underweight and tense.

Dale Hawkins married the girl he knew for six years and he explains, "We talked everything over carefully; she knows I've got to travel a lot. She goes to college, and when I'm on the road, she stays at her parents' home during the day and sleeps in our apartment at night. This way I know where she is all the time, and I feel better."

When the Everly Brothers are on the road, Don phones his wife every night after the show. And once, he was so exhausted, he fell asleep in the middle of the long distance call. Fortunately his wife Sue sensed what had happened, hung up right away, then notified the operator to disconnect the call.

The Everlys have been cutting down their road tours, so Don can spend more time with his family. "No sense working beyond a certain point," they say. "The money goes to taxes anyway."

Even Pat Boone, whose happy home life has been a legend, has had many painful moments when his wife Shirley rebelled at his too-demanding career.

She says they were really happy when he was earning fifty dollars a week singing in radio and they were living in Denton, Texas, and waiting for the first baby to arrive. But when, subsequently, he zoomed into stardom and had to zip around the country making personal appearances and seeing disk jockeys, she began to realize the enormity of the threat of his career to their marriage.

She couldn't help but think back to the time when she and her sisters rarely saw their famous father, singer Red Foley, and how their mother languished at home with loneliness. She began to fear the same thing would happen to her.

She tried to stay close to Pat by accompanying him on personal appearances. It was nerve-racking and tiring, but she insisted on going along.

One day she went to Atlantic City, to be with Pat while he worked at the Steel Pier theater, doing seven shows a day. She took along her baby and her sister Jenny, and waited nervously for Pat to join them for dinner between the fourth and fifth shows that day.

But Pat had to visit a local disk jockey show, on a sudden call and at the theater's request. When he arrived at the hotel, late, to join Shirley, he couldn't find her. He raced out to the boardwalk, frantically, and found her wandering unhappily toward the nearest restaurant.

When she saw him, her anxiety and frustrations overwhelmed her and she burst into bitter tears.

"This is the kind of thing that killed my mother!" she cried.

Pat protested that it was business; he just had to make that disk jockey show.

Pat's companion, Mickey Addy of Dot Records, stepped in to explain, "Shirley, you know this is part of show business . . . and what can we do? We all have to put up with it. . . ."

A couple of years later, Pat and Shirley were in Hollywood for the first time, and tingling with excitement when they met their idol, Bing Crosby, for the first time.

After the usual introductory small talk, Shirley burst out with, "Mr. Crosby . . . when will I get my husband back?"

Bing understood. He said: "In about thirty years."

And that's the way success comes to young singers. It breaks their hearts, and drives away their girls-at-home, . . . and leaves young husbands aching with loneliness.

It is a high price they pay. **END**

Permission to use lyrics from JUST A DREAM *given by Cosimo V. Matassa.*

Details from My Deathbed

(*Continued from page 47*)

will never be quite the same. Not after what he has been through. . . .

Life had been good to Roger Smith. He had always gotten pretty much what he wanted, though sometimes he had to work hard for it. Certainly he would be the envy of most young Americans. He was well put together, a rugged six-feet-two with a clean, rugged handsomeness. He was bright as well as athletic, a ready choice by classmates of the boy most likely to succeed.

And he did. After some seasoning as an actor, he was signed by Warner Brothers to star in *77 Sunset Strip* on TV with Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., and Edd Byrnes. The show was a hit, and all three of the principals were rocketed to stardom.

Roger's private life followed the same pattern of success. He met and married the lovely young actress Victoria Shaw. Such marriages were supposed to be rocky, but Roger and Victoria confounded the skeptics by continuing a blissful marriage. They were blessed by two children, Tracy and Jordan.

The Smiths lived in a comfortable, airy home off Mulholland Drive, overlooking the full sweep of the San Fernando valley. It was there that Roger stumbled into the life-or-death adventure that was to make such a profound change in him.

Beginning of the end

It was an early summer morning, bright and clear. Roger decided to drive down to the studio in Burbank. He had just recorded an album for Warner Brothers Records called *Beach Romance*, a collection of the tunes he had sung on the sands of Hawaii and elsewhere. He planned to go out on tour to exploit the album, singing on TV shows like Dick Clark's. To do so, he had to learn to 'lip sync'—mouth the lyrics to a record playback. His studio dressing room had a full-length mirror before which he could practice, so he decided to take his record player there.

He hoisted the bulky hi-fi set and went out the front door. He thought the way was clear, forgetting that he had recently changed the location of a big flower pot.

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His visibility impeded by the hi-fi set, he stumbled over the planter. He crashed to the ground, his chin striking the corner of the set and his head jarring backwards with a snap.

Vickie heard the noise and rushed out of the house to see what had happened. She found Roger lying on the ground, dazed and helpless. His eyes were open, but he seemed not to recognize anything. He remained sprawled on his back until Vickie helped him up and into the house.

He sank onto the bed and his glassy eyes viewed her strangely.

"What are you doing here in Chicago?" he asked curiously.

"Chicago?" she said. "What do you mean, Chicago?"

"That's where we are," he said positively.

She was frightened. He had just returned from a cross-country journey with other Warners players to publicize *The Young Philadelphians*. In his dazed state, he believed he was still on the tour and he couldn't comprehend why his wife would be visiting him there.

Then he started getting sick. She rushed to the phone and called the studio. A doctor was dispatched to examine him.

The doctor said the impact of the fall had caused temporary amnesia. Roger's situation did not seem serious, since he had recovered safely from amnesia four times before. Once in high school it had happened in the boxing ring, another time in a fist fight. When he was at the University of Arizona, he had twice suffered blows on the football field that made him lose his memory for a while.

"Stay in bed and don't eat anything," the doctor said. "We'll see if your trouble won't go away."

It didn't. The pain in Roger's head grew more intense, and he realized he had been seriously hurt. He was taken to a hospital that afternoon.

He was checked all over, and the examiners concluded that the sudden snapping had strained the ligaments in his neck. The solution for this was traction, and Roger was adjusted with pulleys and weights designed to ease his pain. Still, the pain wouldn't go away. For five days and nights, Roger suffered fierce headaches such as he had never known before.

The accident happened on Monday. On Friday, the pain suddenly vanished, Roger was released from the hospital, the nightmare behind him.

"For God's sake, help me . . ."

He returned to his family and home and resumed a normal life, even painting his garage that week end. He went back to the studio on Monday and did a press interview. Gradually his old friend pain was returning. By Tuesday, he was in agony again. He tried to conduct another interview at lunch, but he could hardly speak. He excused himself, but he couldn't rise from his chair. He had to be driven home.

Roger returned to the hospital that night. Once again he was put into traction, and that seemed only to aggravate his condition. He endured this for three days, taking bigger and bigger doses of sedatives.

At this point, Roger decided to see a neuro-surgeon specializing in brain ailments. The doctor diagnosed Roger's problem as a migraine headache brought on by the strain of the recent bus trip. A bloodshot left eye seemed to support his theory. Roger was given a supply of tranquilizers and pain killers and discharged again.

That week end, he was worse. For ten minutes, he lost the power of speech and the use of his right arm. He took the tranquilizers and they did no good.

"For God's sake, help me!" he pleaded with the doctor.

"It's just a mental thing," he was told.

But *he* knew the pain was not exaggerated. It encompassed his whole being; he could think of nothing else. On Sunday night, it seemed to be conquering him. He was unable to speak. He tried to move his right arm, but he couldn't. His tongue became like lead. His cheek was paralyzed.

His frightened wife had sent for the doctor. Finding Roger rolling on the floor, the doctor made his analysis: nervous breakdown. An ambulance rushed the patient to a private hospital in Los Angeles.

It was an ominous place, with bars on the windows and straps to hold the patients down. Vickie shuddered at the bleakness of the room and the pitiful figure of her husband, forcibly held in bed and unable to speak of his pain. He was aware of what was happening to him, but his lips couldn't form the words of protest.

"I can't leave him here," she wept.

"Trust me," the doctor replied. "Leave him here for two weeks and he'll be well."

In less than two weeks, he'd have died.

At last, someone believed

Vickie wouldn't be soothed. She knew her husband needed help, and she called a psychiatrist who was also a neurologist. He examined Roger and recognized that something physical was wrong with him. That was indicated by the fact that only his right side was paralyzed.

On Tuesday, Roger was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital in Los Angeles, where he underwent extensive tests. A tap of his spinal column indicated the fluid was yellow instead of white. That meant that blood was somewhere present in the spinal fluid.

A tube was inserted into the artery leading to the brain, and iodine was injected. This caused the brain to show dark on the X-ray while the blood appeared white. The picture revealed that Roger had a massive blood clot on the left side of his brain.

Now the mystery of what had happened to him came into the light. When he fell with the hi-fi set, his head was suddenly jerked back. The brain is cushioned from most simple blows by the spinal fluid it is immersed in. But Roger's shock was so violent that veins in the back of his head popped, filling his cranial cavity with blood. Thus the violent headaches, which the traction only aggravated in his early treatment. The pain had stopped after five days because the blood had clotted. But after Roger's peaceful week end at home, the clot opened again and began pressing harder and harder on his brain.

The doctors explained their diagnosis to Vickie.

"There is enough blood in your husband's brain to stop the motor functions of his body," she was told. "That means that his heart will stop. He wouldn't be able to last through the week end. We have to operate, but we need permission. He is unconscious with sedation, and it would be dangerous to wake him to face such a decision. So you must decide."

Vickie had no choice. She said yes.

She asked how soon would they know whether Roger would live or die. The answer was: four days.

The mechanical aspects of the operation were a success. The rest was up to the patient.

His head covered with bandages, Roger was wheeled back to a section of the hospital reserved for serious heart patients. Vickie sat beside his bed until finally he began to stir. His eyes flickered open and he gazed into her beautiful face. He smiled.

It was the first smile she had seen from him in three tortuous weeks, and this was almost more than she could stand. He was asked if he recognized her.

Later, he thought it was curious that he responded not with her real name Jeannette or Vickie or 'my wife.' He called her Victoria Shaw, her screen name.

They laughed and chattered on and it seemed as though the whole dark picture had vanished from their lives.

What it's like to die

For three hours, Roger felt elated and cheerful. He seemed to have regained all his faculties. And then the blackness fell again.

At first, he fought it. That was the night when he felt in his delirium that he was dying. He could feel the numbness of death crawling up his body, eager to capture him if he fell asleep. So he fought to stay awake through the night. Finally at dawn he gave in to sleep.

He awoke to find that pain was still with him. His headache was as brutal as it had ever been, and again he was paralyzed and couldn't speak. The brooding helplessness pressed down on him, destroying his hopes, even his will to live.

I don't want to live like this, he told himself. *If I'm not going to be able to talk and move, I'd rather be dead.*

He had to find the spark of life again, and it was Vickie who gave it to him. She danced into his room, bringing him toy animals and other gifts. She told him jokes, she acted out scenes. If he refused to laugh, she tickled him until he did. She cheered him for hours every day and into the night. It was a great performance. She waited until she was home alone before she cried her eyes out.

For four days, Roger continued on the critical list. One hundred and twenty-eight injections of penicillin were shot into him to prevent infection in the wound, left open to complete the draining. To this was added the continuing injections of sedatives.

The four days passed, and Roger felt a change. He gazed down at his fingers and saw them move. Soon he could lift his arm and shift his weight in the bed. His lips struggled to make a sound and he said his first word. So help him, it was—"Kookie."

Recovery

He gazed at a magazine and tried to read it. The type seemed to be printed in Hebrew. But he kept peering at it and gradually the words began to appear. Soon he could read whole sentences.

One day he needed a nurse urgently, and none answered his call. He flung aside the sheet and hobbled across to the bathroom. Later, the nurses and doctors bawled him out for taking the chance of falling. He admitted he was wrong. But he had proven to himself that he would be able to walk.

Now the recovery came fast. During those first four days of depression after the operation, he didn't realize that his brain was still pressed out of position. As it went back to its original place, his faculties returned. Aiding his recovery were the student nurses of St. Vincent's, who flocked to his room to see the star of *77 Sunset Strip*. And when Edd Byrnes and Louis Quinn came to pay a visit, the room was a sea of white.

Finally, he was well enough to be released from the hospital, and he went home to rejoin his family. Now it was Vickie's time to falter. The strain of the harrowing weeks of doubt, of the masquerade of gaiety began to show. She burst out crying at the most casual remarks, and appeared headed for a nervous breakdown.

So Roger took her to the ocean for a week. For seven beautiful days, they knew nothing but the sea and sand and sky and their love for each other. Now they both were healed and they could go back to their life together. **END**

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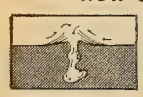
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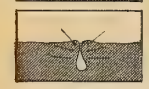
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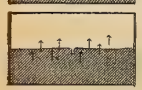
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York

MODERN SCREEN, VOL. 53, No. 11, December, 1959. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication: at Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44th St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 221 No. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Possessions and Canada $2.50 one year, $4.00 two years, $5.50 three years. Subscriptions for Pan American and foreign countries, $3.50 a year. Second class postage paid at Dunellen, New Jersey. Copyright 1959 by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The Publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

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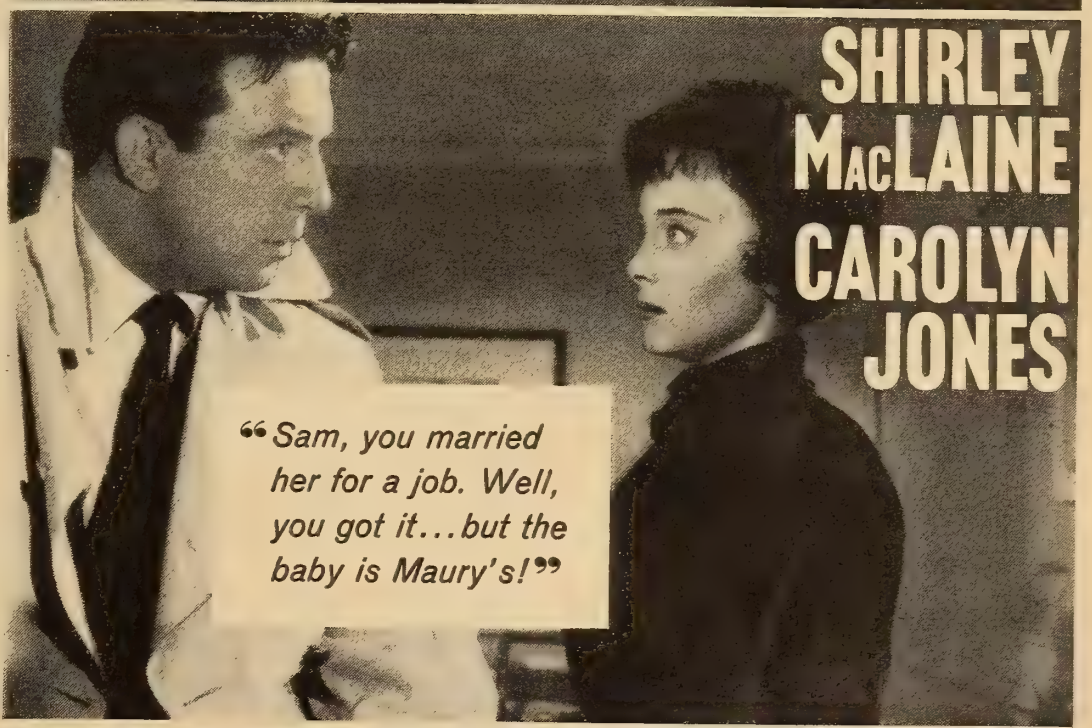
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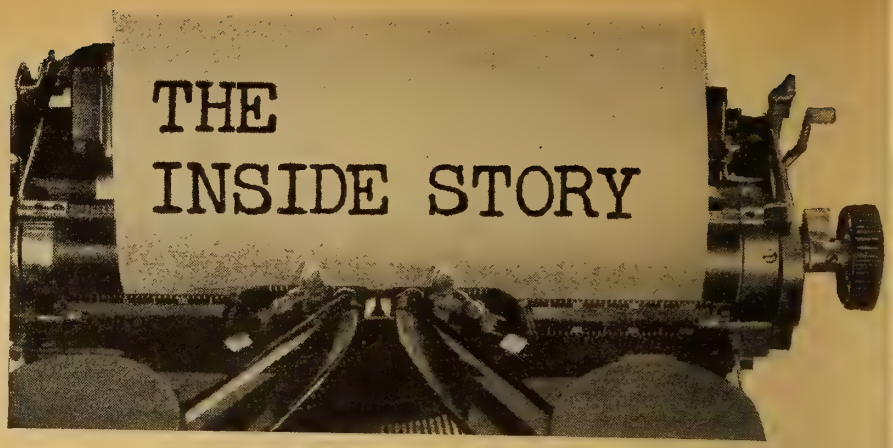
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THE INSIDE STORY

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For vital statistics and biographical information about the stars get Modern Screen's SUPER STAR CHART. Coupon, page 64.

Q Is it true that **Fabian** is an extremely poor student in high school and that's why he is having private tutors to help him get his diploma?

—T.E., TUSCALOOSA, ALA.

A *The only course Fabian flunked was music. Private classes have been arranged in order for him to maintain his schooling while his career demands are so heavy.*

Q Whatever happened to the **Hugh O'Brian**-Nancy Sinatra romance?

—F.S., WARWICK, R.I.

A *Hugh still sees Nancy—but, certain that she'll never remarry, continues to play the field.*

Q Why was **Edd Byrnes** so dead-set against appearing with **Dick Clark**? Could it be because Clark never plugged his first record, *Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb?*

—H.R., WACO, TEXAS

A *Edd's appearance with Clark was cancelled against his wishes since his* 77 SUNSET STRIP *show is sponsored by a rival chewing gum sponsor and the studio felt he'd be getting involved in a sticky situation if he showed up.*

Q Now that **Bing Crosby** finally got the girl of his dreams—do he and **Kathryn Grant** intend to keep having more children?

—L.D., ST. PAUL, MINN.

A *Since Bing and Kathy are both staunch Catholics they intend to leave the size of their family to God's will.*

Q What was **Debbie Reynold**'s attitude when she ran into **Eddie Fisher** and **Liz Taylor,** together for the first time since their marriage, at that Khrushchev lunch at 20th Century-Fox?

—N.W., MUNCIE, INDIANA

A *Since this was a diplomatic luncheon, diplomats at 20th made sure Debbie's table was nowhere near the Fishers'. Debbie however is quite aware that meetings with the Fishers at public functions are inevitable and is ready to cope with a face-to-face encounter should one arise.*

Q Can you give us the Inside Story behind the reports that **Kirk Douglas** is in serious financial trouble, went into debt in order to finish *Spartacus* and is considering filing a bankruptcy petition?

—D.D., RICHMOND, VA.

A *Kirk isn't broke yet.* SPARTACUS, *which costs $9,000,000 to produce, needs to earn $16,000,000 to show a profit. If it doesn't, Kirk Douglas, producer-actor, may have to drop the producer title for a while—but as an actor there's little chance of his ever going hungry again.*

Q Is it true that **Gardner McKay** ditched his steady girl because his studio thought it would be more advantageous for him to be seen with big stars?

—S.P., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

A *Gardner's romance with a starlet was almost over before he started dating name stars.*

Q I haven't been hearing too much about **Stewart Granger** and **Jean Simmons** lately. How are things with that marriage?

—B.M., KENOSHA, WIS.

A *Their friends say at the 'Grim and Bear It' stage. But there are no divorce plans at the moment.*

Q What was **Marlene Dietrich**'s (who created the role) reaction to **May Britt**'s performance in *The Blue Angel?*

—H.G., BERWYN, ILL.

A *No comment.*

Q I have heard rumors that **Jane Russell** is a very unhappy girl these days. If this is so do you know what's bothering her?

—M.N., WHEELING, WEST VA.

A *Minor marital discord; major concern over not securing any major film roles and having her TV pilot film scrapped.*

Q Why is **Jim Garner** feuding with his studio again—now that he's gotten a raise and permission to appear in feature films?

—G.W., TACOMA, WASHINGTON

A *No fueding—just fussin' and a fuming because he was denied permission to do a guest-shot on a* **Bob Hope** *spectacular.*

Q Did **Lilli Palmer** know that **Kay Kendall** was desperately ill, without long to live, when she gave **Rex Harrison** his 'quickie' Mexican divorce?

—H.M.R., FLUSHING, L.I.

A *Yes.*

Q **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** always say they hate to be separated and yet they rarely travel together. Why is this?

—J.B., SARASOTA, FLA.

A *Tony is deathly afraid of flying and Janet gets train-sick. So they go their separate ways in just this particular instance.*

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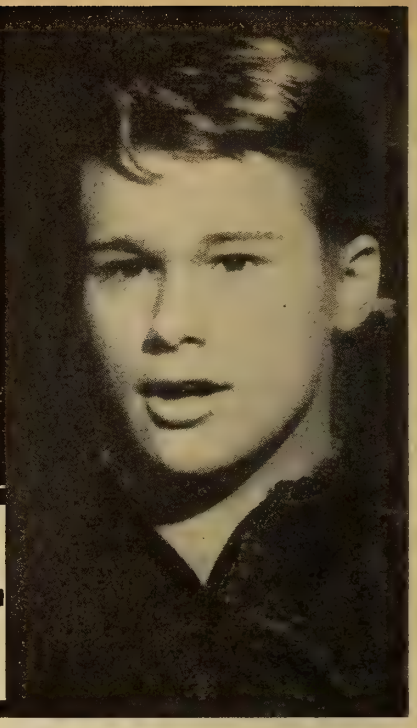
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MEET: BRANDON de WILDE



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He was seven—sturdily built and serious-looking, full of mischief and all-boy, clear through. But his mop of unruly blond hair falling over a baby face led the older boys to try to find sport with him.

That first time, he was on his way to school when three of the bigger boys stopped him. "Here's the actor," they jeered. "Let's see if the actor can fight."

Brandon looked them over and recognized them as belonging to what his parents called the 'rough element' at his public school. But he stood his ground—he had ancestors to live up to.

It wasn't as if there were merely one or two of them either. He had (*Continued on page 9*)

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Sweet Music (left) is silky white broadcloth with delicate embroidery. A, B, C cups, 2.50.*
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Sweet Music Waist Length (not shown), for the ultimate in control. B, C cups, 3.95. D, 4.95.*



And what gay packages!

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MEET BRANDON deWILDE *(Continued from page 6)* numerous famous antecedents on both sides of his family tree. On his father's side, there was Ferdinand Victor Eugene Delacroix, famous French artist. The paternal family name in Holland was Neitzel-deWilde and his grandfather could use the title *Baron Neitzel-deWilde* even if the family dropped the title and the *Neitzel* when they emigrated to the United States three generations ago.

Also on his father's side, Brandon was descended from the architect Peerless who designed one of the Houses of Parliament in London. On his mother's side he is descended from Sir Charles Brandon, of the Brandons of Haddon Hall, whom you could read about in *When Knighthood Was In Flower*. Sir Charles married a sister of King Henry VIII and his brother, John Brandon, was given a land grant by the King that has been in the family since before the Revolution and still is. It lies in Catawba County, North Carolina.

With famous ancestors like this, a boy can't run, no matter how scared he may be and even though he doesn't hold much with this ancestor stuff. His parents had taught him that what you are yourself counts more than ancestry—yet great ancestors are a responsibility to live up to.

So Brandon stood his ground with the big boys and answered grandly, "Who wants to fight? I got other things to do! And who says I'm an actor?"

"You're an actor on Broadway, Noo York!" the second boy put in, as if this were the final indignity.

"Huh! It's my father who's the actor. I'm just helping out this friend of my father's."

"You're acting? You're an actor," the third concluded. "And why don'tcha fight? You chicken?"

"Who's chicken? I don't have time to fight, is all. Lemme pass. I'll be late for school."

"Well, you get to be a real actor, and you're cooked! Next time, you better be ready . . . you just better be ready!"

Brandon said nothing but ploughed his way toward school, his forehead wrinkled in a scowl.

The calls that changed everything

He was troubled. This never would have happened to him a few weeks ago before the phone calls from New York had made over his life. Everything was swell before that. . . .

His family had this nice five-room house and he liked living in Baldwin, Long Island, near enough to the shore for swimming and boating and cookouts and all the things a boy could have fun with. He had his hamsters, his two Siamese cats, Holi and Luki, and his room full of all the things a boy counts as treasures.

He had a uke his father made for him out of an old cigar box, and he could plunk away at it pretty good. He had a couple of ancient firearms that just *might* have belonged to his ancestors and a collection of shells he got at the shore.

In the basement, he had his electric trains. His pals and even his dad had a great time with them.

His mother had been an actress before he was born. Now she just looked after him and his father. But sometimes she would cue his father when he was learning a part. This meant that she would help Dad learn his lines. And sometimes, just from hearing them, Brandon knew the lines by heart too. But his parents were glad he was just an ordinary normal boy and wasn't going to be in the theater. They hoped that when he grew up he'd go to college, as they did, and when he was through, he'd become a lawyer or something solid like that.

Meanwhile Brandon was happy at public school with his pals Greg Murphy and



...and a solo
in my
maidenform girdle

What an ovation! I'm the season's *sensation* in Spindrift* (gives a girl a starring figure overnight!) Light-as-an-aria nylon power net with double front panel. Who *said* flattery will get you nowhere? I'm the pet of the Met, thanks to Maidenform! S, M, L. Pantie, 5.95. Girdle, $5. (Spindrift comes in Brief and Control-panel styles, too!)

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. ©1959 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC. NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

Ralph Pereida. They had great times together. But even when he was alone, he had a good time because he lived in a world of space ships and knights of the roundtable and other heroes out of his books.

Sometimes he'd be so much a part of this world, he wouldn't hear his parents when they told him to do something and he'd end up by being bawled out.

"You're always daydreaming, Brandon. Pay attention when we talk to you."

"I *was* paying attention, Mom. I just didn't hear you."

"Brandon, those excuses . . ." they'd sigh.

But he was telling the truth for he was off in his space ship or with the knights.

Mostly his parents were pretty patient and understanding. They were good parents and they didn't expect the impossible of him like some kids' parents did.

He had his chores to do, like carrying out the garbage. Sometimes he'd be so far away, he'd walk right past the garbage can.

"Brandon—the garbage," his mother would call. And he'd have to come back and get it. But even when he got bawled out or had to stay home from the movies as punishment, he knew he deserved it. His was a good life—till those phone calls began. . . .

Casting for Brandon

They were from this friend of his father's who was a casting director with the same play his father was to stage-manage. A casting director, his parents explained, looked for the right people to act on the stage. Right now, she was looking for a boy of Brandon's age.

For days the phone rang and this Miss Fay would tell his father how she had tried out another group of boys and not one suited her. "How about bringing Brandon in for an interview?" she would ask.

"Brandon's just an ordinary kid. He hasn't an acting bone in his body."

"That can't be true—he's the son of acting parents. Besides, how do you know what he can do until he tries!" she would argue.

There didn't seem to be any answer to that and finally, to stop the daily phone calls and keep Miss Fay from getting mad at them, Brandon's father agreed to bring him to New York.

But his mother didn't like the idea any more than his father had. They kept making excuses and putting off the visit. "Maybe if we delay long enough, she'll turn up somebody else," they told each other.

But she didn't and the day came when the deWildes couldn't postpone the trip any longer. Miss Fay talked with Brandon and so did the producer. They both agreed that Brandon had the exact quality they were looking for. So they gave his father a fat play-script of *Member of the Wedding* to take home so he could coach his son in the part.

Soon he was letter-perfect in the part and at rehearsal he amazed everyone, including his parents, by his perfect timing. Timing, they told him, was something that some actors never learn. But Brandon seemed to have it naturally. It was a God-given gift, they said, something for which he could be eternally grateful.

When the play opened, the critics who wrote about such things raved about his performance. Later he was given the Donaldson Award for *The Outstanding Debut Performance* of the season and his parents told him he was the very youngest actor ever to win this.

Brandon grew to like the theater, the people in it and the audiences that applauded him. He liked being called a trouper and having a fuss made over him but his parents took care that he did not get a big head. He understood that he came by acting naturally—as naturally as the shoemaker's son who picked up the tricks of his trade from his father. He understood that getting a big head was the sign of a rank amateur and no professional would tolerate it, and that when this play was over, he might not ever get another.

So to Brandon it was fun but temporary. But if the big boys were going to pick on him because of it. . . .

He told his father what had happened on his way to school and his dad wasn't surprised. "Something like this always happens when you're the least bit different from the usual," his father told him. "You were smart to talk your way out of that fight. Fighting never solves anything for very long but there will always be bullies who won't learn this. I guess it's about time I taught you to box.

"But remember this, Brandon," he said. "Just because the kids call you chicken doesn't mean you are. There will always be those who will try to goad you into doing something you know is wrong or just plain foolish. You have to examine your own conscience. If what they ask you is wrong, tell them so. And tell them that calling you names doesn't make those names stick. Don't let anyone make you do anything you don't want to do."

"They said they'll make me fight next time," Brandon told him.

"They can't *make* you do anything—not if you stand firm. But if the time comes when you *have* to fight—well, we'll see that you're ready."

So Brandon and his father began sparring in the basement. And it was decided, too, that it was time to think about a summer camp, where he would learn, among other things, the "manly art of self-defense." (But he didn't actually *go* to camp until he was eleven.)

Bob Crosby was once asked: "Can you think of any distinct advantage in being Bing Crosby's younger brother?

The biggest advantage," he said, "is that, being younger than Bing, I've kept my hair."

Mike Wallace
in the New York Post

Brandon never missed a performance of *Member of the Wedding*. He played it five-hundred and seventy-two times on Broadway and fifty-six times on the road from Chicago to the Coast.

After that, he went to Hollywood to make the movie version of the play.

Now there was no more talk about Brandon's acting being a temporary thing. He was suddenly much in demand on radio and finally for television. The deWildes decided that thirteen was a good age for him to 'retire' for his voice would change.

As a child actor, he won every honor that was to be won and many that no child had taken before him. At nine, he was nominated for an Academy Award as the best supporting actor in *Shane*. For his work in that picture, he also won the *Red Book* and *Look* awards and the Hollywood Foreign Press Association's Golden Globe Award for the outstanding juvenile performance as well as the Milky Way Award for four consecutive years as *The Most Popular Young Performer on Television*. He starred in the TV series *Jamie*.

His parents' lives had changed. Brandon was the actor of the family now so his father had to stay with stage-managing so that he'd have time to coach his son. His mother who had retired from the stage, now crossed the country with him eighteen times as he shuttled back and forth between the Broadway stage and pictures. On Broadway he played one hundred-eighteen performances with Helen Hayes in *Mrs. McThing*. Miss Hayes became his ardent fan, and if Brandon persisted in eating garlic, she ate it too. He and his family were invited to her home.

Just a regular kid

All this was fine and part of his double life. But at Baldwin among his friends, he was still just a regular kid, one of the crowd. His friends admired him for being able to earn his own malteds, and his enemies still gave him a hard time. He stayed in public school in Baldwin until the seventh grade. By that time the deWildes were exhausted shuttling back and forth and had to take a New York apartment and go out to the house only on week ends. Brandon, therefore, transferred to the Lincoln Junior High in New York and then for a year, he attended the Professional Children's School. But his parents thought it wiser for him to be at a school where professionals were the exception rather than the rule so now Brandon attends the New York Tutoring School.

Retirement Day for him came and went unnoticed—he was too busy working. His voice never cracked as his parents thought it might. Instead, it fell two octaves lower as the years rolled around. The awkward age, if he knew it all, was spent at work. After *Shane*, came *Goodbye, My Lady*. In this, Brandon made a new friend in the pup, Lady. The producers didn't have the heart to separate boy and dog so they gave her to Brandon. A most loyal and engaging dog she is. She gets on famously with the cats Holi and Luki and acts as official greeter for Brandon's guests.

After the films *Night Passage* and *Missouri Traveler*, Brandon emerged this year as a young adult in *Blue Denim*. Retirement is now something to contemplate in his old age.

But problems are still with him!

Not too long ago in Baldwin, he rode downtown on his English racing bike for a bottle of milk. He carefully set his newly repaired bike outside the shop. Along came some boys who proceeded to kick it till it was dented and then wait for Brandon.

Slowly, deliberately, Brandon took off his wrist-watch and gave it to his friend Greg to hold. He did the same with his wallet. Then he put up his dukes and sailed in. It was easy now. He hadn't won the boxing championship at Camp Mitigwa, Maine, for nothing! The boys beat a hasty retreat and hereafter they'll think twice before they pick on the actor with the baby face.

His other problems Brandon does not solve quite so easily. There's school, for instance. Brandon is bright and quick but he's not a student. There are always so many other things to do besides home work, so many exciting things like swimming, water-skiing, skin-diving and camping. He knows he must get his high school diploma and he's promised his parents to take college entrance examinations just in case he changes his mind and decides to go to college, after all. Right now he thinks he doesn't want to—he'd rather put in his time studying the theater, acting, directing, writing.

Homework is a thorn in his side and at school he's in trouble. Recently his teachers called his parents down while they put him on the carpet.

"These old, tired excuses you give us," they protested. "Your alarm clock broke down, you overslept, you had a headache, you left your books in the country. Honestly, Brandon, we've heard every one of them before from hundreds of boys. When will you grow up?

(*Continued on page 21*)

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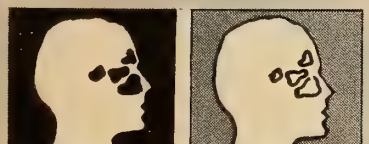
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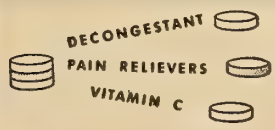
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in this issue:

Russia visits Hollywood

Five friends die

Tuesday's shocking interview



At the Hollywood luncheon for the Khrushchevs, that charmer, Frank Sinatra, charmed Mrs. K.



This is the Can-Can *scene that Mr. Khrushchev seemed to enjoy but later called "tasteless and immoral." Sitting in the front row, left to right, are Khrushchev's daughter Rada, Mrs. Eric Johnston, Spyros Skouras, Khrushchev, and interpreter, Mrs. Buddy Adler, Mrs. Khrushchev and Mrs. Skouras.*

Khrushchev Visits Hollywood

So electrifying was the presence of Nikita Khrushchev, 'Boss' of the Reds, and his pleasant-faced wife in the Cafe de Paris, jammed with movie stars, that no one seemed to give a hoot that this marked the first time **Elizabeth Taylor**, **Eddie Fisher** and **Debbie Reynolds** had been in the same room since the blow-up! No, their paths didn't cross.

Also, **Rod Steiger** and **Claire Bloom** chose this momentous day to get married and no one knew (or cared) until much later.

The stars among the males who stole the spotlight were **Gary Cooper** (the only one there who had had two movies released in Russia) and **Frank Sinatra**. Frankie sat next to Mrs. Khrushchev and completely charmed her. Later, big 'Coop' had a private conversation with both Khrushchevs.

Only **Bob Hope** and Mrs. Llewellyn Thompson, wife of the American Ambassador to Russia, separated my place at the table from Mrs. Khrushchev, and when I asked her if she was having a good time in America, she answered in surprisingly good English, "Yes, but I am very tired. There's been so little rest."

Bob Hope made us all laugh by telling us that when he went to Russia recently, Mrs. Thompson introduced him at the Embassy as "that American who plays the fiddle," meaning nobody else but **Jack Benny**!

If Mrs. Khrushchev didn't recognize **Glenn Ford** sitting directly across the table from her, one of the daughters of the Premier, Rada, most certainly did. She pleased Glenn by saying she had cut his picture from an American fan magazine. (MODERN SCREEN, it is to be hoped.) Most appropriately dressed of the femme film stars, **Deborah Kerr**. Most surprisingly dressed, **Marilyn Monroe**, in a very low cut, form-fitting and revealing black lace cocktail gown.

Leslie Caron, with her new blonde hair, went over and introduced herself to **Tony Perkins**, saying she had always wanted to meet him. And believe me, Tony was pleased.

David Niven, **Tony Curtis** and **Janet Leigh** didn't in the least mind that Mrs. Khrushchev didn't recognize them.

Hollywood insiders were secretly amused that among the first to arrive at the luncheon were Liz and Eddie and **Rita Hayworth** (Liz and Rita being notoriously late to all other occasions).

Kim Novak looked pretty in a cool sleeveless organdy. So did **Dinah Shore**, in an orange coat over an orange summer dress.

One thing will always puzzle and amaze me. Later, the entire gathering had left the cafe to watch Frank Sinatra present a scene with **Maurice Chevalier** and **Louis Jourdan** from *Can-Can* and listen to **Shirley MacLaine** make a little speech in Russian. Shirley also danced the 'Can-Can' number with the chorus. The Khrushchevs seemed to be enjoying everything to the hilt.

Next day in San Francisco, explosive Nikita called the dance "tasteless and immoral." That didn't figure.



PARTY *of the month*

There were so many parties I don't think I can say that any one was *the* party of the month and be completely truthful. But a party that brought out stars in absolute clusters was the tenth wedding anniversary dinner of the **Dean Martin**'s at Dino's.

That's Dean's own successful restaurant of which you get glimpses in *77 Sunset Strip*, even if 'Kookie' doesn't really park cars there. It's always a place where stars congregate.

I had been earlier to a cocktail party given for Jimmy McHugh by **Anna Maria Alberghetti**, **Vic Damone**, **Buddy Bregman** and **Bobby Darin**.

I thought we would be late, but Dino and **Frank Sinatra**, those buddy-buddies, had to work recording so they weren't there when we arrived. But practically all the rest of Hollywood was.

At Dean's party I had a chance to let Steve Parker know how much I like **James Shigeta**, who is in *Holiday in Japan*, Steve's Las Vegas show, and also in the movie, *The Crimson Kimono*. Steve has him signed for a year and has now given him an understudy, which is only fair all around. Naturally, Steve's ever-loving **Shirley MacLaine** was with him.

Gary Cooper and Rocky were among the early arrivals and I told Gary what a doll I think his beautiful daughter Maria is, and how much I like her. Gary said, "I couldn't agree with you more."

David Niven, who made his first appearance—socially, that is, since his divorce from the beautiful Hjordis, stagged it. He sat with **Mary** and **Jack Benny**, **Gracie Allen** and **George Burns**, and from the laughter I heard in that corner, they were all having a good time.

Tyrone Power's widow, Debbie, was with Arthur Loew, Jr. She told me, "I've never been on a date in weeks without Arthur. The day you printed I was out with some one else, I wasn't. That was Arthur." Personally I won't be surprised if these two get married.

Rosalind Russell and Freddie Brisson came from the McHugh party, as did **Natalie Wood** and **Bob Wagner**, and they were just about as late as I was, praise be.

I couldn't get over **Milton Berle**. He's lost pounds and looks years younger—one of the best arguments for getting thin I know.



Gary Cooper and Louella both agree his beautiful Maria is a real doll.



Vic Damone and Anna Maria Alberghetti congratulate Jimmy McHugh on his new record album.



Dean and Jeanne Martin (center) celebrated their tenth anniversary and Shirley MacLaine and Frank Sinatra added congratulations.

Another Pet Party

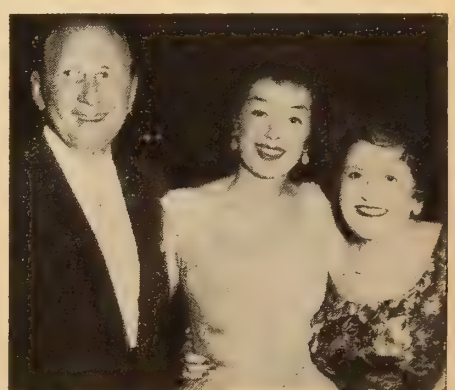
Another of my pet parties was the one **Rosalind Russell** gave two nights before she took off for New York. She hosted a party for Freddie Brisson, her one-and-only husband, first at their home before the opening of *Gazebo*, Freddie's play, and later, at Scandia. Scandia, which is a hundred percent Scandinavian, is Danish Freddie's favorite eating place in America. They had a smorgasbord that night that kept everyone chasing to the buffet supper table for more.

Rosalind was going to New York for a Ford TV spectacular, and Freddie about the new play he'll open soon on Broadway. **Jayne Meadows** and **Steve Allen**, who have become very popular in our social circles, were both at the Brisson house for dinner and later at the after-theatre supper. Jayne wore a gorgeous flowered evening dress with a coat of the same color, lined with the flowered material of the dress.

The Allens have bought a house and settled here, and Jayne talked houses to everyone who is interested—and what woman isn't?

Everybody gave **William Powell** a big greeting. He looks so well and said that this was a really big evening for him, since nine months of the year he's a desert rat. A Palm Springs desert rat, that is, meaning very luxurious.

Fortunately none of us knew that Death was walking among us that evening in the hearty figure of **Paul Douglas**, who was to be dead exactly one week later.



A pet party of Louella's (right) was given by Ros Russell for her Freddie.

Errol Flynn: Watta Man!

The Hollywood scene this month was livened by the visit of **Errol Flynn** who made his entrance into town with his arms around his divorced (and second) wife, Nora Eddington Flynn Haymes.

She brought their two daughters to meet him, but the Hollywood reporters were not long in the dark. Errol was not alone.

He was accompanied by his present amour, **Beverly Aadland**. He told me he had plans to make a settlement with his present (and third wife) **Patrice Wymore**, who has had great success in nightclubs. Pat said up to the time I talked to her that no settlement was forthcoming.

I asked if she thought Errol would marry the Aadland girl, whom some say is sixteen. Others insist she is the ripe old age of twenty-two. Either way, she is almost as young as Errol's oldest son and daughter.

Pat says Errol just *has* to be married, so in her opinion he will probably wed young Beverly. On the other hand Errol told me that although he starred Beverly in *Cuban Rebel Girls*, which he made in Cuba, he isn't thinking of marriage.

So far so good. Then it got turbulent. Errol gave a birthday-cocktail party for Beverly, invited the press, and Nora came, again with her daughters, and also with her current boyfriend. Some five or six drinks later, Nora and Beverly got into a quarrel over Errol—while flashbulbs popped, and headlines were made.

Where was Errol? For once in his colorful life, he'd seen the female storm brewing, and had discreetly gone home, really to enjoy the last laugh. Watta man!



There was a storm brewing between Errol Flynn's (left) protege Beverly Aadland (right) and his former wife Nora (center). But he had last laugh.

The Yul Brynner Separation

Yul Brynner openly admitted to me that there is a definite separation between him and **Virginia Gilmore**, when I telephoned him in Paris. Virginia is in New York and Rocky, their handsome young son, to whom they are both devoted, commutes between them.

Yul insisted that he does not plan to remarry if Virginia does give him his freedom. The way I hear it is that it is the financial settlement that is holding the whole thing up. Or it could be that Virginia still hopes to get him back. She is an exceptionally nice girl with many friends in Hollywood.

I couldn't quite bring myself to mention Doris Kleiner to Yul, but she is the girl with whom he has been seen for the last several months in Paris—and the only one he's been seen with, I might add. Instead I let Yul tell me about his good deeds, and they are very good indeed. He's visiting the refugee camps in Europe, will later visit them around the world, and he will report about them to the U. N. as soon as he finishes *Winter Coffee*, which he is making in London.



Could be Virginia Gilmore hopes to get hubby Yul back.



Debbie Reynolds had Hollywood asking if her nose wasn't out of joint.

You Can't Eat Popcorn Alone

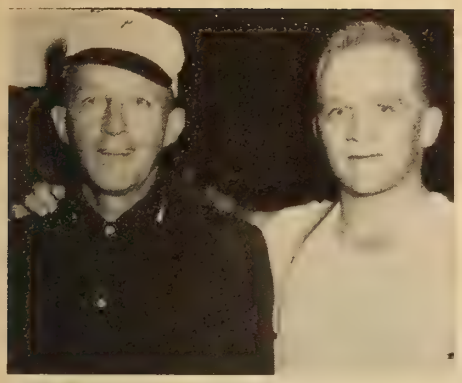
Everybody in Hollywood has been asking if **Debbie Reynolds**' nose wasn't a little out of joint when Harry Karl married Joan Cohn, the wealthy widow of producer Harry Cohn.

Harry Karl, **Marie McDonald**'s ex, had followed Debbie to Honolulu, had given her some expensive jewels, and had taken her to our various nightspots.

In my opinion Debbie could have had him if she really wanted him, but I don't think she did, any more than she wants Bob Neal or any other man at this point. Maybe later, but she's having too good a time now to want to settle down.

Some of the fans criticize Debbie for becoming a playgirl. What do they want her to do? Stay home and knit? She's young, pretty, and she's had a blow that few woman could survive without going to pieces. I'm in favor of her having a good time if she doesn't carry it too far.

As Debbie herself says, "You can't eat popcorn alone."



Bing and Gary should remember when they felt deeply toward one another.

Bing's Daughter as Peacemaker

Now that Miss Mary Frances Crosby, the one and only daughter of the one and only **Bing**, has made her debut into this angry world, I hope she'll be able to reconcile her father and his sons. I really mean Bing and **Gary**.

I happen to know that the twins and **Lindsay** would give up their feud with their father in a minute—but Gary won't let them. **Phillip** and **Dennis**, both being married, with children of their own, understand their father and his position much better than Gary does. Young Lindsay has always been an easy-going, happy go-lucky youngster. But Gary, who has never yet been seriously in love, is stubborn—and you know where he gets that stubbornness from? From Bing!

The boys all loved their mother, Dixie, and her loss was a grievous one to them. Just the same, I can't believe the three younger ones begrudge Bing his present happiness with **Kathy Grant**, or his joy in little Bing, Jr., or the thrill he has in finally having a daughter.

All Bing and Gary have to do is to recognize how alike they both are, in their stubborn pride, and give a little. I don't mean to talk like a built-in psychiatrist, but they both should realize their present antagonism only shows how deeply they feel toward one another. So come on, you two, give—and get such a lot. Remember there's not enough love in the world that any of it should be lost.



Claire Bloom and Rod Steiger were very secretive about their marriage.

Marriage for Claire Bloom and Rod Steiger

Three weeks before he married **Claire Bloom**, I talked with the new slim **Rod Steiger**. At that time Rod admitted he was in love but he said they had no marriage plans. A few days later I talked to Claire and she dodged the issue too.

But I'll say for Rod that when they slipped away to get their marriage license he telephoned to say they were going to be married just the first minute they had free.

This was a lot from Rod, because he's been very reticent about everything that concerned his private life. He told me his first wife, Sally Gracie, had already married again, but he didn't know the name of the bridegroom and seemed to care less.





Deborah Kerr's reluctant to discuss Peter Viertel.

The Plans of Deborah Kerr

Deborah Kerr has been very reluctant to discuss Peter Viertel, the man Tony Bartley accused of breaking up his marriage to the lovely English actress. But before she left for England and Australia, where she goes to make *The Sundowners*, she told me she expects to marry Viertel as soon as her divorce from Bartley is final.

Deborah, who was like 'Caesar's wife' until the author came into her life, was miserably unhappy for a long time but she sounded very happy the day I talked with her.

Things are much better with her. Viertel has gone to Australia with her. She is able to see her daughters oftener than she was originally, when they were put under the jurisdiction of the British court—which means when she returns to England to make *The Grass is Greener* she will have the opportunity to be really close to them again.



She's all right now, but little Kelly Lee gave Janet and Tony quite a scare.

Crisis for Tony and Janet

You never saw any parents more worried than **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** when their three-year-old daughter, Kelly Lee, underwent an emergency operation for a bilateral hernia.

Both Tony and Janet stayed, the night before surgery, with the little girl at the hospital, were at her side when she was taken up to the operating room, and never spoke a word till she was safely down in her own room again.

The curious thing is that Kelly Lee's younger sister, Jamie, who is less than a year old, was also operated on for a double hernia when she was only ten days old. The condition is a congenital one and often runs in families.

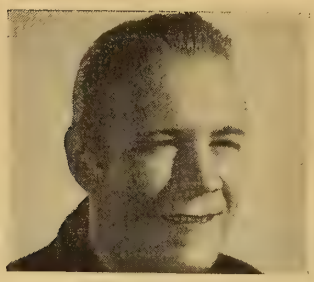
But with the quick bounce of children, Kelly Lee was back home in two days, lively as ever. Only Tony and Janet were complete nervous wrecks.



Gilbert Adrian



Paul Douglas



Wayne Morris



Edmund Gwenn



Kay Kendall

5 Friends Die

This, in some ways, has been the saddest Hollywood month in my memory. In a mere eight days we lost five of our most vivid personalities—glittering **Kay Kendall**, beloved **Edmund Gwenn**, **Paul Douglas**—whom I knew long before he came into movies, Gilbert Adrian, the dress designer—who was the first to make Hollywood clothes respected around the world, and **Wayne Morris**, who never quite regained the success he deserved after he came back from World War II.

That lovely, laughing girl, Kay Kendall, died in London of dread lukemia, and only then did we know of Rex Harrison's heroism, keeping this terrible knowledge, not only from Kay, but from the world.

In the past I have often expressed my disapproval of Rex. He didn't like Hollywood, and Hollywood certainly had good reason for not liking him. But you certainly have to respect any man, who can love a girl so greatly, that even when he married her, more than two years ago, he knew she was dying. She adored him, and he her, and he saw to it that life was colorful and laughing for her right to the end.

Dear little old Teddy Gwenn, as his friends called Edmund, had a personality as appealing as Santa Claus, whom he played so delightfully in his best film, *Miracle on 34th Street*. He hadn't been at all well for the last couple of years, so it is comforting to know that it was our business that took care of him. He died at the Motion Picture Home, where the most loving attention is given to our people.

The last time I saw Paul Douglas was at the opening of *Gazebo* which was less than two weeks before his death. He came into the party celebrating his lovely blonde **Jan Sterling**'s opening, very late, and Jan explained it by saying he had suffered and perspired so, knowing *she* was so nervous about this stage appearance, that he'd had to go home and change his shirt.

Although Paul hadn't been sick, he had put on a lot of weight and had high blood pressure. Tragically, it was Jan who heard him fall, that fatal morning. She rushed to his side, tried to save him by artificial respiration but she was too late.

She's carrying on with her career, because she knows that is what Paul would have most wanted her to do.

Probably Adrian's name isn't too familiar to you younger readers but I'm here to tell you that in the days of **Garbo**, **Norma Shearer** and the young **Joan Crawford**, he was really something. Adrian it was who created the broad shoulders for Joan Crawford, which went round the world. He did the loveliest, most seductive chiffons for Garbo and he always made Norma look like a young queen.

When he married tiny **Janet Gaynor**, twenty years ago, the whole film colony was very pleased. He then proceeded to show the other fashion creators that a girl didn't have to be six feet tall to appear chic. He turned five-foot Janet into a fashion plate, as well as a great hostess, and they lived a most fashionable life.

Incidentally, for you kids who think you have to 'know someone' in order to get started, Adrian was just a poor boy from the Bronx, who sent a couple of sketches to **Irving Berlin**, back in the days when Irving was doing the *Music Box Revues*. Berlin immediately recognized his talent—and thus a career was born.

I never knew Wayne Morris very well but I always felt that he didn't quite get the breaks to which his good looks and his talent should have entitled him. His first marriage, to Bubbles Schnasi, the present Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, went wrong. His career was going great guns when the war came, and he went into the Navy.

Except for Wayne, there might never have been any **Burt Lancaster**, which is another example of how his luck went awry. Wayne, after he was out of uniform, was the one U-I wanted for *The Killers*. But Warners, who had paid him all during his war years, asked $100,000 for his loan-out. So U-I signed the unknown Lancaster for a mere $5,000 and you know the rest of *that* story.

It's no wonder actors believe in fortune tellers and good luck symbols the way they do, is it?

Letter to a Foolish Girl:

A couple of issues ago, I sounded off here in MODERN SCREEN on the subject of **Tuesday Weld**, whom I think is becoming definitely unwelded and unwise.

I've had an avalanche of mail as the result, all of it feeling as strongly as I do. One letter in particular so exactly expressed my sentiments I am giving it to you in its entirety. It comes from NAZA RAY, 1233 MULLER AVENUE, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA. Says Miss Ray:

Dear Miss Parsons,

I am a devout reader of yours in the Examiner and also your column in MODERN SCREEN every month.

I was waiting to see if you were going to mention ***Paul Coates'*** *TV interview with Tuesday Weld. Ye gods, was I surprised! If this is what Hollywood is turning out, I don't want any part of it. This very thing is what makes people look down on your city which you fight so hard to keep clean.*

I'm telling you if I had a daughter her age I certainly would not allow her to associate with Tuesday Weld.

Danny Kaye may describe her as sixteen going on twenty-five, or whatever his quote was, but if I were summing her up, I would describe her as five going on four.

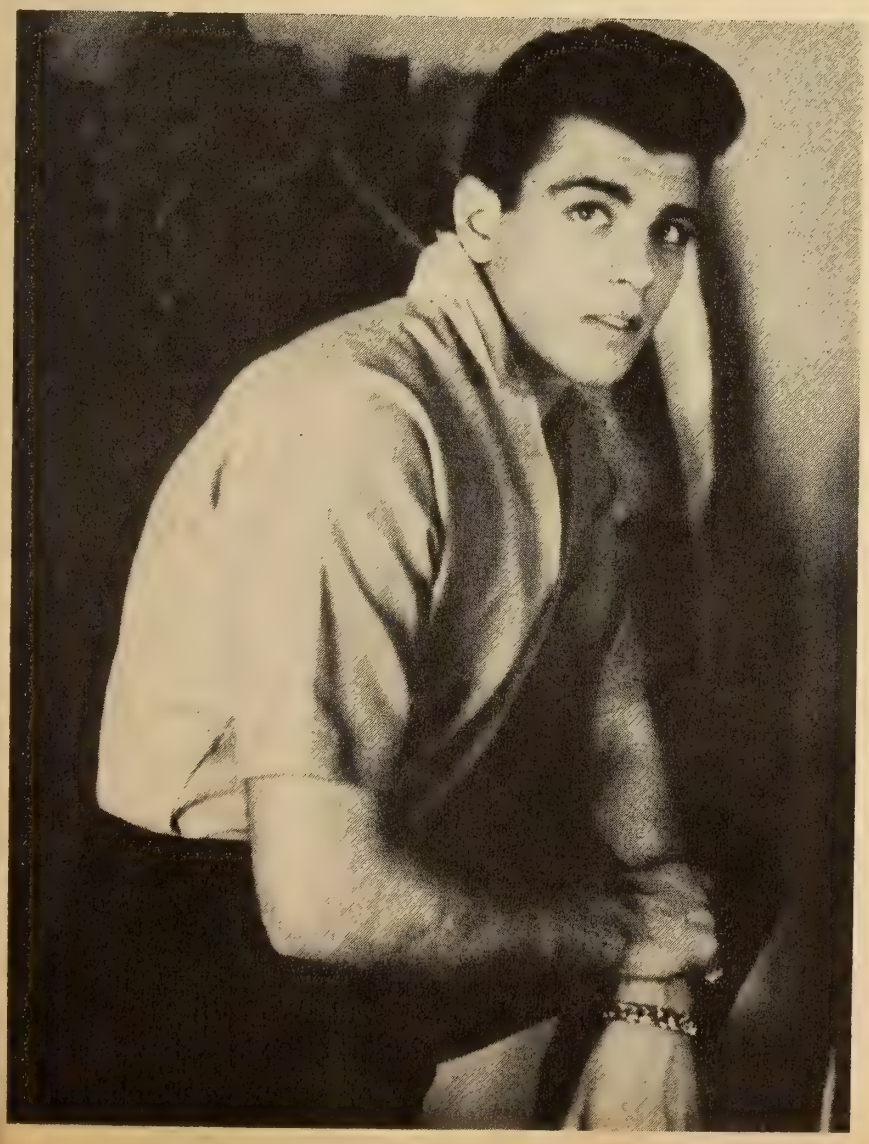
She was a complete picture of a tramp and to show her beautiful manners, she was eating something as she talked, and on top of that, she was sitting in a position that no lady should use on a television show.

I've never written a letter like this before, but I was so shocked I had to speak up. I love the stars. I'm a great fan of all of them, but Tuesday Weld is sickening.

Are you listening, Tuesday . . . I hope?



Tuesday Weld's shocking TV interview has resulted in an avalanche of mail.



I nominate for **STARDOM**

Fabian

Just sixteen, with a gleam in his eye, a song in his throat, tremendous warmth and making his movie debut in *Hound Dog Man*.

Other rock'n'rollers have come in at the top, as Fabian is doing, made one picture and then been, somehow, forgotten. I prophesy Fabian's history will be quite different, that he will climb like a rocket ship and last in our movie sky. And I don't just think so because he kissed me the second time we met!

This boy has a charm which goes way beyond his singing ability. He already has a tremendous public of record fans and isn't in the least spoiled by his swift success. He goes out of his way to be kind, has wonderful manners.

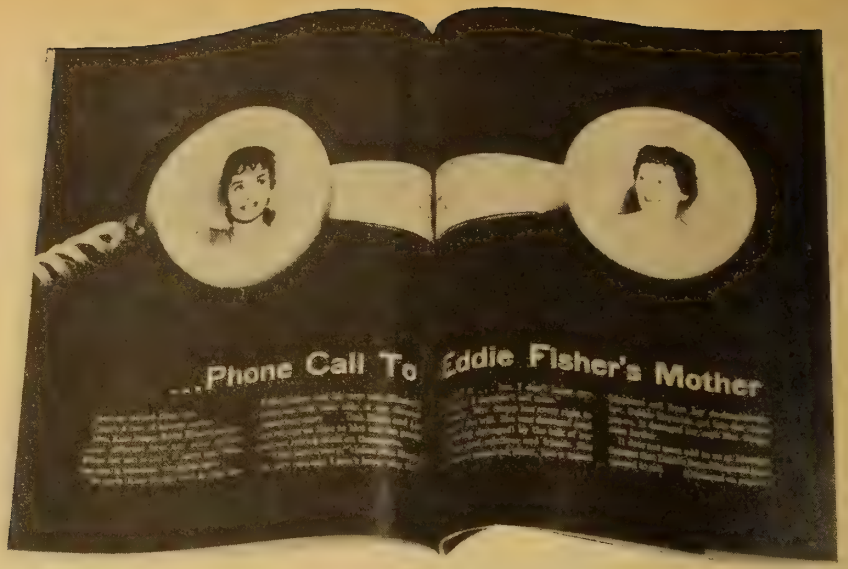
Besides, he's definitely handsome, much more so—now don't kill me, girls—than **Ricky** or **Elvis**. He's six feet tall, his hair is brown and his eyes are startling. I never can decide whether they are blue or green.

He's very slim now, but I don't see how he can stay that way because I never saw a boy eat the way he does—double portions of everything, triples if it's dessert and the more exotic it is, Cantonese, Chinese or Hawaiian, the better he likes it. Then he goes home and keeps himself alive till the next meal by nibbling on something Italian, the food on which he was raised. He's really Fabian Forte, of Italian descent, and was born and raised in Philadelphia.

His favorite date is **Annette Funicello**, and vice versa, but marriage is a long way from his mind—and that goes for Annette, too, I'm sure.

I nominate Fabian for stardom because he takes his work very seriously, himself very lightly, and his music as a gift from the gods.

LOUELLA PARSONS *continued*



This story in the October issue of MODERN SCREEN *brought protests from fans and readers in a thousand places.*

LETTER BOX

From Atlanta, Ga., to New York City, from Charleston, W. Va., to Uvalve, Texas, and a thousand places in between come screams of protest regarding the story **Eddie Fisher**'s mother gave MODERN SCREEN. Talk about stirring up a hornet's nest! Snaps M. J., CHARLESTON, W. VA., *I've heard some mother-in-law stories in my time but this is the clincher. Such snide bitterness. Such downright spitefulness. Evidently no one is good enough for her little darling.* MRS. IRENE MURDOCK is just as angry. Hisses Mrs. Murdock, *I never read an article so filled with hate and venom. When the so-called 'most beautiful woman in the world' loaded with money and great box-office potentialities beckoned, Eddie and his mother willingly sacrificed* ***Debbie*** *to their ambitions.* And so on and on and on. My opinion? I'm violently neutral!

By way of contrast comes KEN JORDON, of ATLANTA, GA.'s declaration of devotion to **Liz Taylor**. Purrs Ken: *The real fans of Miss Taylor, our beloved Liz, are among the most loyal in the world. You begin by just liking Liz and then suddenly overnight there is a bond between you that nobody or nothing can break.*

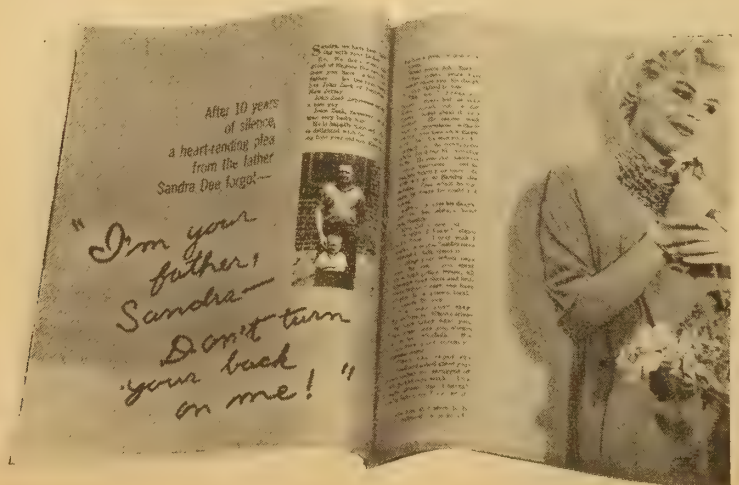
BLINKY CHAMPAGNE (how's that for a name?) of COVINGTON, LA., is no fan of mine. Growls Blinky, *I think it's a downright shame how you have been ignoring the great* ***Tab Hunter****. I'm sick of reading about* ***Rick****,* ***Elvis****,* ***Fabian****, etc. Come on, Tab's a great guy and deserves a break. Please.* Okay, Blinky, I aim to please and I tell you sincerely your idol is just slightly terrific in *They Came to Cordura;* in fact, I think it's his best performance.

MRS. BONNIE DENNIS, of ROBINSON, ILL., says she wants to read more about Hollywood's strong foundation people. Argues Mrs. Dennis, *I have nothing against* ***Ricky****,* ***Elvis****,* ***Gardner McKay****, etc., etc., but I wish you'd ask* MODERN SCREEN *to reach a happy medium. My favorite actress is* ***Susan Hayward****, always has been and always will be. But I also like* ***Anne Baxter****,* ***Lana Turner****,* ***Rita Hayworth*** *and many others in this group, and among the men,* ***William Holden*** *and* ***Montgomery Clift****. Why don't we have news of them?* Well, one reason, Bonnie, is because so many members of this group are usually outside of Hollywood, Susan with her husband in Georgia, Bill Holden in his new residence in Switzerland, and such. As for Monty Clift, he does the **Garbo** act and "vants to be alone."

Sandra Dee gets both brickbats and bouquets this month, in almost equal proportions. Numerous fans like SANDRA SANPARCHES of NEW YORK CITY think pretty Sandy was wrong in not being in touch with her real father. Says fan Sandra to star Sandra, *I know that you loved your stepfather and there is nothing against your saying that your name was Sandra Douvan. But you didn't have to say you never knew your real father. Please at least write to him and tell him you haven't forgotten him.* There's an old saying I want to quote to Miss Sanparches. It's this: "The heart has its reasons." Sandra Dee is a sensitive girl. Give her time. She'll work this out. To her fans who find her beyond criticism, especially DALE HARRISON of COLUMBUS, OHIO, who asks if she and **Edd Byrnes** are serious about one another, let me say that the one thing Sandra is really serious about is her work. That's the one thing Edd is serious about, also, which fact I hope doesn't make you girls cry your eyes out.

That's all for this month. See you next month.

Louella O Parsons



This story in the October MODERN SCREEN *brought brickbats and bouquets in equal proportions from Sandra's fans.*

(*Continued from page 10*)

Brandon said nothing—there was nothing to say. He knows they are right. The New York Tutoring School is an expensive private school. When he cuts or is late, he knows he is wasting both time and money—his own money that he has worked for. But there doesn't seem to be much he can do about it.

Brandon's extravagance

He's at the age of rebellion, fighting for his independence every inch of the way, even if he doesn't have to! His parents give him as much liberty as he can handle. He has his own room, his own telephone (the first $10 of the bill his father pays for and the rest he pays out of his $12.50 weekly allowance). His phone bills have stood at $56. He groans over his extravagance and is trying to do something about it. He is taking driving lessons and will soon be able to use the family car one day a week. When he's eighteen he'll get his own. Meanwhile he's mislaid three learner's permits! He still thinks his parents are pretty wonderful—good and understanding—but he drives them crazy.

One week end, he and Greg went out with five boys in a boat. They came home at eight that night after both sets of parents had called each other frantically to see if the boys had had an accident, at the least, or drowned, at the worst. They were on the verge of calling the police to hunt for them when the boys casually turned up.

"Why didn't you come home by six as you promised?" Mrs. deWilde asked.

"Aw, Mom, how could we—it wasn't our boat. It's *their* boat. We had to wait till they were ready to come in."

His parents think this is a worse phase than when he was in his space-ship world.

The funny part of it is that Brandon is apt to agree with them. "I'd be absolutely nothing without my acting gift and my parents," he declares in a rush of loyalty.

His parents, he says, are quite different from those in *Blue Denim*. They answered all of his questions as early as he asked them and they always gave him straight answers. He could discuss anything with them. He loves them—but he spends little time with them these days.

Besides his love for the outdoors and the water, his current hobby is girls.

What kind does he like?

"Well, a lady," he said. "One who doesn't wear rouge or too much lipstick or slacks. I like a girl to wear shorts or feminine dresses. I like one who doesn't drink or use bad language (a hell or dammit isn't too bad). I like one I can sit down with and talk to for hours, one I can walk with and laugh and have fun with but one who can be serious too."

He doesn't believe in going steady till he's at least eighteen. "I tried it once and it was awful. She was always saying 'Why did you look at another girl?' and I was always saying 'Why do you talk to other fellows?' Now I meet a girl and I say 'We'll date but we'll go out with others.' Anything else is impossible," implying that he's not very stable in his emotions and knows it.

Yet in other things he has very definite likes. In food, he likes steak and roast beef and curry. His favorite actors are Marlon Brando, Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward. He likes Hemingway and F. Scott Fitzgerald but he reads fan magazines too. He likes show tunes and Johnny Mathis best, but rock 'n' roll records are eating into his allowance.

In short, Brandon deWilde is what his parents always hoped he'd be—a normal, average, likeable, maddening teenager with enough wisdom to be able to laugh at himself, and look toward a terrific future.

END

Brandon stars in BLUE DENIM *for 20th.*



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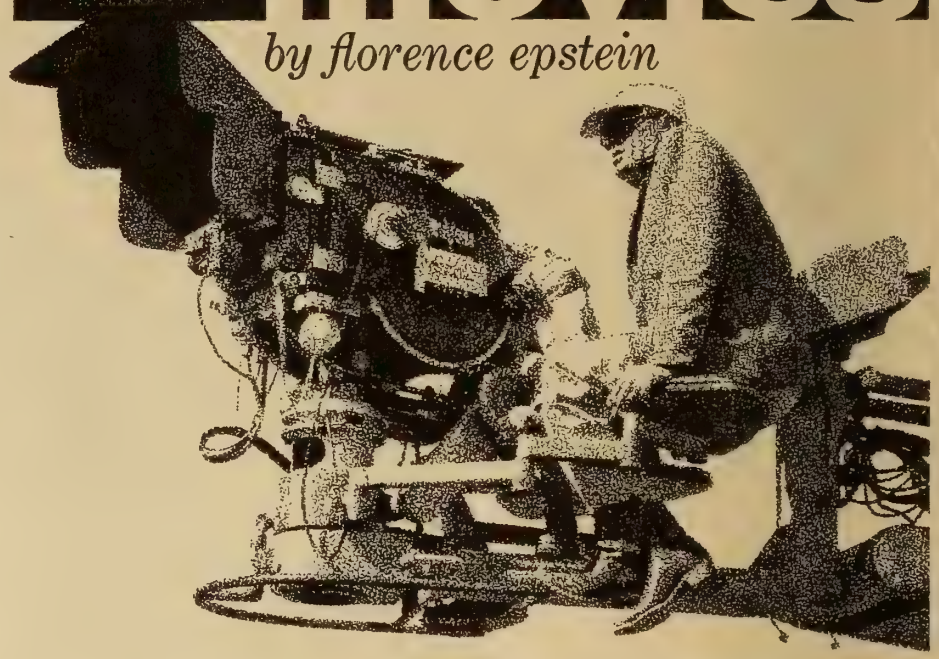
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Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



new movies

by florence epstein



A SUMMER PLACE

and passionate boarders

Richard Egan
Dorothy McGuire
Sandra Dee
Arthur Kennedy
Troy Donahue

■ Years ago Richard Egan was a lifeguard at this exclusive island. Twenty years later he's a millionaire and back for a visit with his frigid wife, Constance Ford, and their lovely daughter, Sandra Dee. Hard-drinking Arthur Kennedy, who's wasted the family fortune, has turned the family mansion into an inn. His wife, Dorothy McGuire, helps him run it. The main reason they've stayed married is for the sake of their handsome young son, Troy Donahue. Now, when Egan and McGuire meet they realize that they've never stopped loving each other (but twenty years ago her mother sneered at lifeguards). Unfortunately, Egan's wife is informed of the situation by a night watchman. Sandra and Troy like each other, too. Unfortunately, they go out for a sail, the boat capsizes and when they're rescued Sandra's mother (that's Egan's wife) forces Sandra to submit to a complete medical examination. When the two adult couples finally divorce no one is more bitter than their two children (Sandra and Troy). But the kids are sent off to separate schools where they nurse their wounds and plan frantically to see each other. Egan marries McGuire and, one spring, the two kids agree to visit them (get it? it's *her* father, *his* mother). Sandra becomes pregnant, due to a passionate accident. The movie says something about love. I think it says love is good. Anyway, it's a pretty slick picture.—TECHNICOLOR, WARNERS.



The faces leaning over the stairwell of the 'summer place' reflect the intensity of passions usually hidden by these summer-island 'boarders.'

THE LAST ANGRY MAN

a giant in Brooklyn

Paul Muni
David Wayne
Betsy Palmer
Luther Adler
Joby Baker

▪ In the toughest section of Brooklyn there's one aging man who stands rooted like a tree—Dr. Paul Muni, for forty-five years a general practitioner of medicine. He is a slave to his impoverished patients, a saint to his wife (Nancy R. Pollock) and a trial to his next door neighbor who doesn't know where else to throw his garbage but on Dr. Muni's garden. In another part of the city (the swank suburbs) lives TV executive David Wayne. Wayne is up to his ears in debt, a mediocre husband to his wife, Betsy Palmer, and—at the moment—stumped for an idea to turn into a TV show. Muni's ambitious nephew, Joby Baker, has just written—and gotten printed—a newspaper account about his uncle's treatment of a badly beaten girl who was dumped on his doorstep by hoodlums. Wayne, whose potential sponsor is a drug firm, reads it and clicks. He goes out to Brooklyn to persuade Muni to appear on a TV show. It's a little like asking Dr. Schweitzer to sit for *This Is Your Life*. How Wayne pressures Muni to do the show, how the show grows into something meaningful, how Wayne is vitally changed by his drawn-out encounter with Muni forms the substance of this film. It's the story of a great person who lives a highly dramatic life—anonymously, but with telling effect on whomever he touches. Muni's performance is superb.—COLUMBIA.

THE MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD WOMEN

comedy of Eros

Henry Fonda
Leslie Caron
Myron McCormack
Cesare Danova
Conrad Nagel

▪ It's Hollywood. Former idol Henry Fonda (who is The Man) is on his way down, and newcomer Leslie Caron is desperately hoping to rise. They meet—Henry falls in love with the idea of making her immortal. That is the big trouble; it would have been much better if he had just fallen in love with *her*. Never mind. They get married, and he spends his wedding night dismissing her former publicity men. He makes her a star but, every once in a while, when he feels like making love, he suddenly remembers there's an important party at Chasen's. Leslie gets sad and wistful but Henry can't figure why. One summer night on the Riviera she runs off with a handsome, professional soldier, Cesare Danova. Henry is seething with jealousy but he doesn't show it. He simply hires a thug to watch her every move and, in a moment of drunkenness, tells the thug to kill her boyfriend. At this point a fiesta is in swing and Henry is swinging in the white-faced costume of a clown—in case you didn't know what he was.—CINEMASCOPE, 20TH-FOX.

CAREER

an actor's struggle

Dean Martin
Anthony Franciosa
Shirley MacLaine
Carolyn Jones
Joan Blackman

▪ If you want to be an actor (or an actress) you'll think twice after seeing *Career*. This is the way it probably is. It takes Anthony Franciosa fourteen years of what can only be described as hell to make it. On that wonderful night when the applause rises up to greet him he's the only one who doesn't wonder—was it all worth while? That's because from the moment he left Lansing for New York he had a one-track mind. A year after his arrival he's starving in a cold-water flat, acting for nothing on the Lower East Side (in a company orgranized and directed by Dean Martin) and



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DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in December, your birthstone is the turquoise and your flower is the narcissus. And here are some of the stars who share it with you:

December 1—**Allyn McLerie**
Paul Picerni

December 6—**Agnes Moorehead**
Bobby Van

December 7—**Rod Cameron**

December 8—**Dewey Martin**

December 9—**Lee J. Cobb**
Broderick Crawford
William Reynolds

December 10—**Barbara Nichols**

December 11—**Rita Moreno**
Gilbert Roland

December 12—**Edward G. Robinson**
Frank Sinatra

December 13—**Curt Jurgens**
Don Taylor

December 14—**Abbe Lane**
Lee Remick

December 15—**Jeff Chandler**

December 18—**Betty Grable**

December 19—**Edmund Purdom**

December 20—**Irene Dunne**

December 23—**Ruth Roman**
Barbara Ruick

December 25—**Tony Martin**

December 26—**Kathleen Crowley**
Richard Widmark

December 27—**Marlene Dietrich**

December 28—**Lew Ayres**

December 30—**Jo Van Fleet**
Jack Lord



DOROTHY LAMOUR
December 10



BETSY BLAIR
December 11



VAN HEFLIN
December 13



RICHARD LONG
December 17

turning up at casting calls before such hard-bitten (and uninterested) producers as Robert Middleton. Marriage to pretty, middle-class Joan Blackman can't last—and doesn't. Friendship (with Dean Martin) is soon forgotten—by Dean Martin when he becomes a big Hollywood director. Love is used to satisfy ambition when Anthony, frantic at the thought of failure, marries Shirley MacLaine, Middleton's playgirl daughter. Shirley is usually lost in alcohol or in pathetic dreams of loving Dean. Only Anthony's agent—unmarried, frustrated Carol Jones—is acquainted with tender emotions, but these are squandered on her ailing mother and cats. Year after year Anthony plugs away. Nothing happens. Other names are made and broken, not his. Service in Korea seems like a picnic. Back home, grey at the temples, somewhat resigned he finds a steady job as a waiter. Time for the third act. Go see it!—PARAMOUNT.

THE MOUSE THAT ROARED

how to die laughing

Peter Sellers
Jean Seberg
David Kossoff
William Hartnell
MacDonald Parke

▪ High up in the French Alps there's a place no one ever heard of—the Duchy of Grand Fenwick. It's full of adorable, gentle people, most of whom look like Peter Sellers (that's because Peter Sellers plays the roles of Duchess, Prime Minister and Field Marshal). Fenwick lives off the wine it exports to the U.S.A., but when a California firm comes out with a cheap imitation Fenwick's very existence is threatened. Prime Minister Sellers decides to declare war on the U.S., trusting that any country who is defeated by us immediately receives great heaps of American money and good will. An army of twenty men—dressed in medieval costumes of mail and carrying overnight bags—lands in New York during an air-raid drill. Field Marshal Sellers can't find anyone to surrender to. He *does* find Professor David Kossoff who has just completed a Q-Bomb (it makes the H-Bomb laughable) and his daughter Jean Seberg. He takes them, a General and four policemen, back to Fenwick as prisoners of war. Incredibly, Fenwick has won a total victory. This is clever satire in spots, but it's a little too mild to be important.—TECHNICOLOR, COLUMBIA.

ON THE BEACH

the way the world ends

Gregory Peck
Ava Gardner
Anthony Perkins
Fred Astaire
Donna Anderson

▪ Here's a movie that doesn't pull any punches. What if we're stupid enough to have an atomic war—what can happen? Just the end of the world. It's a spring morning in 1964 when an American atomic submarine puts into Melbourne. It's commanded by Gregory Peck. Anthony Perkins is aboard as Australian Liaison officer, and Fred Astaire is a nuclear physicist. They're preparing for an exploratory voyage along the West Coast of North America. There is still a West Coast; there just aren't any people alive on it. There aren't any people anywhere, except in Australia, and *they're* doomed to die in about five months (due to radioactive drift). How do people react to the knowledge of doom? Here's Tony Perkins' wife (Donna Anderson) expecting a child; here's a wild, high living girl, Ava Gardner, still looking for love (she loves Peck, but he's in love with the memory of his dead wife and children). Here's Astaire, feeling pretty useless as a physicist, turning to suicidal auto racing. Here's Melbourne with a banner waving in a public square. It says, "There's still time, brother." —How much?—UNITED ARTISTS.

THE JAYHAWKERS

Napoleon out west

Jeff Chandler
Fess Parker
Nicole Maurey
Henry Silva
Herbert Dudley

▪ It's 1859 in Kansas, which means that the territory is open for all kinds of looting. Biggest looter of all is Jeff Chandler, head of the Jayhawkers. Monday, Jeff and his gang move into a town (masked as Missouri Raiders); Tuesday, Jeff comes back in a fancy vest and tells everybody he's going to build them hospitals. This way he plans to take over Kansas —town by town. Governor Herbert Rudley can't stop him—he can't even find him. Only one man would have the cunning to do just that. That's Fess Parker whom Rudley is also planning to hang, but he makes a bargain with Fess. Bring Chandler in alive and you can go free, is the deal. At first Fess refuses, but when he's told that Chandler is the guy who played around with his—Fess'—wife while the latter was in prison, he changes his mind. Fess finds Chandler, impresses him with his cool courage and is admitted to the Jayhawkers. Together, the boys raid the territory, building up to the final coup—the conquest of Abilene. Trouble is, Chandler is such a charming little dictator that Fess finds it hard to keep his bargain with the Governor. But standing by his side to hold him on the right path is French widow Nicole Maurey.—TECHNICOLOR, PARAMOUNT.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES:

BLUE DENIM (20th-Fox): Carol Lynley and Brandon de Wilde are nice kids, but they get into trouble (Carol's pregnant). They're in trouble because their parents are too *busy*: her father is lost in the memory of Carol's dead mother, his mother (Marsha Hunt) and stern ex-major father (Macdonald Carey) are busy marrying off their daughter. Warren Berlinger, Brandon's buddy, with no problem parents, adds his advice. Suspenseful proceedings.

PILLOW TALK (Technicolor, U-I): Interior decorator Doris Day has no husband and no private phone; doesn't want the first, desperately needs the second. Sharing her party line is big-time wolf Rock Hudson, who's destroyed Doris' faith in men. Thrice-married Tony Randall is Rock's friend but wants Doris himself. Thelma Ritter has a share in the bright dialogue, and how boy gets girl is all good fun.

A PRIVATE'S AFFAIR (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): In one army camp are jazzman Sal Mineo, playboy Gary Crosby and college-type Barry Coe. They've got girls, too: Christine Carere, Terry Moore, and Barbara Eden. The girls are proud that TV emcee Jim Backus plans to put the boys on his Christmas show. But, Barry, in the post hospital with laryngitis, accidentally gets married to the Assistant Secretary of the Army (Jessie Royce Landis) whose reason is that she wants to keep a little Dutch girl in the States (an orphan-to-be, that's where Barry came in). All is solved when miles of red tape unwind. It's a lark!

THAT KIND OF WOMAN (Paramount): World War II is on, and Tab Hunter and Jack Warden get a leave. On their train are Sophia Loren, "property" of George Sanders—in return for jewels, mansion, the works; Barbara Nichols, her friend; and Keenan Wynn, her watchdog. Sophia's choice between poor but loving Hunter and rich but loving Sanders provides the burning question here!

THIRD MAN ON THE MOUNTAIN (Technicolor, Buena Vista): James MacArthur's father, famous Swiss Alps guide and legend in his village, died heroically. James would like to follow father's footsteps but his guardian Uncle James Donald forbids it. Michael Rennie, a famous English climber, would like to try the peak that led to the death of the boy's father. The conflict between the three men and the mountain scenery make a dazzling film.

SAMSONITE CHRISTMAS SPECIAL





Travel-tough vinyl covering won't show wear and tear...washes clean with a cloth for years of smart traveling.

***Look* at this value!** You save a healthy $3.00 when you buy this Samsonite Streamlite Beauty Case for Christmas giving – or for your very own. This is the luggage that keeps its first trip look...and the classic beauty of Streamlite stays in style! Sectioned tray for cosmetics and toiletries lifts right out. Full-width mirror for full viewing. Triple-strength construction means years of good use. Don't miss this Holiday buy on a famous Samsonite Streamlite Beauty Case.

NEW LOW PRICE $14.95



Comes in four colors to complement your costume: Saddle Tan, Ebony Grey, Hawaiian Blue, Rawhide Finish.

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ART LINKLETTER'S CHRISTMAS TRADITION

For years now, there have been five Christmas trees each year at the Art Linkletters'. One for each child.

It started when Dawn was the baby and Jack a big boy of four. And he wanted to do his own tree trimming. So Art got a little tree for Jack, and one for Dawn.

Every Christmas morning, Daddy made a formal tour of inspection and judged the trees. Then he awarded prizes—and there are numerous classifications: the Prettiest Tree, the Most Unusual Decorations, the Best Color Scheme, the Most Symmetrical, and so on.

Classifications changed from year to year, but somehow there have always been five and somehow everybody would get a prize for one classification. None of the little Links has ever outgrown this. Even when Jack and Dawn went to college, they came home for long enough to trim their Christmas trees.

Last December 23rd, Jack got married and the following day he and his new wife flew to Hawaii for their honeymoon.

And come Christmas morning, Art made his tour of inspection as usual. The trees were particularly pretty this year, he thought. He had quite a time awarding the prizes and it wasn't until he got back downstairs that he realized there was one classification left over.

It was meant for a tree that should have been in the downstairs study—which was always Jack's bedroom—and Art was automatically turning to the door when it hit him for the first time with full force that this was the first break in the family circle. He just stood in the doorway to the study and looked at that tree-less room. . . .

Then he heard the doorbell ringing behind him, but he didn't pay any attention. His wife called out, "It's for you, Art," so he pulled himself together and turned around to answer—but there wasn't anyone at the door.

Nobody was there, but sitting on the steps was a little Christmas tree, gaily decorated from top to bottom and bearing a large placard reading *My entry for the tree-judging: Jack.*

P.S. Later on, he cabled Jack in Hawaii: YOU ARE UNANIMOUSLY AWARDED BEST IN SHOW.



FABIAN

See Inside! The story and photos that were

IN LOVE!

kept secret until now ..... →



FABIAN N LOVE!

ntinued

Fabian is in love. Her name is Kathy Kersh. She lives in Montebello, California. She is sixteen (Fabian's age). She is blonde and cute as a button. Her father runs a supermarket. Her mother is a housewife. Kathy herself is a part-time model and recently was named 'Miss Boysenberry' in a local fruit-picking contest. Primarily, however, she is not a professional, but an average high-school teenager, who adores movies, eats up fashion and movie magazines, digs rock 'n' roll the most.

Not long ago, Kathy met Fabian.

They fell in love. (*Continued on page 30*)

















FABIAN IN LOVE!

continued

This is the exclusive story of their love . . . its joyous beginning, its sorrowful middle, its bitter-sweet ending.

It began that late-afternoon on the beach at Paradise Cove; Kathy and Fabian had just finished posing for a picture layout. For Fabian it was the tenth such layout in five days. For Kathy it was one of those once-in-a-while assignments that happened to come her way.

They walked barefoot now along the sand, alone, relaxing, talking. They'd met for the first time only an hour earlier. But they'd hit it off fine, and they were good friends already.

Fabian kidded Kathy.

"Tell me," he said, "just what did those judges think you had in *common* with a boysenberry?"

Kathy pretended to be insulted. "Well, Tiger," she said, "—that *is* what they call you, isn't it? Tiger?"

They both laughed.

And Fabian took her hand.

And he began to run toward the water, pulling a shrieking Kathy along with him.

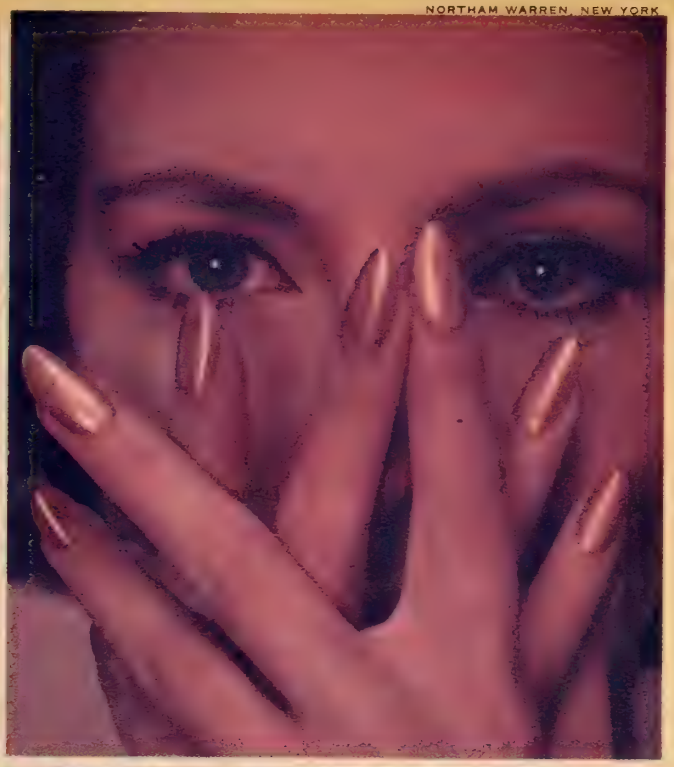
"My dress . . . my dress," her voice came over the waves' loud roar. "I'm getting drenched."

"So'm I," Fabian shouted. "So what?"

A big one came rolling toward them now and broke only (*Continued on page 71*)

NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK









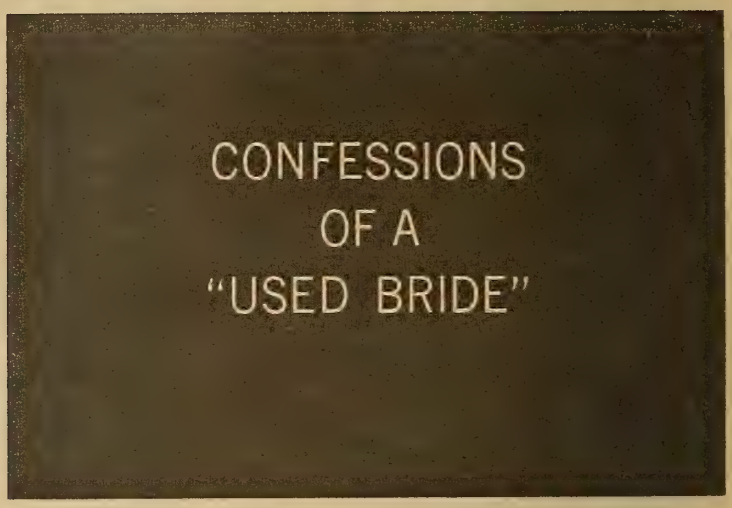
Four to glow with by CUTEX®

Match your mood with your polish! When tonight's *the* night and the world is a glittering promise, light up your nails with Gold Sequins—shown top left over Slightly Scarlet. The gold sparkles are equally spectacular on their own. Or be vibrantly feminine with Tahiti Orchid, top right. Flaunt the new Flaming Pearl, lower left, and light up the night with molten excitement. Or smooth on mysterious Capri Blue Pearl, lower right, and wear an air of cool sophistication. Try a different Cutex Pearl Polish every night . . . and thrill to a new look every time!



Cutex Pearl Polishes come in 16 luminous shades, including dramatic new Charcoal Pearl to wear with the fashionable new gray tones.

by Janet Munro *(star of "Darby O'Gill and the Little People")* as told to George Christy



Come January I'll have been married to Tony Wright for three years, and, although it breaks my heart to admit it, I've felt like a bridal dummy in a shop-window, a toy, a showpiece whose novelty wore off and was chucked in the junk pile.

Tony and I have been separated by mutual consent for nearly two years. In England, it's not legal to divorce until after three years of marriage (unless, of course, your doctor attributes a failure in health as a result of it).

I've never before talked about my marriage because I've been so confused by it. Now, living in America, I've had a chance to think about it in a proper perspective, and I want to share the truth of my marriage with you, hoping it might give you some insight into what a mess the wrong kind of marriage can be for two people who do *like* each other but who mistake affection and a longing for security for good enough reasons to get married.

Affection isn't enough. But Tony and I didn't know the meaning of love, of real passion. We were attracted to each other, yes. Tony was Britain's *Mr. Beefcake*, terribly good-looking, tall, muscular, with bright blue eyes. He was what's known in England as a 'restaurant stopper.' As soon as he entered a dining room, everybody put down knives and forks and *stared*. He was *that* handsome.

So let me start at the beginning. I came from the provinces—or 'the sticks.' I was born in Blackpool, a seaside resort where my dad, Alex Munro, was performing in a vaudeville act.

I never had a real home. I grew up in a stage trunk, learned to live out of cramped suitcases with my traveling parents, and, during my (*Continued on page 56*)







Elvis grinned that night as he entered the little out-of-the-way tavern where Vera Tchechowa waited for him.

"Guess what?" he said, sitting alongside her and taking her hand.

"I know," the pretty German actress said, pretending to be very serious about this, "you have just been made a *major* by the United States Army."

"Nope," Elvis said.

"Mmmm—your cook sergeant has finally learned how to make the famous hominy grits you are always talking of?"

"Nope."

"I cannot guess," Vera said, shrugging and (*Continued on page 58*)

THE



This was the night the G.I. and his German sweetheart had to face



AGONY OF PARTING



INTRODUCING:

■ "Zim!" whispered the excited Yale freshman, staring raptly up at the row of prancing tights. "Which ones do you like? Me, I'll take numbers twelve and thirteen."

His darkly handsome companion in the front row of a New Haven, Connecticut, theater appraised the chorus line's curves with a connoisseur's eye. He was a Yale freshie, too, just seventeen but already a sophisticate.

"You can have them," he allowed. "I'll pick—let's see—numbers sixteen and eighteen." Young Efrem Zimbalist, Junior, meant what he said. As the girlies bounced into the wings he rose and strolled to the stage door, shrugged philosophically when the guard shooed him away, then made the rounds of all New Haven hotels where the show troupe might stay. At one he made smooth contact with numbers sixteen and eighteen, and took them out to supper. Then he caught a hack to his (*Continued on page 62*)



MAY BRITT:

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE BLUE ANGEL



She dated the father and married the teenage son... for a while

The tall slender girl stood silently at the edge of the cliff, staring intently at the waves beneath her.

Her trenchcoat was wrapped tightly around her to ward off the chilly winds—but her long blonde hair kept falling crazily around her eyes—and several strands were trapped by the dampness of her tears.

Standing next to her was a dark-haired youth of twenty-one.

He too was watching the sea. And watching her. And struggling to refrain from drawing her tightly into his arms.

Instead he tenderly put his hands on her face and removed the wisps of stray hairs from her eyes.

They faced each other and the silence (*Continued on page 75*)



RICKY NELSON AND THE hushed-up DEMOLITION RACE

by Steve Kahn

AS THE sun drew over the towering mountains framing the still Arizona desert, Ricky Nelson wearily lifted himself out of bed and walked slowly over to the bathroom to shave and get washed up.

He thought to himself as the sink began to babble with whirlpools of water, *Today it'll be the same old drag. Heck, it isn't the film which is a drag. Making* Rio Bravo *is a ball. It's this part of the world which bugs me. No excitement here. At least not the kind of excitement that I crave.*

And Rick Nelson delighted in a special kind of excitement.

He enjoyed being strapped into a shining hunk of bright metal which (*Continued on page 66*)





the patient lovers

The tender courtship of James Darren and Evy Norlund

"I love you, Evy," Jimmy Darren said. "I love you—*and I don't want to!*"

Evy Norlund felt her heart turn over inside her. Those words were the most beautiful and the most cruel she had ever heard. For a minute she wanted to cry. But all she said, in her soft, Danish-accented voice was: "I know, Jimmy. I know. I'm frightened, too."

They had known each other only two weeks when that happened. (*Continued on page 80*)

THE LAST DAYS OF KAY KENDALL

In less than five short years she would be dead.

But for now—this period in late 1954—her life was approaching its fullest bloom.

As was the life of the man she had just met.

And there was only laughter between them.

And the beginnings of love. . . .

Rex Harrison and Kay Kendall met in London while working on a picture titled *The Constant Husband.*

Rex, star of the picture, was forty-six at the time. He had recently returned to England from several miserable years in Hollywood. His long marriage to Austrian-born actress Lilli Palmer was on the rocks. He was not a very happy man.

Kay, who played one of Rex's seven wives in the picture, was twenty-eight. She had recently scored a triumph as the trumpet-tooting society gal in *Genevieve.* She was single and fancy free. She was now working with her girlhood idol, a man she'd adored since

she'd first seen him on the screen years before. She couldn't have been happier.

"Tell me," the temperamental Rex said to her late one afternoon, shortly after they'd begun to work on the picture and after he and one of his other 'wives' had staged a real-life fight on the set, "what do *you* really think of me?"

"I think," said Kay, "that though you're a marvelous actor, Mr. Harrison, you are also pompous, overbearing and terribly conceited."

Rex mumbled a glum thank-you and began to walk away.

"I think, too," Kay said, following him, "that these qualities are strangely attractive in you."

Rex kept on walking.

"And that if I've given any offense—I'd like to try to make it up to you."

Rex stopped.

"How?" he asked.

"I'll cook you dinner tonight," Kay said, without a blink.

Rex stared at her. "You're not a very shy

(*Continued on page 68*)



IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

(In having a girl)

"IT'S a girl!"

These were the wonderful, almost unbelievable words Dr. Abner Moss rushed out of the delivery room to tell Bing Crosby that September fourteenth. "It's a girl, and mother and daughter are doing perfectly."

The doctor led Bing to the nursery window, and there she was, Mary Frances, the daughter he and Kathy had named so long ago, had dreamed so much about, had planned for so long. His first little girl, and only a little over a year late.

It was a tremendous moment.

What did Bing say to honor that tremendous moment? He said what about a billion fathers before him have said. He said, "Isn't she awfully red?"

"Go relax for an hour," said Dr. Moss. "Then come back and I'll let you see Kathy, and by then I expect you will be able to see your daughter more clearly. Right now, I forgive you everything. After all, you've had a hard day."

Bing *had* had a hard day. So had Kathy. It wasn't until Bing was driving away from the hospital, hurrying home for a few moments so that he could tell baby Harry all about it, that he realized how hard the whole nine months of Kathy's second pregnancy had been on him—as well as on her. He hadn't admitted until just now how much he had wanted a girl.

The first time Kathy had been pregnant, they had never referred to the coming baby as anything but "she." Deciding on her name was the easiest. Mary for the Blessed Virgin; Frances for a beloved aunt who had been the guiding inspiration of Kathy's childhood.

Now you have to realize, first of all, to understand their feeling about their impending parenthood, that Bing and Kathy grew steadily more in love each day following their marriage. They had gone through a very long courtship, something few Hollywood couples do experience.

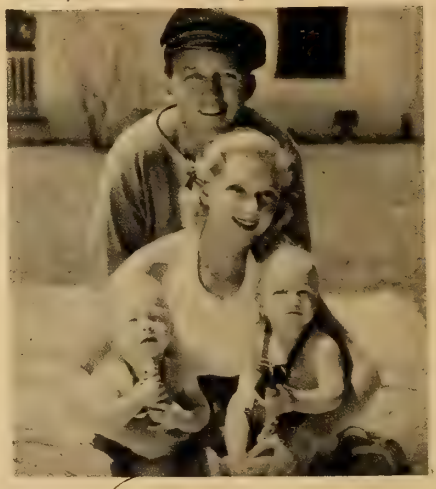
They had, over the years of their acquaintanceship before their wedding, surmounted the almost insurmountable obstacles between them. There was the age difference between them. There was the fact that Bing was not only mature but also a celeb-

Bing and Dixie's firstborn, Gary.



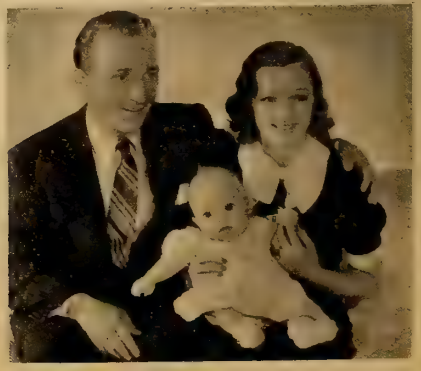
TRY,

Then, twins Phillip and Dennis.



TRY,

Dixie's last son was Lindsay.



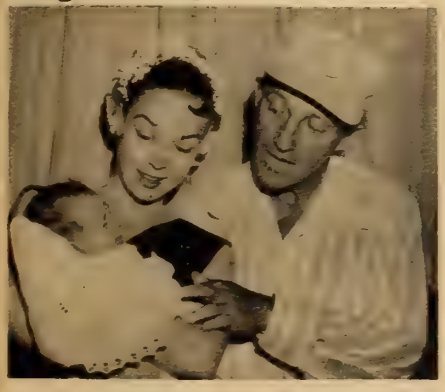
TRY,

rity, a millionaire, a corporation, a father and a son and a brother. If the ramifications of his relationship to the world were difficult for him, they were triply difficult for Kathy.

The average young girl would have been swamped by Bing's relationship to his widowed mother, to his two brothers and their families, by his troubled relationship to his four sons, and subsequently to two of their families, and finally to the memory of a dead wife.

As a matter of fact, a couple of girls were defeated by these odds. Bing has never been the kind of man suited either for loneliness or bachelorhood. Like most charming men, everything in life is made pleasanter for him if there is feminine society mixed (*Continued on page 72*)

Bing and Kathy's first son, Harry.



TRY,



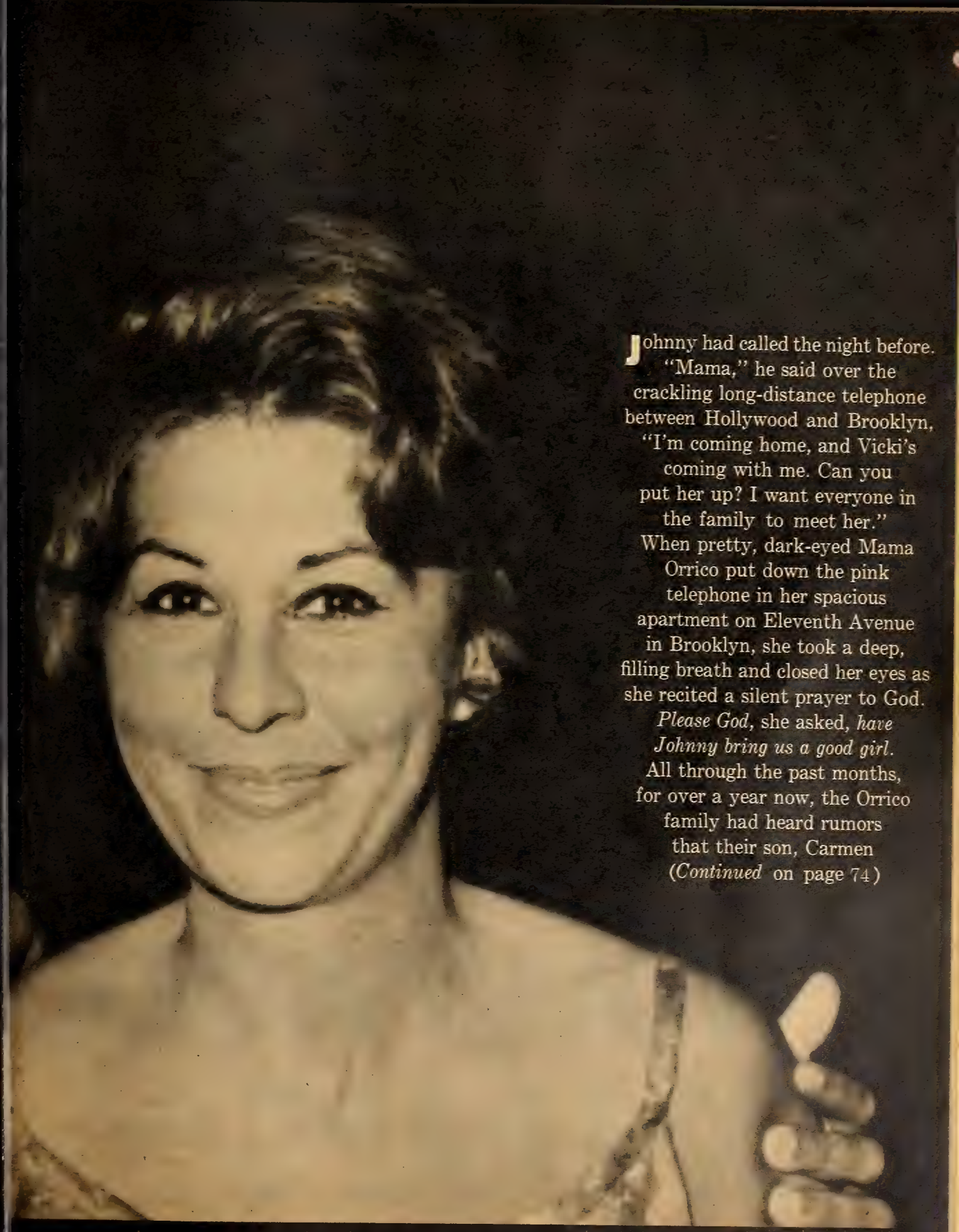
Success! Daughter Mary Frances.

TRY AGAIN!

'WE'RE SO GLAD JOHNNY DIDN'T PICK A GLAMOR GIRL..."



Everyone was nervous, excited and a little scared–Johnny Saxon was flying



Johnny had called the night before. "Mama," he said over the crackling long-distance telephone between Hollywood and Brooklyn, "I'm coming home, and Vicki's coming with me. Can you put her up? I want everyone in the family to meet her."

When pretty, dark-eyed Mama Orrico put down the pink telephone in her spacious apartment on Eleventh Avenue in Brooklyn, she took a deep, filling breath and closed her eyes as she recited a silent prayer to God. *Please God,* she asked, *have Johnny bring us a good girl.*

All through the past months, for over a year now, the Orrico family had heard rumors that their son, Carmen

(*Continued* on page 74)

home to his folks in Brooklyn, and he was bringing his love with him...

I'd heard
people say,
"There's only one way
to get anywhere
in Hollywood."
I knew what they meant
but I didn't
believe them.
Then I learned:



THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD SEX TRAPS

I SUPPOSE I was just one of an endless stream of star-struck teenagers. I certainly never dreamed what I was letting myself in for when, trembling with excitement, I got ready for the interview.

It would mean so much if I got the part. It was one of the leads in a teenage movie, a very sexy girl—the type of role that so often leads to stardom. A friend advised me that I'd stand a much better chance if I dressed as much as possible like the character in the picture and left as little as possible to the producer's imagination.

With high hopes, that's just what I did. My own skirt wasn't tight fitting enough, so I borrowed one a size smaller from my roommate. I also borrowed a waist cincher, which pushed me up a lot, and I wore my own sweater tautly pulled in. I could barely walk when I finished, so I knew I didn't have to worry too much about my qualifications being overlooked.

I found the producer quite businesslike. He looked me over very appraisingly and said, "Uh hmm. Uh hmm. Okay, sit down. Your part begins halfway down the page. Would you read it, please?"

I didn't get very far when he cut me off.

"Thank you, Miss Gaba," he said. "An interesting reading. You'll hear from me soon."

A week later I received a phone call instructing me to report back to his office. I practically held my breath all the way. He asked me for another reading, then motioned me to sit down in the easy chair next to his desk.

"Marianne—if I may call you Marianne—I think you may be very well suited for this part," he smiled.

It was all I could do to keep from shouting with joy.

He leaned back to lower the venetian blinds, opened his bottom desk drawer, and took out a bottle of whiskey. He offered it to me.

"Care for a drink?" he asked.

"No thanks. I don't drink."

"Very smart girl," he said. "Mind if I have one?"

"Of course not."

By
Marianne
Gaba
(next appearing in Paramount's "Li'l Abner")
as told to
William
Tusher

He drank in big fast gulps, and licked his mouth. I was waiting for him to continue, and make it official by telling me when to report. But all he did was sit and stare at me. I was growing uncomfortable, but I decided he was still (Continued on page 60)



A MODERN SCREEN SPECIAL SERVICE

JERRY LEWIS' ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

Q. How do you get a girl to accept a date? E.B., Kansas City, Kan.

A. *Never give a girl just one date. Give her the whole box. But if dates make her break out, try giving her figs.*

Q. I've never been able to find 'the right girl.' How do you go about it? D.A.J., Fillmore, Calif.

A. *The right girl doesn't have*



to be pretty, intelligent, or charming. She doesn't even have to have money. But her parents . . . they *have to have money and the girl has to be the only living relative.*

Q. What's the best way to surprise a girl? L.S., Flint, Mich.

A. *Ask her to come up to your place to see your collection of salami ends. Then when she arrives, show her the collection. That'll surprise her.*

Q. How do you propose to a girl? K.K.K., Knoxville, Tenn.

A. *Tell her marriage is a wonderful thing. No family should be without it.*

Q. I have a problem: of all the fellows I have ever dated, all but one of them got fresh when they brought me home. And if I said, "Don't," they called me snobbish, aloof, or old-fashioned. What is a girl to do—give in every time? K.S., Wichita Falls, Texas.

A. *No, every other time—that confuses them.*

Q. I'm undecided between going to college after I finish high school next June, and getting married. My boy friend says he doesn't want to wait (*Continued on page 55*)











JERRY LEWIS' ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

(*Continued from page 53*)
four years till I get my degree, and I don't want to marry him *and* go to school, because I don't think I could make a success of both. I love him, but I want an education too. What's more important? L.S.M., Omaha, Neb.

A. *Your teeth. Take good care of them.*

Q. My boyfriend drinks like a fish. How can I make him stop? L.X., Denver, Colo.

A. *Hide his gills.*

Q. Do you believe in going steady? V.N., Lawrence, Ohio.

A. *Yes, but my wife objects.*

Q. I am twenty years old. I used to go steady with a man twenty years my senior. A few months ago he married a woman nearer his own age. Now he says he's still in love with me, and wants to see me again. Should I? T.C., Independence, Mo.

A. *Should you* what?

Q. When should a girl start wearing lipstick and high heels? B.L., Groton, Conn.

A. *In August.*

Q. Is it a crime to wear falsies? S.M., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Yes, unless you're a girl.*

Q. My daughter has just turned twelve, and now she's asking me questions about sex. Frankly, I don't know how to answer them. In fact, I don't know some of the answers myself. What can I do? H.F., Rochester, N.Y.

A. *I'm afraid I can't help you . . . you see, I lived a* (*Continued on page 78*)

Confessions of a "Used Bride"

(*Continued from page 32*)

teens, I took up acting, too. It was the only life I knew. I played in over three hundred and twenty plays in stock all over England, and, one evening, a J. Arthur Rank talent scout spotted me and asked me to come to London for a screen test. I was tickled pink and I walked on Cloud Nine until I heard the results of my test. "Too individual" was the executives' comment. They also told me I didn't have the proper Kensington accent which everyone prefers in English films.

I stayed on in London, alone, living out of a tiny fourth-floor furnished room, and I got a job as a hatcheck girl in the Kismet Club, which is famous for shish kebab and spicy curries and rosepetal desserts. Every evening the management burned incense in the dining rooms for atmosphere. I wasn't on salary, just on tips, but I managed to eke out a living to meet expenses. The only trouble with the club was that the men customers liked to pinch the bottoms of the waitresses and the hatcheck girl, and, consequently, I suffered from constant black and blue marks.

One evening Tony Wright walked in, looking for all the world like a Greek god with his manly physique. We flirted a little, and a couple of nights later he asked me out for coffee at midnight when the club closed.

We dated. We liked each other, but there was nothing serious between us. I was lonesome, and it was nice to have an escort, and Tony liked the way I didn't fawn over him in public. There was a nice warm feeling between us, and we respected each other as individuals.

After a month of dating I was offered a role in a touring play and I decided to take it since the money was better than the meager Kismet Club hatcheck tips.

Tony was disappointed. He hated to see me leave London, and I admitted I'd miss our dates. They had become a habit.

On the road I played nothing but one-night-stands. I tell you this because I think it explains my craving for a home of my own. One morning I received a long letter from Tony with a marriage proposal, and I was shocked. My first reaction was, "He's being cute. How can the two of us marry when we've only seen each other a dozen times?" So I wrote back and said I couldn't consider marriage until we knew each other better.

Tony wouldn't take my no for an answer. He wrote and wrote, bombarding me with cards and letters, all of them asking me to marry him. He telephoned me constantly, and he showered me with beautiful bouquets of flowers, boxes of chocolate candy and bottles of fine French perfumes and colognes.

Dream of home

This had never happened to me before. A man had never paid so much attention to me. Possibly it was because I was so overwhelmed that I wrote back, a few months later, and agreed to our marriage. I was tired, exhausted from touring the provinces. Mother had died when I was seven, and all I could think of was the comfort and security a home would give me. I was twenty-two years old, a vagabond; all of my life had been a mad chase to a new town where I'd perform, spend the night in a small hotel, awaken—only to be on the move again.

I yearned for roots, the strong binding roots of love and marriage and family. Dad had married and divorced twice since Mother's death so I had little home life with him.

I wonder now if I wasn't selfish to expect so much from marriage. Maybe my expectations were too much. But as I wrote to Tony Wright and accepted his proposal of marriage that drizzly gray September day, all I could see in my mind's eye was a cozy flat of our own with gay chintz curtains, comfy maple furniture, a roomy kitchen where I'd fix all our meals. I dreamed of having happy children with rosy-pink cheeks and tousled hair who'd smile and call us Mummy and Daddy, who would grow up and make us proud in our old age.

Fool that I was, I simply took it for granted that such were the rewards of all marriages.

Later I learned and suffered the bitter truths of reality.

Now, of course, I say to myself if . . . if . . . if. . . .

Danger clues

If only I had stopped to think about it all as it was happening, wouldn't I have suspected something was wrong? There were danger-ahead clues even before we wed.

Tony wouldn't let me make any of the wedding arrangements. Maybe because I was so awed that I was marrying a film star I held back my suggestions. He was adamant about choosing my wedding dress, a fitted bodice with a trailing skirt of pale lemon and white organza. He insisted that we be married in the Church Registry office, but I finally broke down and cried. I'd always dreamed of a church wedding with organ music and a Mass.

Charles Laughton (200 lbs.): "What difference does it make with this face whether I'm fat or thin? Either way I look like the back of an elephant."

Paul Sann in the New York Post

Tony wanted a man I'd never met, Earl St. John, an executive producer with Tony's film company, to give me away. This gave me the chills. I had a feeling Tony was ashamed of my dad because he was a vaudevillian.

"Everything's got to be done properly for the press," Tony kept saying. However, after much pleading and begging from me, Tony compromised about the church. He agreed the marriage could take place in a small chapel near a friend's country estate.

When I awoke the morning of my wedding in the spacious and elegantly appointed country home, I realized I was all alone in a world of strangers. We'd arrived the night before, and I was ushered to my corner bedroom with its canopied bed and flowered wallpaper by a stiff, imperious butler. I couldn't help thinking this was a showplace, that the farm was not a lived-in farm. It served merely as a stage setting.

The day of the wedding I had to pose, at Tony's request, a number of times in my wedding gown—in and out of the church—for newspaper photographs. Since the late afternoon sunlight wasn't strong enough for TV cameramen, Tony arranged for us to have a 'mock wedding' at noon in addition to our actual wedding later in the day.

All through that morning and afternoon, before Tony and I took our vows of holy matrimony, I had the eerie sensation that our marriage was an important business matter to Tony—and nothing else. I was afraid of hurting him so I didn't say anything, trying to comfort myself with the thought that every bit of publicity was worth its weight in gold to him since he was a popular matinee idol.

What really broke my heart was a silly thing, I guess. It was the way my wedding gown looked at the time of my marriage. Every time we posed for newspaper pictures I ironed it so it would look fresh. During the mock wedding, I tripped on a TV camera cable, and my gown ripped. When the hour of our wedding arrived, my gown was limp and ragged, like a used costume from a play that needs dry cleaning. All the ironing in the world couldn't save it; it looked worn.

And my beautiful bridal spray of white butterfly orchids had wilted.

I felt like a "used bride"

I couldn't help thinking I was a paper doll, a stage prop, a "used bride," but I chided myself on being over-sensitive. Yet, as I stood beside Tony in his neat navy blue suit (which was pressed countless times by his valet), I couldn't help wondering if ours wasn't a movie marriage, staged for the cameras and by evening the two of us would return to our respective homes.

The morning after our marriage Tony announced we had plane tickets for Paris that afternoon. After we boarded the plane and soared into the wintry sky, I turned and looked at him in his impeccable glen-plaid going away suit. He was handsome, and a thrilling virility charged through his being, but I had a terrible premonition I would never know him deeply as a husband, the way I imagined all wives get to know their men. I reached over and put my hand on his as the plane motors roared, and I said, "Tony, darling, what'll we do on our honeymoon? Will you show me all the wonderful places I've heard about in Paris?"

He leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes and announced he would be very busy since he planned to do some location film work in Paris and Marseilles. . . .

When we returned from France, Tony took me to an apartment in London he had had done up by the set decorators from the Rank Studios. It was a cute place in Shepherd's Bush on the outskirts of London. All my life I'd dreamed of furnishing a place of my own, and now that joy was taken away from me. No doubt the decorators did a much better job than I would have done, but I would have loved the pleasure of choosing furniture and sewing curtains and shopping for pictures for the walls. Even the kitchen cupboards were stocked with dishes, pots, pans and foodstuffs.

Tony worked every day at the studio, and, oftentimes, he arrived home late. Gradually, as the months passed, I became bored sitting alone in that three-room apartment in Shepherd's Bush. Tony was called away time after time for location work abroad, and there were moments when I thought I would go mad. One afternoon over tea, one of my neighbors, after listening to how lonely my life was, suggested I go back to acting. So I began seeing agents and casting directors during the mornings to while the hours away.

I was offered a role in a B-movie, *Small Hotel*, in which I was to play a sixteen year old. I accepted. On the strength of my work in *Small Hotel*, I was offered a role in *The Young and Guilty*.

Tony, meanwhile, returned from one of his location jaunts, and he demanded I stop working.

"You're my wife," he told me repeatedly. "What'll people think? That I can't support you? I want you to stay home

like a wife and look after the apartment."

I kidded him. "But I've sewn all the missing buttons on your shirts. And the maid does all the heavy cleaning. There's so little for me to do."

"I don't care," he told me. "I don't want you working. It'll make a terrible impression with the press."

Maybe I should have been flattered, but I wasn't. I knew I could go crazy sitting in that apartment of ours with nothing to do. Tony was thirty-two when we married, and he was always used to having his own way. I tried to understand this, but I realized, more and more, that he'd been spoiled by the studio.

Not that I was perfect, by any means. I had no one to talk to about marriage before I went into it. Had my mother been living, she probably would have told me things I should have known. Sure, I was a 'green' wife, and maybe Tony was impatient with me. But I loved him—or, at least, in my naivete I *thought* I did. And I believed our love would grow and the two of us would develop together from it.

I wanted children, a whole flock of laughing kids, but Tony dismissed the thought of a family: I almost became ashamed of mentioning it. No doubt I was at fault here because, out of timidity, I was hesitant to harp on it.

One afternoon, months after our marriage, I had a revelation. I took a stroll through our neighborhood and I discovered that an old movie of Tony's was playing at a nearby cinema. I decided to see it. I sat there in the pitch-dark movie house, watching Tony perform on the screen, and suddenly I realized Tony's trouble. He was insecure because of his acting. He wasn't a very good actor, but he did have a magnificent physique and exciting looks. Like all Mr. Beefcakes, his time in the movies was coming to its end. He had passed his heyday. Looks fade so quickly, and I could tell he wasn't as handsome now as he was in his earlier movie. Nor was his body as supple. That day it became shockingly clear to me that there was little talent to back up Tony's looks, and I felt deep compassion for him.

I rushed home and cooked him a chicken pot pie, but he didn't come home until after midnight. He'd had things to do in London, he commented. I asked him if he wanted me to heat up his food, and he said no, he'd eaten.

I hadn't. I'd been waiting for him to come home. I didn't want him to see how he'd hurt my feelings by not thinking of calling me so I stole quietly into our bedroom and put on my nightgown while he watched a late show on television in the front room. I buried myself in bed, tears streaming down my face, depressed over the mess I'd made of my life. I simply couldn't go on living like this. We were posing as husband and wife. We weren't married in the true sense of the word: sharing and caring and communicating.

After another week of floundering thoughts, I decided to return to work. This infuriated Tony, but I told him I just had to have something to do.

I was cast in my first TV play, *One of Us*. Then I acted the lead in *Pick Up Girl*, about a teenager on trial. Within six months I was awarded the coveted TV Critics Award of the Year for my acting, and Tony was terribly upset. At one point, he suggested I leave the apartment if I continued working. Finally, he made me pay for half of the housekeeping since I was a wage-earner.

The little love I had tried to salvage from our marriage had vanished. We were two strangers, unhappy, hostile, living together under a roof via the guise of holy matrimony.

One evening I asked him outright if he was unhappy with our marriage.

"For heaven's sake," he countered, "what do you expect out of life? Paradise?"

"No," I told him. "I don't expect heaven, but I do want a little love and tenderness."

He patted my head and kissed me on the cheek, the way you pat a child or a pet, and I decided the time had come. We should separate. It might do us good to be away from each other for a while. Maybe we could re-evaluate ourselves and decide what we both wanted from life and marriage. Maybe we could compromise.

I dreaded seeing my marriage go on the rocks. I hated admitting I'd made a mistake. But I was certain—if we tried (and with God's help)—there was a chance it could be saved.

Shortly after our separation Walt Disney came to England and auditioned hundreds of girls for his *Darby O'Gill and the Little People* film. My casting agent suggested I try out for it, and, as luck would have it, I was chosen! It was a very thrilling moment for me since I'd always dreamed of coming to America, and now one dream, at least, was coming true.

When I was told the news I hurried to a public phone booth and called Tony at his studio. He was cold, uninterested.

"I've bought a new carpet for the living room," was all he said.

"What color?" I asked him.

"Why does it matter to you? You know nothing about decorating," he answered. No, I'd never pretended to be a professional decorator, but I, like all women, take pride in the way my home looks.

"Tony," I managed, my throat choked with tears, "I've . . . I've never felt our apartment's been a home for us. It's more like a business."

"I don't know why you say that. You've lived here almost a year."

"I know. But I've never felt it had the atmosphere of love a home should have."

"There you go again," he cut in, "with your fairy tale dreams. You should know I can't live in just any kind of a place. I'm a star, a big star, and my apartment has to be furnished properly. It's got to be smart and elegant."

Then and there I knew we had signed the death warrant to our marriage. I couldn't build my marriage on chic or elegance. I wanted to build it on love and on the joy of sharing my life with a husband and children.

"Tony," I said. "I . . . I think we ought to get a divorce. I . . . I just don't see how we can go on living with each other."

"Suit yourself," he told me very matter-of-factly. "You can apply for it when the three years are up."

I closed my eyes; they were stinging with hot tears. How could he dismiss our marriage so quickly, so heartlessly. Why had he wooed me with love letters and French perfumes and sweetheart roses? Was it all for him to have a stage-prop bride, a purchased wife to pose with him for the film magazines and newspapers?

"Whenever you want," he added, "you can come and pick up the rest of your clothes. But everything else in the apartment is mine. I've paid for it."

I gulped and hung up the telephone. My hands were sweaty and clammy. I put them up to my face and sobbed in the stuffy phone booth. People looked at me, but I couldn't help myself. I'd made a mess of my personal life. What could I do to save my self-respect?

Wiping my tears I walked to a tearoom for a cup of hot tea and I told myself it was never too late to grow up. I thanked my lucky stars I was coming to America.

America would help me forget. And maybe, in time, it could help me build a new life for myself. **END**

See Janet in DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE *for* BUENA VISTA.



Tarzan and the kid

■ Gordon Scott, handsome star of *Tarzan's Greatest Adventure*, stepped off the plane at Nairobi, Africa. Almost instantaneously, the powerfully-built man was surrounded by myriad lads of all ages and stature clamoring to carry his luggage.

Scott looked over the sea of small faces and picked out what he felt was an intelligent-looking lad.

The boy came forward, looking in awe at the big man.

"You big," he said.

"That's true," modestly answered Scott.

"Built like tree," declared the boy, holding his steady gaze.

Scott, amused, smiled and said, "Oh, I wouldn't go quite that far."

"Arms like tree trunks," continued the boy.

Scott looked admiringly at his own muscular arms, "You're right, boy, they *are* powerful-sized."

"You strong like lion," said the boy, seeming to sum up the matter.

"Well," Scott laughed, "if you really think so."

The boy began to walk away, then turned, and stated simply, "You carry own luggage."

And Scott did!

The Agony of Parting

(*Continued from page 34*)

smiling now, too. "You tell me. What?"

"I'm going home," Elvis said. "I'm getting discharged. I should be out by Christmas."

"Home—and discharged—by Christmas," Vera said, after him.

"Yep," said Elvis, "—at least if everything goes okay." He explained how his company officer had called him into the office that afternoon and told him there was a good chance of his being let out in December instead of in March. "Some sort of good-conduct dispensation," he said to Vera now. "Great, isn't it?"

"Oh yes," the girl said, softly, "that is very great."

She forced back the smile which had begun to leave her lips this last moment. And she watched Elvis, intently, as he called over a waiter now and ordered a stein of beer for himself and for her.

"What're you-all gazin' at, Ma'am?" Elvis asked as he looked back at Vera, using an exaggerated Southern drawl that had always been a guarantee to set her laughing.

Vera didn't laugh this time, however.

"I'm gazing at *you*," she said, very simply.

"Honored, Ma'am," Elvis said, bowing his head a little.

Still there was no laughter from Vera.

"And I am thinking," she said, "how much I will miss you."

"Huh?" Elvis said.

"Is that too forward for me to say?" Vera asked. And without giving Elvis a chance to answer, she said, blushing a little, "Well, I guess then that I am forward. I have known you for nearly a year now. I have seen you nearly every night of that year and nearly every Saturday and Sunday for the full day. I have had fun. I have grown closer to you than I have ever been to anyone in my whole life. I knew all this time that you would have to go away. *In March*, I would tell myself, *in March he will go away.* But somehow the sound of March was distant to me. It seemed somehow as if it would never come . . . And now December—" She sighed. "December is not so far away . . . And you will go . . . And I will miss you."

What Elvis had in mind . . .

"Honey," Elvis said when she was through. "Honey Vera," he said, shaking his head, "did it ever occur to you that no matter when I went away, in March or in December or in October of 1964—if I had to stay in this man's army that long, that I wouldn't just leave you like that? That I wouldn't leave you at all?"

Now it was Vera's turn to shake her head. "I do not understand you, Elvis," she said.

"Look," he said, "when I go back to the States, I want you to come with me . . . I've always had that in my mind, that you would."

"But how?" Vera asked. "How can I come?"

"You're an actress, aren't you?" Elvis asked back. "A good one and a beautiful one. There's no reason why you couldn't work in the States instead of here. There's no reason why you couldn't come to Hollywood and be there the same time I'll be there."

Vera said nothing.

"I tell you," Elvis went on. "It won't be hard. Sure there's lots of competition. But you can beat most of it, hands down. I *know* that, Vera . . . How about it? How does it sound?"

Still, she said nothing.

"We'll be together that way, without any Decembers or Marches or Octobers splitting us up," Elvis said. He pressed her hand in his. "I don't want to go back without you, Vera. I don't want to let you out of my sight, ever.

"So how about it?" he asked again.

And this time Vera spoke.

"I will come," she said.

"Good," Elvis said, relieved, "good, Vera."

Vera smiled.

"And you know what is the *first* thing I will do," she asked suddenly, "when I am in the United States?"

"What's that?" Elvis said.

"I will go straight to the South of your country," Vera said, "and I will find a kind woman there and I will say to her, 'Please, Madame, would you teach me exactly how to make the famous hominy grits? The *exact* way?' . . . And then, Elvis, on Christmas Day, for dinner, *I* will make that for you and for your father and for no matter how many relatives you will be gathered with. Hm?"

Elvis laughed.

"Sure," he said, "nothing like grits with your turkey, I always say."

"You mean that?" Vera asked.

"Just like having an old-fashioned banana split with these," Elvis said, pointing to the two beers the waiter had just brought to their table.

He laughed again.

And this time Vera laughed with him.

"Oh, it will be fun," she said, "the most wonderful thing that could ever happen to me."

Elvis stood up.

"Let's dance, Vera, to celebrate," he said.

"But there is no music," Vera said.

"Let's dance anyway," Elvis said.

Vera got up now, too, and fell into his arms.

They began swirling around the floor of the little tavern.

After a moment, Elvis began to sing.

And a moment after that the waiter came rushing over to them.

"*Tanzen verboten*, Herr Corporal," he said. "No dance here. Is forbidden. *Verboten.*"

"But you don't understand, Herrober," Elvis said. "We two are celebrating. We're going home."

"To America," Vera said, nodding and clinging to Elvis. "To *America!*"

Vera was surprised the way her best friend, Hedwig B—, received the news that next day.

"Well," Hedwig said bluntly, "it's your funeral—both your funerals."

"Why do you say that?" Vera asked.

"First of all," her friend said, "unless two people are both in love, really in love, there's no sense in keeping up a relationship once it runs its natural course. Now is there?"

"But we are in love, Elvis and I," Vera said. "We are."

"You're sure of that?" her friend asked.

"Yes," Vera said, "more sure than I have ever been of anything."

"Then how about marriage?" Hedwig asked. "I know you very well, Vera Tchechowa. I know you to be an extremely honorable girl. Yet not once in all your talk this past year, this afternoon, have I heard you mention the word marriage . . . And do you think it honorable for a young man and a young woman to discuss going away together without any discussion of *marriage?*"

"It's not *going away*, like that," Vera said. "He is going home. And I am going to work close to his home, so that I can be near him."

Her friend shrugged.

"And as for marriage," Vera went on, "no—we have never discussed it. But that is because we realize that we are still too young to talk about a step like this. We have thought about it, separately, to ourselves. I know that. I *know* that . . . But the time has not yet come for us to bring it up in words."

How it really sounded . . .

Her friend was silent for a moment.

"All right," she said, "I believe you, Vera, because I know that you are good. And if you are good, the man you love must be good, too. So don't be angry with what I have said. Because I believe you.

"But," she added, "there are *other* problems to be faced."

"Such as?" Vera asked.

"Such as things for you not being the same in the United States as they have been here in Germany," Hedwig said. "Think of it, Vera, of how the lovely little world you two have inhabited, alone, this past year, will be gone . . . Yes, if he were just an ordinary American boy you could still have your world as it was, with some changes, but pretty much the same. He is *not* an ordinary American boy, however, is he? And his life when he returns to his country—the mobs of people that will surround him everywhere, for most of every day, every day—that will be extraordinary, won't it? . . . And where, Vera, where will *you* fit into this picture? Do you think you will get to see him much anymore, to be with him much? Do you think there will be Saturdays at the lake still, and Sundays driving through the countryside still, and evenings in little places where he will not be recognized and where you two will be left alone? Do you think this, Vera?"

"I think you exaggerate," Vera said.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1959.
(SEAL)

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No. 60-9560350. Qualified in Westchester County. Cert. filed in New York County.
Commission Expires March 30, 1960.

"Well," her friend said, "as long as I exaggerate, I won't—"

She stopped.

The bitter truth

"*Vera,*" she said then, urgently, "don't you know that you will be hurting *him,* too?"

"What do you mean by that?" Vera asked.

"You are German," Hedwig said. "He is a popular American idol, an American hero. There are many people in his country who would not look so kindly on him, who would criticize him, if he appeared to be too serious about a German girl."

Vera took a deep breath. "You talk," she said, "as if our countries were still at war. The war has been over for many years now, Hedwig. Thousands of our girls have married American soldiers and live happily in the United States now . . . You know that."

"Yes," her friend said, "but their men's careers were not dependent on the romantic notions of others. And when there was any criticism leveled against these marriages—and there *was,* Vera, there *was*—it was not too difficult for the American boy involved to tell his critics to please mind their own businesses.

"With your man, however, it would be difficult. He is an idol. He cannot tell people off. If he but tried—it might mean that he would be finished, washed up, just like that."

She placed her hand on Vera's shoulder.

"I tell you this because you're my friend," she started to say again. "Because—"

Vera moved away from her.

"I appreciate your interest," she said, "but I don't want to hear any more right now."

"Have you understood at all," Hedwig asked, "what I've been trying to say to you?"

"No," Vera said.

She began to cry, suddenly, and she brought her hands up hard against her face.

"No," she sobbed, "No . . . No . . . No . . . No!"

The face of reality

There was a party that night at the home of some friends.

Elvis, held up at the post on some special duty, arrived late and walked straight over to where Vera was sitting.

For a few minutes, he told her about his day—that it had been a tough one and that he was pooped, that the only thing that had made it bearable was knowing that night would come, eventually, and that he would see her, Vera.

Then he put his arm around Vera's waist and he leaned over to kiss her on the cheek and he asked, "Excited?"

Vera forced a quizzical smile.

"About what, Elvis?" she asked.

"Your trip," he said.

"Ah," Vera said, "my trip to America?"

"Yeah," Elvis said, "and the big search you're going to make for that grits recipe, among other things."

"My trip to America," Vera said again.

She shook her head and forced a laugh this time.

"I knew it was all too good to be true," she said, "—to think that I would really be able to come."

Elvis stared at her.

"What happened?" he asked.

"Do you remember," Vera asked, looking away from him, "do you remember, Elvis, that role I told you that I was up for, in the picture about Berlin, the crisis and the underground and the girl who gets involved in the underground?"

"No," Elvis said, "I don't remember."

"Well," Vera said, "I got the part. Just today, this afternoon at four o'clock. I was at home and the phone rang and it was my agent. He was so out of breath I didn't know what was happening at first. And then he told me. And I was so—happy."

"You took the part?" Elvis asked.

"Of course," Vera said.

She looked back at him now, looking at his face but avoiding his eyes.

"And the trip is off?" Elvis asked.

"But it *must* be," Vera said. "The picture starts just about the time you leave Germany, my darling, and it will be in production for at *least* three months . . . maybe even four."

"How about then," Elvis asked, "—you could come over then."

"*Ja,*" Vera said, "if the other picture doesn't come through."

"What other picture?" Elvis asked.

Vera proceeded here to invent another plot and another part for herself.

"Vera," Elvis started to say, "I don't get this. I don't understand how—"

But she never gave him a chance to finish.

"Look," she said, pointing to the door of the room and to a man and woman who stood there, "look who has just come in."

"Who're they?" Elvis asked.

Vera mumbled some names. "I must go talk to them," she said, rising. "Excuse me, my darling, but it has been such a long time since I have met with them."

Elvis watched Vera Tchechowa as she raced across the room.

He had no idea, at that moment, that she was racing out of his life . . . nor why.

END

Some theaters are re-running Elvis' KING CREOLE *and* G. I. BLUES, *both Paramount.*

THEIR CLASSROOM WAS THE BACK SEAT OF A CAR...

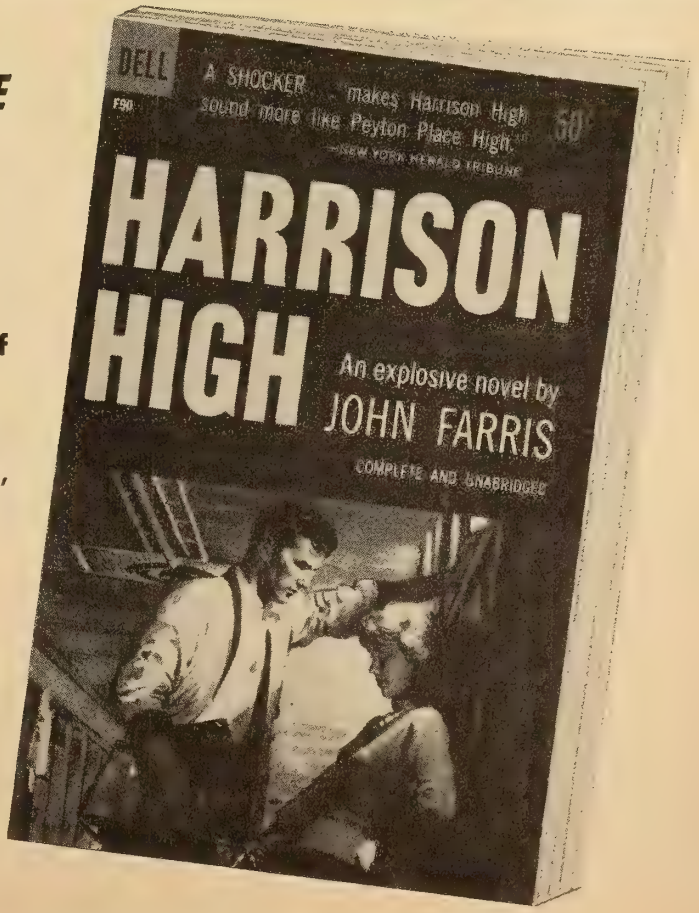
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The Truth About Hollywood Sex Traps

(*Continued from page 51*)

trying to visualize me in the part. I felt a great sense of relief when he finally did speak again and confirmed that theory.

"Yes," he mused, "I think you could do the part very adequately."

"Oh thank you," I cried out. "Thank you very much."

"There's only one thing that concerns me," he went on as if I hadn't said anything. "If you got the part, you understand, you'd be on the set every day—"

"That would be fine," I interrupted enthusiastically. "I'd be happy to do whatever the part required."

Judging from the expression on his face, I must have said the secret word.

"I'm going to be very frank with you," he picked up with a thin smile. "I think it's only fair to tell you that I find myself so attracted to you that if I saw you around the set every day I'm not sure I could refrain from making a pass at you. And you wouldn't like that, would you? Or would you?"

I was so startled that at first I couldn't speak. Not only was he one of Hollywood's most respected producers, but he was also married and a father. He went about it in such a businesslike manner that it took me a minute before I fully realized that I was being cold-bloodedly propositioned.

"I don't think I'm right for the part," I finally managed to say. I thought my legs would buckle as I ran from the office.

It was a terribly shattering and disillusioning experience. In my wide-eyed innocence, I'd thought I was going to a reputable business office. Instead I'd walked into a sex trap! I had to face it honestly —and it wasn't pleasant. I'd often heard people say that was the only way to get anyplace in Hollywood, but I'd never taken it seriously. I always dismissed it as sour grapes. But now I was not so sure.

Her parents' warning

If *that* was what I'd be up against every time I tried for a part, there seemed little point in staying in Hollywood. I might as well return to Chicago. I thought of how naive I'd been when I'd so confidently assured my folks that they wouldn't have to worry about me. The funny thing was that they really weren't worried. They just told me to use the same good judgment I'd used as a model in Chicago. They did warn me to be careful not to let temptation impair that judgment, and the last thing my father said before I boarded the plane to compete as Miss Illinois in the Miss Universe contest at Long Beach was:

"Any time you go out with someone, be sure to mention that your dad is a rugged outdoor man who has rifles and guns, and that he could fly out there in a jet in just a few hours."

Once in Hollywood, I corresponded regularly with my mother, and she ended every letter with the same counsel.

"Be a good girl, Marianne," she wrote without fail. "Go to church and take care of yourself."

Well, after a week of soul searching, I decided that perhaps I'd permitted myself to become more troubled than the facts justified. After all, I still was a good girl, and I had taken care of myself. Perhaps I'd used poor judgment in dressing like a sex-pot for the interview—but on the other hand I'd used good judgment by getting out of the producer's office while the getting was good. I decided that it was childish to pretend that the incident was not partly my own fault. The next time I'd know better. I'd never go to another interview costumed like a teenage Mae West.

I gradually convinced myself that it didn't make sense to judge all producers by the one who had interviewed me. In that respect my second thoughts were to prove correct. Because I was to discover that producers were no different from so many other men in Hollywood—whether they were famous orchestra leaders or movie stars. Hollywood sex traps, I discovered, are where you find them—in a crowded restaurant, at a party, in a car or at someone's apartment.

All this was quite unnerving, but it still didn't necessarily prove that a girl who was nice couldn't make the grade. Certainly there was temptation. But there was temptation in Chicago, too. I had to recognize that as awful as the producer's behavior had been, he still hadn't tried to make me do anything against my will. As long as I had the power of decision why shouldn't I keep on trying?

Actually I should have realized from the way we were protected during the Miss Universe Contest how many pitfalls faced a pretty teenager in Hollywood. At the time I thought all their precautions were ridiculous. During our two and a half weeks at the Lafayette Hotel in Long Beach we not only were constantly accompanied by chaperones, but guarded by police. We couldn't even go to the powder room or get a newspaper unless a chaperone was along. We weren't even allowed to receive phone calls, and our telegrams were screened. Our messages and telegrams were turned over to us only after the contest.

One night Tallulah Bankhead was phoned by a reporter at 3:00 a.m. to check a story. "Do you know what time it is?" she thundered. "You've a nerve! How dare you wake people out of a sound sleep? Just a minute till I turn off the radio."

Earl Wilson in the New York Post

I moved in with an aunt and uncle in West Hollywood and proceeded to check those messages out. I soon understood why they had taken such elaborate precautions. Out of the hundreds of phone calls only five turned out to be legitimate. All the others were thinly disguised ruses of Hollywood wolves on the make.

Thinking back, I realized I should have been prepared for what followed, and that made me feel a little better. Even so, I still was stunned every time I stumbled into another Hollywood sex trap. It didn't matter whether they were teenage idols or producers. They all had more or less the same thing on their minds.

In fact, one of the things that helped remove the sour taste resulting from some of my early experiences was my friendship with one of Hollywood's most popular young stars. Going out with him gave me such a lift. It was so nice not having to be on the defensive for being nice.

Once after I'd flown to Chicago for a visit with my folks, he met me at the airport on my return and invited me to dinner that night. I had the feeling that something was troubling him. I was right. He had done a lot of thinking during my absence.

"Marianne," he spoke slowly and I could see that it was painful for him, "there are two kinds of girls. There's your kind and there's the other kind. You know how much I like and respect you. You're the type a fellow isn't ashamed to be seen with. Then there's the other kind you don't like to be seen with. You know what I mean—the kind that wants to have a good time as much as a fellow does. What I'm trying to say is that if we still went together you'd have to go all the way, and I know you're not that kind of girl. It's hard to explain, but do you understand, Marianne?"

Naturally I understood. I don't know how he could have made it plainer. He was going through a stage that I imagine every boy his age does—of finding out about sex. At first I was shocked and hurt, but I was grateful that he still had too good an opinion of me to think of me as the kind of girl he could experiment with. At least he was forthright about it, and didn't try to set any sex traps.

I wish I could say as much for an older Hollywood idol who stars on one of television's most popular cowboy series.

Disillusioned again

I'd never have suspected him of the slightest ulterior motive. We met when two other Miss Universe contestants and I posed with him for publicity pictures. Under the circumstances, I thought it was perfectly all right to let him know where I was staying, and he gave me no reason to regret that decision. One week end he dropped by when my dad flew in for a visit. My dad thought a great deal of him.

It was entirely by coincidence that I saw our cowboy hero again a year later in Chicago. I'd gone home to take part in a July 4th parade, and he happened to be in Chicago at the same time. My father had told him to phone anytime he was in town. To his great surprise, I answered the phone when he called. I invited him over for dinner, and it was a lovely evening. He was warm and friendly, down to earth and a perfect gentleman.

As it turned out, both of us were planning to return to Hollywood the following day, although he had to leave on a later plane. He wondered if I'd like to go out when we got back, and we made a date right in front of my folks. He had made a marvelous impression on them—and on me. After he left, my dad nodded vigorous agreement as my mother said:

"He's such a nice young man. You can't realize what a comfort it is to us to realize you know people like him in Hollywood."

Back in Hollywood he didn't phone me until 11:00 the following night.

"How would you like to come to my place and have dinner?" he suggested.

Had it not been so late I don't think I would have begged off.

"Don't worry about that, Marianne," he urged me. "Why don't you just take a cab both ways and charge it to me?"

"No," I insisted, "I still wouldn't feel comfortable."

He wasn't easily discouraged.

"All right then," he said, "I've got a better idea. Why not have dinner and stay overnight? It's very safe. There's a separate bedroom, and I'd give you the key."

"Well, would anyone else be there?"

"No," he admitted frankly, "the maid doesn't stay. It would be just you and me."

Bang went another illusion! By then he'd certainly made his less than honorable intentions clear enough, and if I had walked into his sex trap I would have had no one to blame but myself. I just let him know that wasn't my cup of tea.

But curiously, I don't feel bitter. As long as they don't use force, I never really get too angry. Practically every fellow you date in Hollywood somehow gets to the subject of sex. They act as if there would be something wrong with them if they didn't at least try.

Sometimes I even feel a little sorry for them. I particularly have in mind a recent date when a boy who was getting very lovey-dovey in the car suggested that we go to his apartment. I decided to teach him a lesson.

"Oh no, I couldn't do that," I whispered, "but what about going to *my* apartment?"

I almost burst out laughing watching him try to conceal his excitement. He couldn't believe his luck! What he didn't know, of course, was that my roommate, Connie Stevens, wasn't feeling well, and I knew she'd be home.

All the way to my place, he kept telling me how much he really liked me, how wonderful and mature I was. When we parked, he jumped out of the car, ran around and opened the door for me.

He expressed surprise that the lights were on in the apartment.

"Oh, I forgot to turn them off when I left," I said.

As soon as we went into the living room, he sank down on the couch, took my hand, and tried to pull me alongside him.

"I'd love some coffee," I said, gently freeing my hand, "wouldn't you?"

"Not really," he replied, "but if you're going to have some, I suppose I might as well join you."

I went into the kitchen, put some coffee on, and slipped into Connie's bedroom.

"Don't make a sound," I whispered after explaining what was going on, "but be sure to come out in a few minutes."

I returned to the living room and sat next to my date.

"Would you like some cookies while the coffee is getting ready?" I asked.

He shook his head and put his arm around me. I sat up and said I felt like having a cigarette.

"You can smoke later," he breathed as he kissed me on the cheek.

He got more affectionate by the second. His kisses became more ardent, and I was beginning to get alarmed. Just then there was a loud squeaking noise. The bedroom door opened, and in walked Connie!

My date jumped bolt upright!

"Why, Connie!" I feigned surprise. "What are you doing home?"

"I wasn't feeling well," she covered a yawn, "so I decided I'd stay home. I'm not breaking in on anything, am I?"

"Of course not," my date knew I had to be polite, "why don't you have a cup of coffee with us?"

"Well, I'm so tired. . . ."

My date's face brightened.

"But maybe I will have just one before I go back to bed."

She had one and then another. My date kept saying, "Well, it's getting kind of late. I'll have to be going pretty soon."

Connie was not about to take the hint. Finally at 1:30 her dad, musician Teddy Stevens, came home. My date was livid. He mumbled the good-byes of a foiled romeo and stalked out.

I'm afraid I lose more boyfriends that way.

Temptations and good judgment

For sheer audacity, I never had an experience to compare with a recently divorced orchestra leader who didn't even make a pretense of bothering with the usual softening-up preliminaries. He simply called me up, told me who he was, and said, "I saw your picture in a producer's office yesterday. You're very attractive, and I'd like to meet you tonight."

"I don't even know you!" I exclaimed.

"You may not know me," he laughed, "but you've heard of me."

He sounded rather nice even if he was unusually forthright, and I knew from his own pictures that he was quite handsome.

"Besides," I said, "I already have plans for this evening. However if you're that insistent on meeting me, I suppose I could say hello at lunch."

I felt there couldn't be much danger in broad daylight. If he really turned out to be nice, there would be nothing wrong in going out with him. So I agreed to have lunch with him at the Beverly Gourmet.

The head waiter led me to his table. He stood up, threw out his arms as if we were old and warm friends, and puckered his lips as though he really expected to kiss me! I did my best to ignore his fantastically effusive greeting, and sat down. The moment I did, he grabbed my hand and said, "You're just as charming as I knew you'd be. I have a nice evening all planned."

He didn't even make any small talk. I just sat there astonished as he went on.

"Not very often," he assured me, patting my captive hand, "will you have the chance to be loved by someone like me. I'm very dynamic. When I work, I work very hard. When I sing, I sing all the way. When I love, I love all the way."

"Well, you just happen to have the wrong girl," I got up to leave, but he caught my hand again.

"Anytime I date a girl," he serenely ignored my indignation, "we have a thorough understanding. I have no time to waste with any girl who's coy. I'm very nice to people who are very nice to me."

It was so incredible I almost laughed.

"Do you really have many girls fall for that line?" I gasped.

"It's not a line," he said earnestly. "Very few girls pass up such an opportunity. This is my philosophy of life. And the sooner you find out about this way of living, the happier you will be."

His brashness was beyond imagination. As I stomped out of the restaurant, he blandly uttered these parting words, "Don't forget. Call me when you decide."

No wonder, with creatures like that crawling out of the woodwork, you keep wondering if a good girl can make good.

Not that I think sex is anything sordid or shameful. It's just that there is a right time and place for it. For me, marriage is the only right time. In my opinion to make sex beautiful you definitely have to be in love with someone and married to him.

So many Hollywood men have tried to shame me into submitting to their desires. "You're inhibited," they ridicule. "You should grow up and act like a woman. You're not enjoying life."

I happen to think *they're* the ones who really aren't enjoying life. I know there are girls who don't agree with me.

"Sure," they say, "you don't have to be *loose*. But when it's to your advantage . . . well, there's nothing to be ashamed of."

Perhaps not for them. I know *I'd* die with shame.

I also have met quite a few girls who would give anything if they had not made the mistake of such thinking.

"Don't let anyone kid you," these girls tell me, "all you get that way is grief and regret. Once you do it, word gets around, and everybody expects you to be easy. There's no longer any question of saying no."

Fortunately, with study, hard work and my self respect intact, I've been able to make progress. And without sacrificing my principles or bringing shame to myself and my family. Nice girls can get jobs. I've done a lot of work in television and lately I've had more luck in pictures. So I've proved to my own satisfaction that a girl doesn't have to turn her back on her moral values unless she wants to.

I know that in the long run I'll be a lot happier than girls who take the Hollywood shortcuts. Those shortcuts are mined with sex traps and tragedy.

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Barbara Stanwyck: SHE ASKED and she RECEIVED

Some people like to collect rare stamps; others go in for paintings, china, or tapestries. Glenn Ford once collected some seven thousand classical records, then cultivated a fondness for hundreds of rare pipes and tobaccos. At one time Julie London's passion was antique silver.

Barbara Stanwyck's great dream was to own a complete dinner service for twelve of world-famous—and costly—hand-blown glass. But her hard-headed business manager pointed out that her dream was a pretty expensive one, that she didn't really need it, and told her: "Nothing doing!" She argued with him, but couldn't get him to change his mind. It burned her up that here she was a movie star, yet she couldn't even buy what she wanted. . . .

Then Barbara hit upon an idea. To friends and family she mentioned—oh, so casually!—that if anyone *insisted* on giving her a birthday or Christmas present, some of that glass would be mighty welcome. It needn't be much, she added modestly, even salt and pepper shakers would be just lovely. . . .

Her birthday arrived, and the mail brought dozens of small boxes. Eagerly she tore open the first one. Oh, just what she wanted: something for her dinner service. How wonderful, her plan was working. She tore off the tissue paper and held the beautiful glass up to the light. It was a salt and pepper set. She admired it for a few happy moments and then put it gently down and opened the next package. She unwrapped it and took out—a salt and pepper set!

Well, good, Barbara thought, *I can put one at each end of the table.*

She picked up another package. Of course, salt and pepper. . . .

By the time the day was over, Barbara stopped opening those small packages. She knew what was inside. There was not one plate, not one cup, not one soup bowl.

"Come Christmas, I'll ask for my glass dinner set again," she decided ruefully. "But this time I'll be a little more specific!"

Introducing Efrem

(*Continued from page 37*)

Temple Street digs and packed his best rags.

When the show left that night 'Zim' Zimbalist left with it. He stayed with it in Philadelphia and in Washington, too. Each glorious night he beaued numbers sixteen and eighteen, also several other flashy showbabes in a binge that lasted until his allowance for the college term was gone and he was flat as a pancake. Then, with enough classroom cuts to sink a Phi Beta Kappa, he went back to school. The dean informed him firmly that Yale could get along very nicely without a playboy like Efrem Zimbalist, Junior.

If you called Efrem 'playboy' today, he'd shake his head unbelievingly and chuckle right in your face. It's about the last tag anyone in his right mind, including Efrem, would hang on this composed, purposeful gentleman of many mature parts who leads a private life as normal and steady as 98.6°. "And really rather dull, too, I suppose," he cheerfully confesses. "Up at six, home at seven, in bed by ten—that's me."

In between, about the only capers Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. pulls these days are his TV escapades as Stewart Bailey, the suave sleuth of 77 *Sunset Strip*. Ten hours a day, five days a week most of the year, Zim reports with banker's regularity to get his handsome head slugged, six-foot body ticked by bullets or roped and dumped from a speeding car and once even sealed in a coffin. Sexy molls are usually out to hook him, or vice versa.

Efrem at home

At his sprawling Encino country home, however, Efrem drops the act for a very different reality. The only heels that kick up there are those belonging to the saddle horses in his stables. The women he's involved with are his pretty, pixyish wife, Stephanie; their three-year-old daughter, Steffi, and Efrem's fifteen-year-old daughter, Nancy. He's surrounded by kids, pets, trees, paint, fertilizer, books, music and the delightful distractions of domesticity. He's alert and sensitive to everything around him, but he couldn't be more relaxed. A close friend of his puts it this way: "Ef," he says, "is the most *adult* person I know."

At thirty-eight, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. is certainly adult enough to evaluate and appreciate the wild-haired sprees that used to be par for the course with him—every bit as accurately as he once sized up that chorus line's charms and obeyed his impulse. It wasn't the first time or the last.

"But, in some ways," he says, "I'm glad I did. Not that I'd recommend following my foolish footsteps. I tossed away opportunities with a cavalier disregard for the future. I disappointed people who loved me and had high hopes for me. I wasted valuable time and money and I got in some lovely jams. Today I'd be disgusted with myself. I wasn't then, because I wasn't what I am now. And it could be that's just the reason I am—if that makes sense."

When he talks, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. pulls thoughtfully at the shell-briar pipe usually clamped between his white, even teeth. The corners of his good-natured brown eyes crinkle. "I guess the best way to put it," he grins, "is with the old cliche: youth must have its fling. There comes a time when you have to snap the leash, no matter what happens. It's a part of growing up you just can't duck. And, if you ask me, it's a lot better to let the bugs out, when they're ready to fly, than to hold them in for later when it might be more disastrous. I'm not exactly Dad, the old armchair philosopher, yet," he allows, "but I'm thankful that I got all that out of my system so I could handle the real knocks when they came along."

The raps were rugged for Efrem Zimbalist when they came. Among others, he lost the first real love of his life when his first wife died leaving him with two small children to care for. But long before that happened he was mature enough to meet responsibility. And he'd found his groove in life.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. is not shallow enough to credit all this to a reasonably misspent youth. He's grateful for a privileged background and a heritage of unusual intelligence, talent and worth. "But that's pure luck," he believes. "It doesn't really make much difference who you are or where you come from. It's up to you. The set-up varies but the problem is basically the same: somewhere along the line you have to take off, let yourself go and hope for the best. No one else can learn for you."

From the crib on

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., started with the best of everything and every opportunity to learn. He was born almost with a silver tuning fork in his mouth, November 30, 1922, in a spacious New York town house. His father, of course, was Efrem Zimbalist, a gifted Russian from Rostov-on-Don who became one of the world's great concert violinists. Alma Gluck, his mother, was a world-famous operatic star and a Victor Red-Seal favorite of her day. Efrem's half-sister on his mother's side is Marcia Davenport, the novelist, although she was grown by the time he came along. Closer by far was his sister Maria, three years older, who saw eye to eye with Zim about the free life. All their young lives Maria and Efrem scrapped like cub wildcats, but palled up for adventure. They adore each other today, although when Efrem was still in his crib, Maria did her best to eliminate the competition.

One afternoon, Alma Zimbalist happened in the nursery to find Maria leaning over her sibling rival, a pair of scissors poised in her small fist. She quickly lowered the dagger and patted Efrem's head. "*Nice* little brother," purred that infantile Lady Macbeth, "*sweet* little brother. *I* wouldn't stick him in the head with scissors, would I?"

At that point, Efrem was a tempting target. His blond curls had suddenly dropped out leaving him as bald as a baby Yul Brynner. When his hair came in, it was black and thick and he hadn't lost a one since. "But I've often wondered," grins Efrem, patting the mop speculatively, "if underneath somewhere there's not a hole in my head."

Outside of Maria's brief threat, there was hardly a flaw in young Efrem Zimbalist's family picture. Money was never a problem. Although his mother stopped concert tours with her babies (Efrem never heard her sing except on records) her royalties poured in. His father's concert fees were steady and fabulous. At the big house in Manhattan's East Seventies and at the Connecticut summer one, too, the Zimbalists lived in Continental elegance. Five servants staffed them both and the children had their own governess. They wore custom clothes and, for a while, when they traveled it was in their mother's private railroad car. When Junior Zimbalist went off to exclusive Bovee School, he was driven to and from by a chauffeur. This gave Ef his first chance to live it up. He talked the driver into racing the other kids home.

Sometimes they raced classmates named

Lex Barker or Mel Ferrer and then he had a chance. But usually, headed his way was a kid named Reid, whose grandfather owned the *Herald-Tribune*. "We could never lick him," recalls Zim. "His car had a press sticker and the cops waved it right by. We got stopped and handed tickets." When the tickets piled up at home the joy-rides were over.

Gentleman's reply

By that time pint-sized Efrem Zimbalist was already in love. He'd tumbled hard for a curly-topped blonde in kindergarten, who later became a society glamour girl. Efrem bumped into her now and then and went to her coming out party later. But he kept his secret until one night, a while back, at a dinner party in Beverly Hills. Married now, like himself, and not so glamorous, Zim thought it safe to tell her. "About a thousand years ago," he smiled, "I was desperately in love with you."

The kiddie heartbeat gave him a blank stare. "Where in the world was that?" He told her about kindergarten and his unvoiced passion, thinking it funny. The stare froze.

"That's impossible," she cut him off. "We couldn't have gone to kindergarten together. You're obviously much older than I!"

"You're right, of course," Efrem retreated gallantly. "It must have been another little girl."

He knew it wasn't, but if there's one thing Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., unmistakably is, it's a gentleman. It's not just his pleasantly cultured voice and ease of manner which, even on 77 *Sunset Strip*, set Efrem apart from Edd 'Kookie' Byrnes and Roger Smith, too. The hallmark goes deeper: Efrem's considerate, never rude; he's friendly, not hostile; open instead of suspicious. He gets amorous fan mail, of course, but seldom the wacky kind. "I'd like to be in love with you," wrote one smitten girl, "because I know you'd never hurt me."

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., has never consciously hurt anyone in his life. He's too sensitive himself for that, too gentle. At home today he's like an affectionate big brother with his teen-age children, Nancy and Skipper (Efrem III)—whom he raised alone for half their lives. Almost anything that lives finds refuge in Encino with the Zimbalists—stray cats, dogs, turtles, lizards, snakes, birds—even skunks. Zim himself pets a Japanese rat and sometimes lets it burrow down in his pillow at night. He was upset not long ago when he brought home a new Dane puppy and the family poodle ran away in a jealous huff. "I know just how she felt," sympathizes Efrem. "Like Maria did when I muscled in at home."

Efrem's own juvenile breakaways were not spurred by bitterness, anger or the vicious resentment of a mixed-up juvenile delinquent. That's why he can look back and call them good. "I was simply too tightly collared," Efrem explains. "When the collar slipped I went wild exploring my freedom."

His mother and father: what they were like

Although the Zimbalist kids were so close to their governess that when her time came to leave, Maria secretly phoned the transfer company that was coming for her baggage and canceled the order—their mother, Alma, ruled the roost. Alma Gluck was a formidable woman. "Almost ferocious," as Zim remembers, "in her demand for perfection and discipline." Those virtues had made a beautiful, talented but obscure Rumanian girl into a rich, renowned artist who sang for royalty and mastered five languages. She applied these demands for perfection to her children's lives and the organization of the Zimbalist household.

His father was completely different. Efrem Zimbalist, Senior, who lived a public life, was and is reserved and reticent by nature. He addressed the world—and his family—as he did his violin, gently, with deep feeling and a mastery that was subtle, not overpowering.

Efrem Zimbalist was away on tour when his son was born and absent on his first fifteen birthdays. Sometimes, when Junior was old enough, he went along—once on an around-the-world tour. But they were never *pals*. "I never had a heart-to-heart talk with my father," says Efrem, Jr.; "we never told each other much about ourselves and still don't." Yet, the influence was pervasive. In his manhood, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., favors his gentle dad temperamentally more than he does his dynamic mother. As a boy, it was the other way around.

From both, Efrem, Jr., inherited a love of good music and a talent that was to show up later on. He was exposed to culture and the arts from the time he could crawl. Famous actors, painters, writers, composers and musicians cluttered the drawing room. When Junior was only five his father handed him a violin and commissioned Jascha Heifetz' father to start him out. Junior stuck it restlessly for three years, getting his knuckles swatted for inattention by the maestro, who finally threw up his hands and walked out. Efrem was exposed to the piano next and disappointed his father the same way. He plays and composes both today for his own pleasure, but *then* he studied them only to please his parent. When it was painfully obvious that he'd never be a virtuoso, Zimbalist *père* shrugged philosophically and let up the pressure. Both instruments were always around when Efrem cared to touch them. Things were strictly different with his mother's projects for her young son.

One summer, when he was only ten, she gave him a power boat that did twenty-two knots. Zim roared off alone at once on his maiden voyage, racing the ferryboat from Fisher's Island, where the Zimbalists often summered, to New London, Connecticut. He'd been cautioned to turn on the cooling system before he started but, of course, he forgot about that. Halfway across the Sound it conked out and he wallowed perilously for six hours until fishermen picked him up. That was the end of the speed boat. His mother promptly took it away and sold it.

Campus hell raisers

One reason Efrem's mother gave him the boat was because she wanted him to be an engineer. But not a sloppy engineer for a minute. Already he'd spent two years in the strict Fay School in Southboro, Massachusetts, packed off at eight to start fundamentals. "It was a wrench for me at that age," remembers Efrem, "and I was miserably homesick. But I guess I was lucky to get it over with early. Later, in the Army, I saw kids who'd never been away from home a lot sicker than I ever was."

Another strict school, St. Paul's in Concord, New Hampshire, followed Fay. Efrem was the dinkiest kid in his class (he didn't sprout until he hit college) but he played football and baseball, rowed and made his letter in gym. He completed his last two forms in one year and graduated at sixteen. He also headed a band of campus hellraisers.

"It really wasn't so wicked," Zim laughs today. "Started, in fact, with a cigarette-smoking league strictly against rules, you know. That led to sneaking out for dates with town girls and finally we brazenly took in dances and stayed out all hours. We rubbed charcoal on our faces, wore



dark clothes and climbed in and out of my window. Well, one night the housemaster caught me—half in the window and half out."

The gang of sinners elected Zim spokesman to face Dr. Drury, the rector. He confessed everything so charmingly that instead of the expected ticket home, all he got was, "Well, I'm sure you'll never do a foolish thing like this again." The good doctor couldn't have been more wrong. Zim was just warming up for a monumental breakout ball in—of all places—Russia.

At St. Paul's he had just $1.50 a month to squander—when he could spring himself. In Moscow, sixteen-year-old Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., suddenly found himself rajah-rich, with over 100,000 rubles burning his pockets and no one around to fence him in. But let Efrem tell it. . . .

"It all happened," he explains, "because President Roosevelt recognized Soviet Russia and that spring Father got invited back, for the first time since he'd left for a concert tour. He took all of us with him and we splashed in the Black Sea while he played his dates. The home folks ate him up. He made more money than he ever had before anywhere. But it was all in rubles—and that was the catch. You couldn't take them out of Russia.

"When father ended his tour, he decided to let Maria and me stay in Russia. You see, I got word there that I'd flunked my entrance exams for Yale, and Maria had been bounced out of Bennington the year before. So, it seemed to make sense for us to spend the frozen loot broadening our outlooks while the dust settled. We accomplished both in style—but not quite as the family had planned. . . .

"They knew what usually happened when Maria and I got together, so I was staked out in Kiev at the Conservatory of Music. I lived with a Tartar family and had a tutor who couldn't speak a word of English. It didn't make sense to me. Maria was installed five hundred miles away in Moscow to learn Russian and explore the arts alone. As soon as the coast was clear I took out for Moscow and Maria."

Living it up in Moscow

Zim still sighs blissfully, re-living the extravagant orgy that followed. "Imagine," he says, "two kids who'd been supervised all their lives—like hothouse flowers—two supercharged ones like Maria and myself with a fortune to blow. We went exquisitely wild."

They lived like a prince and princess. They bought every luxury that was for sale—a fur coat apiece and individual grand pianos for their plush apartment. They raided the Moscow shops for diamond rings, watches, and expensive trinkets. They'd have bought a Rolls-Royce if they could have found one. Nights, Efrem and Maria practically supported the elegant Hotel Metropole, dining on *mollosol* caviar and *Cordon Bleu* champagne after the theater, opera or ballet. "At sixteen I was pleasantly stuffed and potted every night," recalls Zim. "We got so spoiled that when the waiter brought us *shashlik* on a skewer we groaned. We expected the chef to bring it in himself on a flaming sword."

Sometimes, they struggled out of bed for breakfast at three o'clock in the afternoon and a Russian language lesson. More often there was just time to get dressed for the night's ball.

What broke it up was the bitter Russian winter. One thing they couldn't buy in Russia was enough warm clothes. When they wrote home for those, two boat tickets came instead. With all their splurging, Efrem and Maria left 20,000 rubles in Russia. Going home, they carried a letter from a Moscow theatrical producer to Katherine Cornell in New York. On the boat they decided to open it. It was quite a letter.

"I'm sending this by two spoiled, silly, empty headed children who have been acting disgracefully in Moscow," it began. The report was too uncomfortably true. Efrem ripped up the note and tossed it out the porthole.

That fall he made Yale, all right, by boning at 'Rosy's' famous cram school. But after Moscow, campus life seemed dull as dishwater. Along came the chorus girls and that was that. It wasn't the end of Yale, however. Next year Efrem got another chance, as 'social sophomore', a polite term for a second-year freshman. But Zim Zimbalist still hadn't simmered his high-living Moscow tastes down to size. He made the mistake of loading up on eight o'clock classes.

"I just couldn't seem to get up on time," confesses Efrem, "and there were other distractions. But I had to do something to excuse the cuts or it was heave-ho again." He hit on the brilliant idea of becoming a chronic invalid. "My repertoire of sniffles, coughs, aches and pains," he claims, "was so realistic that sometimes I made myself actually sick." They didn't fool the doc, however. One morning when Efrem showed up at the dispensary shaking and pale, he called him into his office.

"Sit down, Mr. Zimbalist." Zim sat. "Now," he riffled a thick sheaf, "this record shows that you've been here with headaches, sore toes, runny noses, bloodshot eyes—and I daresay, hangnails, exactly forty-four times this term and last. I don't want to see you again in here unless you are at death's door—is that clear?"

It was clear, all right, but Zim was too far gone by then. His marks were dismal and his bills astronomical. He couldn't stand the food in Freshman commons, so he charged his dinners at expensive restaurants. He saw no point in wasting his allowance on laundry, so he charged a new shirt when one got dirty. "At one time," Efrem remembers, "I had forty shirts stacked under my bed—all charged to my father." Then, of course, there were girls.

All the reckonings caught up with him at once. That April Mr. E. Zimbalist, Junior, left Yale for the second time by request—and for keeps.

The hard road down

Efrem shakes his head at the goof-off, but without too painful regrets. "Obviously, I didn't belong in Yale," he concludes. "At that point, I wasn't up to it. Maybe because I was too young, too spoiled, too wild, too indifferent. I see some parents now shoe-horning their kids into college and propping them up all the time they're there. It's wrong. You don't get anything out of what you don't work for. I wasn't about to then and so what happened was inevitable. I had to pay to learn."

Efrem paid first by dropping his standard of living grimly below rock bottom. Back in New York he didn't dare see his parents. A friend fed and sheltered him until he got a page job at NBC and $15 a week. Then he found a room for $4, managed to eat on $1 a day. Word of his debacle at Yale and desperate condition reached home eventually, of course. And word reached Efrem that his mother was ill. He went home to face the music but there wasn't any. "Nobody bawled me out. My father was only sadly polite about it. I know mother was bitterly disappointed, but she didn't show it. That made it worse." She didn't tell Efrem either that she knew she was going to die.

Hard times had cooled Efrem down considerably, but he thinks his mother's death started him growing up at last. "Until then," he says, "I was still irresponsible and aimless, subconsciously relying on her great strength." At her funeral he thought of the things he should have done and hadn't, what he should have been and wasn't. He knew he had to do something with his life. What, though, was a mystery.

Acting had never occurred to Efrem. He suspected that actors were misfits who couldn't do anything else, which figured in his case. Also, the radio players he saw breezing importantly in and out of NBC seemed a lot better off than he was. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. took his first steps toward acting because they were the only ones he could see that led slightly up.

He quit ushering for a chance on the radio thriller, *Renfrew of the Mounted*, and after that was a voice on *Cavalcade of America*. He made the same $15 a week on both but he barely knew a dramatic role from a doughnut. Zim's first efforts to develop his art make him laugh today, although they weren't so funny at the time.

"There was a slightly insane woman down in the Village with the improbable idea of replacing second features on movie bills with plays," he relates. "Unfortunately, I heard about her and thought—ah—that's for me! That winter we rehearsed for nights and nights in an old stable with no heat and no pay, naturally, working up *The Last Mile*, but it didn't move a foot. Nobody booked it. Undaunted, we tried again with *Alice in Wonderland*, believe it or not. It opened—and closed—in less than

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one night. Four people came, and three demanded their money back. We were so lousy even the stage crew booed!"

First love

After that, Zim decided he'd literally have to pay to learn. His father staked him to a year's tuition at Neighborhood Playhouse, and there a lovely, starry-eyed 'Navy brat' named Emily McNair made the year even more interesting. For a while, Efrem wondered if this was just another flare-up of his old weakness but each day and each date told him it was not. It was the real thing, and the stars in Emily's eyes were contagious. She's probably the real reason Efrem's a successful actor today. Because he loved her, and lost her, but never quite forgot the ambition they shared in his first mature devotion. Emily was step two in growing up for Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.

They talked of marrying and continuing their studies at the Royal Academy in London. Efrem got to London, eventually, but not with Emily. He went on different business with step three of his maturing process—the Army.

"If there was any playboy left lurking around in me," he says, "the Army knocked it out."

He was drafted in February, 1941, almost a year before Pearl Harbor. Days after that red December 7, Emily McNair became Mrs. Efrem Zimbalist, Jr. The next four years were bittersweet.

In the infantry, Efrem rattled around at Fort Dix, New Jersey, and Ft. Jackson, South Carolina, where there was no room for a bride. Luckily, but "with no justification whatever," he put down 'actor' as his civilian occupation, so, naturally, they made him a clerk. For a year he had a commuter's desk job on Governor's Island and some life with Emily. Then his chance came for OCS. Efrem got his gold bars at Ft. Benning, Georgia. He followed the D-Day invasion into France as a replacement officer. In Paris, right after the Liberation, Lt. Zimbalist had his last caper. He went AWOL and joined the celebration, but he didn't get caught. A Nazi landmine ripped his leg in Germany for his Purple Heart and, what was more important to him, five discharge points to bring him nearer home and his family. He was in the hospital at Bristol, England, when Emily sent him V-mail news of Nancy's birth.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., was five years in uniform and plenty glad, at the end, to shuck it. But he wouldn't trade his experience for anything. It put the seal of manhood on him. Indirectly, it gave him his real chance to act. After his wound Zim did some Special Service shows for two Army captains named Garson Kanin and Josh Logan. Both liked Zim's style and both are pretty important producers. One put him on Broadway; later, the other sent him to Hollywood. Kanin pitched first. Less than a month after he got home Efrem played a featured part in *The Rugged Path*.

That break seemed to usher in the best years of Zim's young life. He seasoned his craft with the American Repertory Theater in a half dozen more plays. He established a home in Bedford Village with Emily and Nancy. Skipper was born to bless it. With his friend, Chandler Cowles, Efrem had the satisfaction of producing the first operatic works of Gian-Carlo Menotti, *The Medium*, *The Telephone* and *The Consul* (which won a Pulitzer Prize). He felt great, worked hard, tasted success and saw light ahead at last.

Then suddenly his world turned black.

The black years

The doctor told him why Emily was so thin and tired—and why she'd never get well. For two years, Efrem kept the secret from her, as his mother once had from him. Emily died right before *The Consul's* triumph.

Efrem Zimbalist, Jr., doesn't like to talk about the desolate stretch which followed. But if you press him, he tries to explain, in part at least, why when Emily died he cut off a flourishing career and didn't speak a line for four years.

"The heart was gone out of it for me," he says. "Acting had brought us together and it was something we had loved together. We loved, I think, the sociability of the theater as much as the work. But without Emily I didn't want to see people. Maybe I wasn't yet adult enough to face what happened. Anyway, I had to get off by myself for a while."

He took Nancy and Skipper to a house in Connecticut. For a year Efrem could do nothing except try to make up their loss to them. Then in his solitude he turned to his undeveloped heritage—music. Menotti encouraged him to write and so did another composer friend, Samuel Barber. He mastered counterpoint and harmony. For another year he lost himself writing serious compositions. Efrem still writes them as a hobby. Then, he did it as a sort of therapy. But it wasn't a living. His father needed an assistant at Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia, which he headed. Efrem's first step back to the outside world was there. He stayed two years.

"Then, one afternoon I was sitting on a bench in Rittenhouse Square," Efrem recalls. "Suddenly I got a good look at myself and it appalled me. What was I doing there feeding peanuts to the squirrels? What was I doing in Philadelphia? What was I doing working in a school? I knew I had to go back to the gregarious, exciting life I really wanted."

Zim quit his job and eased back with summer stock in New Jersey and Buck's County, Pennsylvania. In New York he played on TV soap operas and then the big air shows. By the fall of 1955 he was ready for Broadway again, rehearsing Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels*. But something was missing. One night, right before Christmas, he began to realize what that was.

Sometimes Efrem shudders to think how he almost missed meeting Stephanie Spaulding. If rehearsals hadn't broken early that evening, he'd have just had time for dinner before a party that started at 10:30. As it was, Bill Windom, a friend in the play, asked him to dinner at his place and then, with time still to kill, suggested they look in on a couple of girls he knew.

"If I make the party I'll be doing great," Zim yawned.

"Wake up," Bill told him. "It's almost Merry Christmas."

They took a cab over to an old apartmentized house on 49th Street. Steffi was in an old shirt, jeans and barefooted. She was shining a pair of riding boots and she didn't stop when Zim was introduced. He asked her which she was shining, her face, smeared with polish, or the boots and why?

"I'm going to ride in a hunt tomorrow," said the dishevelled blonde pertly. "And I want to look nice when I fall off my horse."

"Bet you don't."

"How much?"

"All I've got—let's see—four bits?"

The real thing . . . twice

That's about how it went and pretty soon Zim and Bill did, too. But the next afternoon Efrem's housekeeper scribbled on his memo pad, "Lady phoned—said you owe her fifty cents." Zim knew where to take the half-dollar and a gift-wrapped bottle of pain killer. Without the shoe polish he thought Steffi made a beautifully irresistible cripple. They didn't miss much time



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after that. They were married two months later.

With sprite-like Steffi, Efrem Zimbalist learned to laugh again. He also learned that the real thing can come twice with equal intensity. He still wears a gold signet ring that Emily gave him, with a flowery design traced around the initials. It's a bluebell, because that was his pet name for her. Steffi understands. She understood before she married Efrem.

They've been supremely happy for almost four years, and the prospect is forever. A Washington, D. C., girl, daughter of a diplomat, Stephanie has lived around the world, was educated in Boston and Europe. She's artistic, athletic, domestic, good humored and in Zim's words, "a constant, delightful surprise"—about all a man like Zimbalist could ask for. Steffi's also pretty darned capable.

When Efrem's other Special Service captain, Josh Logan, sent him out to Hollywood late in 1956 to test for *Sayonara,* Steffi came along, leaving Nancy and Skipper back East in school. But Jim Garner already had the job Efrem wanted sewed up. At Warner's he tested for *Bombers B-52,* but his agent told him, "Forget it—they want Tab Hunter." The Zimbalists packed up to leave. Then the phone rang again with the good news. "You got it—a contract, too." That was December 17, a week before their first Christmas together. So Efrem had to leave for location at dawn.

Efrem took Stephanie to the plane and kissed her a gloomy good-bye. "I guess we skip this one," he said. She just hugged him closer, and he felt like a dog wishing all the hard work on her: renting their apartment, taking the kids out of school, packing their things, making the move to Hollywood—a hundred tedious chores. It would take weeks.

By Christmas Eve, Efrem was more miserable. He hadn't heard a word from New York. In his hotel room he dressed to have dinner with the Ira Gershwins. They were old friends and the invitation was a lifesaver, but—well—they weren't his family. He was going out the door when the phone called him back.

Surprise!

"This is your landlord," said a voice. "I've got a problem at your house." What house? "The one you've rented," Efrem was informed. "There's a big package up here and I don't know what to do with it. You'll have to come up." And he wouldn't take no for an answer.

Put out and mystified, Efrem followed directions, winding up high in the Hollywood hills, upset that he'd be late for a very kind invitation. He found the place at last and banged open the door impatiently. Under a lighted tree sat his package —Stephanie, Nancy and Skipper, chorusing "Merry Christmas!" She'd done it all in seven days, alone on both coasts to meet a sentimental deadline.

Since that miracle, Efrem doesn't underestimate the power of the fragile-looking woman he loves. She can outride him on a horse, keep up with him in the pool and on skis. More important, Steffi's a devoted mother to Nancy, Skipper and Steffi, Jr. Keeping that active brood and the Zimbalist menagerie fed, cared for and happy is a full-time job, but Steffi and Efrem have made their two-acre ranchette into just the kind of green, blooming, graciously comfortable place they need, in less than a year. It's no wonder Zim says, "Once there, I'm a hard man to move."

They belong to several clubs—the Los Angeles Tennis, California Racquet and West Hills Hunt, among others. They have "hundreds of friends." But the '34 Packard that Efrem bought ten years ago for $300—and loves madly—seldom chugs out of the garage except to the studio. For one thing he's so busy. Efrem has six pictures behind him and more ahead, if he ever gets unglued from *77 Sunset Strip,* which doesn't seem likely soon. "We haven't had a honeymoon yet," reveals Ef, "and we talk about Europe—or even New York and all the shows. But actually the best show on earth is watching our children grow." Which is just another way of saying that home is where the heart lives. **END**

Ricky and the Hushed-up Demolition Race

(*Continued from page 41*)

can negotiate sharply banked curves at 100 miles per hour without breathing hard.

He got his kicks swerving a car wildly, leaving shreds of burned tire rubber and a field of swift racers in his wake.

He liked racing the moon, knowing that he'd never win but at least willing to give the cow up there a run for her money.

Yes, decided Rick that morning as the sun which filtered into his room did nothing to temper his reckless determination, *I've got to race again!*

There was no mistaking it. Rick once again had his terrible urge to get behind the wheel of a car.

It's a habit which had Hollywood biting its nails.

Friends of the Nelsons, who watched Rick develop into an intelligent, mature boy, were worried that he would never ripen into the maturity of manhood.

Death must be reckoned with on the accident-marred, blood-scarred speedways used by Rick to unleash his tremendous drive to go, go, go.

And Rick had almost traveled the highway to heaven more than once. . . .

The first big wreck

Like the big, fantastic wreck which almost cost him his life late one night two Decembers before.

That particular wreck happened in Beverly Hills. The city is a sedate residential area well-patrolled by steel-eyed motorcycle officers who are not afraid to hand out traffic citations.

But this night there wasn't a cop in sight . . . and it was late . . . and Rick was loose behind the wheel of his primed-for-action Porsche.

Rick, forgetting that Beverly Hills was not the Hollywood Freeway, roared through the city with abandon. Instead of writing 'Ricky Was Here' at the intersections he passed, he left vicious streaks of rubber smeared on the roadway . . . streaks which can be used as evidence in a vehicular manslaughter case like a blood-stained knife is evidence in a murder case.

Rick was traveling the road by instinct . . . like a pilot who blacks out at the controls but can keep his plane aloft because of his time-trained reflexes . . . and was not really noticing the dangers lurking in the darkness.

Suddenly, looming like it was the Mississippi River, a slick spot of water appeared on the road. Rick still isn't sure whether or not he ever saw it, but he did see the island in the center of the divided road. Swerving with the desperation of a man fighting for his life, he failed to keep the sleek car upright and flipped over amidst the terrifying crunch of metal and the tinkling of shattered glass.

He and his friend miraculously escaped serious injury in a wreck which veteran examining officers agreed should have resulted in death.

But while such a wreck would have kept most any other survivor off the streets, it did little to ease Rick's urge to drive . . . fast.

"I guess I just like to drive," he rationalized without apologies.

And today Rick was going to drive again.

As he quickly finished dressing, Rick happily realized that—in the middle of nowhere—he had discovered an outlet for his racing prowess. This part of the world was going to be a drag no longer!

He rushed through the day's takes with more enthusiasm than usual and after the director called it quits, he and his friend and stand-in, Joe Byrnes, quickly changed clothes and rushed off the set.

This was going to be a night to remember for both of them.

Dangerous destination

As the sun crept below some of the peaks jutting out into the sun-scorched desert, Joe and Rick headed for a racing strip near Tucson.

They didn't tell anyone when they were going because, unlike some of Ricky's past speedway appearances—which had been the world's worst-kept secrets—this one had to be hushed up.

Warner Brothers was not especially anxious to lose its star in the middle of a multi-million dollar picture. Had Rick and Joe told the producer of their intention, they probably would have been kept under twenty-four hour surveillance by a crack corps of Pinkertons.

Rick and Joe were unusually quiet on the way to the track, but their stomachs had butterflies chattering away like spinsters on a party line. It was the kind of conversation which produces ulcers.

They were nervously silent because Rick was about to experience something new. This race was going to be literally a fight to the finish!

And Rick had another worry etched into his troubled mind. He was entering the race as a 'mystery driver'—his name was not going to be revealed to anyone. Only he and Joe were aware of his identity.

What if someone unmasked him?

It would cost him future roles because producers would type him as a 'risk' property, not concerned enough with the picture he was working on to protect their 'investment' in Rick Nelson, boy actor.

As they pulled up at the racing oval, Rick realized that he was in this thing for keeps . . . come what may, and who knew what might come?

"This was it," recalls Rick with the cautious awareness of a survivor. "The Demolition Derby.

"It's a pretty wild thing. You take a half dozen old jalopies, the most beat-up things around, and practically junk them. You knock their windows out and barely leave their motors in one piece.

"Then you line them all up in the infield and at the gun you go after each other in a wild free-for-all. You try to knock into as many cars as possible and anything goes.

"You're strapped in and helmeted and reinforced for the dozens of bumps you know you're going to get.

"You just go for broke. It's not a race. It's more a sort of auto suicide. You kill the cars—and maybe yourself.

"The last guy running under his own power is considered the winner.

"Well, for about fifteen minutes we were knocking around and flying all over the infield. We just slashed at each other. Finally there were only two of us left. Me and another guy.

"I was going to try to win by cutting across the infield into him broadside. I sliced both our cars with the impact. . . ."

"What a stupid way to die . . ."

If Rick could disengage himself from the wreck and just move another inch under his own steam, then he would be the winner of The Demolition Derby. But he never got the chance. . . .

"Suddenly," he says with a shiver, "I saw that my car was on fire and panicked a little. I pulled and I tugged but I couldn't get the safety belt off.

"I thought that I might burn with the car. . . .

"There was no way out. The doors were jammed and the roof was also solid. I figured this was it. . . .

"*What a stupid way to die,* I thought. *In a crazy stunt like this!*

"I had my wind knocked out of me as I was thrown against the wheel when we hit. My stomach was aching and I was panting. I tried to yell. . . ."

The crowd lining the infield was on its feet, screaming for someone to save the poor guy trapped in that flaming wreck. No one realized, except Joe, that one of America's most popular performers was seconds away from death.

Joe Byrnes, the stand-in, couldn't 'double' for his best friend now. All he could do was pray.

Suddenly, one of the officials who had run over to give assistance spotted a hole in the rapidly rusting wreck. But, was it large enough for the driver to crawl through? And, if it was, did he have the strength to save himself?

Flames kept stretching their fiery claws closer to him and the smell and smoke were becoming dense . . . and the guy trapped in the inferno was still alive.

The group of heroic men bunched around the flaming car, oblivious to the threat of an explosion which could catapult them to a blazing death, decided not to ask any needless questions, and just went to work.

They thrust their strong-boned hands in and began to pull Rick through the jagged hole. Offering what little energy he had left, Rick—still conscious—helped them along. He retained his senses and was able to see everything that was going on, frustrated only by his inability to do more than he was doing. In minutes he was dragged clear of the wreck.

"It was weird," says Rick, not admitting that the close call on this, his most daring night, has virtually cured him of his thirst for speed.

He hasn't raced since that fateful night.

It was the night that Rick, saved from death, decided to live. . . . **END**

Ricky's in Warners' RIO BRAVO *and Columbia's* WHACKIEST SHIP IN THE ARMY.

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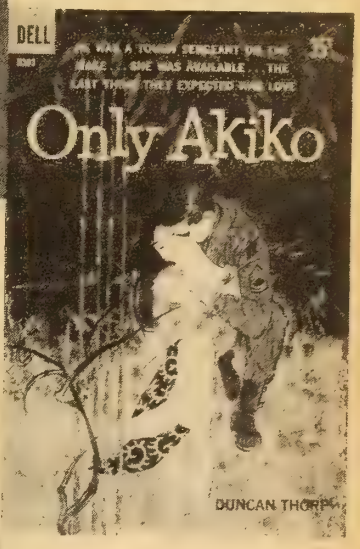
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THE BEST IN PAPERBACKS

The Last Days of Kay Kendall

(*Continued from page 45*)

girl, are you now?" he asked teasing her.

"No," said Kay. "My parents were in vaudeville. I was raised in a crowd. There wasn't too much time for shyness. Besides, you *look* as if you could use a home-cooked meal . . . Now, shall I come to your digs or will you come to mine?"

"Why don't we make it at my place," Rex said, still not quite over the initial shock.

"Good," Kay said. She thought for a moment. "Let's have a Russian meal," she said then, quickly. "Do you have any vodka?"

Rex nodded.

"I'll bring the rest," Kay said. . . .

At promptly eight o'clock that night, she arrived at Rex's apartment. "Dinner!" she said, gayly, holding up a small paper bag.

Rex led her to the kitchen and watched as she removed two items from the bag—a tin of caviar and a box of crackers.

"Is that to be it?" he asked. "Dinner?"

"Uh-huh," Kay said. "It's fish eggs, you know. All very nourishing. And with a little vodka to wash it down it's even—healthier."

Sensing that Rex found her dietary figurings a little peculiar, she added, "Anyway, I'm really not too good with things like frying pans and boiling water."

Rex cleared his throat. "I hear through the grapevine at the studio," he said, "that your friends—your very *best* friends—refer to you as Scatty Katty."

"Why yes, that's true," Kay said, smiling. "And I guess you can see why now."

"Indeed I can," said Rex, very serious-sounding.

And then, suddenly, he broke out into a peal of loud and hearty laughter, the kind of laughter he hadn't enjoyed in a long, long time. . . .

While they were eating, Rex asked Kay to tell him a little bit about herself.

Kay obliged, practically without let-up.

"Well," she began, "I was born up in Withernsea—christened Justine Kay Kendall McCarthy, begorra!" She went on then to tell about her childhood: "It was all vaudeville till the war broke out and my folks sent me and my sister Kim to Scotland—for safe-keeping."

About her first job: "Kim and I ran away from the Highlands after about a year. We came to London and got dancing parts in a revue called *Wild Violets*. It folded after a bombing raid a week later."

About her first movie: "*London Town*, remember it? They billed me as England's Lana Turner—*me*, all skinny five-feet-nine of me!"

About what happened after the movie was released: "The studio boss called me into his office. 'Miss Kendall,' he said, 'you're ugly, you have no talent, you're too tall and you photograph badly. Why don't you go marry some nice man, settle down and have a family?' 'Am I being fired, sir?' I asked. 'Yes,' he said, *'yes!'*"

About how she gave up show business—temporarily: "I took a job in an antique shop. I broke two Wedgwood vases my second day. I was fired again. I *had* to go back to show business."

About the rough years of almost constant unemployment that followed, until her big breaks came—first in *Genevieve*, and most recently in *The Constant Husband*. . . .

"With Rex Harrison," she said now, almost as if she were realizing it for the first time. She bit her lip. "I can't believe it. You know—I just can't believe it."

Suddenly, she began to cry.

"I'm sorry," she said, reaching into Rex's lapel pocket for a handkerchief and blowing her nose. "I'm terribly sorry for being so silly, Mr. Harrison."

Rex took her chin in his hand.

"First of all, young lady," he said, "don't go on calling me Mr. Harrison. The name happens to be Rex. D'you hear?"

"Yes, Rex," Kay said, still sobbing a little.

"Secondly, don't cry," he said. "I don't like women who cry. Understand?"

Kay nodded. "Yes, Rex."

"And third," he said, "how about you and me leaving here and getting ourselves a good fat bag of fish 'n' chips? It's not very Russian, I know. But I think we both could use a wee bit more dinner . . . All right?"

"All right, Rex," Kay said, wiping away the last of her tears and blowing her nose once more. . . .

They were in the hallway a little while later, waiting for the elevator to take them down, when Kay—dry-eyed and ebullient again—suddenly remembered that she had left a scarf behind.

"I'll be right along," she said, rushing back into the apartment.

When she came back out, Rex shook his head.

"What's wrong?" Kay asked.

"A minor point," Rex said, "—just that you didn't shut the door."

Kay looked at him, contritely. "It's an awful habit of mine," she said. "I never shut doors. It makes things seem so final, so ended."

Orson Welles is really a count. Orson has a Roman count for a father-in-law, his daughter is a countess, and Italian law says that makes Orson a full-fledged count, too.

SidneySkolsky in the New York Post

Rex tsk-tsked.

"Scatty Katty," he said, shaking his head.

Then he walked past her and towards the door, to shut it himself.

"Scatty Katty," he said again, smiling this time, now that she couldn't see his face. . . .

Rex and Kay were inseparable those next twelve months. They had fallen desperately in love. They knew that as soon as Rex got his divorce they would be married. And though they knew the divorce might take a long time coming, since Lilli Palmer seemed to be in no hurry to grant Rex his freedom, they didn't care. They had each other. That was all that mattered to them.

There was almost no indication that anything was wrong with Kay's health during this period. Most of the time she was her usual self—bubbling over with radiance, life, laughter. And it was only once in a great while that she would complain about pains in her stomach. But she would then shrug these off by saying something about an ulcer attack she'd had back when she was eighteen, and that would be that. . . .

Kay went to see Rex off at the airport the night he left for New York and rehearsals of *My Fair Lady*.

Her face looked a little pale that night, drawn.

"What's the matter?" Rex asked her. "Are you feeling all right?"

"No," Kay said. She smiled. Then she said, "How can I be feeling all right with you going away. I'm lost without you."

In the few minutes they had left, they reminded themselves of all their plans for the future—how, if the play went well, Kay would come to New York; how they would be together again; how they would wait out the divorce together, even if it took five years, ten, fifteen.

And then it was time for the plane to leave.

And they kissed and parted. . . .

My Fair Lady played its hugely-successful opening performance in New York on the night of March 15, 1956.

It was exactly a month after that when Kay arrived in town.

She stayed for four months, returned to England for some seven or eight weeks of television work, and then returned once again to New York.

It was shortly after this when Rex got a phone call from a doctor friend of theirs.

The doctor's voice sounded urgent. "I'd like to see you Rex," he said, "—in private."

Rex asked when.

"In half an hour," the doctor said.

They met in the cocktail lounge of Rex's hotel.

Rex smiled as they shook hands.

The doctor did not.

Rex ordered a drink.

The doctor did not.

"Why so serious?" Rex asked.

"It's Kay," the doctor said. "She's very sick."

"Kay—sick?" Rex asked. He began to laugh. "Well, she certainly has a funny way of showing it. We were just together, this afternoon. We played tennis and—"

The doctor interrupted him.

"She's sick," he said again. "She came to my office this morning. She said she had a pain in her stomach and in her chest. I examined her. I examined her for two hours—extensively."

The smile began to leave Rex's face.

"I couldn't believe it," the doctor went on. "I've checked since, with a specialist . . Kay has leukemia."

He waited as Rex lifted a drink that had just been placed before him and downed it, in one swallow.

"She doesn't know," the doctor went on then. "She asked me midway, 'Why is this taking so long?' I told her I suspected a rare form of anemia. She giggled and said she guessed that was because she'd never learned to cook and because she was constantly eating from cans. Then she said, 'Well, whatever kind of silly thing it is, please don't tell Rex. He worries so about these things.' She made me promise. I'm breaking that promise now . . . I felt that you should know, Rex. Just as I feel Kay *shouldn't* know."

There was a long silence.

Then a waiter came to the table and asked if the gentleman would care for another drink.

The doctor nodded this time. "Two," he said.

The waiter returned a few minutes later, placed the drinks down and left.

Rex lifted his glass.

He was about to bring it to his lips when he asked, suddenly: "Will she die?"

"Yes," the doctor said.

"When?" Rex asked.

"In two years," the doctor said, "—three, if she's lucky."

Rex's hand began to tremble. The drink began to spill onto the table. He put down the glass.

"There's nothing we can do about it," the doctor said. "The suffering won't come till close to the end. Till then, there's nothing to do but to keep her happy. She's happiest with you and with her work. Stay with her, Rex, as much as you can. See that she works from time to time, too. This is as important as anything else; to keep her

occupied . . . Other than these things, there's nothing else that can be done."

He picked up his own glass now.

"There's nothing else," he said. . . .

Kay was on the telephone when Rex walked into her hotel room a little while later.

She looked over at him, surprised, blew him a kiss and indicated she'd be off the line in a minute.

"Darling," she said, when she'd hung up, "that, I'll have you know, was Hollywood, and calling *me*."

"Well now, was it?" Rex said, trying hard to keep his voice steady, and taking her hand in his.

"Oh yes," Kay said. "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios," she added, with a flourish. "It seems there's a super-colossal film they're readying for production—*Les Girls*, I think they're calling it—and they say they will simply collapse if I don't agree to do it."

She laughed.

"You will do it, of course," Rex said.

"I will *not*," said Kay. "I'm here with you, and to *stay* this time. I've ended all my commitments. I'm all yours now, Rex—like it or not."

He drew her close to him.

He kissed her.

"I'm glad you came back," Kay said, softly, as their faces separated.

"I've got some important news, good news," Rex said. "I wanted to wait until tonight, after the show. But—"

Kay didn't let him finish. "The divorce," she said, "it's coming through?"

"Yes," Rex said.

"And we'll be married?" Kay asked.

"Yes," Rex said.

"Oh darling, my darling," Kay said, grabbing him, hugging him. "When?"

"In a few months," Rex said, "—four or five or six at the most. It takes time."

Kay placed her head against his chest. "So long?" she whispered.

"It takes time, Kay," he said again. And then he drew her away from him and he asked, "What did you tell them at MGM—about the picture?"

"That I couldn't do it," Kay said.

"And what did they say?"

"They asked me to reconsider."

"Do it," Rex said.

"Why?" Kay asked.

"It'll make the time go doubly fast for you," Rex said. "You'll be busy. You'll be working. You'll—" He stopped and took her hand again. "After we're married, Kay," he said, "you and I aren't going to be separated, ever, not for one minute. We'll work together when we work. Or we'll arrange to be with one another when only one of us is working . . . But for now I'd rather you worked alone, if you must. I'd like you to go to Hollywood and do the picture."

Kay smiled. "Is that an order, sire?" she asked.

"Yes," Rex said.

"I have no alternative?"

"No."

"If I refuse will you leave me and will I remain an unhappy spinster for all the long years of my life?" Kay asked.

Rex tightened his hold on her hand. "That's right," he said. "That's right. . . ."

It was early evening by the time Rex left Kay's hotel.

He took a cab to the theater and went straight to his dressing room.

There, alone, he picked up his phone.

And he placed a call to Lilli Palmer, his wife. . . .

"From the beginning of shooting, it was Kay who set the happy mood on *Les Girls*," remembers Mitzi Gaynor. "She was so beautiful and spontaneous. She spoiled everyone by splurging on gifts. On the starting day, Gene Kelly wasn't there and he forgot to send flowers to his leading ladies—Kay, Taina Elg and myself. So when he came in the next day Kay deluged him with roses and wires saying, GOOD LUCK ON YOUR PICTURE! That was the beginning of the fun we all had together. Kay made it last until the very final day."

Taina Elg remembers that "During lunch, Kay and Mitzi and I would sit together in one of our dressing rooms, munching on sandwiches and salads while Kay kept us in uproarious laughter. She knew so many funny stories. She had such a marvelous wit and *joie de vivre*. The only time she ever became serious, in fact, was when either Mitzi or I would mention something about our husbands. Then Kay was the typical anxious bride-to-be wanting to hear all about married life. Very often she would say, 'I wish I were in your shoes—right now.' We would remind her that she would be marrying Rex before not too long. 'Yes,' she would say and her face would light up, 'that's right, isn't it?' And then she would go back to making a joke about something or other, but you could tell that deep in her mind she was still thinking about her man, her Rex—and that her heart was just bursting to marry him. . ."

The wedding took place on June 20, 1957, shortly after midnight, in New York's Universalist Church of the Divine Paternity.

It was a simple and lovely affair.

Kay was attended by her sister, Kim, who had married an American and was now living on Long Island.

Rex's best man was his lawyer and good friend, Aaron Frosh.

On the altar before them were symbols of all the earth's religions.

As the service began, Kay wept a little.

But when the minister said "Join right hands" and Rex stuck out his left, she smiled.

"Opening night jitters," Kay said later to a friend. "But I think we're settling down now and are good for a sixty, seventy-year run. . . ."

"Yes, all brides are happy," another friend of Kay's has said. "But I'd never seen a girl as happy, as ecstatic, as the new Mrs. Harrison.

"Some people tired of her happiness, and began to talk about her behind her back. 'Isn't it a little boring,' they would ask, 'all this gushing about Rex, Rex, Rex . . . And carrying those two bracelets and that brooch he gave her in her purse all the time, even when she's not wearing them—I mean, isn't that all a little bit too much?'

"But Kay was oblivious to any of this talk.

"And she continued gushing over her husband, unashamedly.

"I remember the night in November of that year, just after Rex had left the New York company of *Fair Lady* and just before they sailed for England.

"We were at a party.

"Rex was on one side of the room, talking to my husband and a few other people.

"I was alone with Kay on the other side of the room.

"First, I remember, I congratulated her about her fantastic success in *Les Girls*, which had just been released. 'I hear, I said, 'that four studios are hot after you to do another picture.'

"Kay winked. 'Five studios,' she said.

"And then she shook her head and said, 'But I'm saying no to everything right now. We go to England, Rex does *Fair Lady* there for a while, we take a short vacation and then if there's any picture work to be done we do it together.'

" 'No splitting the act?' I asked.

" 'Not if I've got anything to say about it,' Kay told me. 'It's too good an act. I don't know what I'd do if it folded, even

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for just a little while. Rex is my life.'

"'Ah love,' I said 'it's wonderful.'

"'And so is security,' Kay said. 'You see,' she went on to say then, 'being married to Rex has given me that, security. I've got some roots now. I belong. My friends used to talk about me as an old nut-head before, and I suppose I was, living like a champagne bottle, making big pop and splash-noises all over the place. I'd just had a career and very little else then. No home, sometimes a flat, sometimes a hotel room . . . Well, with Rex it's different now. Oh I suppose I still don't have a home, a real home, not yet at any rate. But I've got roots now. In my husband. I belong now—to a fine man. And I wouldn't give up a bit of him. Not for a minute.'

"That was the last time I talked to Kay.

"A few days later she and Rex sailed on the *Queen Mary* for England.

"Then, shortly after this, I got a letter from Kay telling me that there had been a change in their plans, that she and Rex were going to make *The Reluctant Debutante* in Paris before the London opening of *Fair Lady*. 'See?' she wrote. 'No splitting up the act!'

"Her next letter came in May, following the opening of the show. In it she wrote: 'Pardon me, but I now own a mink coat, m'dear. Rex surprised me with it last week. I was very naughty. I told my husband I didn't really like fur and that I didn't think I would really need any until I was ancient and prone to all kinds of draughty weather. Rex insisted that I keep it and wear it. Of course I got to adore it in twenty minutes' time and had to take back everything I'd said. And I'm only sorry now that summer's coming and that I'll have to put it in mothballs until we go to Switzerland this fall.' . . ."

They went to Switzerland in late November of 1958, just after Rex left *My Fair Lady* for good.

And it was there, a few days after they arrived, that Kay suffered her first serious attack.

They had spent most of the early part of that day skiing first, and then reading—Kay reading the script of *Once More With Feeling*, a picture she would be making in Paris soon; Rex reading the script of a play he expected to do in New York the following fall.

It was 6:30 p.m. now.

They were dressing for dinner.

Suddenly, Kay moaned and brought her hands up to her stomach.

"Oh my God," she said, the blood draining from her face. "Rex," she called. "Rex!"

He came rushing over to her and caught her just as she was about to fall.

"A terrible pain," Kay said, looking up at him. "I don't know why. But it hurts me so much—"

And then she fainted.

Rex carried her and placed her on their bed.

He phoned a doctor.

The doctor, a cancer specialist from nearby Geneva, already alerted to stand by in case of any such emergency, arrived a short time later.

He examined the still-unconscious Kay.

He administered an injection.

Then, turning to Rex, he shook his head and he said, "I have done all that there is to be done for now. . . ."

Kay was conscious a short time later.

Rex, seated by the bed, leaned over and smiled at her.

"Do you feel any better?" he asked.

"Yes," Kay said, groggily. "What—what happened to me, Rex? What's wrong with me?"

"You're run down," Rex said, "—very much run down. You need a good rest. You need healthy food." He pointed to a jar of pain-killing pills the doctor had left behind. "And you need those, regularly, every four hours," he said.

"What are they?" Kay asked.

"Vitamins," Rex said.

Kay closed her eyes.

"Will I be all right?" she asked.

"Of course," Rex said.

"It's nothing more than what you tell me, darling?" she asked.

"Nothing more," Rex said.

"If you were anyone else, telling me this, I don't know that I'd believe you," Kay said. "I felt so terrible. I had such pain."

"Believe me," Rex said. "I'm telling you the truth."

"Good," Kay said. "Because I was afraid."

She lay there, her eyes still closed, repeating the phrase.

"I was afraid," she said. ". . . I was so afraid."

"Of what, darling?" Rex asked, finally.

"Of us," Kay said. "That it would all be over for us, that I would die, that I would be alone, far away, without you."

Rex placed his hand on her forehead.

"Am I still a Scatty Katty?" Kay asked. "Is that what you're thinking?"

"That is exactly what I'm thinking," Rex said. "Now how could you guess . . . ?"

Kay suffered two additional attacks after that initial one.

A special tip for girls:

Next month you will meet the most fascinating young man of the year. His name is

Troy Donahue

You'll find his exciting story in the January MODERN SCREEN

The first came five months later, in March of 1959. Kay and Rex were in Paris, where Kay was finishing work on *Once More With Feeling*. She was on the set one morning, beginning a rollicking comedy scene with Yul Brynner, her co-star, when the pain hit her. She collapsed and was rushed to the hospital.

That night, Rex announced to reporters that his wife was suffering from "anemia complicated by a liver ailment." He added that she was resting well and that she would be back at work within a week. "Nobody's to worry about her," he said, watching the reporters as they took down his words, knowing that Kay herself would be reading these very words in the evening papers. "She is in very good shape."

"How about rumors that her health will keep her from working for a couple of years?" a reporter asked. "That what she needs is a good long rest."

"Complete nonsense," Rex said. "Kay will rest at our villa in Italy this summer—yes. We've looked forward to an entire summer together with nothing to do but loaf in the sun, swim, fish, dance. But after that, at the end of the summer—"

And though he talked on now about the plans for his and Kay's future, his voice became suddenly hollow-sounding.

Because he knew, from what the doctor had told him just a little while earlier, that by the end of the summer Kay would probably have had another, and final, attack.

"Then, at the end of the summer," he went on, watching the reporters' pencils move across their pads—

The final attack came in Portofino, Italy, on Friday, August 28, of this year.

The next day, after an all-night train ride through northern Italy and France, Rex carried a drug-numbed Kay aboard a Channel steamer for the last part of the trip home.

When the steamer arrived in England late that afternoon, two seamen helped Rex—exhausted himself now with fatigue and worry—carry his wife off the boat and to a waiting car.

The car sped to London and a hospital there.

Kay was placed under the immediate care of three physicians.

Rex then held one of his usual interviews with waiting reporters. "Nothing to flap about," he said, forcing a smile. "Kay's all right. She'll be here for four or five days. Then, in a week or so, we're off to New York."

The days passed.

Kay's condition grew gradually worse.

"Nothing to flap about," Rex said, over and over. "She'll be leaving here soon. Print that in your papers, and in great big capital letters . . . !"

On Sunday night, September 6, Rex sat on a bench outside Kay's room, smoking a cigarette.

The corridor was unusually quiet.

Then, at one point, a nurse came walking over to him.

"Is your wife asleep?" she asked.

"She was a little while ago," Rex said.

"I'll just look in on her," the nurse said, turning and heading for Kay's room.

Less than a minute later, she came rushing back out.

She walked past Rex.

"Miss!" he called out.

The woman didn't turn.

Rex rose. For a moment his legs felt heavy under him, as if they could not move. And then, he began to walk.

He opened the door.

"Kay," he said when he saw her, trying to sit up in her bed, looking wildly about the room, gasping for breath.

"Kay!"

He raced over to the bed and took her in his arms.

She turned to look at him.

Her lips parted, slowly.

She tried desperately to say something.

But she couldn't.

"Shhhh," Rex said, "don't talk, don't even try."

He kissed her.

"Rest now, my darling," he said. "The pain will go. The doctor will come soon and the pain will go."

Kay closed her eyes.

A moment later, her breathing stopped.

"Rest now, my love," Rex said, still holding her in his arms. "Rest . . . rest . . . rest. . . ."

It was a few hours after that when Rex, dazed with grief, returned to the apartment where he and Kay had lived.

He headed straight for the room that had been theirs.

He entered the room and was about to close the door when he remembered a voice, way back, that had said to him:

"I never shut doors. It makes things seem so final, so ended."

He removed his hand from the knob.

And, the door still open, he walked to a chair and he sat and he began to cry.

Kay starred in Columbia's ONCE MORE, WITH FEELING.

Fabian in Love

(*Continued from page 30*)

a few feet away from where they stood, sending a splash of spray smack into their faces.

"Look at me now," Kathy said, wiping the wet from her forehead and her cheeks. "Oh boy, just look at me."

Fabian grinned. "You look awful pretty," he said, his voice suddenly a little husky.

"I'll bet," Kathy said.

"You do," Fabian said.

Impulsively then, quickly, he reached for her and took her in his arms and kissed her.

It was a long kiss, a warm kiss.

And it would have been even longer and warmer if another giant wave hadn't decided to come swooping down on them at this moment, nearly knocking them over with its playfulness.

Fabian and Kathy stepped back onto the sand and, holding hands, they looked at one another.

"That was nice," Fabian said, softly.

"Nearly drowned us," Kathy said, "—but it *was* nice."

And again they kissed.

And again.

And again.

And then, once more, they began to walk.

"Can I see you again, Kathy?" Fabian asked.

"Yes," she said, "of course."

"Tomorrow night?" Fabian asked. Without giving her a chance to catch her breath, he explained, "I know it sounds as if I'm pushing this. But I leave Hollywood day after tomorrow on a tour. And tomorrow's the only night I've got left."

Kathy tried hard to keep the excitement out of her voice.

"Well, that sounds all right then," she said.

She smiled.

And stopped walking.

"That sounds *wonderful*," she said. . . .

"I saw him first!"

"I was too thrilled to keep the news to myself," Kathy remembers. "After school the next day I met my girlfriends at the luncheonette we always stop at and I told them. They nearly flipped. One of them, in fact, spilled half her Coke. 'Where's he taking you?' they wanted to know. 'What are you going to wear? Do you think he'll bring flowers? What time's he picking you up' . . . 'I don't know, I'm so excited right now, I don't know anything,' I said. 'He's going to call me at five. That's *all* I know.'

"I ordered a soda. I could hardly drink it for the way my hands were trembling and for all the talking at the table. The girls wanted to know all about the day before on the beach—and I told them a little, just a little. Even with that, they swooned. Then one of the girls giggled and asked if she could come over to my house tonight. 'I'll hide upstairs,' she said, 'I'll get in the fireplace, anything just so I can *see* him when he comes to pick you up!' The others all chimed in, picking out their own hiding places. But I said, 'No ma'am, I saw him first—and he's all mine!'

"After my soda, I walked home. It would be truer to say I floated home. It was almost four o'clock. In just about an hour he would call. I thought I'd die having to wait that long.

"When I got home my mother called out to me from the kitchen.

"'Kathy?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Just missed your phone call,' Mama said.

"I dropped my books on a chair and rushed into the kitchen.

"'Fabian?' I asked. 'Already?'

"Mama, who was busy starting to prepare for supper, nodded. 'Yes,' she said, not looking up at me, 'and a very pleasant-sounding voice he has, too. Very polite.'

"'Did he—' I asked, 'did he say what time he was coming over tonight?'

"Mama cleared her throat.

"'He said, dear, that he was terribly sorry, but that something or other came up and that he wouldn't be able to make it. He wanted you to know as early as possible. And he wants you to call him back as soon as you can . . . I jotted the number down. It's out by the phone.'

"I turned around, and without saying anything, I walked out of the kitchen.

"I never did stop by the phone.

"I went straight to my room.

"And I threw myself on my bed, burying my face in my pillow.

"And though my mind was half numb with disappointment, I tried to tell myself that I shouldn't be disappointed.

"'What did you expect?' I thought. 'For him to really come and pick you up tonight? For him to really take you out? For him to really be interested in *you*?

"'Who are *you*, anyway?' I asked myself. '—A little Miss Nobody, that's who. A little Miss Nobody who thought she was Cinderella all of a sudden, who thought she'd been swept off her feet by a handsome and famous prince, who thought that that prince was going to take her to the ball and make her happy forever after!'

"I hated myself for having been so stupid.

Kathy's talk with herself

"Why hadn't I realized, I wondered, that yesterday afternoon—on the beach—had been just another afternoon for him?

"Why hadn't I realized that even though his kisses had meant so much to me, they'd probably meant very little to him?

"That I was silly, stupid, ridiculous to think that the secret thoughts I'd had as I lay in bed the night before, just before I fell asleep—about the two of us, going out this night, going out again, going out lots, being together, the two of us, just the two of us—could ever come true.

"'Kathy,' I said to myself, 'face the facts of life. It's probably better this way. How could you have held on to him, or competed with all the dozens and dozens of beautiful, talented girls he's already met, and going to meet.

"'He's a star. He's going to be a bigger one. He's going to be one of the most famous and idolized young men in the whole wide world.

"'You're Kathy Kersh. That's all you are. That's all you'll probably ever be . . . And don't you go forgetting it, ever!'

"I don't know how long I continued lying there, how long it was before I heard the phone ring again.

"Mama knocked on my door.

"'Kathy,' I heard her say, 'it's for you . . . It's Fabian calling you again.'

"I remember shaking my head and thinking, 'No, I don't want to talk to him. What's there to say, anyway?'

"But Mama's voice called out again.

"And I remember getting up finally and walking out of the room and to the phone.

"And his voice.

"'Kathy?'

"'Yes,' I said.

"'Kathy, I've been waiting for you to call me back,' he said. 'I want to explain about tonight.'

"'You don't have to,' I said. 'Honest you don't.'

"'The disk-jockey show tonight,' he said. 'I didn't know anything about it. My manager just told me this afternoon. It's not the kind of thing I can get out of.'

"'That's all right,' I said.

"'You *do* understand?' he asked.

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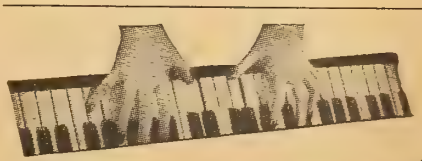
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"I finally spoke. 'Sure,' I said. 'I—'

"But I couldn't go on.

"'What's the matter, Kathy?' Fabian asked.

"Then he asked, 'Why're you crying? Why're you crying?'

"I could hear him asking that, once more, as my hand went limp all of a sudden and as I put the receiver down. . . ."

Fabian's talk with Kathy

It was a little after ten o'clock that night.

The house was quiet.

Kathy's mother and dad were sitting on the front porch.

Kathy was in her room, finishing up some homework she'd started half-heartedly an hour or so before.

She didn't hear the car pull up outside.

She didn't know anything about what was happening till her mother poked her head into the room and, smiling, said, "You have a guest, Kathy . . . Fabian's here."

The girl stared at her for a moment.

"Yes," her mother said, "he's out on the porch talking to Dad. Aren't you coming out?"

Kathy nodded, but didn't move.

"Kathy!"

The girl put down the pencil she was holding. She rose, slowly. And she followed her mother outside.

"Hi, Kathy," Fabian said, when he saw her.

"Hello," Kathy said, softly.

There was a long moment of silence.

"Well," Mr. Kersh said, "guess it's about time we went inside, don't you think, Mother?"

His wife nodded.

"Yes," she said. To Kathy and Fabian she said, "There's some lemonade in the refrigerator, if you should want some."

"Thank you," Fabian said, "but I won't be staying long. I have a six o'clock train to catch tomorrow morning."

"Well, have a nice trip," Mrs. Kersh said, as she and her husband left the porch, "and good night."

"Kathy," Fabian said, as soon as they were alone, "I don't have much time."

"I know, you have to leave on your big tour tomorrow, don't you?" she said.

"Yes," said Fabian. "But before I go, I want to tell you something. I tried to tell you on the phone. You hung up on me. I was going to call back. But then I realized I really wanted to *see* and tell you."

"I know," Kathy said, "you're very sorry about tonight."

"Yes, I am," said Fabian. "But what happened tonight always happens at my stage of the game. . . . You see, Kathy, I'm really just a beginner. I owe an awful lot to a lot of other people. And when they ask me to do things for them—and for myself—well, I've just got to. Maybe someday it'll be different. I hope so. But for now, this is the way it's got to be."

"I see," Kathy said.

"What I really wanted to say, though," Fabian went on, "was to ask you if you'd drop me a line once in a while, while I'm away, when you have a chance." He handed her a piece of paper he'd been holding. "See?" he said. "I'll be away five weeks, and here are the names of the places I'll be staying, and the dates. I wrote it all down for you. . . .

"And," he said, "one other thing. I'll be back on a Saturday, exactly five weeks from tomorrow. And I was just wondering if you'd keep that night open for me—so we could go out."

Fabian's promise

He took a deep breath.

"How about it, Kathy?" he asked.

She didn't answer.

"I know," Fabian said, "you're probably thinking to yourself that something else's going to come up that Saturday night, too, just like tonight . . . Isn't that it?"

Kathy shrugged. But she said nothing.

"Well, I promise you," Fabian said, "I give you my word that that's one night nothing is going to stop us from being together. *Nothing* . . . Okay?"

Again, Kathy didn't answer.

"Come on," Fabian said. He smiled. "Come on."

He looked at her, and waited.

And when, after a while, he realized that she was not going to speak, he lowered his eyes and turned around and he began to walk away.

"Okay," he heard her say when he was halfway down the steps.

He turned around, quickly.

He could see that she was smiling now, and nodding.

"Okay," he heard her say again.

He rushed over to where she stood.

He put his arms around her.

"I've missed you so much, Kathy, only since yesterday," he said. "Five weeks is going to be a long, long time . . . They say that when you feel like this about someone, that a minute apart is like a century."

He kissed her.

"I don't know what to say," Kathy whispered, after the kiss had ended.

"That you'll write to me?" said Fabian.

"I will," Kathy said.

"That you'll wait for me?"

"I will."

"That—that you feel something for me, too, like I feel for you?"

Kathy hugged him.

"Oh I do," she said. "I do. . . ."

They remained together a few minutes more.

And then Fabian left.

And Kathy walked back into the house, to cry again a little, and then to laugh, and then to go to bed and dream sweet dreams.

END

You can see Fabian in HOUND DOG MAN *for 20th-Fox.*

If At First You Don't Succeed

(*Continued from page 47*)

in every situation that might occur.

So he dated other girls, even while he dated Kathy. But Kathy won him. She wasn't so much prettier than the other girls. She wasn't so much smarter. But she had one of the greatest weapons for winning any man. She adored the man utterly.

Even during the bitter period when Bing denied he intended to marry her, when he mocked her for buying a wedding dress—at least the *papers* said she had bought herself a wedding dress—her love did not waver. She loved him. She waited.

She became a convert to his religion, which was a faith Dixie Lee Crosby did not accept until the end of her life. Kathy studied his profession by the direct means of keeping up with her own acting. She improved her mind, taking college courses, and most importantly, she kept her own counsel.

The second Mrs. Crosby

Finally, she won, as the whole world knows. Bing came back to her, and she became Mrs. Crosby, the young Mrs. Crosby, the second Mrs. Crosby. It looked perfect, but it wasn't. It was a very rough spot for a girl in her earliest twenties.

Why? It was a set-up, that's why. She and Bing moved into his mansion in Holmby Hills. Mansion is the only word for it—a very French, very elegant, huge, rambling mansion in the ritziest section of ritzy Holmby Hills. He had lived there with Dixie. He had raised his boys there. Bing Crosby and the new, second Mrs. Crosby moved in. The original Mrs. Crosby, Kate, Bing's mother, had been living there for some time. A real personality, Kate Crosby, a strong woman who adores her son, and who is so feminine she looks about twenty years younger than she really is—which is nearly eighty.

Into this French mansion moved the multi-millionaire Bing Crosby and the little girl from Texas, and around them loomed the four bedrooms that had belonged to Bing's four sons and everywhere there was the memory of tragic Dixie.

This was hardly an idyllic honeymoon atmosphere into which Bing moved his bride, but Kathryn conquered it.

First, she looked after Kate Crosby's happiness. After all, the elder Mrs. Crosby was widowed and lonely. She had long roomed at Bing's but Kathryn moved her into a wing that was adjacent to the master bedroom, and what was subsequently going to be a nursery, too, on the other side of her suite This suite was just for her own use, where her friends or her other sons and daughters-in-law, and her other grandchildren could come calling on her without going through the rest of the house, if they preferred it that way. She could have her meals when she liked, go to bed or get up as it pleased her.

But also, the wing was immediately adjacent to the suite that was Kathy's and Bing's, so that if she wanted their company, there it was.

That was the first step. The next was Bing's office. He had an office, down on the Strip, about a half a dozen miles away. He'd had it for years, to go over with his brother, Everett, the details of their corporation, which handles everything from inventions to frozen orange juice to record deals. But it was a very officy-office and man-like, and hadn't been changed by so much as a stick of furniture for ages.

Therefore, having made over a couple of the boys' rooms into the wing for Kate, Kathy now made over another bedroom into a home office for her husband. While Bing was on a fishing trip in Alaska, Kathy, as a complete surprise to him had the room furnished. She put in every innovation that has hit offices lately, air-conditioning, sound-conditioning, electric typewriters, hidden lights, soft carpets, wonderful draperies. She said it might be nice for Bing on rainy days, when he didn't want to go out. There were only about four rainy days all last winter in Hollywood—and there were only about six days when Bing didn't prefer to work in his new office at home.

There was, too, the subject of their own bedroom. King-sized beds have now become almost a commonplace, but the Crosby bed was especially ordered and about the only name you can give it—because it is so long, so deep, so wide and so wonderful—is Emperor.

And there, one happy January morning when they had been married a little more than two months, Kathy gave her husband the happiest news any wife can tell her husband. She was pregnant.

That's when Bing and Kathy first began

talking about Mary Frances. They understood now that this new girl baby was the beginning of a new Crosby family, their family.

All during the next nine months they discussed 'her,' Mary Frances. As Kathy's pregnancy advanced, it became Bing's custom when kissing her good night, to pat her protuberant tummy and say, "Goodnight, Mary Frances."

So then, in August, 'Mary Frances' was born—but 'she' was Harry. Harry Lillis Crosby II, and don't let anybody fool you that he is really called Tex. He's not. He's Harry. Bing called him Tex once, for a joke, and the papers picked it up, much as they picked up Humphrey Bogart's calling his wife Baby when actually he never called her anything but Betty.

Another pregnancy

Four months after Harry's birth, Kathy was happily pregnant again. They went down to consult Dr. Moss. He said Kathy was in great shape.

Dr. Moss also volunteered a piece of information. Nobody had asked him, but he said, "In 80% of the cases, the second child has the same sex as the first child."

Bing knew. In five of *his* cases.

So this time, he and Kathy did not call the incoming baby 'she.' Actually, they didn't call it 'he' either. Just baby. Or new baby. No sex. No name. No goodnight pats to it. Harry had been born in August and the new baby would be born in September, September 12th.

As they waited for their second child, the life of Bing and Kathy became simpler and simpler, the simplicity of two people falling more and more deeply in love. Little Harry had his nursery adjoining their bedroom. It had been, originally, of course, one of the Crosby boys' bedrooms, but now Kathy turned it into a room all cream and gold, with wonderful old marble tops put into the area that would be a baby's bath corner, and with the adjoining adult bathroom turned into a giddy place indeed, full of light and color and mirrors.

It was, of course, a room meant for a girl. Just as the antique cradle Kathy purchased was right for a girl. The cradle was of wood, hand carved in the shape of a swan, and it was more than four hundred years old. For it, Kathy purchased the most feather-light mattress, the most silken sheets in the daintiest pastels, the laciest pillowcases, threaded through with ribbons in pink and blue and white.

With Harry's arrival, all those touches went—but not the cradle. But as the second baby began approaching, Kathy wondered if perhaps she ought not to give up that adorable swan cradle after all. These were the kinds of thoughts she had, usually, after she had waked to give Harry his 2:00 a.m. bottle. She didn't tell Bing. He didn't tell her his thoughts either.

So the months went by. Kathy managed to get *Anatomy of a Murder* in before she showed too much. During that period, she hired a wonderful nurse, Jeannette McGunnigle, in addition to Susie Mae Smith, who has been with Kathryn for a long time. Jeannette, who is just as Scotch as her name sounds, and Jeannette allowed as how, madame, she'd be glad to stay when the new bairn appeared, too.

By mid-summer, Harry was dining with his parents, downstairs in the elegant dining room. He wasn't especially aware of this honor, of course, but he'd lie in the special folding basket his parents had purchased for just these occasions and he'd crow and throw his legs about in a great fashion. The one thing that most delighted him was to have his father sing him a lullaby. His father was delighted to oblige, any old time.

Then it got to be Sept. 12th when the new Crosby baby was due. Kathy had been having contractions for almost a week, and from her hospital work (she technically has the title of *scrub tec* for that) she knew her time was very near. Only it wasn't quite there. Not on the 12th, or the 13th or even the morning of the fourteenth and that is when she began to get too nervous.

She called Dr. Moss. "Come on over here," he said, "and I will give you a shot to induce labor."

Bing went along with her. It was just noon when they reached the doctor's office. Kathy got her shot. "It should work in an hour or two," said Dr. Moss. "Don't go anywhere where you are too far from the hospital."

Dr. Moss' office is on a section of Hollywood Boulevard where there are many shops of all types. Kathy came down from his office and looked around her smiling. "How about a sandwich?" her adoring husband asked.

Her stomach lurched at the very word. "I couldn't," Kathy said. "Look, darling. You go to a drive-in and eat and I'll walk down to Barker's and shop."

"You're sure you're all right? You're sure you don't need the car?"

"No, no," she said. "I just want to shop. I'll be back in half an hour."

But she wasn't. It was harder to walk than she had thought it would be. The shop was only two short blocks away but it seemed miles. She pushed on, though, and just inside the shop door she saw a sofa, and stretched out comfortably.

She sank down on it and was thankful that no one recognized her. Then her big, dark eyes, for no reason whatsoever, lighted on a wastebasket on sale.

What kind of a wastebasket, what color, what material it was made of, she couldn't have told you. What the Crosby house did not need was wastebaskets. So she ordered six of them, and then she started walking back to the doctor's office. It seemed miles and miles and miles.

When she finally went into Dr. Moss' inner room, she found him and Bing both white-faced. "Do you know you've been gone two hours?" they gasped. "Quick, get in the car and head for that hospital. The baby will come any minute."

The baby didn't though. She never arrived until seven in the evening, and though she weighed almost seven pounds, she didn't look it, she was so very dainty, such a little girl, with a full head of red, red hair. Mary Frances. Mary Frances Crosby, their dream daughter, there at last.

It was almost nine before they let Bing see Kathy and by that time, he had revisited Mary Frances several times and revised his opinion tremendously. He saw that she wasn't red at all, or not much, no more than a lovely glow. He looked at her tiny hands, balled up into little fists and he saw her baby mouth, sweet as Kathy's, and he thought of the double lullabies he'd now be singing, to his Harry and to his little girl, his daughter, his very first daughter

Kathy said to him, the first moment he was allowed to see her, "Oh, darling, isn't Mary Frances beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" said Bing. "Is that all? She's much more than beautiful. I swear to you, Kathy, I never saw a baby of her age who was so alert."

"Her what?" gasped Kathy—and then she began to laugh. "Bing, our daughter is just two hours old."

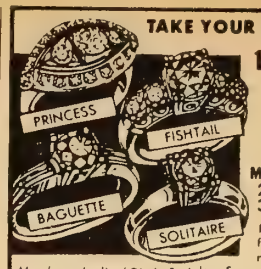
"Nevertheless," said Bing, and then he stopped, while the laughter overcame him, too, and so they laughed in unison and kissed one another, while their tears of pure happiness wet their faces.

Mary Frances?

She just slept.

END

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"We're Glad Johnny Didn't Pick a Glamor Girl"

(Continued from page 49)

Orrico (the famous movie star, Johnny Saxon), was steady-dating Vicki Thal. There was gossip in the newspapers that the two of them had married. But Mama Orrico knew such a thing wasn't true. Surely her son would call and share such wonderful wedding news with them all.

Now he had called to announce he was flying home to Brooklyn with Vicki, the girl they had never met but whose pictures they had looked at over and over again in the movie magazines. "What's she like?" the Orricos all asked each other as they studied her face in the date layouts of the film books. She was different, not like the Hollywood glamor girls. She didn't have the delicate, chiseled features the movie cameramen like, but, then, she wasn't an actress. Yet, wasn't there something about her face, a haunting look in her eyes, something . . . was it kindness?

Once, one of the apartment house neighbors had commented, "Gee, Johnny's girl isn't very pretty, is she? I just saw her in a movie magazine."

Mama Orrico's heart shuddered.

"Do you know her?" Mama Orrico retorted.

The neighbor nodded no.

"Then don't be so hasty with comments about her looks. Meet her first and find out what she's like."

Now, of course, that Johnny was bringing Vicki home, they would all meet her and find out what she was like. And, like all mothers, Mama Orrico wanted her son to find the right girl who would give him her love and look after him, bear his children and make a home for him that was happy and full of life.

Mama Orrico walked into the kitchen to tell the good news to her short, husky husband whose housepainting and contracting business had seen them through a decent life.

"Tony," she said, "Johnny's coming home. Tomorrow. And he's bringing Vicki!"

Then she called her attractive teenage daughters, Dolores and Julie-ann, who were watching television, and she shouted excitedly, "Girls, your brother's coming home, and he's bringing Vicki!"

Both girls rushed to the kitchen.

Preparing the homecoming

"I want you to help me get everything ready tomorrow," Mama Orrico told them. "I want to fix ravioli, and a big turkey, and I'm going to make a big rum cake for dessert. And maybe, tomorrow, after you wake up, you can go to the department store and buy presents for Vicki. I think that would be nice, don't you? Maybe some cologne or a cute bracelet or a nice pair of stockings."

Mama Orrico proceeded to make a big pot of coffee, and the family—mother, father and the two darkhaired daughters—all sat around the yellow chromium-edged kitchen table and talked excitedly in quick sentences about what Johnny's girl would be like. . . .

The next day the Orrico household was in a flurry; it buzzed with the anticipation of Vicki's arrival.

Sweet smells of cooking drifted from the big kitchen. Johnny's eighteen-year-old sister, Dolores, who worked as a dentist's assistant in midtown Manhattan, took the day off and helped sixteen-year-old Julie-ann dust the living room and dining room. Dolores offered to turn over her room to Vicki.

Though there was much to get done through the morning and afternoon, the day passed slowly until five o'clock arrived. By then everyone had bathed and dressed in neatly pressed finery. Mama Orrico wore a ruffled white organdy apron over her sky-blue silk dress. Grandmother and Grandfather Orrico were dead, but Grandmother Julia Probatore, Mama Orrico's mother, had been invited to the family dinner to meet Vicki.

"I'll bet anything Vicki's nervous," Dolores confided to her mom as they waited on the porch for Johnny and Vicki to arrive from the airport. "I know I would be if I were going to meet my boyfriend's family. Do you realize she's coming into a houseful of total strangers?"

"But every girl, sooner or later, has to face her boyfriend's family," Mama Orrico's voice was comforting.

"A girl's real lucky," Dolores added, "if she marries her childhood sweetheart. Then she knows her boyfriend's family right from the start. . . ."

It was shortly after six o'clock and the sun was shifting to the west of the pale blue sky when the yellow cab pulled up to the curb. Dolores, dressed in a pumpkin-colored shirtwaist dress, bolted to the cab to greet Johnny, and as she ran to the cab, she threw out her arms and suddenly, unexpectedly, she found herself embracing Vicki.

A TV sleuth caught James Garner kissing 10 women in the last 21 episodes filmed for *Maverick*.

So he took this intelligence to Gene Autry, who goes back to the hallowed time when the hero of the sagebrush saved all his kisses for his favorite horse, and Mr. Autry drawled:

"All that mushin' it up in Westerns makes me sick. There'll be none of it in my stable."

Paul Sann
in the New York Post

"Hi," she managed breathlessly, trying to swallow the lump in her throat. "I'm Dolores and gee, I'm glad to meet you!" Vicki hugged her back. She was wearing a stunning emerald-green silk suit with a matching polka-dot blouse.

Johnny, in a handsome olive-green continental suit, stepped out of the cab and she ran over and embraced him and kissed him on the cheek.

All of a sudden everyone was embracing and kissing, and Mama Orrico found warm, happy tears trickling down her cheeks.

Getting to know you . . .

"Johnny, Johnny," she was saying through her tears, "it's so good to have you home." And, after hugging and kissing Vicki, she took her hand and led her to Dolores' neat bedroom and said, "I know it's a long ride by airplane, all the way from California, and if you want to rest up a little bit, just take off your shoes and lie down for a while."

But Vicki said, "I'm too excited, Mrs. Orrico. I've been counting the hours since yesterday, and I'm looking forward to talking to everyone and getting to know all of you!"

Mama Orrico looked into Vicki's wide, coffee-brown eyes. "We're so glad Johnny's brought you home!" she said, and her eyes started to smart again. Taking Vicki's hand, she led her into the living room and asked her husband to open the gallon of wine for a toast.

Standing there, in the pink and apple-green living room with its beautiful French provincial furniture, lifting the crystal wineglass into the air to welcome Johnny and Vicki to Brooklyn, Mama Orrico recalled the Sunday afternoon, years ago, when Johnny turned sixteen. Grandfather Orrico was alive then, and Grandmother Orrico, too. All the relatives—uncles and aunts and cousins—had come to celebrate Johnny's birthday, and as they lifted the thin-stemmed wine glasses into the air to toast Johnny's golden future, somebody spoke out—wasn't it Aunt Tess?—and said, "And here's to the pretty girl, wherever she is, who someday's going to be Johnny's wife!"

Now, they were toasting again on this early autumn day. And they were toasting to Johnny and the girl who might be Johnny's wife.

She was nice, like Aunt Tess had predicted, and there was something about her that drew her right into your heart. . . .

In the dining room with its massive fruitwood furniture, the table was set with Mama Orrico's finest damask tablecloth, polished silverware, a crystal bowl of sweetheart rosebuds surrounded with trails of glossy ivy.

They had eaten an antipasto that was a meal in itself: prosciutto and vinegar peppers, stuffed celery and pimento. There was Mama Orrico's tempting ravioli, a big roast turkey, glazed browned potatoes, a huge Italian salad, fresh bread, plenty of red wine and the dessert of tangy rum cake.

Grandmother Probatore, her diamond earrings glittering, shook a finger at Vicki. "Don't be ashamed," she said. "Eat! Just like you were in your own home!"

"I'm . . . I'm nervous," Vicki said, her voice throaty and low. "I can't eat too much when I'm nervous."

"Oh," Grandmother Probatore added apologetically. "I just don't want you to be ashamed. I want you to feel like you're one of us."

"I could never feel ashamed," Vicki admitted. "Everybody's been so nice to me!"

There were smiles and more toasts to the future.

A wonderful girl

Johnny's father, at the end of the big meal, patted his wife on the back. "You cooked a wonderful dinner, Mama," he said. He was a quiet man, as a rule, observing, taking in everything around him but seldom commenting on what he saw. So it came as a surprise to everyone when he announced openly, "You're a wonderful girl, Vicki, and I'm proud of my Johnny for bringing you home!"

Mama Orrico dabbed her eyes. Grandmother Probatore said, "Poor girl. Everyone's making such a fuss over her she must feel funny!"

Vicki told them, "No, no. I don't feel funny. It's just that I'm so happy meeting all of you. I've heard so much about you I almost feel I know you all very well. You're all so wonderful, just like Johnny said you'd be. . . ."

Vicki cleared her throat; her voice was faltering and her eyes were glassy. And she bit her lips to hold back the tears.

After dinner, the three girls, Vicki, Dolores and Julie-ann, retired to Dolores' blue and white bedroom to powder their faces and to indulge in a little girl-talk.

There was a snapshot of Dolores on the bleached oak dresser. Dolores was being hugged by her fiance, John San Marco.

"When are you planning to get married?" Vicki asked Dolores.

"Next year, sometime."

"He looks nice. What does he do?"

"He works with his dad in their butcher shop," Dolores answered.

"Maybe we can all double-date some night this week," Vicki suggested. "That's a darling hat you're wearing in the picture. You know, I've always wished I could wear hats!"

"Why can't you?" Julie-ann chimed in.

"Oh, I always look so cluttered when I wear a hat. I look top-heavy."

"I wouldn't think so," Dolores said, opening her closet and pulling out a couple of hat boxes from the shelf. "Try this one on," Dolores said, offering Vicki a white pique cloche.

"Hmm," Vicki's voice sounded surprised. "It doesn't look bad." She turned her head from side to side to look at herself in the large mirror on the wall. "You know this is the first hat I've tried on that doesn't make me look like a Christmas tree. Maybe the salesgirls have been trying to sell me the wrong kind!"

Dolores insisted Vicki keep the hat.

"Maybe all three of us could go shopping one day in the Fifth Avenue stores," Vicki suggested.

"We'd love it!" Julie-ann replied.

"I thought I'd get tickets for a matinee of *The Music Man*. Would you both like to see it?"

"It's one of the biggest hits on Broadway," Dolores commented. "Everyone who's seen it raves about it."

"Well, that settles it," Vicki said. "We'll go. And the treat's on me!"

One of the family

In a couple of minutes the girls returned to the living room where Pop Orrico played a Renato Carosone album on the hi-fi set, and everyone sat back and listened to the romantic music of Italy.

Johnny was happy to be home. His face beamed now as he sat on the pale green couch holding Vicki's hand while the soft, airy music played.

There was small talk about how Johnny and Vicki met. Grandmother Probatore wanted to know the whole story.

"I was going to college, UCLA," Vicki explained, "and I was working nights in Wil Wright's ice cream parlor, and one night Johnny came in and I could tell he was lonely so I said 'Hi' to him, and we became friends."

"We dated," Johnny added, "but then when she brought me home to meet her mom and dad, I'll never forget how comfortable I felt. They made me feel like I was one of the family. And I was three thousand miles away from home! So it felt good, real good, to know her folks liked me, and I just couldn't stop seeing them all they were so wonderful." Then his eyes stared into Vicki's, "And . . . well, Vicki was just too nice to give up . . . ever!"

After a while of conversation, Mama Orrico and her daughters tried to retire quietly to the kitchen to do the dishes, but Vicki followed them. "Remember," she said, "you told me I should feel just like I was a part of the family? Well, I want to help clean up!"

"No, you don't!" Mrs. Orrico begged.

"I insist!" Vicki answered.

"No, not tonight, please! Tonight is special. Otherwise, we'll let the dishes go altogether."

But Vicki was insistent, and finally she was permitted to help with the drying. The dishes all done and put away, Mama Orrico took Vicki into her bedroom and said, "I want to give you a little gift," and she gave Vicki a goldfoil-wrapped box containing a lovely slip, trimmed with beige lace from Belgium. "The girls have little gifts for you, too."

Dolores gave Vicki a white silk scarf with lilac embroidery and Julie-ann gave her future sister-in-law a bottle of flower-scented cologne.

"You're all just too wonderful to me," Vicki said. "How . . . how can I ever repay all your hospitality?"

One by one she hugged them all. Then they walked into the living room and Vicki stood in the center of it, an expression of thanks and love and goodness on her face. That was the wonderful thing about her. She was just herself, a plain and simple person. She didn't pose, and there was none of the la-de-dah starlet stuff all the Orricos were afraid might attract Johnny in Hollywood.

That night, after everyone had gone to sleep, Mama Orrico tossed in her double bed. Her husband was snoring; he had fallen asleep so quickly. The wine had probably gone to his head. As she lay there, looking out the window at the full harvest moon, she sighed and repeated her thankfulness to God.

Thank You, Dear Lord, for giving our Johnny such a good girl! **END**

John's in United Artists' CRY TOUGH *and* THE UNFORGIVEN *and Buena Vista's* THE BIG FISHERMAN.

The Blue Angel

(*Continued from page 39*)

was broken. "I love you, Ed," she said.

"You are the only one I love. You are the only one I ever loved. What are we going to do?"

The boy shook his head. "I don't know, May. I love you too. I want to try again. But I want to be sure *you* do too. We love each other but there has been so much *aloneness* in our marriage. I must finish school. You know that. I cannot accept the position of being the son of a millionaire—who does nothing more with his life than follow his wife about from country to country while she makes pictures and is admired and applauded. You couldn't respect me for that.

"And I can't ask you to stay at Stanford with me. It would be so unfair. The whole world is talking about you now. If you remained here in Palo Alto and didn't make another film for two years—do you think you would be happy?"

"I don't think I can be unhappier than I have been since we separated," she answered. "I didn't want to do another picture. I didn't want to do anything except come down here to you. The studio doesn't know where I am. No one does—and I don't care."

The boy no longer struggled with himself. He drew his wife into his arms and kissed her hard, and kissed her long. And the wind and the sea became silent.

Later that evening they came to a decision. The decision of *not* coming to a decision. The problems they had would not go away. Wishing couldn't make them go away. Working at them would not make them go away. Maybe time would. They would remain 'separated' but they would be together. Through their separation they would gain the long courtship they had never had. It was a unique arrangement. But there was never anything commonplace between May Britt and her husband from the very first evening they met. . . .

The man May preferred . . .

May was fancy free that January of 1958. She had been in Hollywood about a year but the run-of-the-wolf pack couldn't get near her. Young men bored her. Young men who were actors bored her even more. She had had one date with Bob

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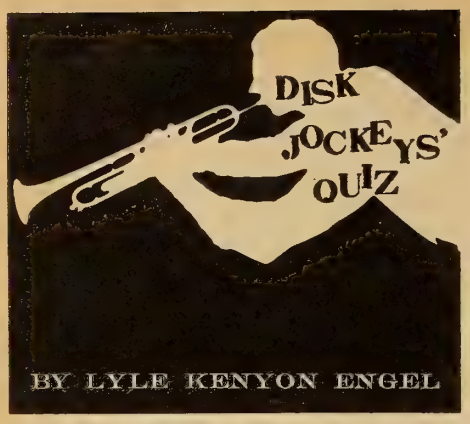
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The Nation's Top Disc Jockeys pose a series of questions to see if you know your record stars.



Bob Martin
Station WABY
Albany, N. Y.

1. *He's only sixteen years old and is known to the record-buying public by his first name. His first release was a dud, but a recording of* Turn Me Loose *brought him the recognition he deserved. His nickname is* Tiger.

2. *This lovely red-haired movie actress makes her singing debut on MGM Records with two songs from* The Big Circus. Nearer to Heaven *is a ballad while the title tune* The Big Circus *is a carousel-type song.*



Joe Martin,
Station WOW,
Omaha, Neb.

3. *His name is a color, and it has money in it. His life story was just filmed, starring Danny Kaye. He played one of the greatest horns ever heard.*



Jay Michael
Channel 4,
WTAE-TV
Radio-WCAE
Pittsburgh, Pa

4. *He can't read a note of music, but his recordings feature beautiful, lush arrangements. Two of his albums are* Music for Lovers Only *and* Music to Change Her Mind. *He is best known for comedy roles on TV.*

5. *His second name is divided in two and each has only three letters. A teenager from Cleveland, he was discovered by Ray Anthony. His hair is always neatly trimmed, he dresses ivy league fashion, and he sings Rock 'n' Roll.*

6. *This is the third year in a row that the record industry voted him The Most-Programmed Male Vocalist. Two of his albums are titled* Come Fly With Me *and* Only the Lonely.



Frank Ward
Station WFAI
Cincinnati, Ohio

7. *Born in Philadelphia on September 18, 1941, this boy's first introduction to music was a trumpet. When he cut his first record,* Cupid, *it flopped. Then he cut songs like* A Boy Without a Girl, Bobby Socks to Stockings *and* Venus.



Ed Meath
Station WHEC
Rochester, N. Y.

1. Fabian
2. Rhonda Fleming
3. Red Nichols
4. Jackie Gleason
5. Gary Von Ilg
6. Frank Sinatra
7. Franklin Avalon

Evans. She didn't even have *one* date with Marlon Brando, her co-star in *The Young Lions,* whom she thought was "kind but not very sexy."

She preferred older men—she liked their soignee savvy. She dated the Earl of Suffolk and she dated a publisher named Bob Peterson and a Spanish banker named Antonio Munoz.

She also dated George Gregson, a distinguished widower who was a millionaire socialite involved in large real estate operations.

She dated George quite a bit in January of 1958—and when toward the end of the month, he invited her to a small dinner party he was giving in honor of his son Edward who was returning from Panama, May who usually said no to most party invitations said yes to this one.

Some friends have felt that George particularly wanted May at the party so his son could look her over as a 'prospective' stepmother. Ed had been only three months old when his own mother died. George seated his son on May's right that night to give the two a chance to become acquainted.

They became very well acquainted during the soup course.

By the time dessert was served things had taken an unexpected turn.

Love at first sight? May didn't know. All she knew was that she was interested. Very very much interested in this boy. And her interest wasn't a bit motherly. The fact that he was just nineteen—three years her junior—seemed inconsequential.

This is the most enchanted evening I've ever had, she thought. *He is the most wonderful, most handsome man. I thought I could never be interested in anyone who is under twenty-five. But now, I've met a boy who loves the things I love, who enjoys the things I enjoy.*

And even George Gregson, watching his son dancing with the woman he had thought he might want as a wife, had to admit that it was *those* two who looked so right together. The 6'4" boy with the wide shoulders and the crooked grin, and the freckled face, lissome blonde in pink chiffon.

And the father realized that while he had felt fond of May, protective of her, proud of her, it would be wrong to think of marriage with a girl young enough to be his daughter. And he felt glad that these two young people seemed to respond to each other so beautifully.

Discovering each other

Ed took May home that night. Two nights later they were having dinner together by candle-light at the Villa Nova on the famous Sunset Strip—and holding hands and laughing.

"Tell me about you," Ed asked that night. "Tell me all about you."

"No," she said. "I shall be mysterious like Garbo. An enigma. A femme fatale. My desires shall lead men to ruin."

"Such as," he laughed.

"Such as—" she replied, her eyes dancing in the reflection of the candle-light, "I desire a big house with six children, with kids screaming everywhere and all eating at a big table together. That would drive any man to ruin, yes?"

She was only partly joking. The house, the husband, the six children—they were all in her scheme of tomorrow. And they fitted into his.

But he wanted to know more. He wanted to know the strange twists and turns that fate took to bring this fascinating creature into his life. What had brought her to America, was she married before, what were her parents like, her home in Sweden?

Under his gentle prodding, the usually reticent girl told him everything. "No," she said, "I've never been married and I've never had any scandal. Life was very simple in Lidingo where I was born. My father was a post-office employee, my mother was a housewife. No one in my family ever acted. I didn't want to become an actress. If I ever wanted to become anything it was to be a professional photographer. How do actresses get a break? With me it was one-third luck, one-third talent, and one-third the type I am."

May spoke of her commonplace childhood—one marred by no great shocks or heartbreak—other than memories of puppyless Christmases. Funny how that stood out. Each Christmas for years she had hoped for a puppy. And each Christmas she was disappointed. Her father, she recalled, was a kind man but strict. He felt that dogs were only for boys. And May spoke a lot about the sea that night; about the way she used to sail with her family and friends among the islands that dot the sea near Stockholm.

So the next day Ed invited her to go sailing. And there was a stowaway aboard to join them: the cutest, most precious puppy May had ever seen.

"Merry Christmas, darling," Ed said.

There were many dates. As many as could be crowded into three, full happy weeks. They went horseback riding together. They went to Malibu together and lolled on the beach. They talked about movies and the theater and May was amazed how whenever she asked him a question—any question—he always knew the answer.

At the end of three weeks—he asked *her* a question. And she said yes.

On February 22, 1958, May and Ed were married. At 1:45 p.m. in a little house off a hot crooked street in Tijuana, Mexico. They could have had the most lavish society wedding ever held in Bel-Air. But they couldn't bear to wait that long.

They returned from Tijuana and found that in the excitement they had overlooked one minor problem. They had no place to live.

They didn't want to set up housekeeping in Ed's father's house—so they went house-hunting on that first day home from the honeymoon. They house-hunted all evening—and in desperation at midnight rented a little house way up in the Canyon.

They moved in immediately.

The first night it rained. And they woke up drenched to discover the roof leaked.

The second day it rained even harder and they couldn't even get down into the city. But it was their first house and every day was a new adventure.

May's philosophy

May told a friend: "When two people marry after a courtship of three weeks, how much there is to discover. In our case each discovery is fun. I don't believe in people going together for years and waiting and waiting to make sure they want to get married. If they are not sure, how can they ever be sure? And by the time they are sure, all the adventure and happiness will be drained from them."

Every day was an adventure in that little house in the Canyon. And every day there were new plans to be made. Important things to talk about.

For one thing, there was the business of Ed's future. Before he met May he thought he wanted to become an actor. He had had a small part in *The Naked and The Dead* and it was fun. He had plenty of money and no responsibilities and all the time in the world. Now he wasn't quite sure. The fact that May was already on her way to becoming a big star by virtue of her performances in *The Young Lions* and *The Hunters* was partially responsible for

his thinking. He had seen too many examples of career conflicts among his friends. He was aware of the dangers of becoming 'Mr. May Britt.' "If you do not want to have a career in films because of *my* career . . . well . . . then I give it up," May insisted. "It is not that important to me. I give it up until you decide what you want to do."

A few weeks later 20th told her to report to the studio for work on a new film and she said no.

That's all. Just no. She wasn't scared. She was put on suspension and she still wasn't scared. She didn't need Hollywood. She had Ed.

She and Ed kept on making plans.

Her plans included a trip to Sweden to visit her parents and introduce them to her groom. It was an exciting prospect—another adventure to be shared.

They had their passports ready and plane and ship reservations booked, and back in Sweden her family was making gala preparations to welcome their daughter and new son-in-law.

Then one day a few weeks before they were to leave, Ed came home—troubled.

May knew that look by now.

"What is the matter, darling?" she asked. "Why do you look so sad?"

"I got an offer of a job in a picture today," Ed replied. "A good part. I know I said I wanted to give up acting—but it is still in my system. Maybe—if I did one more role I'd get over it. I don't know. But I told my agent to turn it down. I told him I was going to be in Europe and I couldn't accept it."

Zsa Zsa Gabor was booked to star at a show in Chicago. The management agreed to supply hotel accommodations for her, a suite at the Ambassador East. "Oh, no. I want to stay at the Conrad Hilton Hotel," said Zsa Zsa. "I am always loyal to my ex-husbands."

Leonard Lyons in the New York Post

"No, no," said May. "You must call your agent and tell him otherwise. If this is still in your system you must get it out—otherwise you—we will not be happy. You must do what *you* want to do. In the same way that I must do what I want to do."

"But our plans. Your family's plans. They haven't seen you for years—they will be heartbroken. I will take the picture, May, if you want me to, but you must promise me that *you* will go ahead with things as we planned them. That you will see your family and make them happy. Maybe I can join you later. Or we can go next summer together. But you've had your heart set on this trip for months. I want you to have it."

The first of the many periods of 'aloneness' that were to follow had begun.

May returned to Sweden; to the love and hospitality of her family, to places remembered and cherished. Relatives made a fuss over her. The Swedish press made a fuss over her. But everything seemed terribly empty and lonely. She wanted this trip to show her native country to her husband. Without him—it was nothing.

She rushed home.

He finished the picture—and with it his acting career. It was out of his system.

Alone . . . and bored

When he was younger his family had always discussed the possibilities of his embarking upon a law career. He had resisted the idea because of his interest in acting. He now discussed it seriously with his father.

Stanford had a great pre-law course and it was a little less than five hundred miles away from Los Angles. A couple of hours by plane.

May was equally enthusiastic. Palo Alto was by the sea. When Ed was free from classes they would be able to do all the things they loved to do together—go swimming and water-skiing and sailing. He would start classes in the fall of '58.

They flew up to Palo Alto and began looking for houses. They had just about decided upon one when Ed received a letter from the government. He had to serve with the Air National Guard for two months—in San Antonio, Texas. Beginning the fall term at college was now out of the question.

In late October, a few weeks before Ed was to leave for Texas, May was sent to New York to make publicity appearances for *The Hunters.* Ed came along. They planned on going directly from New York to Texas . . . together.

Then it was decided that May would not go to Texas after all. She would be in the way. She would be lucky if she was able to see her husband for an hour a day. It would be difficult for her, she felt, to make friends with the wives of the other airmen. She was still very shy with strangers. She was still confused by the English language.

She decided to stay in New York and resume the photography courses that were interrupted seven years before, when Carlo Ponti discovered her in a retouching studio and decided to turn her into a movie star.

There was another period of 'aloneness.' And of boredom.

With Ed she had never been bored. He kept her laughing from morning to late in the evening. They were so vitally interested in one another.

She liked New York. It "was filled with excitement, traffic and all that"—but she still was bored.

Her career was at a standstill.

The studio had taken her off suspension when she agreed to make those personal appearances, but she had no idea of what was going to happen next. She had heard rumors that she was 'up' for *The Blue Angel.* Then she heard that Marilyn Monroe was set for the part opposite Curt Jurgens and if it came to a choice between Marilyn and herself she knew where the decision would fall.

For two months she was miserable as she waited for Ed to return from service.

Finally in January of 1959 he was home again. He enrolled at Stanford. They rented their little cottage by the sea. She settled down to a career of being a housewife. She had one whole week of fixing breakfasts, and watching Ed do his homework and seeing that his books were in order—before the studio notified her to return at once for wardrobe and make-up tests. It was she, not Marilyn Monroe, who was to recreate the immortal Marlene Dietrich role of Lola-Lola in *The Blue Angel.*

So, it was good-bye to Palo Alto—except for week ends.

Apart again

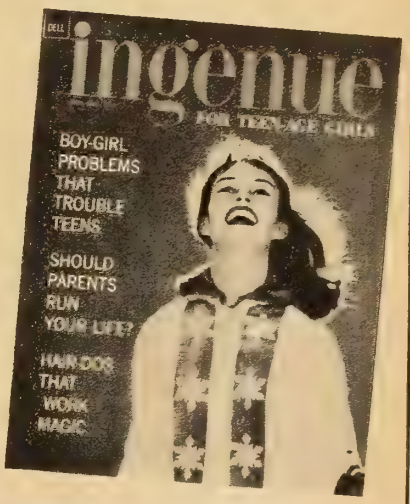
Ed's grandparents insisted she move into their large luxurious mansion in Bel-Air while she was filming the picture. She had tennis courts at her disposal, swimming pools, maids to take care of her every need.

But she didn't have Ed—except on the telephone once an evening and on week ends—and the strain began to show.

Sometimes he'd come to Hollywood during his week ends—but even when he did the magic didn't seem to be quite the same. Her mind was on her role. It wasn't easy. Aside from the pressure which came from knowing that everyone in the world would make comparisons between her and Dietrich; aside from the necessity of "having

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to think about sex from morning to night in order to play Lola Lola—which is not my usual custom," there was the added burden of learning to sing. Tone-deaf, May spent three torturous weeks trying to lick the problem of putting over *Falling in Love Again.* She knew the total effect of her entire performance hinged on this number.

Maybe it would have been less of a strain if Ed were able to comfort and encourage her during the times he was around. But he had his own problems. He had two years' work to make up in order to catch up with other guys his age. At twenty-one he was mature beyond his years. Competing with kids of eighteen made him feel uncomfortable.

The fact that he was married to a glamorous movie star didn't help matters.

One week end when May came up to Stanford one of the students teased her about her bike riding. Said it was an affectation to make her appear down to earth. May who could blow up in a second —blew up. By the time she cooled down ten minutes later she had made a five-hundred-dollar bet that she could ride the nearly five hundred miles back to Los Angeles—and like it.

She won the bet and returned to Los Angeles a pretty exhausted girl.

But summer was coming again.

And summer meant another trip to Sweden. This time with Ed. This time they would have the honeymoon together which she had had alone the year before. This time there would be no movies and no complications.

She realized there was a strain in her marriage. But she thought: *We are still young. We can still have fun together. I more than love him. I like him. It is horrible when a woman falls in love with a man she doesn't like. I am so glad I like the man I love. Everything will be all right. Summer is coming again.*

In late spring he told her.

"May, I've decided to stay on at Stanford and take summer courses. It will make up for the term I lost when I went into the Service. It is important to me."

Maybe it was because she was tired. Maybe it was because she couldn't take another disappointment at that moment. Maybe it was because she was afraid of loneliness again, but May—for the first time—blew up before her husband.

For the first time she referred to his youth.

For the first time she wondered if she wouldn't have been better off after all to have kept going with older men, and perhaps married one. An older man is settled. An older man has a responsibility to his wife. A teenager is a teenager no matter how mature he may seem.

An hour later she was sorry. She knew she was wrong—but the words were out.

Things grew worse.

There was talk of a separation.

Bittersweet decision

Finally a separation was announced. "Our marriage got bogged down by our being apart too much."

For two weeks May saw no one.

Her studio wired her to report immediately for work on *Seven Thieves.* She wired the studio she was not going to do the picture.

Then she disappeared. Vanished.

But reports eventually began to filter down from Palo Alto about the girl with the long yellow hair and catlike walk and the tall dark grave-faced boy with whom she was constantly seen.

Reports about the way the two could be seen swimming together and sailing together and talking very very seriously together.

It looked as though a quiet reconciliation was taking place. And everybody was happy.

Then from their vacuum of silence came another announcement. A sad one. May filed a petition for divorce. The charge was the usual meaningless one—'cruelty.'

That's all.

What really happened?

This.

During the weeks of their second courtship May and Ed had to face the saddest of facts.

Yes, they still loved each other.

Yes, the moments of carefreeness that they shared were still wonderful ones. But they were temporary ones that had to end with the first chill winds of autumn. Theirs was a summer romance and a summer marriage. Ed had to return to school. Ed had to find a future somewhere, a life, a goal. May had reached hers.

When she first married Ed, she said that "maturity is not a matter of the calendar. It is the matter of the heart."

She learned that this was not so.

May stars in THE BLUE ANGEL *for 20th.*
END

Jerry Lewis' Advice To The Lovelorn

(*Continued from page 55*)

rather sheltered life . . . I was sixteen before my mother let me look at the clothesline of the Y.W.C.A.

Q. My boyfriend likes my hair the way I wear it now, long. I would prefer one of those crazy short hair cuts. Should I sneak out and get one? I.L., Washington, D.C.

A. Sure. Your boyfriend will find it real romantic running his fingers through your crew cut.

Q. I'm the only girl in my class with braces on my teeth and I have to take a lot of ribbing. What can I do about it? F.C., Putney, Vt.

A. Don't mind the ribbing, but be careful not to kiss a boy with braces . . . it'll take the auto club to separate you.

Q. How can I make my girlfriend jealous? S.M., Houston, Texas.

A. Wear the same dresses she does.

Q. How far should a girl go to make herself attractive? N.A., Hubert, N.C.

A. To the nearest cosmetic counter.

Q. I like Adam J., but I don't have the faintest idea if he likes me. How can I tell? S.R., Jamestown, N.Y.

A. Ask him to take you to a drive-in movie . . . you'll find out.

Advice to the married

Q. Should a girl know how to cook before she gets married? L.St.C., Madison, Wis.

A. My wife couldn't cook before she was married. Now she makes food that melts in your mouth . . . if you're crazy enough to put it there.

Q. What's the best way to get along with in-laws? I seem to have nothing but trouble with mine. W.W., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. Invite them to dinner twice a week—at somebody else's house.

Q. My second husband, to whom I've been married nine years, is about to leave me for another girl. I know who she is. What should I do? P.N., Roanoke, Va.

A. Your husband has to be taught a lesson . . . hide his bowling shoes.

Q. Do you have any rules for a happy marriage? F.W., Philadelphia, Pa.

A. Yes, never see each other.

Q. My husband and I have been married seven years, and we've been fighting for six. Should we get a divorce? P.P., Perth, N.D.

A. No, maybe after a while the fights will get to be fun.

Q. How would you impress your girl's mother? F.V., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

A. Tell her mother that she looks young enough to be your girl's sister. Unless, of course, she looks like your girl's brother.

Q. Is there a way to get rid of the 'little brother'? M.M., Boston, Mass.

A. Some people find this problem a little touchy. Like being touched for a dime. Personally, to get rid of the little brother, I prefer tact. If that doesn't work, try poison.

Q. What's the best way to criticize a girl? R.T., Kingstill, S.C.

A. Never tell her that her seams are crooked because she may not be wearing stockings.

Q. Can you suggest a way to pay a girl compliments? And should you? M.V.D., New York City.

A. This is a must. Compliments should be paid. If you owe compliments something, pay him.

Q. Is it better to be the manly type, or should you be smooth? K.L., Bronx, N.Y.

A. Be smooth. To be real smooth we suggest you use sandpaper. Just write in and we'll send you a year's supply of sand. You'll have to supply your own vaper.

Q. My girl friend and I go shopping together every Saturday. Whenever she sees one of her male friends, she promptly follows him, and drags me along. She seldom goes right up to him—just sort of stays twenty feet behind—till he notices her and feels obliged to buy her a coke or malt or something. I always get terribly embarrassed about it. Is that wrong? N.W., Bangor, Maine.

A. Yes, if he doesn't buy you anything.

Q. Can you tell what a girl will be like in twenty years by looking at her mother? I've got a beautiful girl—but her mother—brrr! E.S., Detroit, Mich.

A. It could be worse. In twenty years she could look like her father, moustache and all.

Jerry'll help out

Q. I have a big crush on a movie star. Are they really as nice as they're supposed to be? J.S., Owensboro, Ky.

A. I am.

Q. I have a girlfriend who is very beautiful, very intelligent, very good at everything—in fact, whatever I do, she can do better. That annoys me. Should I stop seeing her? F.L., San Diego, Cal.

A. Yes, and give me her phone number.

Q. I don't have a very good figure. To be honest, I'm fat. Can you recommend a reducing diet? R.V., Ripley, Miss.

A. Yes, potatoes. Cut them out three times a day.

Q. My daughter is barely seventeen, and not very popular with boys. I'm afraid she'll never get one to marry her. Can I do anything to help her? C.O., Kansas City, Kan.

A. Yes, on her seventeenth birthday, buy her an eighteen-year-old boy.

Q. Is fifteen too young to be kissed by a boy? S.R., Lexington, Ky.

A. Not if you're married.

Q. I have a girl friend who always complains about what I'm doing. I just can't please her. What do you think I ought to do? T.E., Jacksonville. Fla.

A. My advice is cry yourself to sleep.

Q. I've been dating a good looking, wonderful boy—who has the most atrocious manners. He eats like a caveman. You should see him mutilate a steak! Should I tell him, or just keep quiet about it? F.M., Albany, N.Y.

A. I'd tell him and not worry about his answering back. It's very difficult to talk through a fork.

Q. Do you believe good manners are really so important? V.T., South Bend, Ind.

A. Good manners are very important . . . like when you take your girl to a poolroom, let her shoot first.

Q. Can a fellow be too honest? I mean, if he doesn't like what his girl wears, or what she does, or whatever the case may be? T.R., Boise, Idaho.

A. Not too honest. Sometimes a little white lie doesn't hurt. On occasions I lie in technicolor.

Q. My boyfriend likes rock 'n' roll and I prefer classical music. He loves to go skating, I prefer to dance. We seem to be opposites all the way down the line. Is there any hope for us? F.L., Providence, R.I.

A. Yes, but not with each other.

Vanity

Q. My boy friend is terribly conceited. Is there any way to cure him? J.S., Albuquerque, N.M.

Ann Sothern is trying to discourage her daughter, Tish, from becoming an actress. The other day Ann gave her a long lecture about how tough show business is. Tish listened politely until Ann Sothern had finished, and then said, "But Mother, its hard to believe, listening to you tell it in the living room of a $125,000 house."

Sidney Skolsky in the New York Post

A. Tell him he'll get chapped lips from kissing mirrors.

Q. I know you don't have this problem, but—oh brother! I'm only five feet five and all the girls I know are taller, at least in high-heeled shoes. Should I wear elevated shoes? C.F., Watertown, New York.

A. Just change shoes with your girl.

Q. Three years ago I eloped with my husband. My parents have never forgiven me, or my husband. How can I get back into their good graces? G.W., Cleveland, Ohio.

A. Just return the ladder.

Q. My future father-in-law wants to know if we prefer a formal wedding or a down payment on a house. He can't afford to give us both. What would you take? P.M., Oklahoma City, Okla.

A. A richer father-in-law.

Q. I have ten dollars and three girl friends. Should I give each a small gift for Christmas, or one a big one, and forget about the others? Y.O., Elmira, N.Y.

A. I got my own troubles.

Q. Do you believe in nicknames? For girls, I mean. T.J., Charlotte, N.C.

A. Try sweetums or lamby pie . . . after you're married try hey you.

Q. My wife is always late—she seldom has breakfast ready in the morning, is never ready in time when we go out at night. Isn't there any way I can make her change? E.M., Lawrence, S.D.

A. Sure. But there are three things you got to do . . . don't have your meals at home . . . don't go out with her . . . and have a good lawyer!

Q. I am eight years old and I walk to school with Mary Jane. She wants me to carry her books. I say to her, "Phooey, carry your own books." Now she's mad at me and won't let me walk her to school. Who's right? D.M., Ft. Worth, Texas.

A. Forget her. Ask her to return your skate key and dehydrated lizard.

Q. I was brought up by very strict parents, who believe dancing is a sin. Now that I'm in college, I find that all the coeds dance. I see nothing wrong with it, do you? W.B., Richmond, Va.

A. Lots of parents think boys and girls should be two feet apart when they dance. It's rather difficult to dance cheek to cheek and be two feet apart . . . unless you have the mumps.

Q. How do you overcome shyness? M.O.W., Honolulu, Hawaii.

A. Join a club that's fun . . . like bird-watchers or stamp collectors.

No concentration

Q. I'm twenty-five, and still fall in and out of love with a new fellow practically every week. By now I should be able to concentrate on just one. What's wrong with me? H.H., Eugene, Ore.

A. Nothing. Why don't you open a used men's lot?

Q. Do you believe in love at first sight? T.F., Woodward, Ohio.

A. Yes, if she's Jayne Mansfield.

Q. Is a girl a prude if she won't permit petting? If so, what do fellows think of prudes? T.C., New York City.

A. Most fellows like prudes if they don't have pits.

Q. When I go to parties, I'm always afraid I'll say the wrong thing. Consequently, I say very little of anything. But I would like to participate in the conversation. But how? D.B., North Platte, Neb.

A. Say anything. You might say, "I think the cat is caught in the record changer."

Q. Do you believe in telling the truth to a girl? F.R., Scranton, Pa.

A. Yes, when you can't think of a convincing lie.

Q. My friend has a terrible habit: he always wangles himself out of taking me out for dinner. But every time he comes to my house, he practically cleans out the refrigerator! I like him just fine—but I can't afford this much longer. What can a girl do? F.F., Las Vegas, Nevada.

A. Clean it out before he gets there.

Q. Every time I take my girl out, she heads straight for a furniture store or makes me look at houses. I don't want to get married! Is there a way out? G.W., Cincinnati, Ohio.

A. Yes, through the front door.

Q. I'm engaged to an army sergeant who is stationed in Germany. He's been away so long that I became lonesome, and dated other fellows from time to time. My fiance found out about it, and now he's mad at me. Do you honestly think he never dates one of those German frauleins? C.A., New Orleans, La.

A. I don't know, but I'll say yes just to worry you.

Q. How can I meet the man of my dreams? F.R., Seattle, Wash.

A. Dream about a friend you have in common and let her introduce you in your next dream.

Q. How can I meet the girl of my dreams? L.T., Hancock, Mich.

A. The same as above, but get to bed earlier.

Q. I'm only fourteen and engaged to be married to a fellow who is twenty-one. My dad says my fiance is old enough, but I'm too young to get married. Do you agree? E.R., San Francisco, Calif.

A. Why don't you break a Chinese fortune cookie and see what that says—unless your fiance isn't Chinese.

See Jerry in Paramount's CINDERFELLA *and* VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET. **END**

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The Patient Lovers

(*Continued from page 43*)

Their love story began in unhappiness, loneliness, and fear. Maybe it had to. Otherwise it might never have begun at all; certainly it would never have grown so swiftly.

Jimmy Darren had good reason to be unhappy. Only a few days before he met Evy, his wife, Gloria, had left him, had taken their little son back to Philadelphia and left Jim alone in the Hollywood house that had never been a real home to either of them. A lot of stories were written afterwards about how the marriage had been shaky for months, how Gloria had wanted an every-day sort of husband who could leave his work at five and come home to an ordinary evening, an ordinary life. The writers explained in detail how this was impossible for Jimmy, who was struggling with the demands of a new career and an exciting new world. They talked about the quarrels and the stormy scenes that always ended with Jimmy storming out of the house to drive furiously through the winding canyon roads till his hot temper cooled off and he could go home again. But what the stories didn't say was that only a week before the break-up, Jimmy was still telling reporters that his marriage was as wonderful and shiny and perfect as ever—telling them that, and praying that it was the truth.

When the end finally came, it was almost as much a surprise to Gloria and to Jimmy as to the rest of the world. One day they had a marriage—troubled and uncertain, but still a marriage. The next day they had nothing, and Jimmy roamed restlessly through the empty house, asking himself over and over what went wrong, what he should have done.

He was still terribly depressed and lonely days later when his friends urged him to try to forget his troubles with work; to take the acting classes Columbia was offering for its young stars. "You're the hottest property on the lot," they told Jimmy. "You owe it to yourself and your studio to buckle down to business."

So he went to class.

They meet . . .

Evy Norlund went that day, too. She was as lonely and as frightened as Jimmy Darren, she felt as deserted and lost as he did—but for different reasons. She had only been in America for a few months; she had come six thousand miles from her home in Denmark as a finalist for the Miss Universe contest, and she had come all that way just to lose! But it wasn't losing that Evy minded; after all, she had gained a contract at Columbia Pictures—she was going, they told her, to be a big star.

But Evy Norlund was lonesome. When she and the other finalists had arrived in Hollywood, they were surrounded by people—reporters, photographers, contest officials—and most of all, chaperones. Oh, how those chaperones hovered around the pretty, bewildered girls. Oh, how they loaded them down with do's and don't's—mainly don't's.

"Don't talk to strange men. They're wolves."

"Don't accept any dates. Hollywood men aren't like the boys you're used to."

"Don't trust anyone but us. This is a crazy town; you'll just get into trouble."

"Stick together, girls—don't have anything to do with strangers."

A group of American girls might have laughed in their faces. But these girls were strangers, far from home. They didn't speak much English, and all they knew about Hollywood was what they had read—mostly scandal and half-truths. So they believed what they were told. Anyway, while the contest was on, they were too busy for men and too friendly with each other to be lonesome. They had fun.

But now the contest was over, and so was the fun. Some of the girls had gone home, others on tours of the country. The chaperones had left—but their warnings stayed behind.

"Don't trust anyone. Don't talk to strangers, especially men."

Poor Evy Norlund, left alone with her contract, moved into the chaste, old-fashioned Studio Club, and paced her room miserably between studio appointments, wondering what to do with herself. There was no one she could talk to—*everyone* was a stranger to her now.

She was sure of only one thing. She wanted to succeed in movies. Someone at Columbia told her about the acting class. She had never been on a stage in her life, except as a model or in a contest. So she enrolled, too.

And it was there that they met, in the middle of a studio acting class; there that the spark caught.

Thinking of Jimmy

The teacher took her around to introduce her to everyone. She made the rounds smiling shyly and shaking hands, as Europeans always do when introduced.

Modern Screen offers its profound apologies to Mr. Cary Grant, and to our readers, for having printed what Mr. Grant has been kind enough to inform us were erroneous details in regard to his meeting with Miss Kim Novak at the Cannes Film Festival, which meeting was discussed in an article entitled "Heartbreak on the Riviera" appearing in the September 1959 issue of Modern Screen.

And finally the instructor said, "Evy—this is Jimmy Darren," and she found herself staring into a pair of wide, troubled brown eyes.

Of course, she knew who he was; everyone on the Columbia lot expected great things of him. That was why, instead of just shaking hands quickly and moving on, she found herself thinking, *He doesn't look conceited—he doesn't even look happy—I wonder why. . . .*

Jimmy, on his part, was looking down at a tall, slender blonde with the prettiest face and the most wary eyes he had ever seen.

Maybe it was because he was lonely for the touch of a woman's hand, for the feel of the caresses that seemed gone forever now, that Evy's hand in his felt so warm, and good, and right. Or maybe he just forgot he was holding it. Anyway, to quote a fellow who was there, "They just stayed like that, looking sort of numb and holding hands, until someone started to laugh. Then they both let go and started to blush. I guess everyone in the room knew even before they did that they were going to fall in love."

All through class, Jimmy thought about Evy. Not about love, or anything like that—nothing was further from his mind. All he knew was that for a moment, while he held her hand, the lump of ice around his heart melted a little, he had felt almost good for the first time in days and days. He wanted very much to talk to her. Only he didn't know how to go about it. It was years since he had asked a girl out—all the way through high school there'd been only Gloria, and then they were married. He didn't know how to go about it.

But he knew he had to try.

So after class, a little awkwardly, he made his way to her, and began to talk. He didn't know what else to say, so he told her he had a new Porsche.

"You know, the German car."

"Yes," Evy said in her gentle voice. "Many persons in Copenhagen, they have Porsches."

"It that so?" Jimmy said. "Isn't that interesting."

They were outside the classroom by then, and he was at a loss again. So he blurted out, "Look—that's my car—the Porsche—over there. I could take you for a drive in it. I can take you home. Or we could go first for something to eat—"

He stopped, with his heart pounding as if he were just a fresh kid, and waited for Evy to say something. But she was just as baffled as he was. She wanted to go—she was so lonely, and this was such a nice, sweet-seeming boy—but she didn't dare. She hardly knew him, and he was good-looking and an actor—everything she had been warned against. Finally she shook her head. "No," she said, hesitantly.

"Then tomorrow?" Jimmy Darren asked. "Tomorrow afternoon—?"

Evy looked again into the warm brown eyes questioning her so anxiously. She thought: *a boy who wants to take me out in broad daylight can't be a wolf. If he still wants me to say yes tomorrow, then I will know it's all right.*

"Maybe tomorrow, Jimmy," she said at last. "Maybe."

All right in the daylight

And the next afternoon after class, she let Jimmy lead her to the shiny black Porsche and help her in. She sat at his side as he drove along the curving miles of Sunset Boulevard, past the mountains and the wooded canyons—and then suddenly she gasped. The Pacific Ocean stretched out before them, blue and shining under the late afternoon sun.

"I had never seen it before," she told Jimmy, hunting for the right words in a strange language. "Oh, thank you."

After that, they were not afraid any more. Jimmy drove slowly along the silver ribbon of highway that edges the beach, and Evy looked her fill, and laughed and talked. After a while Jimmy began to talk, too. It was like an orgy of chatter after the long silent days they had both been through. They talked about everything. Evy told Jimmy about her home outside Copenhagen, about her three sisters, her two brothers—and her loneliness for them all. She told him about the times she had been to Paris and other great cities of Europe—but always with a group of friends or other models, never alone. She told him how frightened she had been of him, and when the sun finally went down, he laughed and asked:

"Are you too scared to go to dinner with me—now that it's dark?"

Without hesitation, Evy put her hand in his. "I'm not scared at all, any more."

And Jimmy felt the cold inside him melt away again.

That was how it began. Ordinarily, the boy might have said to the girl, "We must do this again, next week." And she would have said, "Yes, I'm busy the rest of *this* week." But Evy and Jimmy could not play games. They had told each other too many truths too fast, they had come so close so soon. And they needed each other to drive away loneliness—they had no one else.

So when Jimmy dropped her at the Studio Club that night, they knew, without needing to say, that they would be together again tomorrow—and the next day—and every day, unless something went wrong.

But nothing went wrong, and at the

end of two weeks—two short weeks—they knew they were in love.

That was when the real fear began. That was when Jimmy Darren cried out, "I don't want to be in love with you!" and Evy Norlund said, "I know." Because it was too sudden, too fast, too deep. To Jimmy it seemed almost shameful that two weeks after his marriage ended he could be thinking of a new love; to Evy it seemed that he might be only what Americans called 'the rebound'—and that her own need for him might be the product of her loneliness and not her love.

And both of them were terribly afraid of making a mistake.

"We could stop seeing each other—" Jimmy said at last.

But that was impossible.

The patient lovers

"There is only one thing to do," Evy decided. "We will be patient. We will go slowly—very slowly. We will wait and wait till we are not lonely any more, and then, if we still want each other—"

"Oh, Evy," Jimmy said, "I hope we will!" They sat in silence for a while. Then Jimmy said, with an odd smile, "You know—it's a good thing a divorce takes so long—isn't it? Otherwise—"

"Otherwise?"

"We might forget to be patient."

A few days later, Jimmy's wife, Gloria, came back from Philadelphia, and moved back into the house in the hills. Jimmy took an apartment in town. Not having to drive so long to get home meant he could spend more time with Evy, but still, he worried about how she would feel about Gloria's return. He explained it to her very honestly:

"You see, she's come back for my sake. Her home and her family are in Philadelphia, and that's where her heart is now. But she came back to Hollywood anyway so that little Jimmy and I could see each other often—she says she doesn't want us to grow apart."

To his relief, Evy nodded, understanding. "She must be a wonderful person, your Gloria," she said. "She must have a loving heart."

Jimmy's own heart lifted a mile. "And wait till you see my son, Evy," he said. "Wait till you meet my boy. You'll be wild about him. And he'll love you, too, right away, just wait—"

"Slowly," Evy reminded him gently. "Remember—slowly."

But the very next week end she went with him and waited in the car while he picked up his son. Then they drove out to the San Fernando Valley where Jimmy's business manager, John Gross, owns a house and a swimming pool. Evy changed into a sleek black bathing suit, but she didn't spend the day sitting on a chair, admiring herself. She and Jimmy, Jr. leaped right into the pool and floundered about, splashing and giggling.

"Hey!" Jimmy called from the edge. "My kid swims better than you do! I thought all Scandinavian girls were such big athletes!"

"All but one!" Evy called back.

Later, they changed again, and took the child out for dinner.

After a while, it became the pattern of their week ends—the Saturday swim at John's house, and then on Sunday another day with his boy, picnicking or driving, or going to the beach.

Jimmy had been right: like his father, Jimmy, Jr. loved Evy from the start.

The weather slowly grew too cold for swimming. By Christmas time Evy was desperately homesick for the cold crisp streets of Copenhagen, and for her family. She and Jimmy decided it would be good for them, too, to be apart for a while. The day she left, he drove her to the airport and waited at the gate while her plane took off. On the way back to his car, a reporter caught up to him. "What's with you and Evy Norlund?" he wanted to know.

For a moment, Jimmy considered the old stand-by: "We're just good friends." Then he made up his mind. "I don't know what's going to happen," he said honestly. "It's too soon to tell. I don't even have my divorce yet—and it's all happened so fast. We're trying to wait and see. Please—don't make it harder for us."

The reporter understood. (So did most of the other interviewers who questioned Jimmy then, and later. No one could help respecting his honesty, and his fears. He and Evy were mentioned together, but no one tried to pry.)

Lonely Christmas

With Evy gone, Hollywood seemed empty to Jimmy. The movie capital bursts with parties, dances and impromptu get-togethers at Christmas, but Jimmy turned all his invitations down. When he wasn't with his son, he stayed in his little Los Feliz apartment alone, feeling miserable. He tried to spend the time as he knew he should, going over all the pros and cons of their love, testing himself, seeing if he could do without her. But by the end of only the first ten days of Evy's three-week trip, he knew the answer.

He loved her, and he needed her.

On New Year's Eve, he couldn't stand it any longer. He put a trans-Atlantic call through to Denmark. He was going to tell her that he couldn't wait any longer, that he knew now for sure that their love was real, but at the last moment, when he heard her voice on the phone, he decided not to say so. It wouldn't be fair

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Fill in the form below (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away. Promptness counts. Three $10 winners will be chosen from *each* of the following areas—on a basis of the date and time on your postmark: Eastern states; Southern states; Midwestern states; Rocky Mountain and Pacific states; Canada. And even if you don't earn $10, you'll be glad you sent this ballot in—because you're helping us pick the stories you'll really love. MAIL TO: MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Please circle the box to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE FABIAN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

2. I LIKE JANET MUNRO:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

3. I LIKE ELVIS PRESLEY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

4. I LIKE EFREM ZIMBALIST, JR.:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

5. I LIKE MAY BRITT:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

6. I LIKE RICKY NELSON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

7. I LIKE EVY NORLUND:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE JAMES DARREN:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

to Evy, who was supposed to be working it out for herself. So all he said was, "I miss you so much, baby. I want to be with you—right now." But he couldn't help it if his heart was in his voice.

The next day a wire arrived from Copenhagen. I WILL BE LANDING AT INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT THIS AFTERNOON. MEET ME, DARLING. LOVE, EVY.

She had heard everything that he had not said—and her own heart had answered: "I know now, too."

Since then, they've been inseparable. Everyone in Hollywood has seen them walking, talking, holding hands, smiling at each other with new sureness, and great love. All their friends have laughed over Jimmy's attempts to learn Danish, and over Evy's accounts of his trans-Atlantic phone conversations with Mrs. Norlund, Evy's mother, in Denmark.

"Jimmy says to my mother, 'Hello, Anita,' and then he talks, talks, talks, in Danish to her. The phone bill goes up and up. Then I get on. My mother says to me, 'Evy, he sounds so nice, but I don't understand a word he says!'"

Often, they double-date with Johnny Saxon and Vicki Thal. One Saturday night they went with them to the Aware Inn, a charming little restaurant that Johnny had discovered, where health foods are served, and afterward to the Via Venita, one of the Sunset Strip coffee houses. Later, they sat in the dim light of John's living room, dreaming while records played. Suddenly Evy doubled up with a cramp. "Take me home, Jimmy," she begged. White-faced and frightened, Jimmy drove her back to the Studio Club. "Are you sure I should leave you?" he kept asking. But men are not allowed anywhere in the club except the parlors—still worried, he had to let her go.

At six o'clock that morning, his phone rang. It was Evy. The pains were terrible; she couldn't stop crying. "Wait for me," Jimmy ordered. Then he dashed out of the house. It seemed to take forever until he had collected Evy and driven her to the home of his doctor. A surgeon was called in hastily. When the doctors came out of consultation, they found Jimmy waiting. "Drive her to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital—fast," they told him. "Emergency appendectomy."

He drove with one hand on the wheel, the other holding Evy's cold fingers. "It will be all right," he kept saying. "Don't be frightened. You'll be all right." Until at last, through her own fright, Evy laughed. "Yes," she agreed, "*I* will be fine. But will *you* survive?"

The test

For a while, Jimmy didn't know the answer. He stayed, shaking, in the waiting room at the hospital while nurses prepared Evy for surgery—then he caught a glimpse of her being wheeled to the elevators. He tried to read a magazine, but his eyes just wouldn't focus. When it seemed a year had gone by, he walked out of the waiting room. Somehow he found his way to the operating floor. He pushed open the door of a room and saw under the bright lights a cluster of men in white gowns.

"I didn't know what was going on. I felt my head banging against the door jam—I guess I was close to fainting. Then a doctor saw me and said, 'What are you doing here? You have no right in here. You're contaminating the operating room.' Then the surgeon I had met before saw me. He smiled. He said, 'Let him stay. He's worried about his girl. She'll be all right. We're almost through now!'"

They let him stay. When the nurses wheeled Evy back to her room, Jimmy walked alongside. He sat beside her bed all night, waiting for her to open her eyes. Toward morning she did.

Even through the anesthetic, she smiled. "I knew you'd be here," she said.

"Always, Evy," he said softly. "Always and always."

And on the day that Evy walked out of the hospital, well at last, it was the low black Porsche that had brought them together that drove her home.

Both of them knew then that the waiting was over, that the tests had been successfully passed. Both of them knew that from now on, with Jimmy's divorce finally complete, there would never be again a need for a phone call to summon Jimmy to help his girl in trouble—

From now one he'd be there always—and she would be his wife.

Oh, there are a few more things to be cleared away—Jimmy's next two movies, *All The Young Men* and *Let No Man Write My Epitaph*, are to be finished before the wedding, to make time for the long European honeymoon, the trip to Copenhagen, the sightseeing that they both want. There are the friends and family to be notified officially, the wedding plans to be made. But all those can be taken care of before the first of the year—all those are little things, involving just a little time.

The important thing is that the long wait is over, and with it the fears and the loneliness that brought Evy Norlund and Jimmy Darren together—and then held them apart. All that is behind them now.

The future belongs to the patient lovers. **END**

Jimmy's pictures include ALL THE YOUNG MEN, GENE KRUPA STORY, LET NO MAN WRITE MY EPITAPH—*all for Columbia. Evy's in Columbia's* THE FLYING FOUNTAIN.

---

8. I LIKED KAY KENDALL:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE REX HARRISON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

9. I LIKE KATHY GRANT:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her

I LIKE BING CROSBY:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of their story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

10. I LIKE JOHN SAXON:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

11. I LIKE MARIANNE GABA:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with her
I READ: [1] all of her story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

12. I LIKE JERRY LEWIS:

[1] more than almost any star [2] a lot
[3] fairly well [4] very little [5] not at all
[6] am not very familiar with him
I READ: [1] all of his story [2] part [3] none
IT HELD MY INTEREST [1] super-completely
[2] completely [3] fairly well [4] very little
[5] not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE

(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE

(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

AGE..... NAME.....

ADDRESS..... STREET

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....

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